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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1913

THE DANGERS OF WAR IN EUROPE

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

I

If one among the many liberal statesmen and thinkers who, during the first half of the nineteenth century, suffered and struggled for the destruction of the absolutism which ruled the old world, were to-day permitted to revisit the earth, what a surprise would be in store for him!

A permanent peace was the precious gift promised to the nations by those writers and philosophers who, during the century just past, strove to shift authority from the Court to the Parliament, from the King to the People, and whose aim it was to subject government to supervision by a free press, and by a strong and enlightened public opinion. It was a cardinal point of their philosophy that the wars which desolated Europe during the second half of the seventeenth century were brought about by ambitious rulers, jealous courtiers, and intriguing ministers, the more inclined to waste the blood and treasure of the people, since the latter could not protest, much less struggle. Therefore, when the day should come that the people, fitted for self-government, should assume the right to oversee, criticise, and advise the government, it was argued that they would no longer intrust their most vital interests to an absolute monarch and an aristocracy trained to the use of arms, nor would they allow kings and courts to squander their blood and treasure to satisfy royal caprices and a senseless thirst for glory. War, then, would become more and more rare; for a spirit of aggression and conquest is not characteristic of free peoples. They would consent to it only in order to defend themselves against those nations, still under the bondage of tyrants, which were led against their will into offensive warfare. Liberty, parliamentary institutions, and peace, these would be the fruits of a single tree which all Europe would garner at the same time.

It is now about fifty years since all the European states, Russia excepted, came of age and acquired the right to express their will and criticise the policy of their governments. For better or worse, representative institutions, in one form or another, have taken root in nearly all the countries of Europe, and carry forward their work, even if slowly. Peace, therefore, according to the prophecies of the doctrinaire liberals of 1848, should reign throughout Europe by the will and authority of the people and in despite of bellicose governments and rulers, ceaselessly in search of adventure, both by virtue of ancient tradition, and on

account of their education and their inheritance.

Such was the expectation. What of the realization? On every hand we see governments and kings struggling against their people and against public opinion. It is the people who are fired with a desire for war, while their governments, together with their sovereigns, devoted to the preservation of peace, resist as long as they can the pressure of public opinion, even at the risk of losing that popularity for which they so eagerly strive.

Last year, Italy gave the world a singular example of this phenomenon. It is no secret that the government and the King were very reluctant to undertake the conquest of Tripoli. The difficulty of finding a decent pretext for declaring war on Turkey; the expense and manifold dangers of such an expedition; the solicitude not to disturb the economic and political equilibrium of internal affairs, attained after so much labor; the great uncertainty as to the value of the territory to be conquered, justly gave the government pause. It is even said in Rome that the King defined Tripoli as 'the dry leaf of Africa.' I am unable to testify to this, for rumors are always rife in regard to important matters and it is impossible to verify them. Certain it is, however, that even if the phrase attributed to the King is one that he never uttered or even dreamed of, the words remain an eloquent proof of the existence, in high circles, of hesitation and misgiving in the face of the responsibility of such an enterprise. And, indeed, the Italian government would have been unworthy of ruling the destinies of a great nation if it had not hesitated before the dangers and uncertainties of an undertaking whose outcome was problematical. Regardless of its own desire, however, the government was forced to overcome its hesitation and yield unwillingly to the pressure brought to bear upon it by the people.

Those who were in Italy during the summer of 1911 witnessed the following extraordinary phenomenon. Within the space of a few weeks, in the midst of European peace, a quiet, thrifty, industrious people, accustomed to the comforts, conveniences, and safeguards of modern civilization, a people whose country had been spared the horrors of war for forty-five years, and for whom, therefore, war was as the memory of some distant historical event, some revolution, or famine, — this people suddenly burst forth into such a blaze of militant excitement that the government was reduced to choosing between the alternatives of satisfying it and of succumbing to it. The war in Tripoli was made by the people and those newspapers which were the people's organs, and so great was their combined eagerness that the conservative and monarchical papers even went so far as to upbraid the King because of his supposed hesitation and reluctance, and openly reminded him that nowadays the sovereign is but the servant of the people, and that when the people demand war he must satisfy them; or, if he lack courage, why then he may abdicate!

The Italio-Turkish War in Tripoli has brought about a great Balkan war. Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro are engaged in a concerted attack upon Turkey. Their armies are realizing a victorious campaign. At the moment of writing the European powers are in a state of great uneasiness. If the rulers of the four states alone were the arbiters of the situation Europe might rest easy. The governments understand perfectly that the Balkan war, just now, may let loose such a storm as to be a great present danger, whatever its ultimate result, to those

smaller states not always on the best terms with one another. But in Servia, Greece, Bulgaria, even in Montenegro, it is not governments alone, but parliaments and newspapers, which express the will of the people. It is the people who demand war. While the government hesitated, they accused it of cowardice, and restively awaited the order for mobilization. From the outset their impatience was so great, and so publicly expressed, that the governments dared not oppose it, openly relying solely upon a temporizing policy. Throughout Europe it was no secret that these would have to give in sooner or later.

The most typical case of present-day conditions is, perhaps, that of the German Emperor. When William II ascended the throne, Europe expected nothing less than to see a new Barbarossa burst into the arena of European politics. Strange legends were current about him: some said he had sworn never to drink a glass of champagne until Champagne should be annexed to the German Empire; others, that his one ambition was to cover his name with glory, and that his warlike aspirations were boundless. This was common talk, and the newspapers of the day printed it. Twenty-four years later the Emperor could boast, as he did not long ago to a French friend of mine, alluding to the Morocco incident and the crisis of 1905, 'History will recognize that Europe owes her peace to me.' And history will, doubtless, recognize this pacific disposition of his in the future more than his people do now. For the past few years the German Emperor has not been so popular as he was during the first ten years of his reign. The reasons would be too many to give here, but one is his constant and determined pacific policy. He has invariably tried to reconcile himself with France rather than to seek occasion for another war. On this account a portion of his people accuse him of loving peace overmuch and therefore of following a weak and vacillating policy, letting slip opportunities which might never present themselves again.

So in Germany, the sovereign, Hohenzollern though he be, loves peace more than his people, whose criticism of him is that he will not squander their blood and treasure, but wishes, at all costs, to save the one and the other.

II

Such, more or less accurately, is the situation in all the European states; a paradoxical situation, unforeseen, and full of danger. The international balance of power, which it must ever be remembered is, in Europe, the result of weary centuries of effort and struggle, may at any moment be threatened by one of those 'heat-waves' which pass over nations, and which, even if they do not bring about a general war, oblige governments to increase military expenditure to a ruinous extent. What are the causes of this condition of affairs, and how can it be explained?

The inexperience of a generation which has never seen a war, and the innate, inherited tendencies of the populace, are certainly among the causes which underlie this condition. In the nineteenth century, Europe expected too much from the progress of democracy and the natural proclivities of the masses. As the masses have gradually acquired consciousness of themselves, and gained a certain influence in the state, it appears clearly that they are more conservative, more faithful to tradition, more tenacious of ancient ways of thought, more like the generations which preceded them, than the poets and philosophers and reformers of the nineteenth century gave them

credit for being. Revolutionary ideas, novel sentiments which are to change the character of a civilization, spread more easily in those small aristocracies which are endowed with broad culture and accustomed to the world and society, than they do among a populace confined within a narrow circle of experiences, and fearful of doing what its grandfathers and great-grandfathers never did. Now in the history of the world war is as old as man himself; and peace, a lasting peace, as the normal condition of the life of a people, is the painful and recent acquisition of our modern civilization. War, therefore, exercises a morbid fascination on the imagination of the masses, especially when they have not had to undergo its hardships, and have no conception of the fearful suffering it entails.

In fact, we now see in Europe, that the Christian and humanitarian education of centuries has not succeeded in eradicating from the masses their warlike propensities, while a prolonged season of peace, with the omnipresence of newspapers, and the superficial instruction of the elementary schools, easily deceives the popular imagination by representing war under a romantic aspect, as a kind of national sport, creating at once entertainment and glory. One should see with how much eagerness, interest, and excitement the peasants and artisans and poorest villagers of Italy read the papers which describe episodes of the Tripoli war. What the newspapers relate to their readers, day by day, is not a hurried summary of events, but a thrilling popular romance or legend. Conventional it may be, lurid in color, rough in outline; but never mind: the imagination of the people must now, each day, work itself up to a high pitch of excitement, and cares for neither contradictions nor improbabilities in the tales it feeds on. It takes delight in this false image of war, and thus keeps up its patriotic and warlike fervor. This state of mind is, of course, keener and deeper in Italy just now, than among other European states, because Italy is fighting;[1] but among them all are to be found the germs of this elemental and romantic love of war.

What is now happening in Europe proves that a long period of peace may produce in nations a spirit of imprudence and levity which renders them careless about playing with the dangers of war. A long peace, the inexperience of the masses, a literature which falsely exalts the heroic in war, and exaggerates its influence among the populace, are insufficient in themselves to explain the warlike impulses of public opinion in the eyes of the world, but they afford a partial explanation of the phenomenon. These movements are too dangerous, and give rise to too many complications among the different governments, for us to believe that they are merely the result of a deranged public opinion.

Observing at close quarters the policy of European governments, it is easy to see that this warlike spirit would not be so strong and deep in the masses were it not pertinaciously fostered by the newspapers, and by the political parties they represent, by the wealthy classes, and by the nobility, who have so much influence in Europe, even where, as in France, they have lost political power, or in Italy, where they are losing it. In all the countries of Europe it is the upper classes, or a portion of the upper classes (and in this portion I include the moneyed classes, the aristocracy, and that part of the professional class which comes most in contact with the nobility) who strive in every way to excite the belligerent

[1] Signor Ferrero wrote this essay shortly before the treaty of peace between Italy and Turkey. — The Editors.

spirit of the artisans, and of the populace, even at the cost of bringing about a terrible war, and of forcing the people into a hostile attitude toward the government and its ruler.

The reason why a portion of the upper classes have adopted this dangerous and violent policy, — descending even to the lowest methods of propaganda, — the reason why this policy succeeds and finds numerous and enthusiastic supporters among the wealthy and the cultured, among business men, manufacturers, men of letters, and University professors, who all help to excite and inflame the masses, is a deep-seated one. It must be sought in the great political and social upheaval produced in European society by the spread of democratic and socialistic ideas among the working classes, their rapidly increasing ambitions and demands; and by the spirit of independence and criticism which, developing rapidly, has separated the masses from the influence and patronage of the classes, organizing the populace into parties, and impelling them to a policy different from the rich man's policy, and often opposed to it. This phenomenon is so vital and important that it needs to be analyzed even if only in a cursory fashion.

In Europe the political influence and social prestige of birth and wealth, while still great, are rapidly diminishing. The fruits of the French Revolution are still ripening. Everywhere the classes opposed to the aristocracy— tradespeople, artisans, and peasants —are organizing and taking an interest in public affairs. They are learning to read the papers, and to make use of their political rights. They are beginning to demand explanations, to discuss and criticise those various forms of authority which formerly they blindly obeyed — that of the capital which employs them in the factories and the fields, that of the priest who speaks to them in the name of God, and that of the government which, in the name of the king, makes the laws which are their guaranties of law and order.

Naturally, none of these ancient forms of authority can any longer maintain their former position and privileges. The practices of religious and monarchical forms are those which are most deeply affected by this change in the masses. In eighteenth-century Europe an atheistic aristocracy ruled over a pious and bigoted people; now, on the contrary, the upper classes have become religious and mystical; while the people, especially in the cities, neglect the churches and break away from that religion which for so many centuries educated them to respect the aristocracy. Royalty itself imposes little respect, and no awe, upon the multitude. Even in Germany the Emperor is constantly and bitterly criticised by political parties, both in the newspapers and in public meetings. He is especially blamed for still keeping up the appearance of a real monarch whose will is law, and who wishes to have the full power of a genuine authority felt throughout the state. The kings of Belgium and of Italy have succeeded in escaping from the adverse criticism of their people, but how? By standing aside, by the great simplicity and modesty of their habits of life, by the utmost approachability, and by mildness in the exercise of their authority, trying thus to render acceptable a popular monarchy, homely and simple, from which etiquette is banished, and which does not disdain to put itself on a level with its people.

The old-fashioned monarchy, based on divine right, is trying to become democratic; and with it the government, the press, and a large portion of the cultured world. The common effort of

all these factors is to level themselves down in order to satisfy the aspirations, prejudices, and desires of the people. This is a wholly natural tendency because, in proportion as the lower classes and the populace crowd into cities and acquire education and organization, they become the predominant political force. This is the inevitable result of political liberty, of the spread of education and universal or quasi-universal suffrage. The journals cater to the public which supports them, for, since the middle and lower classes are more numerous than the upper, they form a more important *clientèle*. It is therefore not surprising if in all countries the greater part of the press should become the organ of the numerically large class which supports it, rather than of the rich and cultivated, but numerically small aristocracies.

In proportion as suffrage is extended, and the number of electors increases, elective institutions have to modify their tactics, and necessarily end by favoring the greatest numbers. All over Europe the upper classes have consented to the extension of the franchise, in the hope that, through their own preponderant influence, they may coerce the increased number of voters. But, sooner or later, their calculations have everywhere proved to be wrong. Under various names parties are forming, or have already been formed, which, by stirring up the passions of the masses, or by rousing their greed, or by means of some promised advantage, have succeeded in separating some portion of the artisan or laboring classes from the patronage of the wealthy. Thus by their own sheer strength of numbers, these parties have striven to acquire influence with the government.

Thus the press, parliamentary institutions, and public opinion, which, until within the last fifty years, were almost wholly under the controlling influence of the aristocracy, are now rapidly slipping from its control. Nor does public service, whether in the higher ranks or the lower, escape a similar fate. Until within the last fifty years the chief offices of state, civil or military, were held with few exceptions by men in the higher walks of life. This is no longer the case. On the one hand, with the growing number of officials, the aristocracy is unable any longer to fill the increased number of positions; on the other hand, with the increase of wealth in the middle class, its facilities for study, and its ambition to rise, there is a rapid increase in the number of persons who attempt successfully to attain the highest places. All over Europe, even in the most aristocratic states, the official world is made up from the two opposing ranks; a method which is often a source of weakness to the government because each party brings into the combination widely differing ideas and a spirit of rivalry and jealousy.

So, even in Europe, the people are waking, and democracy is making rapid strides, to the detriment of the privileged classes which for so many centuries ruled almost unchecked. But these classes are not going to allow themselves to be ousted without a struggle. Too weak to defend themselves openly, they are trying to preserve their influence by arousing in the masses a patriotic and warlike spirit. Patriotic enthusiasm, the fighting spirit, hatred of a national enemy, on these the aristocracy have been obliged to fall back. Their old allies have begun to fail them. Religion has been weakened, the monarchy has become popularized, and the governments lack the strength to oppose the political action of the majority. In order to separate at least a portion of the middle class and populace from the growing influence of demo-

cratic and socialistic ideas, the privileged classes have fallen back upon a new line of defense.

At this point of my argument the reader may justly observe that if the trouble I have described is indeed the deep-seated cause of such a serious condition of things, the aristocracy, by their policy, would deserve to be stripped of their privileges at the hands of the lower and middle classes. Under such circumstances, the reader's sole regret would be that their feathers should be slowly plucked. By a mean and egotistical spirit that, for selfish reasons, seeks to check a social evolution which, though it impaired their power, would yet be generally beneficial, are not aristocrats exposing Europe and its civilization to the risks of a fearful calamity? Has not the middle class — which for so many centuries was content to serve and worship small and powerful oligarchies — contributed through its organization, its education, and its aspirations after power, to the moral betterment of the world? Has not its rise to power aided in the suppression of abuses, excesses, and impositions so frequent in the days when the world was ruled by absolute, all-powerful governments, subject to no check or control? Does not democracy — the pride of our civilization — consist essentially in the awakening of the political conscience? Is not our civilization grander and richer than the ages which preceded it, just because each man feels himself to be a tiny but active atom in the great body politic? This is a natural train of thought. But he who so judges this serious condition cannot have understood it, and runs the risk of giving a superficial opinion of its meaning.

That the belligerent policy of the European aristocracy is partially influenced by a selfish dread of losing popularity and power, there can be no doubt. But if this policy were simply the result of selfishness it would not be very dangerous. Its greatest strength and greatest danger lie in the fact that it has succeeded in convincing and carrying with it those very classes of the lower and middle order against whose interests and ambitions it was directed. Now, one cannot presume too much either on the blindness or the intelligence of men, nor can one believe that one party is so able and adroit as to hoodwink another and induce it to act wholly against its own interests. One part of the community cannot move the whole. A minority cannot move the majority of a great nation, if side by side with its own interests it cannot also do battle for interests which are higher and more universal. This is precisely what is happening in Europe, and unless this difficult point is understood, it is impossible to understand the present situation.

Let me make my remarks quite clear. The first effect or result which marks the accession to power of a new party is invariably a relaxation of discipline. Whoever acquires power, whether an individual, or a class, or a party, wishes to enjoy it, and the first and most immediate method of enjoying it is to abuse it. This abuse may take the form of lax application of the laws generally, or it may express itself through a disregard of the severer ones. Only as a result of long practice, and of experience of the dangers resulting from an abuse of power, does a governing class or party gradually learn that it must willingly, and without attempt at evasion, undergo severe self-discipline; that it must be the first to set an example of obedience to the laws which it creates.

As institutions, politics, and customs have become progressively more democratic, the consequent relaxation of discipline has become, during the

last fifteen years, the most conspicuous social phenomenon in Europe. Everywhere the same spectacle is exhibited. In political parties, in great public and private undertakings, in manufacturing, in the church and religious sects, even in families, the feeling for passive obedience and silent respect is vanishing. Everybody, down to the humblest citizen, must discuss, criticise, advise, argue, refute, and give his own opinion. Everywhere authority is more and more involved in a network of customs, laws, rules, and precedents limiting the power of the government over the governed.

Now, this critical and democratic attitude of mind must not be considered as an evil in itself. All over the world, extreme conservatives, who look upon order and disorder, discipline and the lack of it, as contrary and incompatible conditions, are inclined so to regard it. In this they are wrong. Rightly speaking, in the evolution of a state from order and discipline to disorder and anarchy, such as would render life intolerable and progress impossible, the transitions are all gradual. Each one of the stages may seem dangerous to those who compare it to the most strictly ordered of the stages which preceded it; but if fairly judged, the condition of things is, on the contrary, quite tolerable in itself, and admits of reasonable adjustment. Its possible disadvantages are accompanied by many indirect advantages.

All forms of liberal government give rise to a certain disorder which is compensated for by increased initiative, energy, and dignity in the individuals who live under it, and by the keener, deeper sense of personal responsibility which it generates among men.

Therefore if Europe, like the United States, were to live in one great confederation, fearing no serious danger from without, it might, like America, quietly consider the inevitable drawbacks of a free government and the difficulties involved in the gradual transfer of power from the upper to the lower classes. In Europe, democratic disorder is far from being so great as of itself to threaten a social calamity, and moreover, with us as well as in America, the increased liberty of every class begets an increase of energy and initiative. But Europe is like a great camp wherein seven great powers and a certain number of smaller ones live side by side, armed to the teeth, and yet at the same time in dread of war. Furthermore, in every state, the sad, universal, constant, almost tragic subject of consideration for serious and thoughtful men is this: May not this undisciplined, critical spirit which is spreading among the people, even though it may legitimately liberate the energies of a nation, diminish its military strength, whether for offense or defense? May not these democratic ideas weaken a nation in the face of its rivals? Of course, history tells us of nations, racked by internal convulsions, throwing themselves with overwhelming force upon enemies beyond their border and coming off victorious. Rightly or wrongly, however, the general opinion of thinking men in Europe is that the military miracles of the French Revolution are an exception rather than a rule, and appear only under conditions of extreme danger. Usually, when a people, torn by anarchy, rushes into war, it either abuses its victories, or is itself destroyed. In a word, a people may face the trial of war with greater assurance in direct proportion as the masses are content to follow the ruling class without criticism or murmur of discontent. Doubtless, if this lawless, critical spirit of liberty were spread equally throughout all countries it would not cause much anxiety,

because the effect would be everywhere identical. But how is it possible to ascertain whether this be so?

Nowadays, the European states are scrutinizing one another anxiously; but lawlessness is not, like merchandise for export or import, susceptible of exact appraisal, and its study may be carried on far more easily in one's own country than in a distant, foreign land. In face of the impossibility of calculating, with any approach to accuracy, whether this evil is as great at home as it is abroad, the desire grows in every nation to check its progress as much as possible. Moreover, since a patriotic and warlike spirit is a certain though dangerous specific against lawlessness, there is an ever-increasing number of people in all classes, even in the middle class, whose ambition is checked by such a spirit, — who work zealously to stimulate it in the masses, under the firm conviction that by so doing they are benefiting their country and increasing its greatness and its power.

This belligerent state of mind now agitating Europe is the last phase of that great struggle which began with the French Revolution, between conservatives and liberals, between the principle of authority and the idea of liberty, between the state and democracy. What the outcome will be is hard to say. If the time should come when organized armies should be no more, but when whole peoples armed with fearful instruments of destruction should hurl themselves upon one another — the very thought of it would be appalling to us. Yet no less serious does the possibility appear to the eyes of many Europeans. They are fearful lest the democratic and socialist movement of the middle and lower classes will continue to progress swiftly; and lest, as the democratic movement spreads, there spread with it the conviction that the discipline of obedience to constituted authority is everywhere growing weaker. Europe is not America. Every European state has its own traditions of culture, and its own political and military duties, which it could not live up to if its constitution were to become as democratic as that of the United States.

Standing between the alternatives of war on the one hand, and of lawlessness on the other, the European nations are all equally bewildered, in doubt which way to turn, while the approaching crisis is all the more serious because thinking men are giving up politics for business. This neglect of public duties by the class which once bore the entire responsibility is one of the most regrettable results of industrial development and universal wealth. I trust the day may never come when Europe will be forced to realize that it would have been better for her if she were less rich but more wise, if she were endowed with less machinery and capital, but with more powerful, more stable, and more enlightened governments.

BEFORE THE CANAL IS OPENED

BY ARTHUR RUHL

NEXT year, if all goes well, the Panama Canal will be opened. The dream of four centuries will be realized, the greatest engineering task of our time accomplished, and the Pacific and Atlantic made one.

You can see now the great ships moving through, — flags flying and bands playing, — where yesterday the lonely traveler hurried across the treacherous jungle with a shiver, and looked behind him for the enemy lurking in every shadow. You can almost hear the rumble and hum of that mighty spirit — our tremendous and baffling modern spirit — which, with all its superficial hardness and irreverence, works miracles of practical humanity that the old days never knew or dreamed of.

The gate will open between two happy oceans, new friendliness with our South American neighbors will begin to stir, new streams of north and south trade to flow. But — there will be one discord in the harmony of the cosmic lute. The nation nearest to the Canal, the one, indeed, through whose land it was built, will not join in the common song.

There are more poets in Colombia, perhaps, than in all South America put together, but none of them will sing of the steam-shovels or of the triumphs of modern engineers. The journalists of Bogotá write better Spanish, perhaps, than do those of Santiago or Buenos Aires, but they will speak of us only as the 'Hannibal at our Gates,' or the 'Yanki Huns and Vandals.' Colombia is nearer to us in actual miles than any other South American country. In her cities are people as cultured and charming as any in Latin America. She has coffee, sugar, cocoa, rubber, woods, cattle, minerals, and vast undeveloped resources that need our machinery and capital and creative energy. Naturally, we should be the best of friends.

Yet the Canal, far from bringing Colombia nearer, has only pushed her farther away. She is more remote than she was fifty years ago, when a progressive Colombian turned instinctively to the United States for examples of the humanity, tolerance, and progress he would have his countrymen emulate; more remote than she was when Santiago fell, in our war with Spain, and the people of Bogotá came crowding about the American legation to cheer our minister and our flag.

It is a long way from the Isthmus up to Bogotá, and the thrill of achievement there dies out before it has crossed the intervening jungles and mountains. The Colombians do not feel it at all. They know that the Isthmus is still on their coat-of-arms, but that the Isthmus itself is gone. They still, so it seems to them, have the treaty of 1846, according to which the United States guaranteed Colombia's sovereignty over the Isthmus, and agreed that this promise should be 'religiously observed.' They have lost their sovereignty and the most valuable thing, potentially, that they owned, and they hate those responsible, as only a proud and helpless people can

hate those by whom they believe they have been robbed.

This is a fact which Americans must face as they consider the possibilities which the Canal will bring. Whatever the original rights and wrongs of the question, this is a matter of present expediency which stands squarely in front of us now. The taking of the Isthmus is just as live an issue to-day in Colombia as it was nine years ago, when the famous 'fifty-mile order' was issued which prevented Colombia from putting down an uprising in her own territory, and made possible the recognition of the independence of Panama. Scarcely a day — certainly not a week — passes in Bogotá, in which it is not made the subject of more or less virulent editorials and the motive for misunderstanding and misrepresenting everything American.

And if it is a live issue for Colombians, it is no less so for every American who is trying to grow coffee or to raise cattle or to work a mine in Colombia, or who would like to venture his energy and capital and skill in the country's development. This is a plain statement of fact, the common knowledge of all who have taken the trouble — as the writer has — to go down to Colombia and find out what Colombians and Americans living in, or interested in, Colombia think.

Of course history cannot be turned back. No sensible person thinks of giving up the Canal Zone. It is as much ours now, for all practical purposes, as if it had originally been a county of Massachusetts. The real issue is, what, if anything, is going to be done to remedy the intolerable condition which now exists between the theoretically friendly people of the United States and Colombia — a condition which affects our relations not only with Colombia, but with all Latin America?

From examination of this question, two influences, which have made up many people's minds for them, had better be eliminated at once. It is not fair to assume that Colombia was right merely because Mr. Roosevelt — in such utterances, for instance, as 'I took the Isthmus and let Congress debate' — seemed, to many, wrong. Nor is it fair to assume that our moral debt to Colombia — if such existed — has been somehow wiped out by the brilliance of our mechanical achievement at Panama.

At the time that Colombia lost her province of Panama, people said — just as ninety-nine out of a hundred Americans will say to-day — that it was a 'pretty raw deal.' They said this good-humoredly, with a smiling shake of the head, implying their admiration for the man who 'did things,' and their guess that, after all, this one was somehow justified. The rawness of the deal was so generally admitted, indeed, that everything — short of granting Colombia's request that the matter be submitted to The Hague — was done to neutralize it. Secretary of State Hay, in his letter to the Colombian minister, refusing this request, said that our government recognized 'that Colombia has, as she affirms, suffered an appreciable loss,' — this included not only the Isthmus itself, but her income of $250,000 a year from the Panama Railroad and the reversionary rights in the railroad, which was to become her property in 1967, — 'and this government has no desire to increase or accentuate her misfortunes, but is willing to do everything in her power to ameliorate her lot.'

Mr. Root, the next Secretary of State, was sent on his splendid pilgrimage of conciliation all the way round South America. When this embassy of good-will really seemed to have accomplished something, and our brilliant successes on the Isthmus were

an added cause for treating Colombia with the consideration due a weaker neighbor, through whose misfortune we had benefited, Mr. Roosevelt, speaking before the students of the University of California, made the astounding declaration that he had ignored precedent and simply taken the Isthmus. 'If I had followed traditional conservative methods,' he was quoted as saying, 'I would have submitted a dignified state paper of probably two hundred pages to Congress, and the debate on it would have been going on yet. But I took the Canal Zone and let Congress debate: and while the debate goes on the Canal does also.'

The effect of such a declaration, carrying all the force of the words of a chief executive and crystalizing instantly the vague distrust of the United States felt throughout the South American republics, need not be explained. To the inevitable protests which this speech brought out, Mr. Roosevelt replied that the taking of the Isthmus was 'as free from scandal as the public acts of Washington or Lincoln'; that 'every action taken was carried out in accordance with the highest, finest, and nicest standards of public and governmental ethics'; and that 'any man who at any stage has opposed or condemned the action taken in acquiring the right to dig the Canal has really been the opponent of any and every effort that could ever have been made to dig the Canal.'

If there is any one thing true about the taking of the Isthmus, it is that it was an act of expediency about which serious Americans may legitimately differ. There were other ways in which the privilege of building a canal might have been acquired without virtually breaking a treaty and committing an act of war. Apart from the cruel discourtesy to a helpless neighbor, the assertion that those who disagreed with any detail of our government's action in the matter, were opposed to the Canal itself, caused many otherwise cool-headed people simply to throw up their hands and assume the worst. While such assumptions are human, and not unnatural in those who fail to recall Mr. Roosevelt's way of seeing all colors as either black or white, they are scarcely sound. If a lady is trying to commit a hold-up — and it is Colonel Roosevelt's contention that Colombia was trying to hold up the United States — her moral guilt is not changed by the fact that she is lame and suffering from anæmia, and that her victim, after knocking her down and taking away her most valuable possession, concludes by enthusiastically jumping up and down on her neck.

As a matter of fact, as every one knows, our government was tried and exasperated beyond ordinary endurance. The shilly-shallying and inefficiency, to put it mildly, with which the negotiations were dragged along by Colombia would have weakened the patience of Job, let alone that of an impetuous altruist like our former President. Civilization, so to speak, was waiting; a work that would benefit the whole world was at stake. As grabs go, this was very mild, indeed; few treaty violations were ever so justified.

If it is unsound to assume, because of irrelevant prejudice, that Colombia is right, it is equally unsound to assume that the brilliance of our work on the Isthmus necessarily proves her wrong. You see that wonderful achievement, the keen, dependable men, pushing their work with as loyal a devotion as if they were soldiers carrying the flag into the enemy's fire, until the least important Jamaica negro on the job has an air of personal pride and enthusiasm in the work. You see the jungle softened and made human until little stations along the railroad seem like pieces

of Ohio or California. You catch the thrill of battle in the very air, and the thing sweeps you off your feet.

After all, what are the croaks of a few backward Colombians in the face of a thing like this? *They* never would have built the Canal. The Isthmus was worth nothing to them. Why waste time in sentimentality? The end justifies the means. The idea seems to be — and it is a new idea for Americans — that a moral wrong is righted provided the Gatun locks are built high enough; that sanitation can wipe out an unpaid debt; that if our honor has fallen, the famous steam-shovels of Bucyrus, Ohio, can shovel it up again.

This idea may be an accepted and, indeed, respectable one in many parts of the world. It has not, hitherto, been the American idea. I believe that very few Americans who know anything of their Latin American neighbors, or know what happened on the Isthmus, accept it at all. The difficulty here, as so often in the case of our relations with South Americans, is that people do not know.

There is no need of going back here over the long and complicated story. Both sides have been set forth with sufficient warmth, and more or less inaccuracy, in several magazines, and most of it can be found more fully told — and without the prejudice — in easily accessible Senate documents and records of foreign relations. Briefly, we wanted to build the Canal and to build it through the Isthmus. The Spooner law directed the President to take the Nicaragua route, if satisfactory arrangements could not be made with Colombia in 'a reasonable time.' And while it is not necessary to accept Colombia's notion that the Spooner law was a mere political expedient to drive her to a bargain, it was generally known at the time that the President vastly preferred the Panama route.

Colombia, naturally, wanted the Canal built, too. She had wanted it for years and, long before the French undertook it, unsuccessfully tried to get us to build it. The Hay-Herran Treaty, apparently embodying her own suggestions of what the treaty should be, was drawn up and submitted to both governments. Our Senate ratified it, the Colombian Senate rejected it. That this was injudicious — however it may have been within Colombia's legal rights — is generally admitted. Colombians themselves admit it; indeed, too late to do any good, they gladly would have passed it.

Mr. Roosevelt asserts that Colombia was trying to hold us up, and with characteristic informality describes the presidents of that country as a 'succession of banditti'; a comment, by the way, which the Colombians — unaccustomed to employing, in public semi-official references about other nations, the colloquialisms used by stump-speakers toward their opponents in the heat of political campaigns — accepted literally, and with complete seriousness. From this it was but a brief step to the popular assumption that an American president had called all Colombians bandits; so that now, in Bogotá, a charming young lady, pouring tea for her guests in her own drawing-room, will be pointed out to you with the ironical comment, 'One of our banditti!'

The Colombians, on their side, say that the treaty called for an alienation of territory which was unconstitutional, and that they could not pass the treaty without first amending their constitution.

That the fairly evident determination of the United States — with its fabulous riches — to have the Isthmus at any price, may well have dazzled some of the Colombian statesmen, no one acquainted with the occasional weaknesses of our own boards of alder-

men, and even legislatures, would venture to deny, whatever may have been the facts. On the other hand, the difficulties in the way of a prompt ratification of the treaty were much more than are realized by those unfamiliar with Colombian geography and politics, and the peculiar embarrassments of that time.

Colombia was staggering up from a civil war which had cost her nearly a hundred thousand lives, — in a condition of weakness and unrest from which she is just now beginning to get on her feet. The whole country was like an irritable, neurotic invalid. It was the most difficult thing in the world for any government to take such a vital step as that of surrendering the sovereignty of the Isthmus — and that is what perpetual control practically amounted to — without furnishing enough political capital to the opposition to start serious trouble.

Bogotá — which, so far as the government is concerned, *is* Colombia — is one of the remotest capitals in the world. It takes from ten days to a month for letters to get from the coast to the capital. News from the outside world comes only in the briefest roundabout cables, or in foreign newspapers a month old. That quick, journalistically intelligent public opinion which forms over night in a country like ours, is impossible there. It is a city of poets and politicians and wordy theorists; at once slow-moving and punctilious, and, because of the country's isolation and weakness, sensitive and proud.

To acquire so valuable a possession as the Isthmus at such a time was a task calling for great patience, the nicest consideration, and understanding sympathy. If an ordinary drummer wants to sell a steam-pump to a Spanish-American, he knows that he must proceed with a certain courtesy and formality, which would be unnecessary at home. With what more than tact, whatever the incidental irritations, ought not a power like ours to have proceeded toward a helpless Latin neighbor with whom we were on terms of complete peace, whose sovereignty on the Isthmus we had guaranteed by a treaty 'to be religiously observed,' when we desired to acquire the most valuable thing she owned, and still to continue her friend.

What actually happened, of course everybody knows. Even before the Colombian Senate met to consider the treaty, Colombia was curtly warned that no amendments would be permitted. Three days after the treaty had been rejected the 'revolution' broke out in Panama. There had been many of these squabbles before, for the coast cities have always thought themselves ill-used by the central government, and while several other revolts would have given more ground for recognizing Panama's independence, the landing of a few marines had sufficed to keep the railroad running without serious interruption.

Whether the squelching of this trouble would have been the few minutes' work that Colombians believe, there is no definite means of knowing, inasmuch as the Colombian troops were not allowed to act. One day before the uprising, indeed, when nothing had occurred outwardly to change the friendly relations between Colombia and the United States, President Roosevelt had issued his 'fifty-mile order' prohibiting the landing of the Colombian troops, not only on the Canal Zone, but within fifty miles of Panama. The troops already within this zone were not allowed to proceed to Panama, and on November 6, less than two days after the rebels issued their proclamation of independence, the President recognized the new republic. A French citizen interested in the canal com-

pany was promptly received as Minister from Panama, and the money that was to have been paid to Colombia went to the revolutionists. And at the same time Colombia lost her annual income of $250,000 from the Panama Railroad and her reversionary rights in it, for it was to go to her outright in 1967.

In view of the frank 'I took the Isthmus,' it is unnecessary to indulge in academic theorizing over these astonishing events. And there is, indeed, much to be said by those who willingly grant that they constituted an act of war. It was by an act of war that we acquired Texas, for instance. This gave us practical ownership of the Zone, and it is undoubtedly more convenient to own a man's land than to rent it, however advantageous the terms. Measured by the ethical standards accepted by powerful nations in the fight for trade and territory, rather than by those in use in civilized private life, or by what we like to think is the American spirit of justice and fair play, the *coup d'état* was a brilliant success.

Even from the point of view of expediency, however, it left something to be desired. We were able to start the Canal a little sooner than we could have done otherwise, and practically to own the Zone outright. But we made enemies of a people who had hitherto been our friends, and we aroused a distrust throughout Latin America. In Colombia itself, — the country nearest to us and the Canal, — few Americans would think now of investing their time or money. The American who ran the street railroad in Bogotá was forced by a boycott to sell out and leave the country. On the Magdalena River boats and in Bogotá, a few weeks since, I met Americans who had come to examine the country's possibilities, — cattle-raising (to which the opening of the Canal ought to give a great boom), coffee, mining, and so on. They did not see how they could go ahead at present. The country has endless possibilities, its riches have scarcely been scratched, but no American, without unusual influence behind him, would care to risk investment until at least some sort of *entente cordiale* is arrived at.

Nor is it any less practical a matter for the American already on the ground. Suppose he owns a coffee plantation and his workmen get into trouble — as sometimes happens in these remote, sparsely-settled neighborhoods — with the workmen of a neighboring *finca*. One side knocks somebody down, somebody pulls a gun, before you know it there is a fine little row. In one such case I knew of, the squabble developed until the peons of one plantation regularly invaded the other and so frightened the workmen there that they left *en masse*. They had been brought down from the interior at considerable expense, and double wages had to be paid to fill their places. What chance has this American, or any American, in any of the hundred squabbles or contested issues that may arise, of getting justice?

These are practical matters, — things that make trouble for ministers and consuls, scare-head stories for newspapers, and now and then, in extreme cases, give cruisers their sailing orders. They, in themselves, are sufficient cause for our doing something to remedy the present intolerable situation, — with the Treaty of 1846, guaranteeing Colombia's sovereignty in the Isthmus, still in force, so far as Colombia is concerned, while as a matter of concrete fact Panama is now a separate republic and the Canal Zone is ours.

It is the less concrete — what those who ignore Latin-American civilization will doubtless call the merely senti-

mental arguments — that seem to me strongest and most moving.

The present situation, no doubt, inconveniences a few American citizens. The real bitterness of the thing lies in the contrast between what might and ought to be the relations between this great, free, hopeful, kindly nation of ours and its struggling neighbor to the south, and what those relations are. We might be an inspiration and a help to Colombia; the different civilizations, temperaments, and ideals, no less than the different material resources, ought to meet and supplement one another; but how shabby and shameful is the true state of affairs!

Colombia is not, in some ways, a very pleasant place for Americans to visit to-day. With whatever personal courtesy the individual is received — and it is the same which he will meet all over South America — it is not an agreeable awakening to find America regarded, in the aggregate, much as the Finns or Persians regard Russia.

America seems very far away, in that venerable mountain capital, buried behind hundreds of miles of Andean walls and tropical rivers, from the sea and the northern world. Every one, as the saying goes, is a poet or a politician in Bogotá. There is plenty of time to read and write, to nourish and refine a grievance. Into that atmosphere of repose, of old-fashioned culture and courtesy, the warmth and kindness and beauty of our American life scarcely penetrate. Vaguely, threateningly, out of the distance, comes the dull roar of millions of machines, shrieking express-trains, avid, swarming, irreverent crowds, the hoarse breath of the 'Giant of the North,' as they call us, — a figure which suddenly took shape in the phrase, 'I took the Isthmus,' and was heard all up and down the Latin world.

You pick up your evening paper and learn that 'the Americans, who have no ideal except that of the dollar, cannot understand how a poor people could be so foolish as not to sell their sovereignty for ten million dollars. For, of course, the Yankee nation, worshiping material success, ignorant of honor,' and so on. Or there is a dispatch from Colon that the Americans are going to buy that city and add it to the Zone. Panama does not want to sell, but the United States insists on buying, and, of course, there's an end of it. How convenient it would be if everybody could act in this way, if we all had money! A man goes to a widow for instance, and says, 'I want to buy your house.' The widow answers that she does not wish to sell her house, that she has lived in it for many years and is very fond of it. That, of course, makes no difference to the millionaire. 'Sell me your house or I'll take it!' says he, and 'I took the Isthmus!' is quoted again.

Many of these papers are irresponsible wasps, which would sting their own kind as relentlessly, did we not offer an easier target. The free press in Latin America has a venomousness of which we know little at home — yet it undoubtedly reflects a bitterness and a conviction of injustice shared by every man, woman, and child, so to speak, in Colombia, who can think at all.

The precise form which any friendly agreement should take is a matter to be decided by statesmen, not by reporters. I am merely stating here a situation with which the average American does not concern himself, for the simple reason that generally he is not aware of it. Undoubtedly many Colombians have exaggerated notions of the indemnity which might be paid. To them the splendid 'States' look somewhat as the Twentieth Century Limited might look to a lame man on foot. A little steam clipped from that whizzing meteor, a

few score millions more or less, would make all the difference in the world to Colombia, and would never be missed.

They are like one of their countrymen, an old government clerk, who came to one of our consuls. He had heard of the millions Rockefeller was giving away, and had written a long, ceremonious letter asking that a few thousands be set aside for him. 'Is the letter properly written?' he asked. 'Yes,' replied our consul, 'but I'm afraid you will never get the money.' He explained that such sums were supervised by a committee of steely-hearted analysts, who scrutinized each application through a microscope, and probably would n't be moved by the casual request of a perfectly healthy, and somewhat indolent, old gentleman of Colombia. The old clerk listened carefully, emitted a slow, sad '*Si?*' and shuffled away, tearing his letter into longitudinal strips.

Or, again, if an indemnity were paid for such concrete losses as that of the Panama Railroad, it would probably be desirable to appoint a non-partisan commission, and perhaps to specify the purpose for which the money was to be spent, — a railroad from Bogotá down to the Pacific, for instance, — in order that the country itself, and not merely its politicians, might be benefited. The boundary between Colombia and Panama is yet to be settled satisfactorily, — another business of such a treaty, — and the manner of conducting the whole negotiation from one side is almost as important as the matter of it. Certainly here is a case in which we 'can afford to be generous' — whether we are following mere expediency or a notion, perhaps archaic, of *noblesse oblige*. Nothing might come of our attempt, but we could at least show our South American neighbors and the world, that neither time nor the grim necessities of modern life have changed the American spirit of justice and fair play.

SYNDICALISM AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

BY ERNEST DIMNET

I

The French *Syndicat*, corresponding as every one knows to the Trade-Union, is an association resting on coöperative interests. Nothing is more familiar, and the legal details varying with the countries matter little. One is not generally so clear about the meaning of the word Syndicalism. Some people take it to denote an industrial organization, others fear that it may mean a rehandling of society, others regard it as a synonym of revolution, or of a dark international conspiracy, every now and then revealing its existence in occurrences of an outrageous character.

The most enlightening introduction to a question is invariably its historical perspective, and the philosophy of Syndicalism is so elemental that it needs little else than its environment to appear perfectly perspicuous. That

French Syndicalism should be chosen for such an *exposé*, rather than any other parallel manifestation, ought not to be thought surprising; physicians have a charming way of speaking of a disease fully answering the classical descriptions as a 'finely characterized disease,' *une belle maladie*, and French Syndicalism, whether one studies it with sympathy or the reverse, is the most complete in development and, if I may so say, the most perfect in tone.

II

The history of Syndicalism in France is nothing else than the transformation of a political into a social question. It is remarkable that the Revolution of 1789, which had its origin in a literature as antagonistic to economic as to political inequality, had no immediate effects on the situation of the working-classes.

The Third Estate which, in Sieyès's famous speech, had so far been nothing, and should be everything, might well harp constantly on the rights, grievances, power, and so forth, of the people; it was not the people. It consisted, as the French parliaments still consist, of leisured or professional men whom little else than social distinctions separated from the aristocracy. Those men were full, indeed, of Rousseau's ideas on the bettering of the inferior orders, but this bettering ought to be in their own hands, not in those of the people; and the net result of the Revolution — as it appeared after the tremendous interlude of the Empire — was a constitution and a parliamentary system very similar to those of England, but a complete ignoring of the millions whom nobody had yet had the genius to call — in a phrase charged with significance and possibilities — the Fourth Estate. During the years from 1815 to 1845 the working-classes were as completely ignored in France as under Louis XIV; not being electors they were *nil*.

The Revolution of 1848 coming after, or simultaneously with, the works of the great Socialists, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Proud'hon, Leroux, and having had for its immediate cause an agitation in the world of labor, with the characteristic motto, 'Every man entitled to work,' ought to have changed this state of affairs. In reality it did not. Blanqui, who was the brother of an economist and might have known better, reaped no other fruit from his revolutionary efforts than the formation of a political party, *le parti populaire*, which the Second Empire was soon to crush, and which only reappeared after fifteen years in the mild, and once more purely political, form of a Republican party. The workman was not taken into account as a working man, but as a voting man. His importance lay in his capacity to support bourgeois deputies possessed of democratic ideas.

The Second Empire was a time of extraordinary prosperity. French commerce and industry increased during those eighteen years in an amazing proportion; the wages rose accordingly, and as the influence of France abroad was also greater than it had been since 1815, one may say that there was general happiness in the country. Yet, with the development of industrialism, soon appeared the inconveniences inherent in it: the feeling — infinitely less sharp in agricultural communities — that the master stands apart from the men; the bondage in which the machine holds the workman, making it compulsory for him to answer all its motions by corresponding action; the captivity for a certain number of hours in the cheerless precincts of a factory. And the atmosphere peculiar to industrial *milieus* began to make itself felt.

The legislation had not kept up with the speedy development of the mechanical industries. It ignored strikes; and when the first and very rare attempts at striking were made, the authorities found themselves unprepared to deal with them. The consequence was that they enforced the contract binding the men to their employer and made work compulsory. It was not until the very last years of the Second Empire that the right to strike was recognized legally. In the mean time, the workmen had not only developed their class feeling, but they had founded secret societies called *Sociétés de Resistance*, — half syndicates, half ramifications of the *Internationale*, — which were their first effort toward self-organization. Shortly after, Karl Marx, inquiring into the moral conditions created by the modern economic development, pointed out in clear language the vital distinction between the class and the party, and stated definitely that the class-fight was the only object that the workmen could propose to themselves.

Yet many years elapsed before the proletariat, as it began to be called, became sufficiently conscious to think of managing its own affairs. It seems incredible that in a country where the Labor vote was already so considerable it was not until 1884 — fourteen years after the foundation of the Republic — that the Syndicates were made legal, and not until 1901 that a law on Associations — that most urgent of instruments in a republic — was passed. The country was absorbed in mere politics, mostly of an anti-clerical character, which I have not the space to review, but which the reader ought to bear in mind as the background of French history between the years 1877 and 1905. Electioneering rhetoric of the cheapest description was sufficient to keep the workmen away from their own interests during the greatest part of that interval, and when they did begin in earnest to look after themselves they were so used to politicians that they could not help seeking their assisttance to do their thinking for them. This period of the history of labor is called by the Syndicalists of to-day the democratic era.

III

What the Syndicalists mean by the Democracy is nothing else than the action of the Socialist deputies in the French Chamber. It may be as well to say at once that — surprising as it seems at first — they never use the word without a shade of contempt. It was about 1885 that M. Jules Guesde first shocked the country with a popular exposé of the Marxist doctrine, and the avowed intention to change the basis of society by substituting coöperation for capitalism, and the freedom of associations for authority. Some ten years afterward a young deputy, M. Jean Jaurès, who, in a preceding chamber, had been a moderate Republican, was returned on a glaringly Socialistic ticket, and became the centre of a then very small Socialist group in Parliament. His talent as an orator, his power of assimilating the most intricate matters, his remarkable tactics as a parliamentary leader, are well-known and need not be enlarged upon. His success in his new position was immediate. Endowed with prodigious activity and energy, he went all over the country, and addressed large audiences in all the industrial cities of France, with such success that in the Chamber elected in 1902, he and his friends simply became the regulators of the government's action.

During the Combes ministry, the prime minister made everything subservient to the Socialistic opinion and

the Socialist vote, and it can safely be said that during those three years M. Jaurès actually governed France. He was anti-clerical, and the confiscation of church property along with the separation of church and state were accomplished; he was an anti-militarist, and the War and Navy budgets were most unwisely lightened with the complicity of those two extraordinary ministers, General André and M. Pelletan; peace and war were in his hands, — a great deal more than in those of the Foreign Minister, — and as his followers as well as his theories made it imperative for him to be the champion of peace, peaceful the government was until the apparition of the Kaiser off the coast of Morocco on a threatening man-of-war obliged them to make their choice between the risk of standing for French dignity at all costs and the shame of giving up the Foreign Minister, M. Delcassé. The influence of M. Jaurès, as well as the gravity of the situation, decided the matter at once: M. Delcassé was thrown overboard.

Meanwhile, three of M. Jaurès's political friends, MM. Millerand, Briand, and Viviani, had acquired so much influence in the Chamber, and the Socialist group who backed them was regarded as so formidable, that the gentlemen mentioned were able, one after the other, to seek and take office in various cabinets; and although they were anathematized by some of their friends for so doing, their progress was none the less the Socialist progress.

How is it that this triumph of the Socialist deputies was looked upon as no triumph at all by the Socialist workmen? How is it that the very name Socialist was gradually dropped by them, left exclusively to M. Jaurès and his group, and replaced by the term Syndicalist?

If the reader will look once more over the Socialist achievements as I have just described them, he will notice that they were of a purely political character. From being an unimportant individual, M. Jaurès had risen to the position of a leader, without whom the hypnotized government dared not breathe; from being nothing else than very intelligent Socialists, MM. Millerand, Viviani, and Briand had become State Ministers, had moved into palaces, and had seemed to think it all very natural. In the mean time their notions had undergone a change; they understood what government means, and they advocated the loyalty and order without which no government can be.

What good did it all do to the proletarians who had elected them? M. Jaurès promised, year after year, to draw up 'extensive legislative texts, which would prepare the legal transformation of the capitalist into a socialist commonwealth'; but that epic in articles and clauses never was forthcoming, and the most urgent measures — for instance, the Association law, the Income Tax law, the Weekly Rest law, the Old-Age Pension law, and the rest, which were in operation in a backward monarchy like Prussia, — could not be passed by the parliament in which M. Jaurès had for years been cock-of-the-walk.

IV

This state of things could not but be a great disenchantment for the workmen; the more so as there was a great enchantment for them in different quarters. The Syndicates, since the law which had made them legal in 1884, had grown and multiplied. They had promptly ceased — without waiting for any legal permission — to live in isolation. The Syndicates of the same industry in the whole country

were bound in federations, some of which — *la Fédération du Livre*, for instance, and the Mining Federation — already vied with the most prosperous English unions. In the industrial districts, the local Syndicates met in Bourses du Travail, which served at the same time as information offices, popular universities, mutual or coöperative societies, and the like, and were of daily use to the workmen. There were yearly congresses, to which foreign syndicalists were soon invited, and which the least effort transformed into international congresses.

All this had been accomplished by plain workmen who had seen their work spread under their hands, and had not been afraid of their growing responsibilities. The comparison between their success and the barrenness of their deputies' action was sure to impose itself sooner or later on their minds, and to result in the split I have spoken of. At the same time, familiar intercourse with sister organizations abroad, just in the years when the Dreyfus Affair had weakened patriotism to an incredible degree, could not fail to lower the barriers which tradition had raised between the workmen of different languages, and make more impassable those between the workmen and the bourgeois and themselves; the class feeling which had long been latent found itself suddenly perfect in an almost perfect class-organization. A class philosophy and a class literature were on the eve of being born, in fact, only needed expression; but before finding expression they found a living embodiment in the General Labor Confederation.

This famous Confédération Générale du Travail — generally called for brevity's sake the C. G. T. — was founded about 1900 by a young man of thirty who was to die shortly afterwards, Fernand Pelloutier. Judging from the admiration of such a man as M. Sorel, Pelloutier, whom we only know by one little volume, *L'Histoire des Bourses du Travail*, must have been a genius. At all events this obscure clerk seems to have been the first to arrive at the full conception of a radical severance of the workmen from the rest of society, and of a revolutionary organism whose spirit and working fascinate by their simplicity.

The C. G. T. is nothing else than a federation of the federations and of the Bourses du Travail. Its seat is at the Paris Bourse du Travail, a large building just off the Place de la République. It has no legal recognition, and most jurists even contend that its existence is absolutely illegal and that it is an abuse to tolerate it in a national building. Its expenses are borne by the various federations, and do not exceed fifty thousand francs — ten thousand dollars — a year. Its members are the secretaries of the federations, one of whom is called General Secretary of the C. G. T. It possesses a weekly paper, *La Voix du Peuple*, in close connection with which is evidently the daily *La Bataille Syndicaliste*.

As to its doctrines, they are found not only in these papers but in a more scientific organ, *Le Mouvement Socialiste*, — to which I shall have to advert further on, — in a number of pamphlets written mostly by the various secretaries, Griffuelhes, Pouget, Pierro Niel, and others, in the accounts of the yearly congresses, and, night after night, in the addresses delivered in the syndicates, popular universities, and so forth. What these doctrines — the doctrines of Pelloutier — amount to is not difficult to say: they are the plain, undisguised, and almost invariably sober, preaching of the class-fight.

The separate existence of the workmen as a class of pariahs, which underlay the concepts of the preceding gen-

eration of French Socialists, and which Marx had once or twice formulated in his books, is dwelt upon as the one great fact on which the workmen's attention should be fixed. The proletariat has its existence apart in every country, and consequently constitutes on the globe a separate class, not only completely independent of the others, but even free from the traditional restraints embodied in patriotism. On one side are 'the masters, that is, the robbers: on the other are the slaves, the despoiled.' What is, in fact, Capital? How is it formed? Is it not by constantly and methodically taking from labor? Syndicalism is only the recognition by the workmen of this extraordinary state of things, on the one hand; and on the other, recognition of the fact that their common spoliation is enough to give them unity.

This, as I said above, was implied in the works of the great Socialists, Proud'hon, for instance. But while the Socialists placed their hopes of seeing all wrongs righted in the enactment of severe laws tending more and more to equalize privileges and duties, the Syndicalists distrust the law and its supporters quite as much as they do capital, and wage the same war against them.

The notion of the state is all very well theoretically, but in reality what is the state? Nothing else than the ruling parties, that is to say, politicians. Wherever there are politicians there is confusion instead of clarity, and the confusion is greater in a democracy like the French Republic than in any other form of government. In a strict monarchy of the German or Russian type the distinction of the classes is obvious, whereas in a democracy the fictitious and perfectly farcical equality of men — considered as citizens and not as economic values — obscures it hopelessly.

Parliamentarianism rests on compromises: the Socialist candidate makes the same promises to his bourgeois electors that the bourgeois candidate makes to his Socialist constituents. Experience shows also that the political masters act on exactly the same principles as industrial masters, and ought to be treated in the same way. 'I think it very useful,' says M. Sorel, 'to *lick* the orators of democracy and the representatives of government.' The so-called social laws on which M. Jaurès and his friends plume themselves so much are mostly frauds. What are the *Conseils du Travail* if not a stratagem to put the representatives of the workmen under the thumb of those of the capitalists? What are the prospective regulations of strikes if not a roundabout way to get rid of strikes? What good will accrue to the people from the law concerning Old-Age Pensions? The pittance which the workman secures for his old days by contributing all his life to the fund is only a portion of his own money; the rest remains in the treasury of the state to support all sorts of institutions, — an army among the number, — which are simply directed against him.

The Syndicalists are violently opposed not only to wars but to the existence of an army. The army in their opinion is the living demonstration of the paradox of a civilization in which those who have every advantage do nothing, and those who bear all the burdens get no reward. An army is useful only in two cases: in time of peace when there is a strike, and then the proletarians in uniform are employed against the proletarians in plain clothes; in time of war, when a few financiers think it necessary to have their interests protected by force, and then again thousands of men are destroyed for a cause not their own, and even opposed to it. Whatever the

workmen do in support of the state is invariably found ultimately to turn against them.

What then should they do? Resolutely look upon the classes above them as enemies and treat them accordingly. Open warfare being out of the question so long as only about three hundred thousand men are connected with the C. G. T., they must be content for the present with what is feasible. Their first duty is to increase their numbers and strengthen their organization, that is to say, help in bringing over as many as they can to the Syndicates. There is no phrase that the leading Syndicalists repeat so often and in such an earnest tone as, 'Do the humble and humdrum syndicate work.' In fact, the day on which the whole world of labor shall be enlisted and disciplined in syndicates will also be that of its absolute supremacy: overpowering numerical superiority is insufficient so long as organization is wanting; but the moment some sort of unity is given to numbers, resistance on the part of the minority becomes impossible.

Syndicates of an aggressive character are not the only form of organization advocated by the C. G. T. The workmen are dupes not only when they work for the bourgeois, but also when they consume and pay for the goods manufactured by the capitalists. All the money they spend foolishly in this way ought to be devoted to the establishment of coöperative societies which must become in time formidable rivals of their bourgeois competitors. For the market is, after all, one thing with the proletariat, and it is only because so many poor club together that there are a few rich.

Syndicalists feel convinced that in the long run — no time can be named, as everything depends on the rapidity of the grouping process, and its speed may accelerate in a catastrophic manner — the coöperative movement will suffice to reverse the present economic conditions and bring about the gradual and almost invisible disappearance of capitalism; but their warlike spirit is not content with that. Capitalism ought not only to be undermined, it ought also to be stormed. The great hope, the great vision, which haunts and delights them is that of the final storming, which they call the Great Strike. When all the world of labor has become syndicalist, when there are no fools left to fight against their own interest, one fine evening — *le grand soir* — a universal strike shall be decreed. Next day there will be no bakers to make bread, no butchers to kill meat, no colliers to dig up coals, no railwaymen to take bourgeois about. In a few days of this awful stagnation, capitalism will realize that gold in itself is nothing while labor is everything, and the machines[1] will be either made over to, or quietly appropriated by, the workmen.

This is the dream. The Syndicalists think it should be made possible, and openly teach the ways and means. The Great Strike must be prepared for by numberless local strikes weakening capital and strengthening the proletariat. The C. G. T. is a school for striking, with professional strike-organizers called delegates by the Syndicalists and *gréviculteurs* by the newspapers. The delegate starts strikes where there is no syndicate, as the workmen are infallibly compelled to unite during strikes, and seldom resume work before making their accidental union endurable in the shape of a syndicate. Where there are unions, strikes are made more formidable by coalitions and by the pecuniary assistance which the C. G. T. obtains from the federations. Striking may take vari-

[1] In the Syndicalist terminology all the instruments of production are called machines.

ous shapes, which the Syndicalist publications detail carefully. Boycotting the industries which refuse to admit syndicate workmen is one variety of strike; *sabotage* is another: it means the repeated injury to tools and machines, or the deliberate hindrance of work. This was practiced on a large scale during the railway agitation in 1910, and it was thanks to it that the hairdressers' men could dictate terms to apparently unconquerable masters. In short, the theory and practice of strikes seems to have been brought to perfection by the C. G. T.

As to its effects, you can see them in issue after issue of the *Voix du Peuple*. About thirty per cent of the strikes seem successful, and they never result in possible damage for the workmen. In September, 1911, a large manufacturer in the north of France stopped work at an hour's notice, on the mere polite injunction of a C. G. T. delegate. Fighting would have been impossible. Such facts will evidently become more and more numerous as the syndical organization spreads more widely. The syndicalist machinery is perfect, and it requires only initiative enough to put it in operation everywhere.

V

This then, is the history of the past and present of Syndicalism. Before trying to foresee its future, we should say a word about the philosophers who have made it the object of their meditations.

The best known are Lagardelle, Berth, and, above all, Georges Sorel, whose productions have appeared chiefly in the very intellectual review called *Le Mouvement Socialiste*.

It was inevitable that the contributions of such thinkers — eminently honest, and one of them powerful — should influence the most intelligent Syndicalists, but the common characteristic of these philosophers is that while they take unbounded interest in the organization of labor, they firmly believe in the necessity for it to stand apart and unsophisticated, and would gladly be forever unknown to the very men they are constantly studying. It would take a great deal more space than I have to do them justice and disentangle a somewhat artificial element from their fundamental ideas, but I can indicate a few essential points.

To begin with — and it is one of their aspects I regret the most not to be able to deal with adequately — they are wonderfully solid in appearance and tone, but they have not always been so, and Sorel especially has passed through a number of intellectual phases. One was not born in France with impunity in the days when Renan and Berthelot were at their height. The characteristic of that period was a very unphilosophical belief in science and an accompanying mistrust of metaphysics, resulting in a dangerously narrow art of thinking, and a complete lack of anything like an art of living. All the intellects which grew in that atmosphere and were not hopelessly stunted by it have had to struggle toward a broader, more human logic than that in which they had been educated, and above all, toward a moral doctrine that would steady them through life. This took them years.

Georges Sorel and his friends are often called Bergsonians, and, in fact, the former has made a careful study of Bergson's books and has many points in common with him; but I imagine that he would have reached his chief positions without him and owes him little more than an occasional confusing terminology. He spent practically all his time until he was fifty doing technical work in a factory, get-

ting used to the realities of economics, and, as he became thus practical and positive, cleansing his mind from the thick dust of fallacies it had accumulated since boyhood. Like everybody else he was full of ideas from outside, of theories built on inadequate historical analyses, especially of the tremendous overgrowth of ideology which the Revolution produced.

He gradually came to mistrust and reconsider all his notions; he went back to history, chiefly in the footsteps of Renan, and learned the influence of pure ideas in the great historical movements, — the transformation of the ancient world through Christianity, for instance, — while he became more and more convinced of the preëminence of materialistic influences in the development of economics. He noticed that all the modern French systems of politics and social philosophy were built on the notion of progress as conceived by D'Alembert and the other Encyclopædists: he tested their apparent clarity, found it wanting, and later gave the results of his inquiry in a most suggestive little book, *Les Illusions du Progrès*. All his reading and thinking brought him to the conclusion that the logic of social philosophers and politicians was moonshine, misleading inferences with a semblance of solidity which it took ages to expose, and which in the mean time stood in the way of an accurate view of realities. Generalizations were all dangerous; living facts alone were fruitful, and one could never be long enough face to face with them.

The reader must see at once the relationship between these views and the Bergsonian intuition, that is, the effort to understand reality, not by standing apart from it, but by lending one's self to its flow.

About the time when Sorel reached these conclusions he met Fernand Pelloutier. I have never seen anybody who laid sufficient stress on the influence which this meeting must have had on Sorel. Here was Pelloutier, a young man of twenty-eight, who had never lived apart from the world of labor, had been a stranger to politics, to systems and theories of any kind, yet had been sufficiently intelligent — in the simple and beautiful meaning of this word — to connect the forces of the workmen with the living organism of Syndicalism and could see — rather than deduce — the far-reaching consequences of its existence: its opposition to present society; its goal, the Great Strike; its method, striking and striking again with the heroism of perseverance; and its final success, the substitution of coöperation for capital. The mind of Pelloutier was in itself a demonstration of the superiority of intuition over systems and deductions.

Another conclusion forced itself. As Pelloutier was above philosophers, the world of labor was above the schools of politicians. Jaurès and his friends were mere logicians, clinging like leeches to a reality which had its life apart from them; they played nowadays the part which the Encyclopædists had played before the Revolution, and their influence was as baleful. This is the intellectual origin of Sorel's sympathy with the Syndicalist movement.

This sympathy has another aspect, corresponding to the moral development of the philosopher. As I said above, Sorel was bred in the determinism of Renan, Taine, and Berthelot, that is to say, in a distinctly negative system of ethics. His own nature was sufficiently noble to keep him above the materialism which comes too often in its train. But he was not far advanced in life before he saw the terrible effects on society of a doctrine making man the only judge of his own actions.

The generation of M. Sorel — the men who are now sixty — has been the prey of all that awaits moral, even more than intellectual, uncertainty. The indifference to motives, the ignorance of a rule of life, the good-humored condoning of deliberate indulgence, the skepticism even of the naturally good, making them almost ashamed to be good, the complicity of millions of readers with a host of immoral writers, the careless admission of national decadence consequent on depopulation and enervation, have all been rife until a very recent period, and have all been produced by philosophical doubt succeeding religious conviction.

The only remedy must be some sort of intellectual basis, an idea strong enough not to be undermined by the low modern infiltrations. M. Sorel himself needed no personal prop; he was naturally above compromises. In default of a philosophy he had character. His poet was Corneille; his heroes were the Catholic saints, or even the Jansenists, with their purity and obstinacy; his Socialist was Proud'hon, because Proud'hon built society on love, but the love of one woman; but neither Proud'hon nor the Catholic doctrine of sacrifice, nor the idealism of Corneille, was likely to appeal to the modern man and transform his materialism. Socialism — the Socialism of Jaurès which he was to treat later on with such contempt — for a time attracted him, but it was because of its apparent interest in the humble and persecuted and its corresponding apparent self-denial. The moment he found that the Dreyfusist movement was in reality a conspiracy of greed and ambition, and that the Socialist doctrine rested ultimately on what he calls a 'belly philosophy,' he withdrew.

Here again his acquaintance with Pelloutier was an illumination. The young clerk had nothing but scorn for politics and the politicians, he never gave a thought to the possibility of his rising above his sphere and becoming a bourgeois deputy; his life was consumed in an obscure work of organization which precluded brilliant speeches, the empty but pleasant activity of electioneering, the long periods of rest after partial success.

Pelloutier knew that he was working for an ideal which he would never see realized. Not only was he consumptive and doomed to speedy death, but the object he had been the first to conceive was beyond the span of even the longest life; no man of his generation, or even of the next, would see the Great Evening and the Great Strike. All they could hope was to see the Syndicalists' net gradually spread in their hands, and the great Syndicalist weapon — strike — become more familiar to the workmen.

But this daily routine was fruitful in positive results, and these results were not merely the success of a propaganda. Pelloutier and Sorel saw that by persuading the workmen to band together with a view to a final and decisive, if far-away, action, they called forth the noblest energies latent in the people, and long extinguished among the bourgeoisie. Poor laborers gladly gave of their own for the support of the Syndicates, or joined in strikes which apparently had no immediate interest for them, out of mere love for their class, and supported by the hope — perhaps the mirage — of its final victory. M. Sorel has often likened this state of mind to that of the early Christians when their great hope was the Advent of Christ and the Establishment of his Kingdom. But as the primitive church had lost by becoming protected instead of persecuted, Sorel realized that, if ever the syndicates grew rich and powerful they would probably become in-

fected with the faults of power and wealth — selfishness and indolence — and lose their original virtue. A long series of articles in *Le Mouvement Socialiste*, reprinted since under the title of *Réflexions sur la Violence*, was a defense of the warlike virtues called forth by the pregnant idea of the Great Strike. Since the days of 1790 when the French armies marched, full of the revolutionary ideal, no mass of men had appeared possessed of such a noble spirit as the Syndicalists.

This spirit, in Sorel's opinion, was evidently what mattered the most. In the same book he confessed openly that he did not believe in the possibility of the Great Strike, and looked upon it as a myth. He treated at great length of the nature and influence of myths: they were half ideas, half images, and as such partook of the power of both the reason and the imagination, and imposed themselves on the minds of even the simplest; but after a time their purely imaginative aspect lost its brilliance and they were gradually forgotten. So the very basis of Syndicalism was in one respect only a fascinating illusion.

The frankness of this analysis showed obviously that Sorel was more interested in Syndicalism than he expected the Syndicalists to become interested in him. In other words, he was less a man of action than a philosopher curious of the motives of action, and he no more believed in Syndicalism than in Christianity: both doctrines attracted him by the purity of their spirit, by the heroism they entailed, not at all by their future. After all, he was little more than a sort of Nietzschean seeking the rarity of an aristocratic attitude where it was likely to be found.

When the present writer first made a careful inquiry into the philosophy of Sorel,[1] he wondered why such tendencies did not turn him toward a political doctrine widely different from Syndicalism in object, but strikingly similar in spirit. The school known as the Neo-Royalists had their myth, which was the restoration of the pre-revolutionary Monarchy; they stood for violence, and lost no occasion to say that they would seize the first opportunity to make a *coup d'état;* their intellectual training was practical, historical, and positivist like his own; finally they had in common with him a speculative attachment to Christianity which, however, left their chief leaders in religious unbelief. There was in them all there was in the Syndicalists, and less chance of losing sight of their aim. Everything must appeal to him in those quarters. These previsions have been confirmed. M. Sorel may not be more of a Royalist than he was a Syndicalist, but his sympathies have gone that way, and his name is frequently mentioned in the Neo-Royalist publications, as it used to be, and even still is, every now and then, in the Syndicalist periodicals. Meanwhile, he superintends the publication of a series for the defense of higher culture, in which both his former and his recent tendencies are easily reconciled.

[1] Vide *The Forum*, November, 1909.

VI

Little space remains for the last part of this exposition, in which we ought not to prophesy, or even to state the probable destinies of Syndicalism, but merely to describe its chances as they appear from the relation between its present conditions and the evolution of the public spirit in France.

In 1908, when the postal strike led men to realize the formidable power of association, the C. G. T., or at any rate, the more revolutionary elements in the C. G. T., seemed to be at their highest. Nobody who followed that

brief drama will ever forget how not only the government, — which till then had been uniformly weak, — but even the Parliament, — so far respected, — fell at once into insignificance. The distinction between the Democracy and the proletariat, on which Sorel lays so much stress, was made tangible at a meeting of the strikers at which the well-known M. Buisson, and a few other Socialist deputies, had thought they would be welcomed as usual. They were simply hooted off the platform, and the meeting was conducted, as well as the strike itself, by a few delegates of the C. G. T., among whom was the famous Pataud. It appeared clearly, not only that the government was defenseless against one single syndicate, but that the Socialist members of the Chamber, who had been so far a sort of very useful buffer between the workmen and their political masters, had been definitely thrown back among the bourgeoisie. Pataud and his friends, workmen as they were, negotiated with the government on equal terms, and would have dictated to them if M. Clemenceau, who was then prime minister, had not cleverly put them off, or, as they said, taken them in.

The experience produced a tremendous sensation, to be compared only to the shock received two or three years earlier on the dismissal of M. Delcassé from the Cabinet, and the revelation of the havoc made in the Army and Navy by M. Pelletan and General André. The country realized the weakness of parliamentarianism, and knew that it had been leaning for years on a woefully broken reed. The Chamber itself lost at once all of the superb pride which thirty years' absolute power in a country republican only in appearance had given it, and declared itself content with legislating instead of governing.

Meanwhile the members of the government which had never been trained to govern were bethinking themselves, and M. Briand gave the result of their meditations in a celebrated address at Lisieux. Modern nations, he said, had to confront the new fact of association. Association was the feature of the day, and could not be disregarded. The Syndicates, in very few years, had prospered so that nobody could ignore them, and the best policy was to give them their share. What the share was, he pointed out in general terms, but sufficiently clearly for anybody to understand that he was ready to give them the right to legal possession, and the right to say something in the debates concerning their professional interests. All this meant the beginning, or at any rate the dawn, of the decentralization for which the best intellects had prayed so many years, but it might mean also the preliminaries of surrender to the C. G. T.

Many people believed this. Day after day the conservative papers pointed out that the strong, united, intelligent government which had been so long desired, actually existed in France, but sat at the Bourse du Travail and not at the Elysée. A combination of the railwaymen, the postal clerks, and the electricians would suffice to switch authority from one place to the other. No revolution could be easier. The Syndicalists believed it, too. Their decision turned quickly into arrogance, and Pataud stopped the electricity in Paris three or four times in one winter, just as the Negro band-master stopped the music 'for to show his authority.' It is only when one studies the history of Syndicalism in detail that the difference between the intimidating sobriety of the theories, — as set forth not only by Sorel or Lagardelle, but even by Griffuelhes, — and the raw violence of inferior Syndical-

ists, appears. *La Bataille Syndicaliste* is as near mere anarchy as *Les Réflexions sur la Violence* is near true philosophy.

For some time after the Lisieux speech the Syndicalists affected to treat the overtures of M. Briand as the treachery of a turn-coat, and they vaunted their anti-patriotism more openly than ever. But the ringleaders who harped on this high string were no more the whole of Syndicalism than Syndicalism is the whole of the labor world. A warning came to them first from Germany, where the C. G. T. was excluded from the international congresses on account of its anti-patriotic attitude. Then some powerful syndicates, which so far had kept away from the C. G. T. (the Book Syndicate and the Miners' Unions among the number), joined it, but being experienced and rich, infused wisdom into it. Then it appeared that if materialism can occasionally nerve itself for a violent action its natural bent is much more toward a diminution of effort, and that Briand had seen the disposition of the Syndicates pretty accurately when he had come toward them with an olive-branch at Lisieux. In most workmen the wish to become a bourgeois lives more or less dormant. The truth of this appeared glaringly in the conversion of no less a person than Pataud, who, after finding some resistance among his brethren and some on the part of the police, gave up agitating, first for lecturing, and finally for a most unromantic situation in the champagne trade. In short, what with excessive violence on the part of some Syndicalists, and a return to balance on the part of some others, the C. G. T. does not appear to-day nearly so formidable in its unity, or so full of belief in the Great Strike, as it was four years ago.

As these transformations took place among Syndicalists, another was noticeable in the public spirit of the French nation at large. The danger from the strikes and the danger from Germany combined to awaken people to the necessity of a stronger national attitude. Energy in the resistance both to agitators like Pataud and to browbeaters abroad, after seeming long impossible, suddenly became the order of the day. Anti-militarism, which had been rampant in the last ten years, positively vanished. Its manifestations are now confined to the lowest anarchist organs. In the summer of 1911, when a war with Germany was regarded as almost inevitable, the prospect was viewed without any reluctance, even in industrial districts where a few years ago it would have caused furious protests.

This decision could not exist without an accompanying change in the current principles. It would take a volume to describe the rapid modification, but it is a fact that the return to a saner view of authority, of the subordination of the individual to collective interests, of the necessity of self-sacrifice, etcetera, has been so marked as to nullify the logic of Socialist materialism, strong as it might still appear to crude intellects. The France of to-day is completely different from the disorganized country which saw the Dreyfusist disruption, and apparently never minded; and the change is the more striking from being especially noticeable among the rising generation. An hour's conversation with any intelligent young man belonging to the classes in which skepticism and dilettantism used to be strongest, leaves no doubt that a new public spirit has made its reappearance in a new and bracing atmosphere.

In these conditions, the element of disorder inseparable from the motion of the C. G. T. is not likely to find favor, even with the average workman. The fact that all the bandits who, for

several weeks, scoured the environs of Paris, waylaying motorists, plundering banks and massacring police were either members of the C. G. T., — one of them even a delegate, — or were found in possession of Syndicalist literature, acted as a revelation. The violent agitators whom Sorel admired so much seem bound to be thrown back into the mere anarchical *milieus*, while the bulk of Syndicalists will turn more and more toward Reformism. Meanwhile, strong governments, gaining where the now despised Chamber loses, will probably find themselves in a position to pass effective legislation about the Syndicates. The dangers to society arising from the existence of mortmain are universally known, and no outcry will follow their removal. It will seem incredible to people born and brought up in a period less troubled than ours that corporations professedly professional ever boasted openly about treating the rest of the world as enemies, and actually prepared war against it.

In conclusion, we may say that all that Sorel detested — which is all that M. Briand hoped for when he delivered his Lisieux address — is likely to happen. Nothing can break the impulse which the Syndicalist movement has now taken, and nobody with a sense of fairness can be sorry for it. There will be more and more syndicates, and it is inevitable that their development will in time largely modify the economic and — to a certain extent — the present political conditions. But the Syndicates, growing in an atmosphere very different from that in which they were born, will also be different. They will forget the mythical and at present violent aspect of their creed; they will strive after immediate improvement; they will be peace-loving and matter-of-fact.

Sorel says that if it is so, they will only create a variety of the very uninteresting bourgeois whom he hates: materialistic, self-indulgent, and cowardly. But this conclusion is not at all certain. The transformation in the public spirit which I mentioned above may be deep enough to restore idealism in spite of peace. The logic of such movements in Catholic countries invariably points to religious renovation. And what would be Catholicism galvanized once more into a social force in a society based on authority on the one hand and on a coöperation organization on the other? The answer may be startling, but I think it is inevitable.

Catholicism plus coöperative institutions — that is, after all, an idealist spirit united to the most effective means of social and material improvement — amounts to a repetition of the mediæval experiment coming round in undoubtedly favorable conditions. Will this be? Nobody knows; but I would not leave the reader with a pessimistic conclusion when a totally different one appears more likely. In France, at least, the crisis in the growth of Syndicalism is over, and the materialism which made it formidable is speedily losing its venom.

THE AMULET

BY MARY ANTIN

I

When Yankel was left a widower, his pious relatives felt that the Lord had stretched out his hand to remove an obstacle from the path of a godly man. This reflection cast no reproach on the memory of Yankel's wife. No one spoke of Peshe Frede except with respect and pity. She had been a good wife — as good as God willed to have her. During the six years of her married life she had never given her husband any cause of complaint save one, and that was a matter for sorrow rather than complaint. Peshe Frede had no children, and what are prosperity and harmony and mutual devotion to a childless pair, in a community where parenthood is the great career? Their life was like a stage set for a play, but the characters never came on.

Yankel was away a great deal, looking after his lumber business, and whenever he came home he found his house in order, his favorite dishes steaming in the oven, and Peshe Frede, trim and smiling, ready to preside over his comfort. But there was a stillness in the orderly rooms that loving words failed to dispel, and Yankel had to exercise all the arts of kindness to wipe the guilty look out of Peshe Frede's eyes.

No doubt it was harder on her, who had to stay at home with folded hands; and yet the mothers of Polotzk, while commiserating her barren lot, said she was greatly to be envied, because her husband kept her in honor and kindness and made light of their common disappointment. When she died, and the period of mourning was spent, Yankel's friends began to look forward to his second marriage, certain that God would reward him at last for his unmurmuring patience.

A year passed after his second marriage, and Sorke, the nineteen-year-old bride, began to droop under the weight of the accumulated silence of her orderly house. A second year passed without hope; a third year ran its empty course. Yankel was thankful to remember that even in his secret soul he had never thought of divorcing Peshe Frede at the end of ten years, as by the Jewish law he would have had a right to do. It was he who was doomed, and not the wife. He lavished on Sorke even greater tenderness than he had spent on Peshe Frede, for now he had to atone for, as well as comfort, the empty heart.

Late on one afternoon in October, Sorke was sitting by the window, her head bent over one of those embroidery-frames that had become the symbol of her unwelcome leisure. When it was too dark to work, she wound the thread around her needle and folded her hands in her lap. There was nothing to see on the street; still Sorke remained in her place, a vanishing image against the twilight gloom. Why should she move? There was nothing waiting to be done. Chronic inertia had produced in her a weird power of remaining motionless. Even

her thoughts were paralyzed. The stillness was like a wall around her. The irregular sounds that came from the kitchen brought no suggestion of current activity; they were the sounds that had filled her ears from the beginning of time.

Suddenly she jumped up, with a startled cry. From the empty gloom outside a face had sprung, a dark, bearded, laughing face, close beside her window. She ran to the door. Her husband sprang up the steps to meet her.

'Yankel!' she cried, in a voice half way between surprise and reproach.

'Sorele![1] I startled you. How are you, little wife?'

'I did n't expect you till the end of the week. How are you, Yankel?'

'Fine! and mighty glad to get home, after two weeks of knocking about the dirty villages.'

'Two weeks and three days,' Sorke soberly corrected. 'You went away on a Monday morning, and this is Wednesday.'

Yankel laughed.

'I forgot that you count the days. Well, you like to be surprised? But why are you sitting in the dark? Here; let's light the lamp. Let me see if my little wife is all there.'

There was something pathetic in the interest with which Sorke watched her husband's trifling activity. She seemed glad to be caught up in the current of his energy. And Yankel, who had learned by experience the signs of a lonely woman's moods, put his tender hands on her shoulders and studied her upturned face in the lamplight.

Sorke's eyes had that look of unconscious beseeching that had haunted him all the years of his married life: the look of one who has found no answer to the questions of life. Peshe Frede had looked at him that way, and now Sorke — Sorke, whose eyes were so merry three years ago.

'You have been lonely, Sorele. What have you been doing? Tell me everything while we have tea.'

Sorke was glad to be relieved of her husband's scrutiny. She did not wish to make him sad on his return. She called to the housemaid to prepare the samovar, and herself set out the glasses on a tray.

Yankel watched her quiet movements through the open door of their bedroom, while he removed his heavy boots and washed the grime of travel from his face and hands. It seemed to him she was paler than usual, and he divined that the bits of neighborhood gossip she repeated in answer to his questions had no real interest for her.

'It's good to be at home,' he said, in his hearty manner, as he stretched his legs under the table opposite Sorke. 'Are you sure you did n't expect me? It seems to me you're all dressed up.'

Sorke looked down on her gown, which was indeed one she seldom wore.

'I had nothing to do, so I dressed up. Do you remember this dress?'

'Is n't it a new one?'

She smiled.

'Ask a man about clothes! This is the dress I wore when we visited your Aunt Rachel, the Passover before we were married.'

'What! three years ago? How did you keep it so new? You are a very careful little woman.'

'It is n't that. I have so many dresses that I can't wear them out.' She lifted her head with a movement strange to her, a sort of subdued impatience. 'Yankel, what's the use of having so many dresses?'

He stared at her. 'I swear by my beard and earlocks that I'm the only husband in Polotzk who ever heard

[1] Diminutive of Sorke.

such a speech from his wife. Too many dresses! Well, well! what next?'

But Sorke would not meet his tone of raillery. He had surprised her in the depths of her melancholy, and her trouble cried out to be recognized. Loneliness and brooding had unsettled her nerves. Yankel's cheerful, almost boisterous, manner jarred her into something like rebellion.

'Too many dresses, yes, and too many things of all sorts. We have so much of everything, and what's it all for? I can never get to the bottom of the linen chest — some of the things have never been used. The parlor is fixed up like a furniture store — there is n't a scratch or stain on anything. And look at my clothes! I've given away enough for a poor bride's trousseau; I never wear out anything. What's the use of so many things? I wish we were poor. At least I'd have something to do, then.'

Her tone was almost vehement. Her color had risen; the beseeching look in her eyes was burned away by a gleam of protest.

Yankel watched her in mute surprise. He understood the inner meaning of her frivolous complaint, perhaps better than she did herself, but he had become so accustomed to her gentle patience that he did not at once know how to meet her sudden outburst.

Sorke waited a moment for him to speak, then went on, in a quieter manner, —

'Really, Yankel, I think people are happier when they are n't so well off. I'd rather do patching and darning than this everlasting fancy-work.' She cast a look of distaste at the embroidery-frame in the corner. 'I want something *real* to do. I don't think you know how many hours there are in the day, you're so busy with your affairs and seeing people and traveling. If I were n't ashamed, I'd like to take lessons on the clavier, or something like that, to fill up the time.'

'Why don't you?'

Sorke looked her surprise.

'A married woman take lessons? Everybody would point at me. I'm supposed to be busy with housekeeping. Busy?' She smiled sadly. 'I stay in bed till I'm lame from lying; I go to market, I stop wherever two women have their heads together, I eat my dinner, I dress myself as for a holiday; and it's only noon! Sometimes I turn the house upside down, — closets and drawers and everything, — just to have something to do.' She clasped her hands pleadingly. 'Yankel! I've asked you a dozen times, I ask you again: send away the maid, and let me do the housework. I'll be happy as a queen with my arms in the dough-tub!'

She ended with a little smile, but Yankel continued to look gravely at her.

'You might try it for a while,' he said at length, 'but it would n't content you long.'

Sorke suppressed a sigh. Her husband's words showed her that he knew her innermost thoughts, still she made another feeble effort to disguise them.

'I'd like it,' she said, in her normal tone; but she could not meet his earnest gaze.

Yankel got up and took a few steps across the room. With his hands in his pockets, he leaned against a tall chest opposite the table, and looked so long at Sorke that she felt oppressed by his scrutiny.

Her cry for something to do had gone to his heart like a subtle accusation. This was his second fruitless marriage. What atonement had he made this woman for her empty existence? No wonder she cried out at last at the gilded dross with which he had tried to beguile her.

'Sorele, I have tried to be good to you.'

It was all he found to say in self-excuse, but there was a world of sadness in his tone. Sorke's heart was struck with compunction. She went over to him with penitent haste.

'Yankel,' she said, earnestly, pleadingly, 'don't look at me like that. You *have* been good to me — always, always. There is n't another husband like you in Polotzk. Why, all the women envy me! You must n't mind my foolish words. Don't you know that a spoiled wife always has some complaint? Oh, Yankel! I deserve to be cudgeled for my silly talk.'

She drew close to him, with one hand on his cheek. Tears of remorse were in her eyes. Yankel put his hand over hers, but did not speak.

'What are you thinking, Yankel? Won't you forgive me?'

'I'm thinking that I'm a very selfish man.'

'*You* selfish!' Sorke laughed. 'Your worst enemy would n't say that.'

He freed himself from her touch, and spoke from a little distance.

'Sorke, I ought to set you free to take another husband.'

'*Yankel!*'

Gesture and tone expressed her horror. Yankel put out a hand to her at once.

'I did n't mean to shock you, Sorele. I can never make up to you for — for what you miss. Eight years I lived with Peshe Frede, may she rest in peace! and since *our* marriage three years have passed. Sorele, you are young and fresh as a maiden. Why should you be doomed along with me?'

Sorke dropped to her knees, her full dress billowing up about her.

'Yankel, I beg you, unless you mean to divorce me, never say these things to me again.'

He raised her and held her close.

'You must n't kneel. I 'll never think of divorce unless you ask for it.' There came a look into his eyes that made Sorke hold her breath. 'Sorele, my wife, I love you.'

At that word, so foreign to the ears of orthodox Polotzk, Sorke hid her face. That he should find the word and she understand it, was a double miracle. For among the pious Jews of their time romantic love was unknown, being constantly anticipated by the marriage-broker. What Sorke knew of love and love-making she had learned from vague rumors emanating from venturesome circles where forbidden books were read. In her confusion under her husband's ardor, there was more than a trace of shame.

'Sorele, Sorele,' repeated Yankel, 'I love you.'

The wife of three years allowed herself to be embraced, with a sense of yielding to forbidden things. A strange thrill shot through her body, leaving her faint and dazed.

' Oh, Yankel!' she whispered, burying her face on his arm, 'I feel so — so strange. You are — you make me feel queer.'

'Do I? Do I?'

He held her away from him and looked at her steadily, breathing through dilated nostrils. Her long lashes swept her flaming cheeks. She wavered toward him, but he would not meet her movement. At last, with a little gasp of emotion, she threw her arms around his neck. In the void left by her maternal failure, the exotic flower of love had sprung up, that heathen love for which there was no name in the vocabulary of the orthodox.

'Are you happy, Sorele?'

His breath was warm on her neck. She nestled closer, but did not speak.

'Are you?' he persisted.

'I don't know why I'm happy all of a sudden.'

She spoke unwillingly, with a sort of childish pout. He raised her head and compelled her look.

'You are so beautiful, Sorele. If you did n't wear a wig, you'd be like a bride just before the wedding. Take it off. You have pretty hair.'

His fingers began to fumble with the hairpins. She caught them playfully.

'Don't, Yankel. Don't look like that, and don't say such queer things. What makes you?'

'I don't know, myself. Have I ever seen you before? You look new to me.'

She laughed like a child. Suddenly he pressed her closer to him, and kissed her again and again. The skull-cap fell from his thick brown curls. He looked like a youth of twenty.

'My wife, my wife!' he murmured; and Sorke ceased to struggle.

They were facing each other through a trembling mist of passion, the man and wife who had blundered on the tricks of love neglected by the customs of their race; and lo! it was only a more cunning disguise for the ultimate purpose which the conventions of their world had scarcely masked.

'If God would only grant us a child now!' whispered Sorke, summing up in one word both her old and her new ideas of bliss.

II

A month or so later they were again sitting close together in the lamplight, Yankel having just returned from a short trip. As soon as the door was shut on the inquisitive housemaid, they had drawn up their chairs to the fire, with that new instinct of mutual approach which was the sign of their belated love. But Yankel was not bent on love-making this evening. With an elation that seemed unwarranted by the prosaic facts he was reciting, he was giving Sorke a minute account of his return journey, and she, divining from his manner that he was leading up to some important revelation, listened with growing curiosity.

'So there we were, six versts from the railroad station, the wagon in the ditch on top of the miserable horse, and the stupid peasant boy with just sense enough left to scratch his head. There was no hope now of catching my train; we could n't raise the horse without help. After a while my dolt got his wits together and bethought himself of a little inn, kept by Jews, on a branch road half a verst from where we were spilled. It was the toughest half-mile I ever walked. The mud was up to my calves in places, and sticky as glue. The inn was a rotten shanty, but there were two men on the place, and I sent them out to help Stephanka raise the horse and wagon. I ordered something to eat while I waited, but, as I was washing my hands, I saw a queer creature, neither man nor beast, climb down from the stove ledge, steal up to the table, and snatch the loaf that was laid out for me. The innkeeper, a dried-up old woman with a wry face, caught the creature, beat him, and took the bread from him. She explained that he was an idiot from birth, her only living child, although she had had eight sound, healthy children.'

Sorke shuddered slightly.

'Poor woman!' she murmured.

'It's no wonder she looks like a witch,' Yankel resumed, 'with such a history. It turned me just to look at that monster. He was almost naked, — dressed in a single tattered shirt, — hairy all over like a beast, with wild eyes; and he smelt like a filthy animal.'

'*Och*, what a horrid creature! Could he talk?'

'No more than the beasts. He whined and jabbered when the inn-

keeper beat him, and suddenly he wrenched himself out of her clutch, and as she tried to grab him again, she caught hold of something he wore on a string around his neck, the string broke, and the thing was left in her hand. At that the woman seemed terribly upset, and wailed and wrung her hands. "It's a sign," she moaned, "a bad sign. Something is going to happen." I asked her what it was she had torn off the idiot's neck, and she said it was an amulet he had worn since he was a baby.'

Yankel interrupted himself to ask a question.

'Do you believe in amulets, Sorke?'

'Believe in amulets? Of course I do. All sorts of troubles are cured by amulets, and they bring good luck, everybody knows. But they're getting rare now; the rebbes don't do such wonders as they used to. The people are too sinful.'

Sorke spoke with the simplicity of the believer. She came of a family of devout Hasidim, who believed in miracles as they believed in the Law of Moses.

'It may be,' said Yankel, in answer to her remark. 'This amulet, now — where do you think it came from?'

Sorke shrugged her shoulders.

'Do I know? Tell me all about it.'

'Well, the innkeeper's sister gave it to the idiot boy when she was dying. She took it from her own neck and gave it to him. She thought it might cure him — make him human.'

'Where did *she* get it?'

'She had it from the Rebbe of Kadino.'

Sorke jumped in her place.

'From the Rebbe of Kadino!' she exclaimed, in a reverent undertone. 'An amulet from the Rebbe of Kadino! Oh, Yankel, if I could only touch it! What did she have it for? Did the innkeeper say?'

'It did n't cure the idiot, you see; the innkeeper said he was never any different.'

'But the Rebbe gave it for something different, I suppose. His amulets *never* failed. If he were living now, I'd have gone to him long ago.'

Yankel bent close to her.

'What for, Sorele? what for?'

She flushed, and her eyes fell.

'For a cure for barrenness,' she replied in a low voice. 'He helped many women.'

Yankel stealthily put his hand into his pocket and drew out a small dark object, which he gently placed on Sorke's lap.

Her hands unclasped themselves, but remained poised over her lap. She looked up with a white face.

'The amulet!' she whispered.

Her husband nodded.

'It was given her for barrenness. She had been married six years without bearing. She made a pilgrimage to Kadino, got this amulet from the Rebbe, and within the year she had a child.'

They looked at each other in a silence heavy with awe. Through the little dark object lying on Sorke's lap their prayers were to be answered at last. The parasite superstition which had overgrown the noble tree of the faith of the Ghetto yielded a drop of honey along with its poisonous sap. Yankel and Sorke, sharing between them the token of the sainted Rebbe, tasted a form of ecstasy that only the credulous can know.

Presently Sorke began to murmur, taking up the amulet with reverent fingers, pressing it to her bosom, to her lips.

'Oh, God, dear God! why are You so good to me? A little child — I shall have a little child! What pious deeds must I do in return for this? I will feed the hungry, I will tend the sick, I will

give alms, I will fast and pray. God has answered my petitions.'

And Yankel spoke as tensely as she. 'I did so want a child, Sorke. I had got used to wanting — I thought I was resigned. But lately, since — because you are so dear to me, I wanted it more than ever. No matter where I go, I see your face, and still I miss something that belongs to you. I can't explain it; I'm ashamed of it sometimes — a man to be always thinking of what cannot be! But now, if God wills — What a happiness, Sorele!'

All that might come with the ripening months they would owe to the blessed talisman!

III

A month passed, two, three, four months. They smiled at each other in undiminished hope. Sorke wore the amulet round her neck day and night, except when she made her ritual ablutions. The thing they longed for would surely come to pass. What if they had to wait another month, and another? It was so much more time in which to make their lives pure and holy. They had always been counted among the pious; now they redoubled their acts of devotion and charity. And always they knew that the thing they longed for would come to pass.

And so it did. One day, returning from an absence of eight weeks, Yankel was greeted at the gate by a speechless, tremulous Sorke, who blushed the news to him before they had got indoors. Shimke, the money-lender, who lived in the next house on the right, reported in the market-place that she saw through a crack in the fence how Yankel snatched up the blushing wife and carried her like a baby into the house.

'No wonder,' said the mothers of Polotzk, when Sorke's news was out, 'no wonder the man went out of his head at the tidings, after waiting so long. Sorke, she will be as one newborn. The poor young thing was worn almost to a shadow, what with pining and fasting and running about from one wise woman to another. There is n't a remedy she had n't tried. She was always thinking of the other one, they say — Peshe Frede, peace be to her soul! — who went childless to her grave. Well, God took pity on her, and it does one good to think of her joy.'

The months that followed were the happiest in Sorke's life. Her husband surrounded her with all the comforts that his means could command, and the matrons of the neigborhood watched over her and taught her all their maternal secrets. Yankel engaged a little Gentile girl especially to wait on her, 'as if she were a queen,' the women said; and as Sorke's time drew near, he was unwilling to leave her side, sometimes letting his business suffer rather than spend a night away from home.

'He's afraid the Messiah will be born in his absence,' the neighbors laughed, taking note of Yankel's anxiety; but the hearts of the fathers were with him, remembering the time when they had awaited each his own firstborn; and the prayers of the women were with his wife, as they recalled the first fears and shocks and raptures of motherhood.

One day, finding himself within a few versts of the neglected inn where he had come across the magical amulet, Yankel was moved to go and report the happy effect of the charm. His heart was running over with gratitude to God and benevolence to all the world. He suddenly felt that he had not rewarded the woman sufficiently for the priceless gift of the amulet. He had paid her ten rubles — a fortune in

her eyes; but what was ten rubles in return for his blissful expectations?

The old woman was knitting by the window when Yankel's wagon turned into the yard. Before he had set a foot on the ground, she burst through the door, and ran to meet him with gestures of excitement.

'Oh, Master Jew, Master Jew!' she cried, grasping his arm with her two bony hands. 'You have come — thank God you have come! Every day since you were here I've sat by the window watching for you. I did n't know your name, or where you came from, so I could n't send you a message. I hoped I would see that peasant boy again who upset you in the ditch, but he did n't come this way — nobody ever comes this way — it's a castaway corner — nothing but an accident brought you in the first place. You were lost in the big world, and I could n't find you.'

Yankel listened to her with amazement. The words came whistling out of her toothless mouth like the wind through a keyhole. Her drawn cheeks were stained purple with excitement.

'What's the matter?' he said, gently disengaging his arm. 'What did you want with me, that you sat at the window, waiting so?'

'The amulet — what have you done with the amulet?'

Yankel thought she repented of her bargain.

'You sold it to me for ten rubles. If that was n't enough, I'll give you more. That's what I came for to-day.'

'No, no, I don't want more money,' the woman protested. 'See, I have n't changed the other bill yet.' She put her hand into her bosom and pulled out a rag tied up into a knot. 'Here it is — I was afraid to touch it. What have you done with the amulet?'

Her mysterious insistence began to annoy him.

'It was mine,' he said, with a touch of impatience, 'and I did what I wanted with it. You told me it would cure barrenness. I gave it to my wife to wear. We had been married over three years without a child.'

'And now?'

The woman's voice was thick with suspense.

'It was with my wife as with your sister. Thank God, she expects a child. But what ails you, woman?'

The innkeeper had turned ashy pale. She clapped her bony hands together and turned her eyes to heaven.

'God's will be done,' she whispered. 'It's too late now. May the Lord save her from all evil.'

Watching her, Yankel felt his heart contract with apprehension. He grasped her by the arm, and spoke sternly, almost fiercely.

'Listen, woman! If you have anything to tell me, out with it. What is it you're moaning about?'

The innkeeper collected herself.

'The warning, Master Jew — I forgot to tell you the warning. It was so long ago — my sister's first child is himself a father now. I forgot about the warning, and you went away and I saw you no more until now.'

Yankel set his teeth and waited for her to work round to the point.

'The Rebbe said that if it was twins, one of them would die,' the woman said, chanting the words like a text of Scripture; 'if it was a boy, all would go well; if it was a girl, the mother might not live to nurse her.'

Yankel turned white under his beard.

'Lord of all!' he cried; 'I gave it to my Sorke to wear.'

At sight of his terror, the woman turned comforter.

'You must have faith, Master Jew,' she said. 'What! have you no faith at all? It may be a boy, and then all will be well. My sister — may she rest in

peace! — was not afraid to put it on, because she trusted in God.'

'Did she know?'

'Sure she did. Am I not telling you that the Rebbe gave her this warning with the amulet? She trusted in God, and He rewarded her. A boy she had — may all Jewish mothers have the like. Everything is in God's hands.'

But Yankel could not shake off the horror that had seized him. 'If it is a girl, the mother may not live to nurse her.' The words repeated themselves in his ear. He climbed back into the wagon and ordered his man to drive to the railroad station as fast as he could. There was a train in an hour. He could be in Polotzk before midnight. He could see Sorke — he could assure himself that she was as well as when he had left her.

The innkeeper stood in the road and watched him drive off.

'Don't blame me, Master Jew,' she called after him. 'I've sat by the window every day watching for you. And you must trust in God. It will be a boy — a boy — a boy!'

Twenty rods or so below the inn, a wild creature broke through the thicket by the roadside and ran grinning and gibbering across the road, right under the horse's nose. It was the idiot who had worn the amulet before Sorke. Yankel shuddered and ordered his man to drive faster. The country was peopled with hobgoblins. On every side he saw evil omens.

IV

He did not tell Sorke of his visit to the inn. He kept his fears to himself, and his heart grew heavier as the days went by. He redoubled his attentions to his wife, — watched over her by day, and prayed over her by night. In his inexperience, he saw signs of approaching doom in her growing inactivity and lassitude, which were, indeed, due chiefly to the fact that his attentions left her no opportunity for exertion. She smiled at him from her easy chair, chattered gaily of neighborhood events, or fell into sweet abstraction, her hands serenely folded in her lap.

One evening, as she sat on the edge of her bed plaiting her soft black hair for the night, she watched him arrange her pillows as solicitously as a nurse might have done.

'Yankel,' she said, suddenly, 'what would you do if you woke up some morning and did n't find me here? You spend all your time taking care of me. What would you do without me?'

He turned pale at her playful words. His voice was hoarse when he spoke.

'Sorele, don't talk like that! Why do you have such fancies? I shall always have you — God grant it. I could n't live without you, Sorele; it's a sin to say so, but I could n't.' He sat down beside her and took her hand. 'My wife, you are dearer to me than anything else I have, or anything I ever could have.'

Sorke was somewhat awed by his earnestness, but her playfulness was not all spent.

'You've forgotten something you're going to have,' she said, archly, blushing slightly at her thoughts. 'You would n't give *that* for other things — not even for me, perhaps.'

'Sorele, you are more to me than the child I hope to have.'

She gazed at him with a sort of reverent wonder, then she sighed.

'I don't know why God is so good to me. I feel as if something must happen to us; we are too happy.'

Once more superstitious terror clutched at Yankel's heart. He had asked too much of God; he might be called upon to part with a portion of his riches, that he might learn humil-

ity. He had had more to be thankful for than most men: a happy boyhood, with loving parents and good teachers; a prosperous manhood, and a dignified place in the community. Twice a pious, well-dowered maid was given him to wife. Why was he not content? Why had he asked for what God chose to withhold? In his love for Sorke it had been given him to taste of a bliss he had never dreamed of — whose existence in the world he had not even suspected. It was as if for him alone, of all the men he knew, this exquisite essence of happiness had been distilled out of the common elements of life. And he had asked for more! He had gone meddling with charms for the purpose of thwarting God's will. What if the Almighty, in his divine displeasure, should chastise him through the thing he valued most of all?

'Sorele, Sorele!' pleaded Yankel, pressing her hands to his heart, 'I beg of you not to say these things — do not think them even. Pray with me that God will spare you, no matter what else He takes from me. You would be happy with me, would n't you, even if there were no child?'

'Why, yes, Yankel, I think I would. Once I used to be very lonely — I wanted children, like other women — but after — lately — Oh, but we'll always be happy! All of us: you and I and the baby!'

V

The neighborhood was apprised that Sorke's hour had come, when, early one morning in the autumn, Yankel was seen dashing out of his gateway in a state of dishevelment, making straight for the quarter where Itke, the midwife, lived. Half an hour later he was seen returning, this time in a droshka, standing up all the way, urging the isvostchik to drive faster. The familiar face of the midwife bobbed in the seat behind him.

The news was flashed from house to house. The women neglected their morning tasks, and found excuses to go visiting from one end of the street to the other, exchanging opinions and prophecies as to Sorke's chances.

'It's a little soon,' it was said in one circle. 'Sorke had n't reckoned to be delivered for another week or so.'

'It was a sudden call, as I live,' said Shimke of the watchful eye. 'Yankel ran out with his sleeves rolled up and soapsuds in his beard, — did n't have time to finish washing, — and he was pale as a cloth. And did you see the droshka flinging around the corner? Yankel must have tipped the driver well. Bobe Itke was so shaken that she could n't finish buttoning her bodice. I guess Yankel pulled her out of bed. God be with her in her need!' Shimke finished, piously though ambiguously.

'God be with her!' echoed the gossips; and one or two applied a corner of their kerchiefs to their eyes.

Before noon there was every sign that Sorke's case was going badly. Anusha, the little maid, was seen running on many errands, and to shouted inquiries she answered only '*Bog znayet!*' (God knows!) It was observed that certain vessels, seldom needed by the sprightly mothers of Polotzk, were borrowed from a distant quarter. And then, most ominous of all signs, the well-known carriage of Dr. Isserson, the best physician in Polotzk, drew up before Yankel's gate, and remained there for hours. Itke, the experienced midwife, who had ushered two generations of babies into Polotzk, despised the doctors with their fussy, elaborate ways, and never called them in except in desperate cases. No wonder that pious old Zelde, who commanded a view of the street from her little win-

dow, noticing the arrival of Dr. Isserson, dropped her knitting, snatched up her shawl, and hobbled off to the synagogue to pray.

To the synagogue repaired also Yankel, driven thither by Itke, who scolded him for being in the way. It was bad enough to have one man around, she complained, with an unfriendly look at the doctor's back; men were no good except to pray.

And Yankel prayed, and collected ten men to recite the Psalms with him, and people passing outside the synagogue heard his voice above the rest; and the wailing, pleading tones of it melted every Jewish heart.

One by one the men he had summoned left the synagogue and returned to their vulgar affairs, but Yankel did not notice their going. Wrapped in his praying shawl, he leaned his arms on a lectern by the window and let his soul float away from him. He was a fair scholar, but never before had he opened a sacred book with such overmastering longing to understand. He longed to lose his fears, to give up his will. He cried to the God of Israel, not to secure to him that which he prized, but to fill him with the faith that would make his portion acceptable to him.

'*Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.*'

Yankel's voice gathered volume as he chanted, till the Hebrew syllables echoed in every corner of the empty synagogue. The long shadows trooped in, obscuring the polished benches, the carved pulpit in the centre, the faint frescoes on the wall. A last sunbeam slanted down from a little window in the women's gallery, drew a prismatic flash from the crystal chandelier, glinted on the golden fringe of the curtains before the ark, and expired in the smothering shadows.

'*I will abide in Thy tabernacle forever; I will trust in the covert of Thy wings.*'

Yankel's voice had lost the tremor of passion. His brow was smooth under the shadow of the praying shawl. He closed his eyes and was silent, only his body swayed gently with the melody of the psalm.

The printed page was blurred when he came to himself with a shock, to find a small boy plucking him by the arm.

'Reb' Yankel, there's a Gentile girl outside wants to speak to you.'

Through the gloom of the empty synagogue he took six long strides to the door. Across the yard he flew, the praying shawl swelling like a sail around him, his boots clicking on the paving stones. A small figure was standing in the street, barefoot, silent, gray as the dusk. It was Sorke's little maid, and her kerchief was pulled far over her face.

'Anusha!'

Terror and pleading were in his voice.

'Master, O master! it's a little boy, and the mistress will be well.'

A PLEA FOR THE RECOGNITION OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

BY CHING CHUN WANG

THE Chinese millions have given the world the greatest revolution of modern times in the most civilized manner known to history. We have emancipated ourselves from the imperial yoke, not by brute force, but by sheer reasoning and unparalleled toleration. Within the amazingly short period of four months, and without shedding over one hundredth part of the blood that has been shed in other similar revolutions, we have transformed our immense country from an empire of four thousand years' standing into a modern democracy. After having set this new standard of sanity in revolutions, we have organized ourselves into the newest Republic, following up-to-date patterns. Now we come forward with hands and hearts open to join the sisterhood of nations, and all we ask is that the world will permit us to join its company. We are born into the world as a nation, and we wish to be registered as a part of the world. We ask for recognition of our Republic because it is an accomplished fact. Neither our modesty nor our sense of self-respect will ever allow us to make another request if any party can show us that the Chinese Republic is not a fact.

The recognition of a new nation by the family of nations should more or less resemble the announcement or registration of a newly born child. If the baby is actually born with the functions of a human being, it is the duty of the family and the court, if that court is worth having, to acknowledge the fact. So it should be with the recognition of a new government.

If it is born and *bona fide* in existence, it is incumbent upon the civilized nations to acknowledge and admit its birth. Of course, the family of nations, as the family of some barbarous tribes, can ignore or even nullify the birth of a newly born; but I feel that we have got beyond that stage of barbarity. The law of nations, as in the case of the law of the state, has reached or should reach such a state of perfection that a being should not only have the right to exist after it is born, but also the right to be born when it is *bona fide* conceived. We are thankful that the United States has taken the initiative from the beginning of our Revolution in preventing foreign powers from interfering, thus enabling us to be properly conceived and born; but since we are born we must now ask for recognition.

Of course there are certain usages to be fulfilled in order to be recognized. But China has fulfilled these requirements long ago. So many undeniable evidences exist, and so many indisputable arguments have already been produced, in respect to international law, that it will be time wasted to emphasize this point here. Suffice it to say, that facts and the concurrence of best opinion testify that China deserves recognition. Indeed, the Chinese people, as well as many others, would be most happy to know

in what respect China has not fulfilled the requirements to deserve recognition. The only reason we have heard up to this time is that given by England and Russia, namely, that China must make a new treaty to give practical independence to Tibet and Mongolia before she can expect recognition from these two countries. Now let us ask, how could the making of a new treaty, or the granting of independence to Tibet and Mongolia, better qualify China as a nation? It seems a pity that such a retrogressive step should be taken, and that the recognition of a new government should be made an excuse for fraudulent bargaining.

China to-day is a nation, and the Chinese Republic is a fact. If any nation or individual thinks that China is not a nation and the Chinese Republic is not a fact, it is their duty to give us the evidence. Or, if they do not think that the republican form of government is good enough for recognition, then they must point out that they have something better in mind. As one of the most potent factors to prevent a nation from recognizing a new government is the fear of offending, or the desire to help, the old government, prolonged delay of recognition of the Chinese Republic may mean that the Powers hope, or fear, that the dissolved Manchu Dynasty, with all its corruption, will reappear. But we must see that there is no more dynasty left. Even the Prince Regent and the Dowager Empress have forsaken it. The Emperor himself has retired into private life with satisfaction. In short, the monarchy is dead — absolutely dead. Then they may say that the dead may be raised from the grave, as in the story of Jesus of old; but they must also remember that those who were raised by Jesus were good, and not such obnoxious and decomposed bones as the Manchu Dynasty.

Another reason given in some quarters for withholding recognition of the Chinese Republic, is that the government of the Republic is called 'provisional.' It is really amusing to see how people, or even statesmen, sometimes balk at some single word, which has little or no substantial meaning, sacrificing thereby results of universal benefit. The word 'provisional' was adopted in Nanking really without much consideration. If anything, it was due to the modesty of our leaders, who thought that, during the period of transition from imperialism to democracy, to call the government 'provisional' might be more becoming, if not more expedient. To illustrate further that the word 'provisional' has no substantial significance, we may recall that, during this current year, this word has become so popular that it is indiscriminately prefixed to pretty nearly everything. Thus, people say 'provisional' theatre, 'provisional' restaurant, and even 'provisional' enjoyment. What should be considered is the fact, and not the name. A government, although called 'provisional,' may be fully deserving of recognition, while another government may be called substantial, solid, or whatever else you like, and yet far less deserve the characterization. It certainly seems rather unfortunate that on account of the modesty of our leaders in adopting the word 'provisional' the deserved recognition should be withheld.

As a Chicago paper said, 'For nearly nine months the republican government of China has been uncontested. There is not even a "pretender" to the throne. There is peace and order, broadly speaking, throughout China.' We ask for recognition, because the other nations have hammered at our doors and constantly come in contact with us. We would not object to going on without recognition if the other Powers really wish to

sever all relations with us. In so far as our diplomatic and consular officers in foreign countries, as well as those officers of foreign nations accredited to us, are now conducting our international affairs much the same as before, and also in so far as the nations have to transact business, and are doing it now with us, just as if we were recognized, we see no reason why the Powers, especially the United States, which often boasts of being the mother and champion of republicanism, should refrain from simply declaring and acknowledging what is a fact. Indeed, after having known how these Powers endeavored to induce us to admit them, and how eager they apparently were in forcing China to open her doors, we find it hard to understand why the same Powers should remain so indifferent, and even turn a deaf ear to our plea to join their company, when we have at last broken loose from the obstacles which they hated, and opened up not only our doors but our hearts as well.

Moreover, an early recognition will help us a good deal to calm the overcharged suspension of mind, and thus enable the people to forget the Revolution and to settle down to business. Like the cheering from the football bleachers or the applause in the gallery, there is perhaps nothing substantial in the recognition, but it is the only thing that makes a team put in its last ounce of grit and the actor double his spirit. After seeing what China has done, we feel that she deserves at least some such mild sign of appreciation.

An early recognition will also help China in her relations with other nations. The recognition itself may not mean much, but at this critical moment, when China has the re-making of herself in hand, and when not every nation is too glad to see China become strong and peaceful, every little help means a good deal. Indeed, a little help shown us to-day means a thousand times the value of the same help if it is shown us in a year to come. We need help and encouragement. We need help now.

Then the delay of public recognition always casts a baleful influence upon the minds of all concerned, and hence invariably hinders the progress of a new nation. Therefore, by delaying recognition, you are not only refraining from helping us, but you are doing a positive injury to our cause. History tells us that the refusal of recognition has contributed its share in bringing about the failure of former revolutions, and has obstructed progress in China herself. Such delay has since been lamented. In speaking of the refusal of the Powers to recognize the Tai-ping Rebellion, which bears no comparison to our Revolution of last year, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, one of the best American authorities on China, said several years ago, 'Looking back at this distance of time, with the light of all subsequent history upon the events, we are still inclined to ask whether a different policy might not have been better. . . . Had the foreign Powers promptly recognized the Tai-ping chief on the outbreak of the second war, might it not have shortened a chapter of horrors that dragged on for fifteen more years, ending in many other revolts and causing the loss of fifty millions of human lives. . . . More than once, when the insurgents were on the verge of success, the prejudice of short-sighted diplomats decided against them, and an opportunity was lost such as does not occur once in a thousand years.'

We hope that the nations are not so prejudiced as to think that our Revolution is even worse than the Tai-ping Rebellion, and we also hope that the regrettable short-sightedness of the diplomats may not obtain in our

case, so that posterity may not have to lament our loss of the present opportunity, as we lament the lost opportunity of our forefathers of sixty years ago.

Then again, to give the deserved recognition will be of mutual benefit by preventing many mutual embarrassments. The recent International Congress of Commerce at Boston, and the Panama Exposition, are two instances. In both cases the American people interested, and, so far as we can see, the American government also, were anxious to have China participate. In return, China was glad also to come. But in the absence of that official recognition, both parties had to go at the matter in the most roundabout way conceivable, so as to make people believe that the one in inviting the other, and the other in accepting the invitation, were, at the same time, having nothing to do with each other. The round-about red-tape in playing this make-believe is as amusing as it is troublesome. Therefore, as a citizen of a republic, the writer feels we had better stop this make-believe and settle down to business. We sympathize with all nations concerned in their international difficulties, but we also trust that their difficulties will soon be overcome.

During the past seven months China has rushed through her great drama with appalling speed and audacity. She has run the hardest Marathon known in history. After reaching her goal, breathless, she nervously but confidently looks to the world for the recognition due to every such runner. She stretches out her hands to America first, because she prefers to have her best friend be the first in giving her this deserved encouragement. Now, will America understand the truth? Will America listen to her plea?

O SLEEP

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

TAKE me upon thy breast,
O river of rest.
Draw me down to thy side,
Slow-moving tide.
Carry out beyond reach
Of song or of speech
This body and soul forespent.
To thy still continent,
Where silence hath his home,
Where I would come,
Bear me now in thy deep
Bosom, Sleep,
O Sleep.

LAWYER AND PHYSICIAN: A CONTRAST

BY G. M. STRATTON

I

EVERY lawyer when young should be apprenticed to some good physician, and should return to him regularly through life. Then we might hope that from the neighboring profession of healing there might enter into him a spirit never to be wholly quenched by all the deadening influences of his work.

No fact could well be more surprising or offer a more delicate psychological problem than this, that, within two professions touching life upon matters of equal importance, professions of ancient dignity and learning, and inviting to their service men of equal and rare ability, there should in the same community be so different a spirit.

Medicine stands in this strange contrast to law, that while the public is clamoring for the lawyers to advance, the lawyers themselves as a class offer the chief resistance; the medical profession constantly outstrips and leads the public imagination in devices to check disease. Although much at the start was due to laymen, the campaign against tuberculosis, against infant mortality, against malarial and typhoid fevers, is largely captained and manned by doctors, who have the hearty support of the profession as a whole. The public does not have to drive and drag them from their satisfaction with methods which even to the laity are clearly antiquated and perverse. The doctors, unlike the lawyers, have rather to contend with public efforts to hold them back. Powerful lobbies and mass-meetings have been known to oppose the doctors' most reasonable efforts to refuse the license to the vicious and untrained. And many a powerful newspaper, despite well-known medical ethics, publishes advertisements upon whose face are all the signs of a debasing and often criminal quackery. Yet the impulse of the profession, as a whole, is sufficiently strong to insure a remarkable progress in the face, not only of its own inner enemies, but of this indifference and opposition from without. Of two Rip Van Winkles awakening to-day, the physician would find his old methods as rust-eaten and useless as his instruments; the lawyer, after a few hours with new statutes, would feel at home in any of our courts.

In comparing the lawyers with the physicians one should not lose sight of the vices in medicine, — its tendency to sects, its quackery, its blunders in diagnosis and in treatment, the readiness of some physicians to become accessory to forms of sexual evil, its disgracefully inadequate 'colleges' in many parts of our country. Nor should we lose sight of the prevalent personal honor of lawyers, — which is fully as great, in all likelihood, as that of physicians, — and the inestimable service rendered the public, not only in the lawyers' direct professional work, but also when, as individuals, they labor outside the strict lines of their profession. As legislators and high executive officials, federal and state, the lawyers almost alone govern us, and we pros-

per. To men of the type of Baldwin, Root, Hughes, and Taft, our society is in deepest debt. Yet the lawyers as a body, in the strict work of their profession, — and it is of the pervading spirit only that I speak, — face opposite to the men of medicine. As judges, counsel, advocates, they are of the backward look. Their inertia here becomes almost our despair.

The parallel in medicine to the legal spirit lies in the distant past before that movement which, led by men like Harvey, Sydenham, and Locke, called modern medicine into life; at a time when the medical profession had finality of tone, looking back to Galen as to the completion of its work. In the ways of the lawyer one fancies one sees the Middle Ages present in the flesh. In Europe the past is most evident in the Church and the office of the Ruler. With us, these seem swept and garnished, while in our courts is ancient dust and formalism. One finds here — not in some hole and corner of the profession, but in its high and open places — a willingness to look at words rather than at substance. It may be the exception, but it is no rare exception, here to have great issues hang upon a turn of phrasing, where the meaning admits no doubt. A, who has proved that B has defrauded him of money, is nevertheless refused redress because a supreme court is not sure but that 'his money,' of which A complains that he has been defrauded, may mean the money of B. An action for murder comes to naught because the complaint fails to state that John Smith slain was a human being.[1]

Such solemn examining of *p*'s to see whether one of them may not be written *q*; of every *i* lest one may lack its dot, — all this seems to the layman little better than deciding affairs of state by the look of entrails or by the behavior within the sacred hen-coop. The Court of Appeals of New York nullifying legislative acts directed to the relief of workingmen, — nullifying them because, it was held, they violated the constitutional guarantee regarding 'due process of law,' — reveals a power to think across empty spaces, which would have been hailed as modern and envied in those mediæval schools where stout realities were affirmed or denied because of their supposed relation to distant ideas like 'quiddities' and 'intentions.'

Formalism thus run mad would be an anomaly in any part of our modern occident. It is trebly strange in the most western of all peoples, in a nation careless of method, having an eye to results. Our medical profession would rush the cup of cold water to the sufferer by help of telephone and taxi-cab. Our legal profession would get it to him in the right way if it takes all summer. The difference in the temper of the two bodies is at once so strange and so important practically, that we must no longer delay our search for its source and origin.

II

There is a kinship, which few can have failed to notice, between the Lawyer and the Priest. While the priest has at times been physician, — as with the Egyptian, the Hindu, and the mediæval European, as well as with the savage, — yet the connection is more intimate and stubborn between jurist and ecclesiastic. Civil and canon law, closely joined at one time in Europe, have often been quite confused, as in ancient Palestine. At the dinner where Jesus denounced the Pharisees because they tithed mint and cummin

[1] This is taken from an actual judgment, not very long ago, by the California Supreme Court. See 137 California, 590. — The Author.

and forgot judgment and the love of God, a lawyer present declared, amazed, that this attack on the Pharisees touched his, the great legal profession. Jesus accepted his challenge, in stinging words that some of the laity to-day would like to see carved on buildings where lawyers congregate: 'Woe unto you lawyers also! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers.' And then he described legal and ecclesiastical conservatism so that none need think it peculiar to any land or age. The lawyers, Jesus said, were always ready to stone the prophet, stone him who proclaimed the dawn of a new day; but when ancient dust had claimed the man, the profession would erect to him a costly monument; the lawyers had no intercourse with living truth, they kept from men the key of knowledge.

The lawyer knows that statutes change, that the law is something which legislatures can amend; yet the body of the law stands there immovable, in part — where, as with us, the Common Law prevails — a mere mass of precedent which he is to accept, expound, and apply. The professional mind in the presence of such a task works not unlike that of the priest who would apply and expound and defend against misconstruction a body of revealed truth. And especially is the mind in the two professions tempted to a like observance of all minutiæ of procedure. As the ritualist resents innovation in his ceremonial, resents the estimate of his rites by mere reason and utility, so the lawyer shows toward his legal rites an attachment which brings wonder and solemnity to laymen. Habituated to these rites, as he is, they have become to him inseparable from the end for which they exist. He ministers in the Temple of Justice, and ancient piety long deadened into custom keeps him from seeing that to his divinity the new moons and offerings are an abomination until there comes into them again some regard to the widow and the fatherless.

For all the difference in their work, the jurist and the ecclesiastic are thus schooled in like modes of thought. When Huxley went forth in the name of Darwin to smite the embattled bishops, the fray was not so different, however it may have differed in magnitude and in genius of leadership, from that which now, as at all times, society must wage against its lawyers. There is in both cases an effort to modernize, to force living thought into the body; an effort met by immense inertia, not to speak of active resistance.

The conservatism of the lawyer comes thus in part from the contagion of the law. For the law represents the stability, the habit, of our social life, as against creative, reformatory energy. So we must not deny the value of his trait. His is the virtue — and the vice — that lies in habit. Here, as with each of us personally, habit is indispensable, even though it call forth no enthusiasm. Though it does not drive us forward, and too often binds, yet we should not advance without it, for the gain once made would slip away.

III

A further cause for the lawyers' temper is found in those influences almost inseparable from every *establishment*.

We have no established religion; we have no established school of medicine. We have, however, an established Law Court, with its vast body of ministrants. In a country until recently jealous of governmental action, and where all possible things were left to private initiative, we have wisely refrained from intrusting to personal enterprise the organization and support

of courts. Thus we have in the case of law an establishment; and, further, an establishment without rival.

The Church of England, the Lutheran Church in Prussia, must brook competitors. The organization maintained by government is constantly measured and spurred on by the work and spirit of dissenters. The nonconformist, eager and critical, is a gadfly that will not let the stately body sleep. Even the school system, which is the only other establishment in the United States, — unless we were to include manufacture, which, under our tariff laws, is, too, in a measure established, — the public school sees its own handiwork and economy set by the side of private enterprise. The public high schools must compare their outcome with that of the great private academies; the universities of California, Wisconsin, Michigan must justify themselves before rivals like Harvard, Chicago, Stanford. But Law lacks all such spur of rivalry. We cannot choose whether we shall bring our complaint before a government court or before some college of judges erected by a Carnegie or a Rockefeller, with its corps of assistants to obtain evidence and support the verdict. We thus lack opportunity to demonstrate how much better the work might be done. The establishment, consequently, subjected only to wordy criticism, drones on its ancient way. It suffers the fate of any organism that is never called to energetic struggle. This in addition to all the pride and deadening satisfaction which is the inner foe of every establishment.

IV

Yet we must also look to some cause which we do not share with others. For our American legal profession, in its attachment to form at the cost of substance, outdoes the British, being more conservative, less pliable. Our criminal trials are notoriously more cumbrous. And while, as Judge Baldwin tells us, the prosecution of a criminal is more certain to occur with us than with the English, because undertaken at the public expense, yet this gleam cheers faintly since we know how far less often we convict; and even when there is conviction, how prevalent is the abuse of appeal. The selection of our juries is viewed with wonder from across the water. The English judge is a more active director of the trial, checking the advocate, brushing aside obstructions, driving at the truth. We began to reform our procedure earlier than did the English, but the effort soon spent its force.

This heightened archaism of our legal system arises in a large measure from early dread. Fearing the official oppressor, we have doggedly maintained and even strengthened all that ancient mechanism of law which seemed to promise a defense of the individual against governmental power. Thus we have fortified the court in order to check the other powers of government. But we have put our hand upon the judge by having him, in most of our states, chosen by popular vote. And when elected he often listens, as one bereft of wit and power, to the devices of the other officials, the advocates, of his court; he acts in constant fear of the error into which the court's own officials are trying to entrap him; his decisions are subject to almost endless review by other courts. And the jury, as a further check, and as representative of the plain and unofficial people, has been elevated and its selection refined to technical infinity.

Thus the popular dread of the strong official arm — until, of late years, we have come to know the full strength of the private and corporate arm — is responsible for some of the very

anachronisms of which we complain. The inbred conservatism of the lawyer has with us been reinforced by the doubts and cautions of our people themselves.

V

To these inducements toward conservatism should be added still another. Almost all our lawyers pass through the school of *advocacy*. And advocacy in its present form is as though planned to take from the jurist whatever rounded view he may have had of his larger social duty, his responsibility to the man who is not his client. In theory the attorney is an officer of the court: his first duty is to the court and to society. In practice he is, in most cases, hired by an individual to serve that individual's need. Too often he thus becomes in effect a mercenary, ready to fight on either side, careless of all larger issues. He becomes habituated to shifting from himself the higher forms of obligation. Better that he win an unjust victory, many a lawyer has told me, than that he should not maintain to the utmost the side he has espoused. Not he, but the system and those who frame the system and the laws, are accountable for the outcome. His work is that of a wheel in a mechanism; to win cases when he can, and to leave to others so to check his effort that he shall not win unless the weight of law be with him.

Great men like Lincoln, and many men less great, cannot so view their work; they cannot feel themselves released from their responsibility. But the rank and file of the profession lose themselves in the ancient sophism. They repeat to themselves the high theory of advocacy and of its power for justice — a theory based utterly on fiction, and incapable of working justly unless the opposing advocates were always of equal talent. The plain lawyer, shutting his mind to the larger consequences of his acts, loses vision, and the profession becomes mechanical, dehumanized. The man of law who says, 'My concern is not with justice, it is with the winning of cases,' has more temptation and excuse, but his position is otherwise not unlike that of a physician who should say, 'My duty ends with the man who pays the fee. If a neighbor would not suffer from the infectious substance which I remove, let him and his own hired doctor look to that.'

Advocacy sharpens intellect at the expense of character. It is almost the worst of schools. It trains to ingenuity and concealment. Hourly the man is engaged in a work whose success depends to some extent upon a warped judgment; upon seeing both sides in some degree, but in confining his convictions, if possible, to the one side. If he can bring himself to believe in the partial, the strength of his appeal then has the strength of ten. Advocacy calls from the buried depths of the mind the unsympathetic, the contentious, powers — for which the public interest has some place, but a place daily lessening. There is thus a certain inducement to relax the social bond, to view the particular rather than the general good. And consequently devotion to the common interest, which is so important for advance, here meets a serious check. Paid advocacy thus joins with those other inducements which I have named to account for the lawyers' and the law's delay.

VI

The readier response, the leadership, which the medical profession shows, is not merely apparent and due to the lagging of the lawyers. There are special conditions favorable to free movement.

And first of these is the dependence

of medicine upon natural science, from whose advance some motion must inevitably be caught. The knowledge of the bodily life and of its disturbances has been steadily increasing since the revival of learning. Discoveries like that of Harvey have been encouraged and supplemented by instrumental invention. The microscope, the stethoscope, the clinical thermometer, the centrifuge, the radiograph, have each given an added impetus to medical studies, and have helped to bind medicine closer to science by making the judgment of the physician surer and more exact; while the various products of germ-culture, coming as they have with many chemical discoveries, have put into the hands of the physician means like those which surgery has found in its great discoveries of anæsthesia and of the methods of antisepsis and asepsis. The men of medicine have thus come to look daily for some new light; there has grown in them a habit of expectancy and of putting to instant use the fresh offerings of science and of technical invention. They have, during the later centuries, and especially during the later decades, been so frequently given the effective means of advance, that advance has become the second nature of the profession. The alliance of medicine with natural science is thus close and inevitable. And to the scientific progress of the age we must attribute much of the alertness that is so signally present among the doctors.

A second cause of the physicians' spirit of progress, in contrast with the conservatism of the bar, is that the immediate end and object of medicine is not in conflict with other great social ends. The doctor does not need to heal one man at the cost of health to another. The lawyer, in extending the boundary of one man's right, too often must contract another's. His is a work of adjusting claims in conflict. Whatever he does affects the interests of other men and is scrutinized and resisted by them. The individual lawyer is not free to put into operation some entirely new principle whose value he may perceive; he is not free to experiment effectively, as is the scientist and the physician. The counselor must fit his judgment into the usages of his society. The advocate is met and checked by the opposing advocate and by the judge. And the judge's judgment, in turn, must be approved by other judges. Not until he sits upon the supreme bench may the judge be freely inventive and independent, and even then he has his fellow judges; and he has reached this eminence only after a schooling and a drill that should forever quiet all love of the fresh and creative.

The doctor, too, works within a system; he, too, must consult and is held in check at many points by public and professional habits of thought. But he is, after all, infinitely freer to prescribe and to operate, infinitely freer to attempt some promising uncertainty, to accept and apply some daring scientific assurance. His work is relatively personal, and admits of his flashing forth that spark of creative genius which is in each human being. The lawyer's work is social and collective and methodically organized, and cannot be remodeled by every eager mind. The very eagerness of the mind is thus damped and discouraged, and finally forever killed.

The work of the medical profession thus offers a graver responsibility because offering more freedom to the individual practitioner; while with the lawyer individual responsibility — although present in many ways, in that a betrayal or a mistaken judgment may bring ruin to others — is limited by the very limits of his freedom; he must

merely apply principles in whose making or discovery he can, as he keeps to his immediate work, have but the slightest part.

Medicine, traditionally less honorable than law, and less closely knit into social and governmental institutions, thus is far freer of limb.

VII

If my account is right, the responsibility for this inconvenient contrast rests with the laity as well as with the profession. Each side must be brought to see wherein it can help to make the work more responsive to refreshed ideas. Yet the leadership in such a movement must come from the profession itself. For the lawyers alone can fully understand their system, purge it, amputate if need be. The laity can only hold up to them a glass, tell them how sick and sluggish their system is, how much they need the physician. In this way the laity can at least aim to disturb their complacency, to make them constantly aware of the great distance between their accomplishment and what society maintains them for and rightly expects. The legal profession knows, yet it needs daily to be told, that it is not here for its own sake nor merely for the law. As the physician is to keep his eye fixed upon health and not upon some mere system of medicine, so the lawyer, looking beyond law, must recognize in himself a minister of justice, to live and grow with the growth of that great ideal.

The principle of justice is not like a Platonic idea, eternally changeless; it is a living energy in the mind, expressing itself in changing form, as does the idea of beauty. The lawyer, too attentive to mere law, — a chalky deposit of this living force, — catches the fixity, the definiteness, and loses sight of the vitality of justice. He should know its formal utterance in the past; but he should be ready day by day to bring it to a more perfect expression.

Sir Thomas More, while giving physicians high honor in his Utopia, would admit no lawyers. We need not go so far. A kindly and penetrating autocrat in our country would merely abolish their graver abuses. He would watch the doctors at their work, notice in their ways something more urbane, more spiritualized than is found among the men of law. To his imagination the law court and the hospital would reveal a common purpose — to care for disorder, to hear and answer complaint. But how different is the manner of the surgeons with their attendant nurses intent upon their operation, from that of the lawyers and their clerks at their task of removing from the human system some festering wrong! The expense of time, the burdening preliminaries, the gathering dust and smoke, the variety of finesse, perhaps even of outrageous imputation or open insult — one wonders how a great profession can tolerate such methods for a day. They smack of varnished pugilism rather than of an intelligent desire to apply to human misery the spiritual, indeed divine, idea of justice. There in the surgery, the white-gowned doctors and the nurses, dealing with a problem distinctly physical, seem to represent and symbolize the refinement, the intelligence, the silent mastery, the perfect coöperation, which lies at the heart of all that is truly civilized.

Our autocrat, noticing this, would compel his lawyers secretly to watch the group; and those in whom, after long watching, no spirit of emulation was awakened he would take from the law and set to other tasks.

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

SYNOPSIS OF DECEMBER INSTALLMENT

Joshua Van Cleve, who was a successful businessman in Ohio during the middle decades of the last century, died about 1870, leaving his widow and family a handsome fortune. In less than twenty years, however, they contrived to squander almost all of it in divers foolish ways; so that when his grandson, Van Cleve Kendrick, who had been growing up in the meanwhile, reached the age of eighteen, he found that he himself would have to be the main support of the family, namely: his grandmother, his aunt, Mrs. Lucas, and her daughter Evelyn, and his uncle, Major Stanton Van Cleve. The boy went to work accordingly, and after various experiences, finally got a position with the National Loan & Savings Bank in Cincinnati. This city was also the home of Van Cleve's closest friend, Bob Gilbert. Bob, in contrast to Van Cleve, had had a rather unfortunate career at college, during the two or three years previous to this, falling into bad company and being at length obliged to return home without finishing the course. He went to work in a broker's office, with one of his college acquaintances, a young man named Philip Cortwright; and it was at about this point that the story opened.

CHAPTER IV

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

MR. GEBHARDT of the National Loan and Savings Bank had first come into contact with the Van Cleve family on the occasion of one of their numerous transfers of property, or some other of those varied financial operations in which they were almost constantly engaged before young Kendrick put his unwelcome hand to the helm. As the banker was a busy man, daily attending to a great many affairs and seeing a great many people, it was rather odd that he should still retain, in common with everybody else who had ever met them, a distinct, even vivid, recollection of every member of the family; but so he did, and he had no difficulty in 'placing' Van Cleve when the latter came hunting for a job. The young man, who made this move, as he had made every other that directly concerned himself, without informing his people, much less consulting them, approached Mr. Gebhardt quite unsupported. It would not have occurred to him to speak of his family, even had he been aware that the banker knew them, or anything about them. And it was with measurable surprise that, upon giving his name, he observed Mr. Gebhardt to consider a moment and then heard him say, 'Van Cleve? There were some Van Cleves shareholders in the old Cincinnati, Paducah, and Wheeling Packet Company that failed here about ten or fifteen years ago. I remember meeting them at the time when we made an effort to get some of the heaviest owners together and see what could be done. Any relation?'

Van explained.

'Indeed, you don't say so? Yes, those were the people. I remember them all very well. Your grandmother was a very fine-looking woman at that time, Mr. Kendrick. Is she still living? Ah! Your uncle was a general in the Confederate Army, I think. No? Ah! You're all living here now, you say? Well, now — what has been your previous business experience, I should like to ask?' And a few days thereafter, Mr.

Gebhardt, happening to meet Major Van Cleve on the street, not only recognized him at once, but stopped and spoke very pleasantly, referring to the new recruit at the National Loan.

'Ah, yes, so I understood from Van,' said Major Stanton, affably, nodding at the other with a humorously wry smile. He spoke confidentially. 'The fact is, Mr. Gebhardt, Van Cleve does n't really *need* to work. We wanted him to go to college, but nothing would satisfy him but trying a business career first. It distresses the ladies, my mother and sister, a good deal. But I say to them, "Why, it's his whim — for the Lord's sake let the boy try it! Most people would be glad to see a young man's natural wildness take this turn. I tell you, it might be a damn sight worse!"'

Major Van Cleve had never uttered an oath in his mother's presence in his life, and it was now some years since the family resources had permitted his having more than a couple of dollars of spending-money in his pockets at one time — all of which did not prevent his making these statements with a perfectly clear conscience. He had a romantic imagination, and the priceless gift of believing the romances he imagined. Mr. Gebhardt, if he felt some doubts, was still, perhaps unconsciously, impressed by the fact that the military gentleman's appearance supported, gave a sort of color and atmosphere to, his large talk; he did not seem to be in the least poor or pinched. The Van Cleves had the secret of that; they contrived, on next to nothing, and almost without effort, to look fashionable, opulent, and leisurely, — all excepting Van Cleve himelf.

'Your nephew seemed to me a bright, practical young fellow,' the banker remarked; 'he gave the impression of wanting money and being willing to work hard for it.'

'Oh, yes, yes, that's very characteristic,' said Major Van Cleve, indulgently. 'Van Cleve reminds me constantly of a story my father used to tell which he had heard from *his* father, who was a very successful attorney in New York City in the old days, seventy-five years ago, or thereabout, you know. He went out one morning to stick up a sign on his office doorpost, "Boy Wanted." While he was doing it, he felt a tug at his coat-tails, and, turning round, there was a ragged, barefoot urchin of twelve or so. "Please, sir, you don't need that sign no more." "Don't I?" says my grandfather, astonished, "why, I want a boy!" "No, sir, you don't, not no more. I'm the boy!" Now that was exactly like Van Cleve. He'd have done that very thing. And that boy, Mr. Gebhardt,' the Major concluded with suitable weight and emphasis, 'that boy was John Jacob Astor!'

Mr. Gebhardt, after a barely perceptible pause, received the anecdote with such cordial appreciation that Stanton's opinion of his parts and personality rose several degrees.

The National Loan and Savings was not a large institution, though reputed very solid. It was housed in an old-fashioned brick building on one of the streets up toward the Canal, among similarly plain, work-a-day surroundings; and its depositors, as Van Cleve found out soon after his entrance, were mostly laboring folk. They came in there in streams the first of the month, and on Saturdays, when the bank was kept open till nine o'clock at night to accommodate them with their pay envelopes. Van, from behind the brass netting of the bookkeeper's cage in the rear, could see them filing up; and being an observant youth, before long could identify them all — young women stenographers; young men clerks like himself; market-gardeners;

master carpenters and bricklayers; thrifty servant-girls in feathers and cheap furs, but with always a fraction of the week's wages in their showy imitation-leather purses; nice old German women with black shawls, and mysterious little black-lidded baskets, and clean, brave old faces under their bonnets of black straw and bugles. The half-dozen directors themselves were drawn from these ranks — old Mr. Burgstaller, the retired toy merchant who looked like Santa Claus's twin brother himself; old Mr. O'Rourke, now also retired, but who had for years conducted the grain and feed store on Wayland Street opposite the market-house — these were of them. They all had such an air of age and experience that Van Cleve might have lost heart to observe from example how long was the way he had to travel; but the young man was not of that temperament. 'Lord, if I thought I'd have to wait till I was seventy to get to be a bank director, I'd quit right here!' he said to himself scornfully. And he noticed with approval that the president of the National Loan was much younger than any of his advisers; Mr. Gebhardt could not have been more than fifty.

He was a self-made man, and as such commanded Mr. Kendrick's highest respect; whether he altogether and always liked his employer, the young fellow was not quite certain; Van was slow to form a liking for anybody. 'Mr Gebhardt is all right — only I don't know that I much fancy all that glad-hand business,' he would reflect when, as sometimes happened, he saw the president come forth and circulate among his depositors, let us say, on one of those busy and crowded Saturdays, in a genial, informal way, conversing with many of them in the tongue of the Fatherland, and displaying a hearty personal interest, which Van Cleve, for the soul of him, could not believe to be always very deep or very sincere. 'After all, he's got to stand in with these people. Their little dabs of money are what he's founded his bank on. He knows more about getting along with 'em than I do; and being a good mixer is a kind of an asset in this business,' he would argue to himself shrewdly. However, Van did not make the mistake, as might have been expected, of attempting to be a 'good mixer' himself; he knew that he had no talent that way.

Mr. Gebhardt, on his side, extended that paternal sympathy of his to Van Cleve the same as to the others, whether influenced or not by the fact that the young man undeniably did do the work assigned him remarkably well, and exhibited in all things an iron integrity. There were no sons in the Gebhardt household, only a tribe of pretty, fair-haired girls, with a pretty, fair-haired mother, looking like a sister to the rest, who used to come down to the bank in any one of several handsome family vehicles with their dashing team of bays, and carry the father off in a whirlwind of chattering and laughter and caresses. Van Cleve had met them — indeed, Mrs. Gebhardt and Natalie, who was the oldest, and the only one 'out,' had a calling acquaintance with the ladies of Van's family; but as Mr. Kendrick took not the slightest interest in young women and never put himself out for anything but the most perfunctory civilities, it is not surprising that they should reciprocate whole-heartedly. On the contrary, they were quite enthusiastic about Bob Gilbert. Robert and his friend met nowadays not infrequently in a business way; and Mr. Gebhardt, having come across the professor's son once or twice, had the curiosity to ask somebody what that young Gilbert was doing. The man he inquired of,

who happened to be Mr. Max Steinberger, laughed.

'Looks like I ought to know,' he said; 'why, he's with us. He's got the job young Van Cleve — no, that's not his name — I mean the young fellow you took on up at your over-the-Rhine dollar-shop — we've got Gilbert in his place.'

'Is he any good?'

'Good enough. How's yours?'

Gebhardt, who was never known to utter an unkind or uncharitable criticism of any one, commended Van Cleve warmly.

'You did a little better on the deal than Leo and myself, I guess,' said the other, hearing him; and they fell to talking about the proposed bond issue and promptly forgot both boys. But one day a while later, Mr. Gebhardt took occasion to ask his junior bookkeeper what was the real reason he had wanted to leave the brokers.

'I somehow suspected at the time that you were n't dissatisfied wholly on account of the salary,' he said.

'Well, Mr. Gebhardt, I thought I was worth more,' said Van, obstinately reticent. Then he looked up and, meeting his employer's eye, thawed a little. 'No, I did n't like it,' he confessed. 'Too much spend and too much souse,' said he, succinctly.

'What, Steinberger and Leo Hirsch? Why, I'm surprised to hear you say that! I had no idea —'

'I mean the — the office force — the office in general,' Van Cleve explained hastily and not too clearly; 'I don't mean Mr. Steinberger or Mr. Hirsch themselves. They've got the money to play the races and all the rest of it, all they choose, as far as that goes. And, of course, they both take a drink now and then; but I was n't talking about *them*. They're Germans, anyhow, and could hold a barrel, either one of 'em, without its feazing them —'

And at this point Mr. Kendrick, abruptly remembering the nationality of the gentleman he was addressing, halted in a fine beet-red confusion. But Gebhardt only laughed; he liked — or seemed to like — the young man's bluntness.

All this while, how were his elders supporting Van's persistent 'whim' of making his own living and incidentally a not inconsiderable part of theirs, to which they had yielded so painfully in the first place? Why, they were supporting it with the most astonishing patience! Van sat at the end of the table and carved the meat nowadays; he read the paper over his coffee-cup of a morning while his uncle meekly got through breakfast without that literary entertainment; he took his hat and slammed the hall door behind him and went off down-town to the office with his peers; the family accounts were submitted to him; the women came to him for their money; the servants were trained to regard his tastes. 'Mrs. Van Cleef she say, "Marta, Mr. Kendrick, he don't like those biscuit," shust like she'd say, "Marta, *der Herr Gott*, He don't like those biscuit,"' their German maid remarked acutely. These were a few of the straws showing what way the wind blew.

The young fellow knew very well that he was the strongest member, in truth, the only strong member, of the family; he put it, privately, in his practical and literal way, that he was the only one who had ever earned a cent, or displayed a particle of common sense about either saving or spending it; yet he took no great credit to himself on that account. Van Cleve could not, for the life of him, have understood how any man in the same circumstances could have acted otherwise. He had to take care of them — Grandma and Uncle Stan and all of them, did n't he? By Jove, he — why, he *had* to,

you know! There was n't any getting round *that*. They could n't do anything for themselves; while, as to him, work did n't worry *him* any. He *had* to work, anyhow, did n't he? Do you suppose anybody was going to give him his living and a good time for nothing? Not much!

The family got used to his queer, youthful maturity; they got used to the idea of his being steady and successful as if it were the most everyday thing in the world for a young man to be steady and successful; they got used to being dependent on him, and Van Cleve, on his own side, got used to it, too. He directed the disposition of what little money they had left from the original inheritance, and added his own to it, and kept the old strong box, with 'J. Van Cleve' on the top of it, in his closet in his own room and carried the keys unquestioned.

Mrs. Van Cleve sometimes said with a sigh that he reminded her of his grandfather; but as the late Joshua had been a spry, dry little man with a hard jaw, and as bald as a turnip at less than twenty-five years of age, she could not have discerned much physical resemblance. By a coincidence the likeness most struck her about the first of the month when the bills came round: Van Cleve did not always see all of them, — does any lady ever show the man of the house *all* her bills? — and perhaps the grandmother recalled the days when she had quakingly presented the milliners' and dressmakers' statements to her Joshua (who, nevertheless, was reasonably liberal to his family), or, dreadful to relate, smuggled them out of his sight and knowledge. Times were altered, and she and Mrs. Lucas were both of them good, upright, self-denying women who passed by the most enticing shop-windows and bargain-counters resolutely, and turned and mended and cut over their clothes and remodeled their old hats, and made hash for Monday dinner out of Sunday's joint with the utmost gallantry and cheerfulness. As has been hinted, they clashed seriously with Van Cleve only when the question arose of one of those indisputably wise, well-considered, and profitable changes which everybody in the house, except Van himself, was eternally planning.

'That Elmhurst Place house is only thirty-seven and a half a month — only two dollars and a half more than this — the rent's practically the same,' his aunt argued about six months after their enthusiastic installation at No. 8 Summit Avenue; 'and no comparison between the houses — *no comparison!* It's just exactly what we were hunting for last summer when we had to take this. Of course it was rented then, — Elmhurst Place is *so* desirable. And that's why I'm so anxious to speak for it at *once*, before anybody else snaps it up. I'd better see the agent to-day, had n't I, Van?' She looked at her nephew with an odd mingling of persuasion and command; Van Cleve, the women said to one another, was so hard to manage at times; it was *so* hard to make him understand. Now he swallowed the last of his coffee and folded up his napkin with a maddening deliberation before answering.

'No, I think not, Aunt Myra. I think we'd better not move. That two-dollars-and-a-half difference in the rent just about pays the water-rate. It's not quite the same thing, you see. Besides, it would cost a lot to move. What's the matter with this house, anyhow? You liked it well enough at first.'

All three ladies gave a gentle scream of consternation. 'Why, *Van! This house!* Why, you *know* we just took it because we had to go *somewhere* —!'

'And we did n't know what a state

it was in — that *awful* pink-and-green-and-blue wall-paper on the back bedroom —!'

'I'm afraid the place will fall down over our heads before we can get out of it! Three of the door-knobs and I don't know how many window-catches are all *loose* and *waggly* —!' Everybody began to declaim vigorously, if without much sequence; it was really impossible to think immediately of all the reasons against living a minute longer in this unspeakable house.

'Oh, I guess they'll fix those things for us. It's not going to fall down right off, anyhow; we'd better stay and give it another chance,' said Van Cleve placidly, returning to his paper.

'Well, but ever since those horrid people moved next door, the tone of this neighborhood has lowered so — that's my main objection to staying here,' Mrs. Van Cleve remonstrated; 'the woman had a *shawl* airing out of one of the upstairs back windows yesterday morning. Think of it! A great, coarse, *red shawl* hanging right *in* the window! I've never lived next door to anything quite so *common* as *that* before!'

Van, behind the newspaper, studying the market reports, gave no sign of having heard her. 'He's Joshua *all over!*' the grandmother said inwardly, divided between exasperation and a kind of pride; 'he used to sit just that way and not answer me, time and again!' She was silent a little, perhaps thinking of old days; but the others persevered with reproachful vehemence.

'We could take that money, that sixty-five dollars we got from the old farm the other day, and use it for the moving, so it would n't cost *you* anything, Van Cleve,' said Evelyn, who had a talent for this style of argument. 'I'm sure it is n't healthy here. There's a great big damp spot in one corner of the yard whenever it rains. I'm going to speak to the doctor about it. Mother ought n't to stay in a humid atmosphere; her nerves will give out. It takes ever so much nervous energy to stand the colds she has, and of course the low quality of the air here must bring them on.'

'Never mind me, Evelyn; never mind me — I 'll soon be well — my cold is n't anything,' cried out Mrs. Lucas; though, indeed, a sudden wild terror started in her large, beautiful dark eyes; she was very easily frightened about herself and her state of health, and the merest suggestion of any need for doctors sent before her mind in dismally dramatic procession a dozen appalling pictures of suffering, decline, death-agonies, the hearse, the coffin, the ghastly open grave! She began with a note of almost frenzied appeal in her voice.

'Van dear, *do* put down that paper and listen. I think it's more important than you realize for us to get away from this house and neighborhood, and it will be money *well spent* to move. You're just as fine and strong and splendid as you can be, Van, — you know we all *know* that, — you're a dear, noble fellow,' said Mrs. Lucas, stirred by a real and generous emotion, her sweet, hysterical voice breaking a little; she was sincerely fond of the young man; 'but you don't realize how young you are; you have n't had the *experience* I've had. You're not so well able to judge as I am. I think it's our *duty* to move. We *all* think so, and two heads are better than one, you know, Van.'

'Depends on the heads,' said Van Cleve, flippantly, unmoved by these powerful representations which, as was provokingly apparent, he was not even going to answer. Instead, he got up, taking out his pipe, and went over to the mantel for a match.

'I wish — I *wish* you would n't do that, Van,' said Mrs. Joshua, distress-

fully; 'I promised your dear mother for you that you would n't touch tobacco or liquor before you were twenty-five. It was a *sacred promise*, Van.'

Van Cleve looked down at her, humorous and forbearing; he stuffed the tobacco down into the bowl. 'Oh, bosh, Grandma!' he said with profane cheerfulness; and stooped and kissed the old lady's cheek, and walked off unimpressed. He was guiltless of diplomacy; but, strangely and illogically enough, at this speech and the rough, boyish caress, Mrs. Van Cleve surrendered without terms, struck her colors, and went over to his side incontinently.

'Well, I dare say Van's right about it, Myra,' she said as the door closed behind him. 'There's no real reason why we should move. And anyhow Van Cleve ought to have the say — he 's taking care of us all — he's the best boy that ever lived!' Her old face trembled momentarily.

'Oh, *of course!* Van Cleve is always right!' Evelyn proclaimed satirically; she remained alone to fight the battle with the older lady, for Mrs. Lucas had already dashed into the hall after her nephew, who was in the act of putting on his overcoat.

'Van,' she said tensely, stopping him with one arm in the sleeve, 'I want you to let me telephone about that Elmhurst Place house and get the refusal of it for a day, anyhow — just for to-day, Van, so that you can see it.' Her voice rose: 'I *want* you to let me do that. You don't know anything about the house. If you could *see* it, I *know* you'd think differently. It's so much nearer the art school, for one thing. Evelyn would n't have near so far to walk. She's not strong, you know, Van Cleve; and I'm *afraid* of that long walk for her. I'm afraid it takes her strength so that she can't do her work properly. The other day when she came in her hands were perfectly *numb* with the cold; you must have noticed it at dinner —!'

'Well, they were n't so numb but that she could work her knife and fork all right,' said Van, with a brutal grin; 'when they get too bad for that, I'll begin to worry!' And then, seeing the look of outrage on his aunt's face, he added hastily, and with earnest kindness, 'Now look here, Aunt Myra, you know you're just feeling a little restless, that's all that's the matter. You often feel that way, you know. This house is all right. Now don't let's talk any more about this, will you? You know we can't afford to move around. And if any extra money comes in, like that from the farm last week, we ought to save it. We can't go spending it on foolishness. Now let's try to be satisfied and stay here. I'll see if I can't get them to change that wall-paper you hate so,' added poor Van, unconsciously pathetic in his efforts to appease her.

'*Restless!*' ejaculated Mrs. Lucas, indignantly. 'Oh, well, I suppose it's useless for me to talk. I might die in this horrid damp hole and Evelyn be hopelessly crippled for life from that walk, and you would still insist that we were just *whimsical* and *restless — !*' But Van Cleve was gone.

Mrs. Lucas returned to her domestic rounds in abysmally low spirits. Her cold was getting steadily worse — she could feel it growing on her! The air of the house was positively *saturated* with moisture — particularly in the back bedroom with that pink-blue-green abomination on the walls. It would be her fate to die here; she knew it, she was convinced of it! And the Elmhurst Place house did have such a beautiful bay-window in the hall, and two hardwood floors downstairs! She was ill in bed when Van Cleve came home that evening. Evelyn rushed up and down from the sick-room with tragically repressed grief; Major Stanton sat

around in corners out of the way, looking more uncomfortable than alarmed; Mrs. Van Cleve poured the coffee in reproving silence. And when the doctor reported that it looked as if Mrs. Lucas might be going to have grippe, Van Cleve felt like an assassin. It was in vain the unlucky youth told himself that his aunt might have had grippe anywhere, in any house, and that even if he had consented to their moving to Elmhurst Place the very next day, it could hardly have spared her this attack. He felt wretchedly that her illness was all his fault — everything was all his fault — everybody was being made sick and uncomfortable and unhappy by Van Cleve Kendrick and his mean desire to save a little money!

The next time anybody went to call on the Van Cleves, they had moved. They had been over on Elmhurst Place for a month, and *just loved it*, they declared.

Evelyn said that her mother had been on the verge of a dreadful attack of influenza, but they got her away from that *polluted* air on Summit Avenue just in time, and she began to mend at once. To be sure this was only two squares off, but there was the most amazing difference in the atmosphere, — her mother's case proved it, — and really that other house had got to be *perfectly awful*, you know.

CHAPTER V

MOSTLY IDLE TALK

That there was really something a little unusual about the Van Cleves — always excepting young Kendrick, as I have repeatedly stated — is shown by the fact that, in two or three years, more or less, they had become as firmly established socially as if they had lived here all their lives, without anybody ever hinting that they were trying to 'get in,' or 'sniffing' derogatorily, as people did about that unfortunate Jameson girl. The Van Cleve women were of a very different stamp. The single thing in the way of their popularity was that it was not easy to tell of these ladies who their friends were, since they changed almost as often as they changed houses; one day they would be embracing people with a warm passage of Christian names and terms of endearment — and the next news you had, they had ceased to speak to So-and-So! Yet they were not without some sound and stable attachments, as for the Gilberts, for instance, with whom they never had any grave falling-out. This, however, may have been partly because of Van Cleve, who, besides being not nearly so quick to make new friends nor so violently enthusiastic about them, was very much more steadfast to the old ones. But at one time Miss Lucas was running over to the Warwick Lane house every day. She painted a portrait of Lorrie — an amazing water-color portrait wherein Lorrie appeared with a wide, fixed stare goggling at you out of a jungle of chocolate-tinted hair. Mrs. Lucas pronounced it marvelously accurate; Lorrie herself laughed and said she supposed you never really knew what you looked like to other people, and were always surprised and disappointed to find out. Bob remarked ruthlessly that those eyes reminded him of two buckeyes in a pan of milk. Van Cleve, upon the work of art being paraded before him, was silent — unwisely, as it turned out, for the severest criticism could not have roused Evelyn or her mother more.

'Well? *Well?* Are n't you going to say anything?' demanded the artist, tartly.

'Why, it — it looks something like her,' said Van, feebly.

In fact, the thing did have a sort of

ghostly resemblance to Lorrie. But what portrait-painter wants to be told that his creation 'looks like' the original?

'It was *intended* to look like her,' Evelyn said with fine scorn. 'But I did n't expect that *you'd* think it was good. No need to ask you!'

'That's so, Evie. If I don't say anything you get mad, and if I do you get mad, so there does n't seem to be much need of your asking me, sure enough,' said Van Cleve, with his unshakable good humor that the women found so hard to 'put up with,' as they themselves sometimes complained to one another.

'Of course, *you* don't think *any* picture of her could be good enough,' flashed out Evelyn, jerking the drawing-board back into its corner. 'We all know what you think about Lorrie Gilbert, Van.' She gave him a savagely significant glance.

'I know you get excited and say a lot of things you don't mean sometimes,' Van retorted, coloring, however, with temper, — or could it have been some other feeling?

'The *idea!* She's at least a year older than you are — at *least!* And she's engaged to that Mr. Cortwright, anyhow — or as good as engaged!' the young lady pursued, and had the satisfaction of seeing, or fancying she saw, her cousin wince. 'That's what everybody says.'

'I don't know what you're talking about — I don't know anything about Miss Gilbert's affairs,' Van Cleve stuttered, turning redder than ever.

He was fairly routed, and got up and stalked out of the house, followed by her inquisitive mockery. Once outside, he said something much stronger — a distressingly strong word of one syllable did Mr. Kendrick utter; and he pulled his hat down over his brows with a morose gesture as he tramped away, without his pleasant whistle for once.

It must have been after this that there occurred one of those intervals of coolness toward the other family on the part of the Van Cleve ladies which people were accustomed to witness. The Gilberts themselves were quite unconscious of it; they were not looking out for slights or indifference, and did not know how to quarrel with anybody. But Evelyn's visits ceased for a while, and perhaps Van Cleve himself did not go to the Professor's house in the evenings so often. Mrs. Lucas confided to those who were in high favor just then that she was rather glad of it; she did n't want to be uncharitable, but she could not honestly say that she thought Bob 's a *good influence* for Van Cleve.

An old friend of mine, Mr. J. B. B. Taylor, happened to pass through the city at the time on his large orbit of travel and inspection, — he has something to do with civil engineering and a concrete construction company, — and I recall a little talk we had on this very subject. Mr. Taylor has met the Van Cleves; he has met everybody. He goes about the universe lunching with crowned heads and eke with dock-laborers; he builds bridges in Uganda and railroads to Muncie. J. B. knows the manners of so many men and their cities that it is, on the whole, not surprising that he should, at some time or other, have fallen in with the Van Cleve family, who themselves have always been active travelers. Once before when he was here, I introduced him to Robert Gilbert, and that friend of his, that young Cortwright who was at that date a recent addition to our society. Mr. Taylor did not seem to be particularly favorably impressed with either young gentleman, I regret to state. However, this time, as usual, he asked about everybody; and I report-

ed some observations regarding Van Cleve's people which caused J. B. alternately to smile broadly and wickedly, and anon to grunt, 'Humph!' in a profound manner.

When I had finished, — 'Well,' said he, 'that Kendrick boy is something of a boy, I judge — considerable of a boy. The fact is, Gebhardt spoke to me about him, just in the ordinary course of conversation, you know — but when he found I knew something of the young man, why, he warmed up and said some very nice things. It seems they gave Kendrick a raise at the National Loan the other day; they think a good deal of him. From what I hear he's the getting-ahead kind — one of these longheaded, hard-working fellows that knows he can't pick any money off of trees, and expects to buckle down and *make* it. That's a pretty good spirit for these days with all this get-rich-quick feeling in the air. And, speaking of that, I've got an impression that our friend Gebhardt himself is a little given that way — toward experimenting on the get-rich-quick lines, I mean. He's a visionary fellow; I would n't trust his judgment very far.' And here J. B., evidently feeling that he had allowed himself to run into some indiscretion, abruptly changed topics. 'What's become of those other young fellows? That pin-headed masher — *you* know — What was his name? And the other boy?'

I informed him that Mr. Cortwright was still here, in business; I was not certain how successful, but he seemed to have money enough; he was considered very handsome, and — er — well, a little inclined to be — er — sporty — you know; and he was still something of a 'masher,' to use Mr. Taylor's own elegant phrase. In fact, at one time or another, Mr. Cortwright had been sentimentally attentive to every girl in society, but here latterly he had settled down on Miss Gilbert, and people in general thought this would be a *go*, at last.

'Well, I'm glad she is n't *my* daughter,' J. B. commented briefly. 'Gilbert, you say? That was that boy's name, I remember now. Is he round still?'

'Yes, it's the same family. Yes, he's here and working. He's been a little wild; they say now he's drinking. I don't know how true it is — may be nothing but gossip,' said I, not without reluctance. I liked Bob Gilbert. I never met anybody that did n't like him. But, with the most charitable disposition in the world, I still should have been obliged to acknowledge that one never heard anything creditable about Bob; whereas report concerning his friend, that young Mr. Kendrick (nobody thought of *him* as a boy any longer), justified all that J. B. had said.

How much truth was there in the rumors that had been circulating somewhat as above reported for the last year or so? To begin with, those sharp hints leveled by Miss Lucas at her cousin, — how near the mark did they come? Van Cleve had first met Lorrie Gilbert years before when he was nothing but a big, gangling boy chum of her brother's, and she, although so nearly his own age, already a grown-up young lady. In that far-off time Van looked upon her with both shyness and indifference. Asked if he thought her pretty or bright, he would have replied that he did n't know — he had n't thought about her at all — he did n't care for girls, and never stayed around where they were, if he could help it. As it happened — indeed, have we not seen it happen under our own eyes? — he did not have much chance to improve or outgrow his deplorable tastes, for that summer was the end of Van Cleve's play-time, and really the end of his boyhood.

As he grew older, it became his habit of mind to regard marriage, for a man in his position, as sheer insanity, and falling in love as only a milder form of the same affliction. Both must be postponed until he arrived at the locality which he called to himself Easy Street. In some vast, indefinite future, when he felt himself 'pretty well fixed,' and when he could get Grandma and the rest of them comfortably settled somewhere or somehow, so that they would not be quite so much on his mind — in the future when Van planned that all this should happen, he sometimes rather diffidently speculated about a home for himself and Somebody. His prospective wife was so far a delicious myth; notwithstanding the fact that she was to have brown hair with gold lights in it, hair that waved a little nicely, and big brown eyes, and a fair complexion with a good deal of color in it, and a short nose, straight, but set on so that you were not quite certain whether it did not tilt upward ever so slightly; and she would have a very pleasant laugh, and a pretty round waist, and — and, in short, anybody in whom Van Cleve had confided would have recognized, by the time he got through, a surprisingly good likeness of Miss Lorrie Gilbert.

The young man did not suspect it himself. When he went to the house, he thought in all honesty it was to see Bob. He took a meal there at least once in the week; Mrs. Gilbert was so used to him she sometimes called him 'son' forgetfully; Lorrie and he sat on the porch summer evenings, or by the sitting-room hearth in winter, so completely at home together that they could be silent when, and as long as, they chose, unembarrassed; it was 'Lorrie' and 'Van' as a matter of course, and the girl openly regarded him with almost the same feeling as she did her brother, save that she listened and deferred to him far more. Only when Cortwright's name was brought up, or that debonair gentleman came to call, which he was beginning to do with ominous frequency, did the two other young people feel any constraint.

Lorrie, in her third or fourth season, had seen something of the world, and been not undesired by young men; her novitiate was over. Nevertheless, she had a way of blushing and brightening at Cortwright's appearance which to any experienced onlooker would have been full of meaning. Van Cleve, at least, saw it with a dull pain of resentment. He told himself that he never *had* liked Cortwright. 'I saw enough of *him* down at Steinberger's; you can't fool *me* about that sort of fellow! But, hang it, I believe girls *like* for a man to have the name of being fast,' Van used to think angrily; 'you see so many nice, good women married to 'em. It's not so smart to booze and bum, and chase around after women and horses — I can't see what any decent woman is thinking of. I suppose there is n't a man on earth but that 's done some things he's ashamed of — but Cortwright! Why, he is n't fit to touch Lorrie's skirt!'

Of course there was nothing personal in this, Van Cleve was convinced; no, merely on principle, simply and solely in behalf of abstract morality, did Mr. Kendrick disapprove of Mr. Cortwright. To have told him he was jealous would have been to invite a righteous indignation. In the meanwhile, whenever Cortwright chanced to call at the same time, his arrival was the signal for a sudden fall in the social barometer. It was not Cortwright's fault; he was always gay, courteous, ready with a joke, a story, a turn at the piano, anything to make the evening go off well, inimitably good-looking

and at ease; in becoming contrast to Van Cleve, who would sit grumpily smoking or grumpily un-smoking, answering in curt and disagreeably plain words, and, after making a wet blanket of himself generally, would get up and go off in pointed hurry. I fear Mr. Kendrick was not poignantly regretted on these occasions.

'You seem to take life so seriously, Kendrick. Don't you believe in people having a good time as they go along?' Cortwright once asked him. Cortwright, on his side, met Van Cleve with unvarying good temper and civility — for which, you may believe me, poor Van liked him none the better.

'Nobody but a prig objects to people having fun,' he retorted, scowling; 'if I'm serious, it's because I'm built that way, I suppose. But I never thought it any of my business what other people do.' He looked hard at the other.

'That's lucky for the rest of us,' Cortwright said with his easy laugh; 'you've got such a severe eye. Has n't he got a severe eye, Miss Jameson?'

And upon this, while the young lady was still looking sideways at him under her lashes, and smiling just enough to show a charming dimple in the corner of her mouth, Van unceremoniously took himself off. He 'had n't much use' (to quote him again) for Miss Paula Jameson, either, and often wished impatiently that she would stop her everlasting running to the Gilberts'.

As for that derogatory tittle-tattle about Bob Gilbert, sad to admit, it was not without foundation. People were beginning to shake their heads over him, and to tell one another that it was too bad! They said that there was nothing really *wrong* with the young fellow, there was n't any real *harm* in him, only — it was probably not all his fault; the way boys are brought up has a good deal to do with it; Professor Gilbert was a fine man, a splendid scholar, and all that, but he had no control whatever over his son, and never *had* had! Of course, Mrs. Gilbert and Lorrie could do nothing with Bob — two women, both of them too devoted to him to see where he was going. That his destination was the one popularly known as 'the dogs,' everybody was prophesying. Too bad!

Van Cleve, who knew all about Bob's failings, who had very likely known about them long before they became public talk, never had anything to say on the subject. He would not condemn his friend, but neither would he take the other's part. He would say nothing at all. There was a hard streak in the young man; he was genuinely fond of Bob, yet he avoided his company these days, took care never to be seen on the street with him, got out of his way, and kept out of his way, whenever it was possible. 'I can't have him coming round here smelling like a distillery and asking for me. It would queer me for good with some of these solid men,' Van thought; 'I can't risk it. And what good would it do him for me to hang on to Bob, anyhow? I can't tell him anything but what he knows already; he's got plenty of sense, if he'll only use it. But if a man's going to make a fool of himself, he's going to make a fool of himself, so what's the use?'

Perhaps he did not fully convince himself by these arguments; but in fact there was no longer much need for him to put his theories in practice. Robert was drifting naturally into his own class of idlers and ne'er-do-weels, and young Kendrick had less and less occasion to dodge his compromising company, they saw each other so seldom, except at the house. Sometimes, even when at home, Bob was not visible; he had had one of his wretched headaches all day, so that he was obliged to keep

his room, Mrs. Gilbert would report, so guilelessly that Van Cleve, in spite of his cultivated coldness, winced with pity and a vicarious shame. He noticed that she was looking a great deal older nowadays; there had been a time when you could scarcely tell her back from Lorrie's if you happened to be walking behind her on the street — it was different now. And when it came to Professor Gilbert, it sounded perfectly natural to call him an old gentleman, although he had not yet reached the sixties; he was thinner and bonier than ever, and wrinkled and bent like Father Time himself. *He*, at any rate, understood the headaches, Van Cleve would think, regretfully reading the older man's haggard and weary eyes; and Van wondered, with a recoil so strong that it surprised himself, if the poor father had ever had to go out at night and hunt for Bob — bring him home — get him to bed and sobered up —eh, you know? Good Lord, that *was* pretty bad — pretty bad!

These offices Van Cleve had performed himself once at least. He was much more irritated than scandalized — in the beginning of the adventure, that is — to find Bob drunk and clinging to the lamp-post, in the starry winter cold, on his own way home at two o'clock in the morning. What was the notably steady youth, Mr. Kendrick, doing out of his bed at that hour? Have no fear, ladies and gentlemen! In the pursuance of his career of industry and virtue, he had been to the weekly meeting of the Central Avenue Building and Loan Association, in which he held the position of secretary. The proceedings closing about eleven o'clock, Mr. Kendrick had allowed himself a single chaste mug of musty ale, and a game of pool (a quarter apiece, loser pays for the table), in the company of some of his fellow officials; and when he started home, an hour or so later, there was a block on the Central-Avenue-and-John-Street line. Van Cleve waited for his Elmhill car within the triangular portico of a corner drug store, where stood another similarly belated gentleman; and they smoked in silence, shrugging and stamping to keep warm. Van remembered afterwards how a carriage had rolled by; how he glanced up mechanically as it passed into the contracted illumination of the arc-light, and saw the occupants. He stared; a monosyllabic exclamation was jerked out of him by stark surprise. 'Humph!' he ejaculated unconsciously. The wayfarer who shared the vestibule thought his own attention was being challenged, and obligingly responded. 'Peach girl, was n't she?' he said; and further volunteered, 'That hair was a ten-blow, though. Fellow likes it that way, I guess.' Van Cleve grunted non-committally, and they lapsed again into silence. Van could never forget this trivial bit of talk; he had a photographic impression of the whole incident.

The car came at last; and Kendrick got on and paid his fare and rode to his own corner, pondering, part of the time, with a sour smile. 'None of my affair, I suppose,' was the sum of his reflections. He swung himself off the rear step at Durham Street (they moved to Durham Street in the autumn of '96, I believe) and, turning toward home, on the next corner, casually observed a hatless individual sustaining himself with difficulty against the post across the way. 'There's a drunk,' Van thought; and then something about the figure drew him to look again with a foreboding interest. He stood still to watch it. There appeared a night-watchman from one of the neighboring apartment buildings and entered into altercation with it. Van crossed the street quickly and went up to them.

'G' wan now, I don't want to run yuh in,' the night-watchman was saying benevolently; 'yuh gotta git a move on, that's all. Yuh can't stay aroun' here, see? Don't yuh know where yuh b'long?'

'Hello, Bob!' said Van Cleve.

The other stared at him fishily. Bob reeked to heaven; his clothing exhibited signs of a recent acquaintance with that classic resort of the drunkard, the gutter; his hat had fallen off, and his face showed grimy and discolored in the lamplight. He smiled vacuously.

''Lo!' he said at last thickly; ''s ol' Van Cleve! 'Lo, Van, ol' top, how 's shings?'

'Party a friend o' yourn?' inquired the night-watchman.

'Yes, I know him,' said the young man, surveying Robert disgustedly.

'Know where he lives?' the night-watchman suggested; 'I been tryin' to git it out o' him. I had n't otter leave m' job, or I'd took him to his home, 'f he's got any.'

'It's all right. I'll attend to him,' said Van Cleve, shortly. He got hold of Bob by the arm. 'Here, I'm going to take you home, Bob,' he said. 'Look *out*, you'll fall. That's not your hat. Here, don't you try to get it, I'll get it —'

The night-watchman, however, had already captured it out of a pool of half-frozen slush; he rammed out the dents in the crown with his fist, gave it a wipe with a bandanna, and put it back with some nicety on the head of its owner.

'All right now, sport!' said he, falling back a step; and then shook his head to observe Van Cleve's manner with the drunken man. 'Careful, mister! Yuh wanter handle 'em real easy,' he warned, as Van Cleve started to march the other away; 'they're kinder hard to manage, if they git soured at yuh, y' know!'

'I'm not drunk — s'pose you shink I'm drunk!' said Bob, indignantly. He held back. 'I do' wanna g' home *yet*, Van — not *yet*. Dammit, Van, can't y' unnerstan', ol' fellow? I do' *wanna* go home shee Lorrie — ' All at once he began to blubber feebly. 'Lorrie's bes' girl ever was — bes' sister — *ain't* she bes' sister ever was, Van?'

'You've got to go home, you know, Bob,' said Van Cleve, urging him along; 'come on, now. It's all right; Lorrie won't know. We'll get in without her knowing — I hope to God!' he added to himself wretchedly. He had seen men drunk before; had laughed at them many times on the stage and elsewhere; had probably once in his life, himself, taken quite as much strong drink as was good for him, like more than one temperate and sensible young man. So now he was not shocked; Bob was Bob, and, whatever he did, immutably his friend; but an impatient anger and distress overwhelmed Van Cleve at the thought of Lorrie. He got Bob home somehow; it was a sorry but, after all, not so very difficult a task. The unlucky young fellow's natural gentleness and tractability survived even in this degrading defeat. Wine in, truth out; but that enemy could bring nothing brutal or obscene to the surface of Bob's mind; its shallow waters were at least clear. Van got him home somehow, protesting, plaintively apologetic, spasmodically gay, and got him up into the porch with as little scuffling and noise as was possible. The house was dark. 'They're all asleep!' Van thought in relief; and succeeded in keeping Bob quiet while he went through his pockets for his night-key. Before he could find it, however, a little light gleamed over the transom, the door opened almost soundlessly, and Lorrie stood there.

She had a glass hand-lamp and held it up, gazing around it into the dark;

she seemed unnaturally tall in a white wrapper that drew into folds about her feet; her long, dark hair divided in two wide braids lay smoothly on either side of her face and down over her breast. The young man was reminded startlingly of some painting or image of a madonna he had once seen, long ago.

'Is it you, Bob?' Lorrie said in a whisper; 'won't you try not to wake Mother — *Van Cleve!*' Even in her surprise, she governed her voice.

'I've brought him home, Lorrie — I — I found him on the street,' said Van, hanging his head. But after her first exclamation, the girl scarcely seemed to take account of him. Her eyes passed over Van Cleve and fell anxiously on her brother, huddled on the old, rickety porch-seat; she came a step out of the doorway, shivering as the cold struck her, and clutching together her light draperies.

'Thank you — I — I'm glad it was you, Van,' she said brokenly, yet with a self-control that astonished the young man; he looked at her, touched and reverent, as she went on with the same painful strength: 'I'm glad it was you — but won't you — won't you please go away now? I can take care of him now he's home. I can't go out and find him — I just have to wait — that's really the — the worst of it, you know. And I don't want Mother to know. If you'll just go away now, Van Cleve, I can manage him. I'm afraid you — you *might* make some noise, and wake them up — you're not used to it, you know,' said poor Lorrie, simply.

'I'm not going away, and you're not going to take care of him,' said Van Cleve in his harshest manner — though he, too, tried to speak under his breath. He put her aside, and took Bob by the shoulder. 'Stand up, Bob; you know you can stand up if you try,' he commanded savagely.

'Don' you tush my sister!' said Bob in his thick accent. The fancied offense to Lorrie roused him in an extraordinary fashion; he shook off the other's grasp, and got upon his feet unaided. 'You shan't talk that way to Lorrie, I don't care if it *is* you, Van!' he said quite distinctly; and then equally unaccountably slipped back to his former state. 'Leggo me! Whash doin'? G' upstairs m'self,' he asserted, mumbling, hiccoughing, wavering. Van Cleve seized and steadied him; the lamp cast a shaking light over them, and over Lorrie's white face and cold, trembling hands; it was a piece of cheap and squalid tragedy.

'*Please*, Van Cleve, I can take care of him, truly —' she began again, imploringly.

'You shall not!' said Van roughly.

She obeyed him this time, meekly following with the light while Van Cleve propped, pushed, and dragged the other upstairs to his own room, got some of his clothes off, and deposited him in the bed, where he lay quite stupid now, and erelong sleeping noisily. His two guardians went cautiously down again. The Gilbert family dog had come to look on, head on one side, wrinkling its honest brow in uncomprehending doggish curiosity and anxiety; it sniffed at Van's hand inquiringly, recognized him, and retired satisfied to its nightly bivouac across the threshold of Mrs. Gilbert's bedroom. Lorrie stood with her lamp at the door to light the young man's way out.

'What is it? Is that you, Lorrie? Are you sick? What is the matter?' Mrs. Gilbert waked up suddenly and called. It was a miracle she had not waked sooner. Van Cleve looked at Lorrie, utterly disconcerted.

'Nothing at all, Mother; nothing's the matter,' she called back pleasantly and composedly. 'Dingo seemed to want to get out, and then when I let him out, he began to scratch and whine

and make such a fuss, I had to get up and let him in again.'

'Oh, I thought — that is —' Mrs. Gilbert paused; there was a moment of blank silence — it was singularly, curiously, blank and silent. 'I thought I heard somebody on the stairs — I must have been dreaming,' said Mrs. Gilbert with a kind of hurried distinctness and emphasis. 'Never mind me, dearie — I would have waked anyhow —' Her voice ceased suddenly.

'She does n't *know*, Van — you *see* she does n't know,' Lorrie whispered; it was an appeal.

Van Cleve heard the two women lying to each other with wonder and pity. As he looked at Lorrie, on a sudden, for the first time, he saw her face quiver. She put up her hands to hide it, and leaned against the wall, sobbing — but still noiselessly. Van Cleve felt desperately that he would give his right hand, he would give a year out of his life, to take her to him and comfort her — but what comfort would she get from *him?* To go away and leave her in peace was the greatest kindness he could do her! He lingered an instant, helplessly, dumb; even without the risk of detection, he would have been at a loss what to say; so they parted at last without a word.

CHAPTER VI

TREATS OF SUNDRY AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

Although the skeleton in the Gilbert family closet was by way of being uncloseted nowadays, was indeed rattling its joints and stalking abroad in the full glare of noonday to the horror of all temperate and well-behaved persons, there was at least one who remained unaffected by the spectacle. The young lady whom people generally referred to as 'that Jameson girl,' or 'that little Paula Jameson,' must have known as much about Bob's miserable failing as anybody; but, drunk or sober, good or bad, weak or strong, it was apparently all one to her. She continued to make what the other girls vowed was a 'dead set' at the young man. It was impossible to believe, according to them, that she haunted the house so persistently out of fondness for Lorrie. *Everybody* knew (they said) that she had begun her attentions to Bob's sister long ago in the hope of 'getting-in'; and Lorrie was so *dear* and *sweet* she never had the heart to get rid of her, to say nothing of the fact that that would have been a *job*, because Paula was too thick-skinned to take a hint or feel any ordinary rebuff. But *now!* — it was plain to be seen that she was after Bob. And she would probably get him, too, — he was a good deal taken with her. Mercy, nobody else wanted him; still, it was rather a pity, he was so nice when — when he was all right, you know. The family were all so nice, and Lorrie was *lovely*, and they would *hate* such a connection, though of course they would stand it on Bob's account.

What was it that was the matter with Miss Jameson, then? Merely her manners? Our society is not snobbish; doubtless there were people in it no brighter or better-bred than Paula Jameson, and certainly not nearly so pretty; but it would not swallow her; it would have none of her or her mother. Yet they were really inoffensive creatures.

Mrs. Jameson was a large, vivid, extraordinarily corseted and high-heeled lady, about forty-five years of age, with the same kind of auburn hair as her daughter's, invariably arranged in the latest fashion, or even a little in advance of the latest fashion; and with a fondness for perfumery and for entire toilets in shades of purple, — parasols, gloves, silk stockings, suede

shoes, all elaborately matched, wherewith she might frequently be seen upon the streets, bearing herself with a kind of languid *chic* — the word she herself would have used. She was a widow; and the late Mr. Jameson — Levi B. Jameson, Plumbers' Supplies, Sewer-Pipe, Metal Roofing, etc. — having got together a reasonable fortune in his time, she and Paula were very comfortably off, or would have been, if the taste for purple costumes, and similar tastes in which Paula also had been trained, had not kept them in perpetual hot water, spending and retrenching with an equal thriftlessness. They lived at 'private' hotels or fashionable boarding-houses here and there, and went to the theatre a great deal; idling through the rest of their time in shopping, or having their hands manicured and hair dressed, or giving the French bulldog his bath, or yawning over the last lurid novel, with a box of chocolate-drops, in the rocking-chairs of the roof-garden or lounge.

Their circle of acquaintances was not large; Mrs. Jameson had no social traditions or aspirations, no hobbies, no recreations, no aim in life at all, except to be the best-dressed woman in any assembly, to keep her weight down to a hundred and thirty-five pounds, and never to miss her tri-weekly 'facial' at the beauty parlors she patronized. Paula had never seen her mother do anything, had never known her to be interested in anything, but the above subjects, although, to do her justice, Mrs. Jameson was fond of her daughter and gave almost as much attention to Paula's wardrobe and figure and complexion as to her own. It was not strange that the girl could conceive of no different or more elevated existence; that is a rare character, the sages tell us, that can be superior to environment, and Paula was not a rare character; she was not especially endowed in any way, except physically. She had been curled, scented, arrayed in slippers too tight, and sashes too wide, and hats too big, like a little show-window puppet, ever since she could remember; had been kissed and petted and admired by other hotel-dwelling women, and noticed and flattered by men, until it was natural that the pretty red-gold head should be occupied with Paula's self, with her beauty and her 'style,' and, above all, her irresistible attraction for every trousered human being she saw, to the exclusion of all else. Why not? She *was* attractive. She had no talents or accomplishments; but she had been to two or three of the most select and fashionable schools; she spent infinite pains on her dress, with charming results; she could not talk at all, but she could always *look*, as Bob Gilbert himself had said; she was very pliable and good-tempered, ready to laugh at any joke she could understand, and to enter into any plan; what more could have been asked of her, or why should she not have been satisfied with herself?

Why little Miss Paula should have taken the fancy she apparently did to the Professor's daughter, it was for a long while impossible for the latter to guess. Lorrie was too humane to throw her off, which, besides, as the other girls hinted, was no easy matter; and Miss Gilbert grew finally to feel a sort of maternal fondness and a certain responsibility for the childish, pretty young creature, even after the other had ingenuously and quite unconsciously revealed the secret of her devotion. 'It's so nice for you having a brother — a grown-up one, I mean — like Bob, is n't it? There're always such a lot of men coming to the house all the time — so nice! You have ever so many more men than any of the other girls. It's just lovely here — there's always *some*body!' she said one day, and won-

dered why Lorrie, after a moment's meditative pause, looking at her oddly the while, suddenly broke into a little laugh; all her face twinkled; she laughed and laughed.

'What's funny? What's the joke?' demanded Paula, lazily interested; she picked up a hand-glass, and moved closer to the window.

'"'The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light!"' said Lorrie, profanely, reducing her expression to one of prodigious gravity on the instant; and Paula at the bureau, painstakingly examining a minute speck on the right side of her chin, which she dreaded might be the beginning of a pimple, did not attempt to follow her friend's abrupt changes of mood. Besides, Lorrie, like nearly everybody else, was forever making speeches which Paula found it too fatiguing even to pretend to understand.

'Of course *all* the men are n't nice; but it's nice to have them come to call on you, anyhow.' — Thus Miss Jameson. — 'I'd feel awfully if I never had a caller. There's a girl at the Alt.' (the young lady's abbreviation of the Altamont, that being the name of the caravanserai which sheltered the Jamesons at the moment) 'that I don't believe has ever had a bit of attention in her life — not the least little tiny *scrap!* I'd feel awfully in her place, would n't you? Momma — I mean M*ama* — M*ama* says any girl that has n't had a proposal before she's twenty is a *freak*. I said to her, "Well, that lets *me* out! I'm safe, anyhow!" Momma — M*ama* — simply screamed; she's been telling everybody in the hotel. I don't care. It's true, you know. I'm going on twenty-three, and I've had four — I mean not counting college boys when you're away in the summer, and all that. I never count them, though lots of girls do. I don't care for boys — I'd rather have *men*. One of mine has stacks of money; he's in the shoe business in Springfield, Massachusetts, and used to come around and stop at the Alt. regularly four times a year, getting up trade at the stores, you know. He don't come any more, though, since I turned him down. I don't think the shoe business would be very stylish, somehow, do you? It would n't be like saying your husband was president of a bank, or something. He did give me lovely things, though.' She sighed reminiscently. 'He gave me my silver toilet-set — all except those two big cologne bottles, with the silver deposit on cut glass. Another man gave me those. I priced them afterwards at Dormer's and they're fifteen dollars apiece. Is n't it funny how men just love to spend money on you? I had a fellow once that gave me the cutest little watch — one of the real little ones not any bigger than *that*, you know, dark blue enamel with pearls all over it, and a little flure-de-lee pin to match — too cute for anything. I'll show it to you some time when you're over. I wish you'd come over; you always say you will, and then you never do.'

'You don't mean to say you took those men's presents?' ejaculated Lorrie, ungrammatically.

'Why, yes. Why? Would n't you have? They're *lovely* things — they're all *real*, you know, the pearls on the watch and everything. I would n't have 'em a minute if they were n't. I hate anything *common*. But would n't you have taken them? The men were simply *gone* about me, you know, just *crazy*.'

'Mother would n't have let me,' Lorrie stammered, trying, in her quick humanity, to make some explanation that might not hurt the other's feelings. But Paula looked at her with no feeling more pronounced than surprise.

'I should think you'd take 'em, and

just not tell her,' she remarked; 'you can always say you saved up and bought 'em out of your own money, or some girl in Seattle or somewhere 'way off sent 'em to you. Momma don't know about *all* my things. I like to have presents from men. I can't see that there's any harm in it.' A curious hardness came into her face; she eyed the older girl with something like cunning, an expression as uncanny on Paula's soft, dimpled features as it would have been on a five-year-old baby's. 'Did n't anybody ever give you anything?'

'No,' said Lorrie, shortly, annoyed.

'Pooh, you just won't tell. I think you might *me*, though — I would n't give you away. You've had ever so many men awfully gone on you, everybody says. I love to hear them talk and go on that *soft* way, don't you? I think you might tell *me*. There's V. C. K. — you know who I mean — you needn't pretend you don't.'

'V. C. K.? *Oh!*' said Lorrie, crimsoning; 'please don't say things like that, Paula. He's just Bob's friend. It does n't seem fair to a man to — to talk like that. Even if it were true, it sounds — it sounds' — She stopped, hampered for words the other could understand without offense; she could not say to Paula that it sounded cheap and common. 'I would n't do it, if I were you,' Lorrie said finally.

'Seems to me there's a lot of things you won't do,' Paula said suspiciously. 'Everybody knows it — about Van Kendrick, I mean. He comes here to see *you*. He is n't such a tremendously good friend of Bob's; they don't go around together nearly as much as they used to.'

Lorrie did not answer; her face clouded unhappily.

'Well, if he has n't ever come right out and asked you, I suppose it's because of his family,' suggested Paula, comfortingly, misreading the other's silence and look of trouble; 'I suppose he thinks he can't afford to get married. I don't like him much, anyhow. He's always so — so — well, so grumpy and grouchy, you know. He always shoots right by you on the street, and just grabs off his hat and jabs it on again as if he was afraid for his life to stop and speak for fear he'd have to ask you to go to lunch with him or pay your carfare or something. He never does offer to take a person anywhere, to the theatre or anything. He's awfully stingy. Oh, I don't suppose he's that way with *you*. But I just hope you won't take him, Lorrie.'

'I told you there was n't any question of that,' said Lorrie, not too amiably. She was tired of listening to all this dull, distasteful stuff. If she was not at all in love with Van Cleve Kendrick, she still thought him a deal above Miss Jameson's criticism.

Paula only shrugged, and turned her attention to her finger-nails. After a while she said, without raising her eyes, 'Mr. Cortwright 's getting to come pretty often, too, is n't he?'

'Not any more than anybody else,' said Lorrie; and now she, too, kept her eyes down.

'I thought he seemed to be here every time I happen to come over — in the evenings, you know,' said Paula, who indeed 'happened' to come over in the evenings two or three times a week with striking regularity. There crept into her eyes that same look of babyish sharpness that had showed there a while before. 'I noticed it because two or three times he's taken me home,' she said explanatorily.

'Yes?' said Lorrie, engrossed in her embroidery.

'Why, yes, don't you remember? It was when Bob was out or sick, so *he* could n't,' said Paula, more explanatorily still. She went on quickly with a

good deal of emphasis, 'I just said to myself, "Well, if I'd known *you* were going to be here, *I'd* have stayed home!" You know I don't like Mr. Cortwright, either, Lorrie — I don't like him a *little* bit!' She paused, slightly out of breath, glancing narrowly into her companion's face; but Lorrie's eyes were still lowered, and at the moment she was matching two skeins of pink floss with elaborate care, so that if Paula had counted on these statements making some visible impression, she was disappointed. 'I just *hate* him!' she announced vigorously.

'Oh, poor Mr. Cortwright!' said Lorrie, with a kind of absent-minded laugh, deciding on the deeper shade at last.

The other girl scrutinized her silently. 'Do *you* like him?' she suddenly demanded.

'Oh, yes. He's always been very nice to Bob, you know,' said Lorrie, maintaining her light tone, but furious inwardly to feel the red coming into her cheeks. It was ridiculous to be dragging in Bob this way to account for every man that came to the house; she began to laugh, a little nervously.

Paula looked at her again uncertainly. 'Well, *I* hate him!' she repeated; 'I've never even asked him in when we got to the Alt., or asked him to call, or anything.' Again Paula considered, or, at least, had the appearance of considering, though it would have been hard to believe that any operation of so much consequence was going on behind that lovely, inanimate mask. 'He don't like me, either — Mr. Cortwright just hates me, I know it,' she said, eyeing Lorrie expectantly. 'He just took me home those times because he *had* to.'

Lorrie made an inarticulate sound of dissent, and went on with her fancy-work assiduously.

'Does he ever say anything to you about me?' asked Paula.

'Why, yes — no — I don't know — sometimes — I suppose we talk about everybody once in a while —' said Lorrie, rather confusedly. Mr. Cortwright had not been over complimentary in his references to Miss Jameson. But the latter, who candidly liked to stand in the limelight and the centre of the stage, and in general would rather have heard that she had been severely reviewed, even lacerated, by the gossips, than that they had passed her over with no notice at all, nevertheless looked not disturbed at the neglect Lorrie implied.

'Mr. Cortwright don't like me,' she insisted again.

According to legend, two pairs of ears should have been burning pretty smartly while the above conversation went on; we may imagine that the first gentleman under discussion, could he have overheard Miss Jameson, would have dismissed her estimate of his character easily enough. Van Cleve was not of a temper to be much ruffled by the accusation of stinginess and rudeness. Very likely it was near the truth; and he himself might have explained that he did n't have any time for attentions to girls, and his money came too hard to be spent plentifully. He had a use for every dollar; and, by Something-quite-strong, if that young lady had ever *made* a dollar, she'd think differently! Also he would have said — with a red face — that that was all rot about himself and Miss Gilbert.

As for Cortwright, the fact is, 'poor Paula' had hit upon the truth itself in those last remarks of hers, for he had confessed as much to Lorrie! The girl bored him to death, he had said with great plainness and energy. Pretty, of course, but there was absolutely nothing *to* her! He did wish she'd give up this running after Bob, and let the house alone. He, too, spoke of the

times he had been obliged to take her home — he could n't get out of it, you know — did n't want to be rude, but really —! He was lightly and humorously eloquent on the subject of Miss Jameson.

'I think you are a little hard on poor Paula,' Lorrie remonstrated, coming to the defense more out of sex-loyalty than from any feeling for the other girl. 'You ought to make allowances for the way she's been brought up. It's pathetic when you stop to think about it. No real *home*, and no real *mother* —'

'*What!* No mother? Oh, come now, Miss Gilbert, you surely know Mrs. Jameson, don't you? You've seen her, anyway? Ah, I see, that's it! You *do* know Mrs. Jameson!' said the gentleman, meaningly, with a lazy laugh.

'I did n't mean to say that — I did n't say that exactly. I meant her mother does n't — is n't — well, she's not like *some* mothers, you know,' said Lorrie, lamely, between her habitual desire to be charitable, and a strong disapproval of Mrs. Jameson.

Cortwright understood her and laughed again. 'Mrs. Jameson is n't much like *your* kind of mother,' he said; and added, 'there are n't many like you among the daughters, either, for that matter,' with the faintly caressing emphasis of which he had the secret.

It made Lorrie's face grow warm even in the dark, as they sat on the porch of a midsummer night. They were sitting in their customary positions: that is, Lorrie leaning back against the pillar, with her white skirts flowing down, and her small, capable hands for once idle in her lap; and Cortwright, on the step below, bending towards her in one of those cavalier attitudes into which he fell more or less unaffectedly; he was naturally graceful in his movements; and the sword and mantle of the Cavalier day would have set upon him as suitably as its light and swaggering morals. Sometimes his hand or foot touched hers accidentally — or tentatively; but as to any of the sentimental advances which he was reported to practice, the young man seldom attempted them with Lorrie Gilbert. The fellow that tried to kiss her would *get his*, he sometimes thought, in his profanely modern speech; and was startled to feel a thrill of anger, resentment, jealous desire, dart through him at this purely speculative person's act. He was beginning to be much more in earnest than he had ever dreamed of being; certainly than he had ever been before with any of the women he had encountered throughout his easy, conquering, not too scrupulous, career. Also he was perfectly well aware that rumor bracketed their two names; and let it go undenied, keeping silence, but smiling in a style calculated to support the talk, if anything. In reality, it at once flattered and disconcerted him; he was not sure that he was so much in earnest as all that, he said to himself, half-complacent and half-alarmed. The very candor of Lorrie's liking at once defeated and spurred him on. And now, as he sat beside her, sensing, as often before, to his own wonder and enchantment, an ineffable comfort, restfulness, and content, physical, spiritual, he did not know which, in her presence and nearness, a sudden small anxiety overtook him.

'I imagine Miss Jameson tells you all about her love-affairs — what *he* said and what *she* said, and all the rest of it,' he said; 'she's had a good many, probably.'

'Oh, yes,' said Lorrie, indulgently; and she laughed.

Cortwright was relieved at her tone and laughter. 'After all, it would be a pretty good thing if Bob fell in love with her. It would do him good to get

his mind set on some girl, I believe,' he said, in a kind, elder-brother fashion that touched Lorrie deeply.

'That's what I've often thought,' she said impulsively; 'that's what I've often longed for. Mother and I — we can't do much — he's too used to us — a man does n't seem to care much what his mother and sisters think about him. He knows they're going to love him, anyhow. But if Bob would only get to caring for some girl — Paula or anybody — if he'd *only* — instead of —' Lorrie's voice failed; all the pain and worry of these past few months when things, already so bad, seemed to be getting so much worse, suddenly knotted together in her throat. She turned her face away, sternly resolved to control herself. 'I'm getting silly and hysterical, laughing one minute and wanting to cry the next!' she thought, impatiently. Indeed, she had been under a hard strain for some time now.

The man, who knew well enough what the trouble was, looked at her and then down, a little shamed, a little humbled. Bob's misbehavior surely could not be laid to his door; but a sharp regret stung him. 'Men don't deserve to have sisters and mothers and — and wives!' he declared huskily, not conscious of the irrelevance of the words until they were out; and both of them were awkwardly silent an instant. Cortwright looked into her face again, and saw that the brown eyes shone suspiciously in the moonlight, as with unshed tears. He gave an exclamation.

'Don't do that, Lorrie, don't! I — I mean, don't worry about Bob so!' he stammered, moved by a genuine, self-forgetful sympathy and pity. He took her hand; he kept on with reassuring and comforting words. 'Bob's all right — he's going to come out all right. He'll get over this running around, you know, and — er — and coming in late at night, and — er — and all that. Why, there're lots of fellows worse than Bob —'

'I know that, Mr. Cortwright, but that does n't make it any easier,' said Lorrie, brokenly; she swallowed hard, and went on without looking at him, 'I'm sure Bob would n't — would n't do anything wrong, even when he's — when he's *that way*, you know. But it's been so long now it seems as if maybe he never would get over it. That's what frightens me. It began when he was only a little boy; he used to drink the peach-brandy. Sometimes he drank it all up. When I found out, I never told Mother, and I never said a word to him. I'd go and fill the jug up with syrup. I suppose it was wrong, but I — I did n't know any better. To this day, I don't know whether Mother knows or not. I would just as lief stick the carving-knife into her as ask — or tell her. She might think it was her fault because of having the peach-brandy around, you see —' She drew her hand away quickly; she was frightened at her own loss of self-control, frightened at her sudden longing to cry her troubles out on the young man's shoulder.

'Oh, don't get to thinking things like that. That's morbid, that's foolish!' Cortwright urged, honestly moved; and none the less because the peach-brandy episode seemed to him an ordinary boyish crime, fit only to be laughed at; its very littleness touched him. 'It is n't anybody's fault. Nearly all men have some kind of a time like this. Bob will come around all right. Why, he's a fine fellow, a splendid fellow — he's going to be all right —'

He felt with a strange tangle of emotions, — surprise, conceit, satisfaction, and something as near to real tenderness as he could entertain, — that this sad business about Bob brought Lorrie and himself closer together than a year

of visits and attentions and frank, pleasant intimacies had been able to do. And now, as always when he was with her, Lorrie unwittingly called out all that was best in him. He was very gentle, governing his impulses in honest respect, made a great many fine forcible promises to 'look after Bob,' to 'see if *he* could n't do something with Bob,' to 'get Bob to straighten up,' and so forth; and went away from her at last in a very noble, protecting, ardent, and exalted state of mind, highly unusual and agreeable. He was resolved to straighten up, not only Robert, but Philip Cortwright, too. For such a girl, a man ought to be willing to do anything! He would cut out that other affair altogether; it would begin to tire him pretty soon, anyhow; he would go on the water-wagon himself, drop the ponies, marry Lorrie, and settle down!

And doubtless Lorrie went upstairs to her room soothed and sustained and full of trust in him; doubtless, too, she blushed to face herself in the glass when she thought of certain passages, certain intonations of 'his' voice, certain expressions in 'his' eyes; and combed out and braided her long, thick, waving crop of brown hair in a pensive mood which had nothing to do with that unfortunate Robert; and maybe sat awhile by the window with her chin propped on her hands, staring and stargazing and dreaming, while the family snored unromantically all about her, before she slipped into her own little bed.

At the same time, not many squares away, another acquaintance of ours may have been indulging in a very similar style of meditation, and surveying what she could of the night and stars from the window of *her* bedroom — a stuffy hotel bedroom that commanded a much better view of the rear roofs and fire-escapes and the windows of other stuffy bedrooms than of anything celestial. The young lady, in a heavily embroidered lavender crape kimono somewhat too roomy for her, — it is part of her mother's wardrobe, in fact, — has been stealthily reading and re-reading a number of little notes received with sundry boxes of candy, or perhaps with those other more costly 'presents' for which she has a weakness; she has by heart every word of those notes. They are 'soft' and sugary enough even for her taste, and fascinatingly seasoned besides with hints of mystery, secrecy, and caution. This affair quite puts in the shade the honest gentleman of the shoe business and others who have been vulgarly plain and above-board about their admiration and their hopes! It has progressed from chance meetings at first to meetings that were not by any means chance, on her part at any rate, later; and now to risky little appointments, delightful stolen moments, subtly planned encounters — exactly like a play! Indeed, was there ever a finer figure for a matinée hero seen on any stage than the individual signing himself *hers*, Phil?

(To be continued.)

AN EVENING AT MADAME RACHEL'S

A NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTER OF ALFRED DE MUSSET

Although the letter bears no date and its envelope has been lost, it is still possible to fix the evening precisely; it was May 29, 1839. From this date the relations between the poet and the young tragedienne became most friendly. — THE EDITORS.

My very best thanks, honored Madame and dear Godmother, for the letter of the amiable Paolita [Pauline Garcia] which you sent to me. This letter is both interesting and charming, but you, who never miss an opportunity to show those whom you love best some beautiful little attention, deserve the greatest praise. You are the only human being whom I have found to be so constituted.

A charitable act always finds its reward, and, thanks to your Desdemona letter, I shall now regale you with a supper at Madame Rachel's, which will amuse you, providing we are still of the same opinion, and still share the same admiration for the divine artist. My little adventure is solely intended for you, because 'the noble child' detests indiscretions, and then also bebecause so much stupid talk and gossip circulate since I have been going to see her, that I have decided not even to mention it when I have been to see her at the Théâtre Français.

The evening here referred to she played *Tancrède*, and I went in the intermission to see her, to pay her a compliment about her charming costume. In the fifth act she read her letter with an expression which was especially sincere and touching. She told me herself that she had cried at this moment, and was so moved that she was afraid she might not be able to continue to speak. At ten o'clock, after the close of the theatre, we met by accident in the Colonnades of the Palais Royal. She was walking arm-in-arm with Felix Bonnaire, attended by a crowd of young people, among whom were Mademoiselle Rebut, Mademoiselle Dubois, of the Conservatory, and a few others. I bow to her; she says to me, 'Come with us.'

Here we are at her house; Bonnaire excuses himself as best he can, annoyed and furious about the meeting. Rachel smiles at his deplorable departure. We enter, we sit down. Each of the young ladies beside her friend, and I next to the dear Fanfan. After some conversation Rachel notices that she has forgotten her rings and bracelets in the theatre. She sends her servant-girl to fetch them. There's no girl here now to prepare supper! But Rachel rises, changes her dress, and goes into the kitchen. After a quarter of an hour she reënters, in house-dress and cap, beautiful as an angel, and holds in her hand a plate with three beefsteaks which she has just fried. She puts the plate in the middle of the table and says, 'I hope it will taste good to you.' Then she goes into the kitchen again and returns with a soup-bowl of boiling bouillon in the one hand and in the other a dish of spinach. That is the supper! No plates, no spoons, because the serv-

ant girl has taken the keys with her. Rachel opens the sideboard, finds a bowl of salad, takes the wooden fork, eventually discovers a plate, and begins to eat alone.

'In the kitchen,' says Mamma, who is hungry, 'are the pewter knives and forks.'

Rachel rises, fetches them, and distributes them among those present. Now the following conversation takes place, in which you will notice that I have not changed anything.

The Mother: Dear Rachel, the beefsteaks are too well done.

Rachel: You are right; they are as hard as stone. Formerly, when I still did the housekeeping, I certainly cooked much better. I am poorer now for forgetting about it. There is nothing to be done about it, and for that matter I have learned something else instead. Don't you eat, Sarah? (To her sister).

Sarah: No; I do not eat with pewter knives and forks.

Rachel: Ah, just listen to that! Since I have bought from my savings a dozen silver knives and forks you cannot touch pewter any more. I suppose when I become richer you will have to have a liveried lackey behind your chair and one before. (Pointing to her fork.) I shall never part with these old knives and forks. They have done us service for too long. Is n't it so, Mamma?

The Mother (with her mouth full): She is a perfect child!

Rachel (turning to me): Think of it, when I was playing in the Théâtre Molière I had only two pairs of stockings, and every morning — (Here the sister Sarah begins to speak German in order to prevent her sister from saying any more).

Rachel (continuing): Stop talking your German. That is no shame at all. Yes, I only had two pairs of stockings, and in order to be able to appear at night I had to wash one pair every morning. They hung in my room on a string while I wore the others.

I: And you did the housekeeping?

Rachel: I got up every morning at six o'clock, and at eight o'clock all the beds were made. Then I went to the Halles and bought the food.

I: And did n't you let a little profit go into your own pocket?

Rachel: No, I was a very honest cook, was n't I, Mamma?

The Mother (continuing to eat): Yes, that's true.

Rachel: Only once I was a thief for a whole month. If I bought anything for four sous I charged five, and if I paid ten I charged twelve. At the end of the month I found that I was in possession of three francs.

I (severely): And what did you do with those three francs, Mademoiselle?

The Mother (who sees that Rachel is silent): Monsieur de Musset, she bought the works of Molière for that money.

I: Really?

Rachel: Why, yes, certainly. I had Corneille and Racine, and so I had to have Molière, and I bought him for three francs; then I confessed all my sins. Why does Mademoiselle Rebut go? Good-night, Mademoiselle!

The largest part of the dull people follow the example of Mademoiselle Rebut. The servant-girl returns with the forgotten rings and bracelets. They are put on the table. The two bracelets are magnificent, worth at least four to five thousand francs. In addition to them there is a most costly golden tiara. All this is lying anywhere about the table, betwixt and between the salad, the pewter spoons, and the spinach.

The idea of keeping house, attending to the kitchen, making beds, and of all the cares of a poverty-stricken house-

hold, sets me thinking, and I look at Rachel's hands, secretly fearing that they are ugly or ruined. They are graceful, dainty, white, and full, the fingers tapering. In reality, hands of a princess.

Sarah, who is not eating, does not cease scolding in German. It must be remarked that, on this certain day, in the forenoon, she had been up to some pranks, which, according to her mother's opinion, had gone a bit too far, and it was only owing to the urgent interference of her sister that she had been forgiven and had been allowed to retain her place at the table.

Rachel (answering to her German scolding): Leave me in peace, I want to speak about my youth. I remember that one day I wanted to make punch in one of these pewter spoons. I held the spoon over the light, and it melted in my hand. By the way, Sophie, give me the *kirsch;* we will make some punch. Ouf . . . I have done; I have eaten enough. (The cook brings a bottle).

The Mother: Sophie is mistaken. That is a bottle of absinthe.

I: Give me a drop.

Rachel: Oh, how glad I would be if you would take something with us.

The Mother: Absinthe is supposed to be very healthy.

I: Not at all. It is unhealthy and detestable.

Sarah: Why do you want to drink some, then?

I: In order to be able to say that I have partaken of your hospitality.

Rachel: I want to drink also. (She pours out absinthe into a tumbler and drinks. A silver bowl is brought to her, in which she puts sugar and kirsch; then she lights her punch, and lets it flame up.) I love this blue flame.

I: It is much prettier if there is no candle burning.

Rachel: Sophie, take the candles away.

The Mother: What ideas you have! Nothing of the kind shall be done.

Rachel: It is unbearable . . . Pardon, me, Mamma, you dear good one . . . (She embraces her). But I would like to have Sophie take the candles away.

A gentleman takes both candles and puts them under the table — twilight effect. The mother, who in the light of the flames from the punch appears now green, now blue, fixes her eyes upon me, and watches every one of my movements. The candles are brought up again.

A Flatterer: Mademoiselle Rebut did not look well this evening.

I: You demand a great deal. I think she is very pretty.

A second Flatterer: She lacks *esprit.*

Rachel: Why do you talk like that? She is not stupid, like many others, and besides, she has a good heart. Leave her in peace. I do not want my colleagues to be talked about in this manner.

The punch is ready. Rachel fills the glasses, and distributes them. The remainder of the punch she pours into a soup plate and begins to eat it with a spoon. Then she takes my cane, pulls out the dagger which is in it, and commences to pick her teeth with the point of it.

Now there is an end to this gossip and this childish talk. A word is sufficient to change the whole atmosphere of the evening, and what follows is consecrated with the power of art.

I: When you read the letter this evening you were very much moved.

Rachel: Yes, I felt as if something were breaking within me, and in spite of all I do not like that play [*Tancrède*] very much. It is untrue.

I: You prefer the plays of Corneille and Racine?

Rachel: I like Corneille well enough, although he is flat occasionally, and sometimes too pompous. All that is not truth.

I: Eh, eh! Mademoiselle, slowly, slowly!

Rachel: For instance, see, when, in *Horace*, Sabine says, 'One can change the lover, not the husband'—Well, I don't like that; that is common.

I: At least you will admit that that is true.

Rachel: Yes, but is it worthy of Corneille? There I prefer Racine. I adore him. Everything that he says is so beautiful, so true, so noble!

I: As we are just speaking about Racine, do you remember that some time ago you received an anonymous letter in which some hints were given to you in reference to the last scene of *Mithridate?*

Rachel: Certainly. I followed the advice, and since then I have a tremendous amount of applause in this scene. Do you know the person who wrote me that?

I: Very well. It is a woman who is the happy possessor of the most brilliant mind and the smallest foot in Paris. Which rôle are you studying now?

Rachel: This summer we shall play *Maria Stuart*, and then *Polyeucte* and may be—

I: What?

Rachel (beating the table with her fist): Listen, I want to play Phèdre. It is said that I am too young, that I am too thin, and a hundred other stupidities of that kind. But I answer, it is the most beautiful part by Racine, and I shall play it.

Sarah: That would probably not be right, Rachel.

Rachel: Leave me in peace! They think I am too young, the part is not appropriate. By Heaven, when I was playing Roxane I said quite different things, and what do I care about that? And if they say that I am too thin, then I consider that a stupidity. A woman who is filled with a criminal love, and who would rather die than submit to it, a woman who is consuming herself in the fire of her passion, of her tears, such a woman cannot have a bosom like the Paradol; that would be absurd. I have read the part ten times within the last eight days. I do not know how I am going to play it, but I can tell you this: I feel the part. The papers can write what they please. They will not spoil it for me. They do not know what to bring up against me, in order to harm me instead of helping and encouraging me; but if there is no other way out of it I shall play it to only four persons. (Turning to me.) Yes, I have read many candid and conscientious criticisms, and I know of nothing better, nothing more useful, but there are many people who are using their pen in order to lie, in order to destroy. They are worse than thieves and murderers. They kill the intellect with pin-pricks. Really, if I could I would poison them!

The Mother: Dear child, you never stop talking; you are making yourself tired. You were on your feet at six o'clock this morning; I don't know what was the matter with you. You've been gossiping all day. And then you played this evening. You will make yourself sick.

Rachel (full of liveliness): No, let me be. I tell you, no. I call this life. (Turning to me) Shall I fetch the book? We will read the play together.

I: There is no need of such a question. You cannot make me a pleasanter suggestion.

Sarah: But, dear Rachel, it is half past eleven.

Rachel: Who hinders you from going to sleep?

Sarah actually goes to bed; Rachel

rises and goes out, and on returning holds in her hand the volume of Racine. Her expression and her walk have something festive and sacred. She walks like a priestess who, carrying the holy vessels, approaches the altar. She sits down next to me, and snuffs the candle; the mother falls asleep smilingly.

Rachel (opens the book with special reverence and leans over it): How I love this man! When I put my nose into this book I could forget to eat and to drink for two days and two nights.

Rachel and I begin to read *Phèdre*. The book lies open between us on the table. All the others go away. Rachel bows to each one as they depart, with a slight nod of the head, and continues in her reading. At first she reads in a monotonous tone, as if it were a litany; by and by she becomes more animated; we exchange our ideas and our observations about each passage. Finally she arrives at the explanation. She stretches out her right arm on her table, resting it on her elbow, the forehead in her left hand. She lets herself be carried away by the contents of the passage; at the same time she speaks in a half-lowered voice. Suddenly her eyes flash, the genius of Racine lights up her features, she pales, she blushes. Never have I seen anything more beautiful, anything more moving; nor did she ever make such a deep impression on me in the theatre.

So the time passes until half past twelve. The father returns from the opera, where he had seen La Nathan appear for the first time in *La Juive*. No sooner had he sat down than he ordered his daughter in brusque words to stop her declamation. Rachel closes the book and says, —

'It is revolting. I am going to buy myself a light, and will read alone in bed.'

I looked at her; big tears filled her eyes.

It was really shocking to see such a creature treated in this way. I rose to go, filled with admiration, respect, and sympathy.

Having reached home, I hurry to put down the details of this memorable evening for you with the faithfulness of a stenographer, in the expectation that you will keep it, and that one day it will be found.

LESSONS OF THE WILDERNESS[1]

BY JOHN MUIR

I

EXCEPTING Sundays we boys had only two days of the year to ourselves, the 4th of July and the 1st of January. Sundays were less than half our own, on account of Bible lessons, Sunday-school lessons, and church services; all the others were labor-days, rain or shine, cold or warm. No wonder then that our two holidays were precious, and that it was not easy to decide what to do with them. They were usually spent on the highest rocky hill in the neighborhood, called the Observatory; in visiting our boy friends on adjacent farms to hunt, fish, wrestle, and play games; in reading some new favorite book we had managed to borrow or buy; or in making models of machines I had invented.

One of our July days was spent with two Scotch boys of our own age, hunting redwing blackbirds then busy in the cornfields. Our party had only one single-barreled shot-gun, which, as the oldest, and perhaps because I was thought to be the best shot, I had the honor of carrying. We marched through the corn without getting sight of a single redwing, but just as we reached the far side of the field a red-headed woodpecker flew up and the Lawson boys cried, 'Shoot him! shoot him! he is just as bad as a blackbird. He eats corn!'

This memorable woodpecker alighted in the top of a white oak tree about fifty feet high. I fired from a position almost immediately beneath him and he fell straight down at my feet. When I picked him up and was admiring his plumage he moved his legs slightly and I said, 'Poor bird, he's no deed yet and we'll hae to kill him to put him oot o' pain,' — sincerely pitying him, after we had taken pleasure in shooting him. I had seen servant-girls wringing chickens' necks, so with desperate humanity I took the limp unfortunate by the head, swung him around three or four times, thinking I was wringing his neck, and then threw him hard on the ground to quench the last possible spark of life and make quick death doubly sure. But to our astonishment the moment he struck the ground he gave a cry of alarm and flew right straight up like a rejoicing lark into the top of the same tree, and perhaps to the same branch he had fallen from, and began to adjust his ruffled feathers, nodding and chirping and looking down at us as if wondering what in the bird world we had been doing to him. This, of course, banished all thought of killing, so far as that revived woodpecker was concerned, no matter how many ears of corn he might spoil, and we all heartily congratulated him on his wonderful, triumphant resurrection from three kinds of death, — shooting, neck-wringing, and destructive concussion. I suppose only one pellet had touched him, glancing on his head.

We saw very little of the owlish, serious-looking coons, and no wonder,

[1] Earlier chapters of John Muir's autobiography have been published in the November and December issues of the *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

since they lie hidden nearly all day in hollow trees, and we never had time to hunt them. We often heard their curious, quavering, whining cries on still evenings, but only once succeeded in tracing an unfortunate family through our cornfield to their den in a big oak and catching them all. One of our neighbors, Mr. McRath, a Highland Scotchman, caught one and made a pet of it.

So far as I know, all wild creatures keep themselves clean. Birds, it seems to me, take more pains to bathe and dress themselves than any other animals. Even ducks, though living so much in water, dip and scatter cleansing showers over their backs, and shake and preen their feathers as carefully as land birds. Watching small singers taking their morning baths is very interesting, particularly when the weather is cold. Alighting in a shallow pool, they oftentimes show a sort of dread of dipping into it, like children hesitating about taking a plunge, as if they were subject to the same kind of shock, and this makes it easy for us to sympathize with the little feathered people.

Occasionally I have seen from my study window red-headed linnets bathing in dew when water elsewhere was scarce. A large Monterey cypress with broad branches and innumerable leaves on which the dew lodges in still nights made a favorite bathing-place. Alighting gently, as if afraid to waste the dew, they would pause, and fidget as they do before beginning to plash in pools; then dip and scatter the drops in showers and get as thorough a bath as they would in a pool. I have also seen the same kind of baths taken by birds on the boughs of silver firs on the edge of a glacier meadow, but nowhere have I seen the dewdrops so abundant as on the Monterey cypress; and the picture made by the quivering wings and irised dew was memorably beautiful. Children, too, make fine pictures plashing and crowing in their little tubs. How widely different from wallowing pigs, bathing with great show of comfort, and rubbing themselves dry against rough-barked trees!

Some of our own species seem fairly to dread the touch of water. When the necessity of absolute cleanliness by means of frequent baths was being preached by a friend who had been reading Comb's *Physiology*, in which he had learned something of the wonders of the skin, with its millions of pores that had to be kept open for health, one of our neighbors remarked, 'Oh! that's unnatural. It's well enough to wash in a tub maybe once or twice in a year, but not to be paddling in the water all the time like a frog in a spring-hole.' Another neighbor, who prided himself on his knowledge of big words, said, with great solemnity, 'I never can believe that man is amphibious!'

It seemed very wonderful to us that the wild animals could keep themselves warm and strong in winter when the temperature was far below zero. Feeble-looking rabbits scudded away over the snow, lithe and elastic, as if glorying in the frosty sparkling weather and sure of their dinners. I have seen gray squirrels dragging ears of corn, about as heavy as themselves, out of their field through loose snow and up a tree, balancing them on limbs and eating in comfort with their dry electric tails spread airily over their backs. Once I saw a fine hardy fellow go into a knothole. Thrusting in my hand, I caught him and dragged him out. As soon as he guessed what I was up to, he took the end of my thumb in his mouth and sunk his teeth right through it, but I gripped him hard by the neck, carried him home, and shut him up in a box that contained about half a bushel of

hazel and hickory nuts, hoping that he would not be too much frightened and discouraged to eat, while thus imprisoned, after the rough handling he had suffered.

I soon learned, however, that sympathy in this direction was wasted; for no sooner did I pop him in than he fell to with right hearty appetite, gnawing and munching the nuts as if he had gathered them himself and were very hungry that day. Therefore, after allowing time enough for a good square meal, I made haste to get him out of the nut-box and shut him up in a spare bedroom, in which father had hung a lot of selected ears of Indian corn for seed. They were hung up by the husks on cords stretched across from side to side of the room. The squirrel managed to jump from the top of one of the bed-posts to the cord, cut off an ear, and let it drop to the floor. He then jumped down, got a good grip of the heavy ear, carried it to the top of one of the slippery, polished bed-posts, seated himself comfortably, and, holding it balanced, deliberately pried out one kernel at a time with his long chisel teeth, ate the soft, sweet germ, and dropped the hard part of the kernel. In this masterly way, working at high speed, he demolished several ears a day, and with a good warm bed in a box made himself at home and grew fat. Then, naturally, I suppose, free romping in the snow and tree-tops with companions came to mind. Anyhow he began to look for a way of escape. Of course, he first tried the window, but found that his teeth made no impression on the glass. Next he tried the sash and gnawed the wood off level with the glass; then father happened to come upstairs and discovered the mischief that was being done to his seed-corn and window, and immediately ordered him out of the house.

Before the arrival of farmers in the Wisconsin woods the small ground squirrels, called 'gophers,' lived chiefly on the seeds of wild grasses and weeds; but after the country was cleared and ploughed, no feasting animal fell to more heartily on the farmer's wheat and corn. Increasing rapidly in numbers and knowledge, they became very destructive, particularly in the spring when the corn was planted, for they learned to trace the rows and dig up and eat the three or four seeds in each hill about as fast as the poor farmers could cover them. And, unless great pains were taken to diminish the numbers of the cunning little robbers, the fields had to be planted two or three times over, and even then large gaps in the rows would be found. The loss of the grain they consumed after it was ripe, together with the winter stores laid up in their burrows, amounted to little as compared with the loss of the seed on which the whole crop depended.

One evening about sundown, when my father sent me out with the shotgun to hunt them in a stubble field, I learned something curious and interesting in connection with these mischievous gophers, though just then they were doing no harm. As I strolled through the stubble, watching for a chance for a shot, a shrike flew past me, and alighted on an open spot at the mouth of a burrow about thirty yards ahead of me. Curious to see what he was up to, I stood still to watch him. He looked down the gopher-hole in a listening attitude, then looked back at me to see if I was coming, looked down again and listened, and looked back at me. I stood perfectly still, and he kept twitching his tail, seeming uneasy and doubtful about venturing to do the savage job that I soon learned he had in his mind. Finally, encouraged by my keeping so still, to my astonishment

he suddenly vanished in the gopher-hole.

A bird going down a deep narrow hole in the ground like a ferret or a weasel seemed very strange, and I thought it would be a fine thing to run forward, clap my hand over the hole, and have the fun of imprisoning him and seeing what he would do when he tried to get out. So I ran forward, but stopped when I got within a dozen or fifteen yards of the hole, thinking it might, perhaps, be more interesting, to wait and see what would naturally happen without my interference. While I stood there looking and listening, I heard a great disturbance going on in the burrow, a mixed lot of keen squeaking, shrieking, distressful cries, telling that down in the dark something terrible was being done.

Then suddenly out popped a half-grown gopher, four and a half or five inches long, and, without stopping a single moment to choose a way of escape, ran screaming through the stubble straight away from its home, quickly followed by another and another, until some half dozen were driven out, all of them crying and running in different directions, as if at this dreadful time 'home, sweet home' was the most dangerous and least desirable of all places in the wide world. Then out came the shrike, flew above the runaway gopher children, and, diving on them, killed them one after another with blows at the back of the skull. He then seized one of them, dragged it to the top of a small clod, so as to be able to get a start, and laboriously made out to fly with it about ten or fifteen yards, when he alighted to rest. Then he dragged it to the top of another clod and flew with it about the same distance, repeating this hard work over and over again, until he managed to get one of the gophers on to the top of a log fence. How much he ate of his hard-won prey, or what he did with the others, I can't tell, for by this time the sun was down, and I had to hurry home to my chores.

II

At first, wheat, corn, and potatoes were the principal crops we raised; wheat especially. But in four or five years the soil was so exhausted that only five or six bushels an acre, even in the better fields, were obtained, although when first ploughed twenty and twenty-five bushels were about the ordinary yield. More attention was then paid to corn, but without fertilizers the corn crop also became very meagre. At last it was discovered that English clover would grow on even the exhausted fields, and that when ploughed under and planted with corn, or even wheat, wonderful crops were raised. This caused a complete change in farming methods: the farmers raised fertilizing clover, planted corn, and fed the crop to cattle and hogs.

In summer the chores were grinding scythes, feeding the animals, chopping stove-wood, and carrying water up the hill from the spring on the edge of the meadow, and so forth. Then breakfast, and to the harvest or hayfield. I was foolishly ambitious to be first in mowing and cradling, and, by the time I was sixteen, led all the hired men. An hour was allowed at noon, and then more chores. We stayed in the field until dark; then supper, and still more chores, family worship, and to bed; making altogether a hard, sweaty day of about sixteen or seventeen hours. Think of that, ye blessed eight-hour-day laborers!

In winter, father came to the foot of the stairs and called us at six o'clock to feed the horses and cattle, grind axes, bring in wood, and do any other chores required; then breakfast, and out to work in the mealy, frosty snow

by daybreak, chopping, fencing, and so forth. So in general our winter work was about as restless and trying as that of the long-day summer. No matter what the weather, there was always something to do. During heavy rain- or snow-storms we worked in the barn, shelling corn, fanning wheat, thrashing with the flail, making axe-handles, ox-yokes, mending things, or sorting sprouting potatoes in the cellar.

No pains were taken to diminish or in any way soften the natural hardships of this pioneer farm-life; nor did any of the Europeans seem to know how to find reasonable ease and comfort if they would. The very best oak and hickory fuel was embarrassingly abundant and cost nothing but cutting and common sense; but instead of hauling great heart-cheering loads of it for wide, open, all-welcoming, climate-changing, beauty-making, God-like ingle-fires, it was hauled with weary, heart-breaking industry into fences and waste places, to get it out of the way of the plough, and out of the way of doing good.

The only fire for the whole house was the kitchen stove, with a fire-box about eighteen inches long and eight inches wide and deep, — scant space for three or four small sticks, around which, in hard zero weather, all the family of ten persons shivered, and beneath which, in the morning, we found our socks and coarse soggy boots frozen solid. We were not allowed to start even this despicable little fire in its black box to thaw them. No, we had to squeeze our throbbing, aching, chilblained feet into them, causing greater pain than toothache, and hurry out to chores. Fortunately the miserable chilblain pain began to abate as soon as the temperature of our feet approached the freezing-point, enabling us, in spite of hard work and hard frost, to enjoy the winter beauty, — the wonderful radiance of the snow when it was starry with crystals, and the dawns and the sunsets and white noons, and the cheery enlivening company of the brave chickadees and nuthatches.

The winter stars far surpassed those of our stormy Scotland in brightness, and we gazed and gazed as though we had never seen stars before. Oftentimes the heavens were made still more glorious by auroras, the long lance rays, called 'Merry Dancers' in Scotland, streaming with startling tremulous motion to the zenith. Usually the electric auroral light is white or pale yellow, but in the third or fourth of our Wisconsin winters there was a magnificently colored aurora that was seen and admired over nearly all the continent. The whole sky was draped in graceful purple and crimson folds glorious beyond description. Father called us out into the yard in front of the house where we had a wide view, crying, 'Come! Come, mother! Come, bairns! and see the glory of God. All the sky is clad in a robe of red light. Look straight up to the crown where the folds are gathered. Hush and wonder and adore, for surely this is the clothing of the Lord Himself, and perhaps He will even now appear looking down from his high heaven.' This celestial show was far more glorious than anything we had ever yet beheld, and throughout that wonderful winter hardly anything else was spoken of.

We even enjoyed the snow-storms; the thronging crystals, like daisies, coming down separate and distinct, were very different from the tufted flakes we enjoyed so much in Scotland, when we ran into the midst of the slow-falling, feathery throng shouting with enthusiasm, 'Jennie's plucking her doos [doves]! Jennie's plucking her doos!'

Nature has many ways of thinning and pruning and trimming her forests

— lightning strokes, heavy snow, and storm-winds to shatter and blow down whole trees here and there, or break off branches as required. The results of these methods I have observed in different forests, but only once have I seen pruning by rain. The rain froze on the trees as it fell, and the ice grew so thick and heavy that many of them lost a third or more of their branches. The view of the woods when the storm had passed and the sun shone forth was something never to be forgotten. Every twig and branch and rugged trunk was encased in pure crystal ice, and each oak and hickory and willow became a fairy crystal palace. Such dazzling brilliance, such effects of white light and irised light, glowing and flashing, I had never seen, nor have I since. This sudden change of the leafless woods to glowing silver was, like the great aurora, spoken of for years, and is one of the most beautiful of the many pictures that enrich my life. And besides the great shows there were thousands of others, even in the coldest weather, manifesting the utmost fineness and tenderness of beauty, and affording noble compensation for hardship and pain.

III

Although in the spring of 1849 there was no other settler within a radius of four miles of our Fountain Lake farm, in three or four years almost every quarter-section of government land was taken up, mostly by enthusiastic home-seekers from Great Britain, with only here and there Yankee families from adjacent states, who had come drifting indefinitely westward in covered wagons, seeking their fortunes like winged seeds; all alike striking root and gripping the glacial drift-soil as naturally as oak and hickory trees; happy and hopeful, establishing homes, and making wider and wider fields in the hospitable wilderness. The axe and plough were kept very busy; cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs multiplied; barns and corn-cribs were filled up, and man and beast were well fed; a schoolhouse was built which was used also for a church, and in a very short time the new country began to look like an old one.

Comparatively few of the first settlers suffered from serious accidents. One of the neighbors had a finger shot off, and on a bitter, frosty night, had to be taken to a surgeon in Portage, in a sled drawn by slow, plodding oxen, to have the shattered stump dressed. Another fell from his wagon and was killed by the wheel passing over his body. An acre of ground was reserved and fenced for graves, and soon consumption came to fill it. One of the saddest instances was that of a Scotch family from Edinburgh, consisting of a father, son, and daughter, who settled on eighty acres of land within half a mile of our place. The daughter died of consumption the third year after their arrival, the son one or two years later, and at last the father followed his two children, completely wiping out the entire family. Thus sadly ended bright hopes and dreams of a happy home in rich and free America.

Another neighbor, I remember, after a lingering illness, died of the same disease in midwinter, and his funeral was attended by the neighbors, in sleighs, during a driving snow-storm when the thermometer was fifteen or twenty degrees below zero.

One of the saddest deaths from other causes than consumption was that of a poor feeble-minded man whose brother, a sturdy blacksmith and preacher, and so forth, was a very hard taskmaster. Poor half-witted Charlie was kept steadily at work — although he was not able to do much, for his body was about

as feeble as his mind. He never could be taught the right use of an axe, and when he was set to chopping down trees for fire-wood, he feebly hacked and chipped round and round them, sometimes spending several days in nibbling down a tree that a beaver might have gnawed down in half the time. Occasionally, when he had an extra large tree to chop, he would go home and report that the tree was too tough and strong for him, and that he could never make it fall. Then his brother, calling him a useless creature, would fell it with a few well-directed strokes, and leave Charlie to nibble away at it for weeks trying to make it into stove-wood.

The brawny blacksmith-minister punished his feeble brother without any show of mercy for every trivial offense or mistake or pathetic little shortcoming. All the neighbors pitied him — especially the women, who never missed an opportunity to give him kind words, cookies, and pie; above all they bestowed natural sympathy on the poor imbecile as if he were an unfortunate motherless child. In particular, his nearest neighbors, Scotch Highlanders, warmly welcomed him to their home and never wearied in doing everything that tender sympathy could suggest. To those friends he ran away at every opportunity. But, after years of suffering from overwork and punishment, his feeble health failed, and he told his Scotch friends one day that he was not able to work any more or do anything that his brother wanted him to do, that he was beaten every day, and that he had come to thank them for their kindness and bid them good-bye, for he was going to drown himself in Muir's lake.

'Oh, Charlie! Charlie!' they cried, 'you must n't talk that way. Cheer up! You will soon be stronger. We all love you. Cheer up! Cheer up! And always come here whenever you need anything.'

'Oh, no! my friends,' he pathetically replied, 'I know you love me, but I can't cheer up any more. My heart's gone, and I want to die.'

Next day, when Mr. Anderson, a carpenter whose house was on the west shore of our lake, was going to a spring, he saw a man wade out through the rushes and lily-pads and throw himself forward into deep water. This was poor Charlie. Fortunately Mr. Anderson had a skiff close by and, as the distance was not great, he reached the broken-hearted imbecile in time to save his life, and after trying to cheer him took him home to his brother. But even this terrible proof of despair failed to soften the latter. He seemed to regard the attempt at suicide simply as a crime calculated to bring the reproach of the neighbors upon him. One morning, after receiving another beating, Charlie was set to work chopping fire-wood in front of the house, and after feebly swinging his axe a few times he pitched forward on his face and died on the wood-pile. The unnatural brother then walked over to the neighbor who had saved Charlie from drowning, and, after talking on ordinary affairs, crops, the weather, and so forth, said in a careless tone, 'I have a little job of carpenter work for you, Mr. Anderson.' 'What is it, Mr. ——?' 'I want you to make a coffin.' 'A coffin!' said the startled carpenter. 'Who is dead?' 'Charlie,' he coolly replied.

All the neighbors were in tears over the poor child-man's fate. But, strange to say, in all that excessively law-abiding neighborhood, nobody was bold enough or kind enough to break the blacksmith's jaw.

The mixed lot of settlers around us offered a favorable field for observation of the different kinds of people of

our own race. We were swift to note the way they behaved, the differences in their religion and morals, and in their ways of drawing a living from the same kind of soil under the same general conditions; how they protected themselves from the weather; how they were influenced by new doctrines and old ones seen in new lights, in preaching, lecturing, debating, bringing up their children, and so forth, and how they regarded the Indians, those first settlers and owners of the ground that was being made into farms.

I well remember my father's discussing with a Scotch neighbor, a Mr. George Mair, the Indian question, as to the rightful ownership of the soil. Mr. Mair remarked one day that it was pitiful to see how the unfortunate Indians, children of Nature, living on the natural products of the soil, hunting, fishing, and even cultivating small cornfields on the most fertile spots, were now being robbed of their lands, and pushed ruthlessly back into narrower and narrower limits by alien races who were cutting off their means of livelihood. Father replied that surely it could never have been the intention of God to allow Indians to rove and hunt over so fertile a country, and hold it forever in unproductive wildness, while Scotch and Irish and English farmers could put it to so much better use. Where an Indian required thousands of acres for his family, these acres, in the hands of industrious God-fearing farmers, would support ten or a hundred times more people in a far worthier manner, while at the same time helping to spread the gospel.

Mr. Mair urged that such farming as our first immigrants were practicing was in many ways rude and full of the mistakes of ignorance; yet rude as it was, and ill-tilled as were most of our Wisconsin farms by unskillful inexperienced settlers, who had been merchants and mechanics and servants in the old countries, how would we like to have specially trained and educated farmers drive us out of our homes and farms, such as they were, making use of the same argument, that God could never have intended such ignorant, unprofitable, devastating farmers as we were to occupy land upon which scientific farmers could raise five or ten times as much per acre as we did? No, my father retorted, the Lord intended that we should be driven out by those who could make a right worthy use of the soil. And I well remember thinking that Mr. Mair had the better side of the argument.

IV

I was put to the plough at the age of twelve, when my head reached but little above the handles, and for many years I had to do the greater part of the ploughing. It was hard work for so small a boy: nevertheless, as good ploughing was exacted from me as if I were a man, and very soon I had become a good ploughman, or rather plough-boy; none could draw a straighter furrow. For the first few years the work was particularly hard on account of the tree-stumps that had to be dodged. Later the stumps were all dug and chopped out to make way for the McCormick reaper, and because I proved to be the best chopper and stump-digger, I had nearly all of it to myself. It was dull hard work in the dog-days after harvest, digging and leaning over on my knees all day, chopping out those tough oak and hickory stumps deep down below the crowns of the big roots. Some, though fortunately not many, were two feet or more in diameter.

And, being the eldest boy, the greater part of all the other hard work of the farm quite naturally fell on me. I had

to split rails for long lines of zigzag fences. The trees that were tall enough and straight enough to afford one or two logs ten feet long were used for rails, the others, too knotty or cross-grained, were disposed of in log and cord-wood fences. Making rails was hard work, and required no little skill. I used to cut and split a hundred a day from our short knotty oak timber, swinging the axe and heavy mallet, often with sore hands, from early morning to night. Father was not successful as a rail-splitter. After trying the work with me a day or two, he in despair left it all to me. I rather liked it, for I was proud of my skill, and tried to believe that I was as tough as the timber I mauled, though this and other heavy jobs stopped my growth and earned for me the title, 'Runt of the family.'

In those early days, before the great labor-saving machines came to our help, almost everything connected with wheat-raising abounded in trying work, — sowing, cradling in the long sweaty dog-days, raking and binding, stacking, thrashing, — and it often seemed to me that our fierce, over-industrious way of getting the grain from the ground was closely connected with grave-digging. The staff of life, naturally beautiful, oftentimes suggested the grave-digger's spade. Men and boys, and in those days even women and girls, were cut down while cutting the wheat. The fat folk grew lean and the lean leaner, while the rosy cheeks, brought from Scotland and other cool countries across the sea, soon faded to yellow, like the wheat. We were all made slaves through the vice of over-industry.

The same was in great part true in making hay to keep the cattle and horses through the long winters. We were called in the morning at four o'clock and seldom got to bed before nine, making a broiling, seething day, seventeen hours long, loaded with heavy work, while I was only a small stunted boy; and a few years later my brothers David and Daniel, and my older sisters, had to endure about as much as I did. In the harvest dog-days and dog-nights and dog-mornings, when we arose from our clammy beds, our cotton shirts clung to our backs as wet with sweat as the bathing-suits of swimmers, and remained so all the long sweltering days. In mowing and cradling, the most exhausting of all the farm-work, I made matters worse by foolish ambition in keeping ahead of the hired men.

Never a warning word was spoken of the dangers of overwork. On the contrary, even when sick, we were held to our tasks as long as we could stand. Once in harvest-time I had the mumps and was unable to swallow any food except milk, but this was not allowed to make any difference, while I staggered with weakness, and sometimes fell headlong among the sheaves. Only once was I allowed to leave the harvest-field — when I was stricken down with pneumonia. I lay gasping for weeks, but the Scotch are hard to kill and I pulled through. No physician was called, for father was an enthusiast and always said and believed that God and hard work were by far the best doctors.

None of our neighbors were so excessively industrious as father; though nearly all of the Scotch, English, and Irish worked too hard, trying to make good homes and to lay up money enough for comfortable independence. Excepting small garden-patches, few of them had owned land in the old country. Here their craving land-hunger was satisfied, and they were naturally proud of their farms and tried to keep them as neat and clean and well-tilled as gardens. To accomplish this without the means for hiring help was im-

possible. Flowers were planted about the neatly-kept log or frame houses; barn-yards, granaries, and so forth, were kept in about as neat order as the homes, and the fences and corn-rows were rigidly straight. But every uncut weed distressed them; so also did every ungathered ear of grain, and all that was lost by birds and gophers; and this over-carefulness bred endless work and worry.

As for money, for many a year there was precious little of it in the country for anybody. Eggs sold at six cents a dozen in trade, and five-cent calico was exchanged at twenty-five cents a yard. Wheat brought fifty cents a bushel in trade. To get cash for it before the Portage Railway was built it had to be hauled to Milwaukee, a hundred miles away. On the other hand, food was abundant, — eggs, chickens, pigs, cattle, wheat, corn, potatoes, garden vegetables of the best, and wonderful melons, as luxuries. No other wild country I have ever known extended a kinder welcome to poor immigrants. Arriving in the spring, a log house could be built, a few acres ploughed, the virgin sod planted with corn, potatoes, and so forth, and enough raised to keep a family comfortably the very first year; and wild hay for cows and oxen grew in abundance on the numerous meadows. The American settlers were wisely content with smaller fields and less of everything, kept indoors during excessively hot or cold weather, rested when tired, went off fishing and hunting at the most favorable times and seasons of the day and year, gathered nuts and berries, and, in general, tranquilly accepted all the good things the fertile wilderness offered.

V

After eight years of this dreary work of clearing the Fountain Lake farm, fencing it, and getting it in perfect order, a frame house built, and the necessary outbuildings for the cattle and horses, — after all this had been victoriously accomplished, and we had made out to escape with life, — father bought a half-section of wild land about four or five miles to the eastward and began all over again to clear and fence and break up other fields for a new farm, doubling all the stunting, heart-breaking chopping, grubbing, stump-digging, rail-splitting, fence-building, barn-building, house-building, and the rest.

By this time I had learned to run the breaking plough; most of them were very large, turning furrows from eighteen inches to two feet wide, and were drawn by four or five yoke of oxen. These big ploughs were used only for the first ploughing, in breaking up the wild sod woven into a tough mass chiefly by the cordlike roots of perennial grasses and reinforced by the tap-roots of oak and hickory bushes, called 'grubs,' some of which were more than a century old and four or five inches in diameter. In the hardest ploughing on the most difficult ground the grubs were said to be as thick as the hair on a dog's back. If in good trim, the plough cut through and turned over these grubs as if the century-old wood were soft like the flesh of carrots and turnips; but if not in good trim, the grubs promptly tossed the plough out of the ground. A stout Highland Scot, our neighbor, whose plough was in bad order and who did not know how to trim it, was vainly trying to keep it in the ground by main strength, and his son, who was driving and merrily whipping up the cattle, would cry encouragingly, 'Haud her in, fayther! Haud her in!' 'But hoo i' the deil can I haud her in when she'll no *stop* in?' his perspiring father would reply, gasping for breath after each word.

On the contrary, when in perfect trim, with the share and coulter sharp, the plough, instead of shying at every grub and jumping out, ran straight ahead, without need of steering or holding, and gripped the ground so firmly that it could hardly be thrown out at the end of the furrow.

Our breaker turned a furrow two feet wide, and on our best land held so firm a grip that, at the end of the field, my brother, who was driving the oxen, had to come to my assistance in throwing it over on its side to be drawn around the end of the landing; and it was all I could do to set it up again. But I learned to keep that plough in such trim that after I got started on a new furrow I used to ride on the cross-bar between the handles, with my feet resting comfortably on the beam, without having to steady or steer it in any way until it reached the other end, unless we had to go around a stump, for it sawed through the biggest grubs without flinching.

The growth of these grubs was interesting to me. When an acorn or hickory nut had sent up its first season's sprout, a few inches long, it was burned off in the autumn grass-fires; but the root continued to hold on to life, formed a callous over the wound, and sent up one or more shoots the next spring. Next autumn these new shoots were burned off, but the root and calloused head, about level with the surface of the ground, continued to grow and send up more new shoots; and so on, almost every year, until the trees were very old, probably far more than a century, while the tops, which would naturally have become tall, broad-headed trees, were only mere sprouts, seldom more than two years old. Thus the ground was kept open like a prairie, with only five or six trees to the acre, which had escaped the fire by having the good fortune to grow on a bare spot at the door of a fox or badger den, or between straggling grass-tufts wide apart on the poorest sandy soil. The uniformly rich soil of the Illinois and Wisconsin prairies produced so close and tall a growth of grasses for fires that no tree could live on it. Had there been no fires, these fine prairie-spots, so marked a feature of the country, would have been covered by the heaviest forests. As soon as the oak openings in our neighborhood were settled, and the farmers prevented from running grass-fires, the grubs grew up into trees, and formed tall thickets so dense that it was difficult to walk through them, and every trace of the sunny 'openings' vanished.

We called our second farm Hickory Hill, from its many fine hickory trees, and the long gentle slope leading up to it. Compared with Fountain Lake farm it lay high and dry. The land was better, but it had no living water, no spring or stream or meadow or lake. A well ninety feet deep had to be dug, all except the first ten feet or so, in fine-grained sandstone. When the sandstone was struck, my father, on the advice of a man who had worked in mines, tried to blast the rock; but, from lack of skill, the blasting went on very slowly, and father decided to have me do all the work with mason's chisels, a long hard job with a good deal of danger in it. I had to sit cramped in a space about three feet in diameter, and wearily chip, chip, with heavy hammer and chisels, from early morning until dark, day after day, for weeks and months. In the morning, Father and David lowered me in a wooden bucket by a windlass, hauled up what chips were left from the night before, then went away to the farm-work and left me until noon, when they hoisted me out for dinner. After dinner I was promptly lowered again, the forenoon's accumulation of chips hoisted

out of the way, and I was left until night.

One morning, after the dreary bore was about eighty feet deep, my life was all but lost in deadly choke-damp, — carbonic acid gas that had settled at the bottom during the night. Instead of clearing away the chips as usual when I was lowered to the bottom, I swayed back and forth and began to sink under the poison. Father, alarmed that I did not make any noise, shouted, 'What's keeping you so still?' to which he got no reply. Just as I was settling down against the side of the wall I happened to catch a glimpse of a branch of a bur-oak tree which leaned out over the mouth of the shaft. This suddenly awakened me, and, to father's excited shouting, I feebly murmured, 'Take me out.' But when he began to hoist he found I was not in the bucket, and in wild alarm shouted, 'Get in! Get in the bucket and hold on! Hold on!' Somehow I managed to get into the bucket, and that is all I remembered until I was dragged out, violently gasping for breath.

One of our near neighbors, a stonemason and miner by the name of William Duncan, came to see me, and, after hearing the particulars of the accident, he solemnly said, 'Weel! Johnnie, it's God's mercy that you're alive. Many a companion of mine have I seen dead with choke-damp, but none that I ever saw or heard of was so near to death in it as you were and escaped without help.' Mr. Duncan taught father to throw water down the shaft to absorb the gas, and also to drop a bundle of brush or hay attached to a light rope, dropping it again and again to carry down pure air and stir up the poison. When, after a day or two, I had recovered from the shock, father lowered me again to my work, after taking the precaution to test the air with a candle and stir it up well with a brush and hay-bundle. The weary hammer and chisel-clipping went on as before, only more slowly, until ninety feet down, when at last I struck a fine hearty gush of water. Constant dropping wears away stone. So does the constant chipping, while at the same time wearing away the chipper. Father never spent an hour in that well. He trusted me to sink it straight and plumb, and I did, and built a fine covered top over it, and swung two iron-bound buckets in it from which we all drank for many a day.

[There will be a further installment of John Muir's autobiography in the February number.]

THE POETRY OF EMILY DICKINSON

BY MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD

Not long ago a distinguished critic, reviewing Father Tabb's poetry, remarked, 'At his most obvious affinity, Emily Dickinson, I can only glance. It seems to me that he contains in far finer form pretty much everything that is valuable in her thought.' Are we thus to lose the fine significance of poetic individuality? A poet is unique, incomparable, and to make these comparisons between poets is to ignore the primary laws of criticism, which seeks to discover the essential individuality of writers, not their chance resemblances. It is as futile as it is unjust to parallel Father Tabb's work with Emily Dickinson's: his is full of quiet reverie, hers has a sharp stabbing quality which disturbs and overthrows the spiritual ease of the reader. Emily Dickinson is one of our most original writers, a force destined to endure in American letters.

There is no doubt that critics are justified in complaining that her work is often cryptic in thought and unmelodious in expression. Almost all her poems are written in short measures, in which the effect of curt brevity is increased by her verbal penuriousness. Compression and epigrammatical ambush are her aids; she proceeds, without preparation or apology, by sudden, sharp zigzags. What intelligence a reader has must be exercised in the poetic game of hare-and-hounds, where ellipses, inversions, and unexpected climaxes mislead those who pursue sweet reasonableness. Nothing, for instance, could seem less poetical than this masterpiece of unspeakable sounds and chaotic rhymes:—

COCOON

Drab habitation of whom?
Tabernacle or tomb,
Or dome of worm,
Or porch of gnome,
Or some elf's catacomb.

If all her poems were of this sort there would be nothing more to say; but such poems are exceptions. Because we happen to possess full records of her varying poetic moods, published, not with the purpose of selecting her most artistic work, but with the intention of revealing very significant human documents, we are not justified in singling out a few bizarre poems and subjecting these to skeptical scrutiny. The poems taken in their entirety are a surprising and impressive revelation of poetic attitude and of poetic method in registering spiritual experiences. To the general reader many of the poems seem uninspired, imperfect, crude, while to the student of the psychology of literary art they offer most stimulating material for examination, because they enable one to penetrate into poetic origins, into radical, creative energy. However, it is not with the body of her collected poems but with the selected, representative work that the general reader is concerned. Assuredly we do not judge an artist by his worst, but by his best, productions; we endeavor to find the highest level of his power and thus to discover the typical significance of his work.

To gratify the æsthetic sense was

never Emily Dickinson's desire; she despised the poppy and mandragora of felicitous phrases which lull the spirit to apathy and emphasize art for art's sake. Poetry to her was the expression of vital meanings, the transfer of passionate feeling and of deep conviction. Her work is essentially lyric; it lacks the slow, retreating harmonies of epic measures, it does not seek to present leisurely details of any sort; its purpose is to objectify the swiftly-passing moments and to give them poignant expression.

Lyric melody finds many forms in her work. Her repressed and austere verses, inexpansive as they are, have persistent appeal. Slow, serene movement gives enduring beauty to these elegiac stanzas: —

> Let down the bars, O Death!
> The tired flocks come in
> Whose bleating ceases to repeat,
> Whose wandering is done.
>
> Thine is the stillest night,
> Thine the securest fold;
> Too near thou art for seeking thee,
> Too tender to be told.

The opposite trait of buoyant alertness is illustrated in the cadences of the often-quoted lines on the hummingbird: —

> A route of evanescence
> With a revolving wheel;
> A resonance of emerald,
> A rush of cochineal.

Between these two margins come many wistful, pleading, or triumphant notes. The essential qualities of her music are simplicity and quivering responsiveness to emotional moods. Idea and expression are so indissolubly fused in her work that no analysis of her style and manner can be attempted without realizing that every one of her phrases, her changing rhythms, is a direct reflection of her personality. The objective medium is entirely conformable to the inner life, a life of peculiarly dynamic force which agitates, arouses, spurs the reader.

The secret of Emily Dickinson's wayward power seems to lie in three special characteristics, the first of which is her intensity of spiritual experience. Hers is the record of a soul endowed with unceasing activity in a world not material, but one where concrete facts are the cherished revelation of divine significances. Inquisitive always, alert to the inner truths of life, impatient of the brief destinies of convention, she isolated herself from the petty demands of social amenity. A sort of tireless, probing energy of mental action absorbed her, yet there is little speculation of a purely philosophical sort in her poetry. Her stubborn beliefs, learned in childhood, persisted to the end, — her conviction that life is beauty, that love explains grief, and that immortality endures. The quality of her writing is profoundly stirring, because it betrays, not the intellectual pioneer, but the acutely observant woman, whose capacity for feeling was profound. The still, small voice of tragic revelation one hears in these compressed lines: —

> PARTING
>
> My life closed twice before its close;
> It yet remains to see
> If Immortality unveil
> A third event to me,
>
> So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
> As these that twice befell.
> Parting is all we know of heaven,
> And all we need of hell.

For sheer, grim, unrelieved expression of emotional truth there are few passages which can surpass the personal experience revealed in the following poem: —

> Pain has an element of blank;
> It cannot recollect
> When it began, or if there were
> A day when it was not.

It has no future but itself,
Its infinite realms contain
Its past, enlightened to perceive
New periods of pain.

Her absorption in the world of feeling found some relief in associations with nature; yet although she loved nature and wrote many nature lyrics, her interpretations are always more or less swayed by her own state of being. The colors, the fragrances, the forms of the material world, meant to her a divine symbolism; but the spectacle of nature had in her eyes a more fugitive glory, a lesser consolation, than it had for Wordsworth and other true lovers of the earth.

Brilliant and beautiful transcripts of bird-life and of flower-life appear among her poems, although there is in some cases a childish fancifulness that disappoints the reader. Among the touches of unforgettable vividness there are: —

These are the days when skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June, —
A blue and gold mistake;

and

Nature rarer uses yellow
Than another hue;
Leaves she all of that for sunsets, —
Prodigal of blue,

Spending scarlet like a woman,
Yellow she affords
Only scantly and selectly,
Like a lover's words.

Never has any poet described the haunting magic of autumnal days with such fine perception of beauty as marks the opening stanzas of 'My Cricket': —

Farther in summer than the birds,
Pathetic from the grass,
A minor nation celebrates
Its unobtrusive mass.

No ordinance is seen,
So gradual the grace,
A pensive custom it becomes,
Enlarging loneliness.

Most effective, however, are those poems where she describes not mere external beauty, but, rather, the effect of nature upon a sensitive observer: —

There 's a certain slant of light,
On winter afternoons,
That oppresses, like the weight
Of cathedral tunes.

Heavenly hurt it gives us;
We can find no scar,
But internal difference
Where the meanings are.

None may teach it anything,
'T is the seal, despair, —
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the air.

When it comes, the landscape listens,
Shadows hold their breath;
When it goes, 't is like the distance
On the look of death.

It is essentially in the world of spiritual forces that her depth of poetic originality is shown. Others may describe nature, but few can describe life as she does. Human nature, the experiences of the world of souls, was her special study, to which she brought, in addition to that quality of intensity, a second characteristic, — keen sensitiveness to irony and paradox. Nearly all her perceptions are tinged with penetrating sense of the contrasts in human vicissitude. Controlled, alert, expectant, aware of the perpetual compromise between clay and spirit, she accepted the inscrutable truths of life in a fashion which reveals how humor and pathos contend in her. It is this which gives her style those sudden turns and that startling imagery. Humor is not, perhaps, a characteristic associated with pure lyric poetry, and yet Emily Dickinson's transcendental humor is one of the deep sources of her supremacy. Both in thought and in expression she gains her piercing quality, her undeniable spiritual thrust, by this gift, stimulating, mystifying, but

forever inspiring her readers to a profound conception of high destinies.

The most apparent instances of this keen, shrewd delight in challenging convention, in the effort to establish, through contrast, reconcilement of the earthly and the eternal, are to be found in her imagery. Although her similes and metaphors may be devoid of languid æsthetic elegance, they are quivering to express living ideas, and so they come surprisingly close to what we are fond of calling the commonplace. She reverses the usual, she hitches her star to a wagon, transfixing homely daily phrases for poetic purposes. Such an audacity has seldom invaded poetry with a desire to tell immortal truths through the medium of a deep sentiment for old habitual things. It is true that we permit this liberty to the greatest poets, Shakespeare, Keats, Wordsworth, and some others; but in America our poets have been sharply charged not to offend in this respect. Here tradition still animates many critics in the belief that real poetry must have exalted phraseology.

The poem already quoted, 'Let down the bars, O Death!' has its own rustic vividness of association. Even more homely is the domestic suggestion wherewith the poet sets forth an eternally, profoundly significant fact: —

> The trying on the utmost,
> The morning it is new,
> Is terribler than wearing it
> A whole existence through.

Surely such a commonplace comparison gives startling vividness to the innate idea. Many are the poetic uses she makes of practical everyday life: —

> The soul should always stand ajar;

and

> The only secret people keep
> Is Immortality;

and

> Such dimity convictions,
> A horror so refined,
> Of freckled human nature,
> Of Deity ashamed;

and

> And kingdoms, like the orchard,
> Flit russetly away;

and

> If I could n't thank you,
> Being just asleep,
> You will know I'm trying
> With my granite lip.

More significantly, however, than in these epithets and figures, irony and paradox appear in those analyses of truth where she reveals the deep note of tragic idealism: —

> Not one of all the purple host
> Who took the flag to-day
> Can tell the definition,
> So clear, of victory,
>
> As he, defeated, dying,
> On whose forbidden ear
> The distant strains of triumph
> Break, agonized and clear;

and

> Essential oils are wrung;
> The attar from the rose
> Is not expressed by suns alone,
> It is the gift of screws.

She took delight in piquing the curiosity, and often her love of mysterious challenging symbolism led her to the borderland of obscurity. No other of her poems has, perhaps, such a union of playfulness and of terrible comment upon the thwarted aspirations of a suffering soul as has this: —

> I asked no other thing,
> No other was denied.
> I offered Being for it;
> The mighty merchant smiled.
>
> Brazil? He twirled a button,
> Without a glance my way:
> 'But, madam, is there nothing else
> That we can show to-day?'

Since life seemed, to her, seldom to move along wholly simple and direct ways, she delighted to accentuate the fact that out of apparent contradic-

tions and discords are wrought the subtlest harmonies: —

> To learn the transport by the pain,
> As blind men learn the sun;

and

> Sufficient troth that we shall rise —
> Deposed, at length, the grave —
> To that new marriage, justified
> Through Calvaries of Love;

and

> The lightning that preceded it
> Struck no one but myself,
> But I would not exchange the bolt
> For all the rest of life.

The expectation of finding in her work some quick, perverse, illuminating comment upon eternal truths certainly keeps a reader's interest from flagging, but passionate intensity and fine irony do not fully explain Emily Dickinson's significance. There is a third characteristic trait, a dauntless courage in accepting life. Existence, to her, was a momentous experience, and she let no promises of a future life deter her from feeling the throbs of this one. No false comfort released her from dismay at present anguish. An energy of pain and joy swept her soul, but did not leave any residue of bitterness or of sharp innuendo against the ways of the Almighty. Grief was a faith, not a disaster. She made no effort to smother the recollections of old companionship by that species of spiritual death to which so many people consent. Her creed was expressed in these stanzas: —

> They say that 'time assuages,' —
> Time never did assuage;
> An actual suffering strengthens,
> As sinews do, with age.
>
> Time is a test of trouble,
> But not a remedy.
> If such it prove, it proves too
> There was no malady.

The willingness to look with clear directness at the spectacle of life is observable everywhere in her work. Passionate fortitude was hers, and this is the greatest contribution her poetry makes to the reading world. It is not expressed precisely in single poems, but rather is present in all, as key and interpretation of her meditative scrutiny. Without elaborate philosophy, yet with irresistible ways of expression, Emily Dickinson's poems have true lyric appeal, because they make abstractions, such as love, hope, loneliness, death, and immortality, seem near and intimate and faithful. She looked at existence with a vision so exalted and secure that the reader is long dominated by that very excess of spiritual conviction. A poet in the deeper mystic qualities of feeling rather than in the external merit of precise rhymes and flawless art, Emily Dickinson's place is among those whose gifts are

> Too intrinsic for renown.

J. E. B. STUART

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

STUART was a fighter by nature. His distinguishing characteristics as a West Pointer in the early fifties were remembered by Fitzhugh Lee as 'a strict attendance to his military duties, an erect, soldierly bearing, an immediate and almost thankful acceptance of a challenge from any cadet to fight, who might in any way feel himself aggrieved.' The tendency, if not inherited, did not lack paternal encouragement; for the elder Stuart writes to his son, in regard to one of these combats: 'I did not consider you so much to blame. An insult should be resented under all circumstances.' The young cadet also showed himself to be a fearless and an exceptionally skillful horseman.

These qualities served him well in the Indian warfare to which he was immediately transferred from West Point. His recklessness in taking chances was only equaled by his ingenuity in pulling through. One of his superiors writes, 'Lieutenant Stuart was brave and gallant, always prompt in execution of orders and reckless of danger and exposure. I considered him at that time one of the most promising young officers in the United States Army.'

Later, Stuart took a prominent part in the capture of John Brown. He himself wrote an account of the matter at the time for the newspapers, simply to explain and justify Lee's conduct. He also wrote a letter to his mother, with a characteristic description of his own doings: 'I approached the door in the presence of perhaps two thousand spectators, and told *Mr. Smith* that I had a communication for him from Colonel Lee. He opened the door about four inches, and placed his body against the crack, with a cocked carbine in his hand; hence his remark after his capture that he could have wiped me out like a mosquito . . . . When *Smith* first came to the door I recognized old Ossawatomie Brown, who had given us so much trouble in Kansas. No one present but myself could have performed that service. I got his bowie-knife from his person, and have it yet.'

From the very beginning of the war Stuart maintained this fighting reputation. He would attack anything, anywhere, and the men who served under him had to do the same; what is more, and marks the born leader, he made them wish to do the same. 'How can I eat, sleep, or rest in peace without you upon the outpost?' wrote Joseph Johnston; and a noble enemy, who had been a personal friend, Sedgwick, is reported to have said that Stuart was 'the greatest cavalry officer ever foaled in America.'

Danger he met with more than stolid indifference, a sort of furious bravado, thrusting himself into it with manifest pleasure, and holding back, when he did hold back, with a sigh. And some men's luck! Johnston was wounded a dozen times, was always getting wounded. Yet Stuart, probably far more exposed, was wounded only once, in earlier life, among the Indians; in the war not at all until the end. His clothes were pierced again and again.

According to that fable-mongering Prussian, Von Borcke, the general had half of his mustache cut off by a bullet 'as neatly as it could have been done by the hand of an experienced barber.' Yet nothing ever drew blood till the shot which was mortal. Such an immunity naturally encouraged the sort of fatalism not unusual with great soldiers, and Stuart once said of the proximity of his enemies: 'You might have shot a marble at them — but I am not afraid of any ball aimed at me.'

In this spirit he got into scores of difficult places — and got out again. Sometimes it was by quick action and a mad rush, as when he left his hat and a few officers behind him. Sometimes it was by stealth and secrecy, as when he hid his whole command all night within a few hundred yards of the marching enemy. 'And nothing now remained but to watch and wait and keep quiet. Quiet? Yes, the men kept very quiet, for they realized that even Stuart never before had them in so tight a place. But many times did we fear that we were betrayed by the weary, hungry, headstrong mules of the ordnance train. Men were stationed at the head of every team; but, in spite of all precautions, a discordant bray would every now and then fill the air. Never was the voice of a mule so harsh!'

The men who had watched and tried and tested him on such occasions as these knew what he was and gave him their trust. He asked nothing of them that he would not do himself. Therefore they did what he asked of them. Scheibert says that 'he won their confidence and inspired them by his whole bearing and personality, by his kindling speech, his flashing eye, and his cheerfulness, which no reverse could overcome.' Stuart himself describes his followers' enthusiastic loyalty with a naïveté as winning as it is characteristic. 'There was something of the sublime in the implicit confidence and unquestioning trust of the rank and file in a leader guiding them straight, apparently, into the very jaws of the enemy, every step appearing to them to diminish the very faintest hope of extrication.' Yet he asked this trust, and they gave it simply on the strength of his word. 'You are about to engage in an enterprise which, to ensure success, imperatively demands at your hands coolness, decision, and bravery, implicit obedience to orders without question or cavil, and the strictest order and sobriety on the march and in the bivouac. The destination and extent of this expedition had better be kept to myself than known to you.'

The men loved him also because, when the strain was removed, he put on no airs, pretense, or remoteness of superiority, but treated them as man to man. 'He was the most approachable of major-generals, and jested with the private soldiers of his command as jovially as though he had been one of themselves. The men were perfectly unconstrained in his presence, and treated him more as if he were the chief huntsman of a hunting party than as a major-general.' His officers also loved him, and not only trusted him for war, but enjoyed his company in peace. He was constantly on the watch to do them kindnesses, and would frolic with them — marbles, snowballs, quoits, what-not? — like a boy with boys.

And Stuart loved his men as they loved him, did not regard them as mere food for cannon, to be used and abused and forgotten. There is something almost pathetic in his neglect of self in praising them. 'The horseman who, at his officer's bidding, without question, leaps into unexplored darkness, knowing nothing except that

there is danger ahead, possesses the highest attribute of the patriot soldier. It is a great source of pride to me to command a division of such men.' Careless of his own danger always, he was far more thoughtful of those about him. In the last battle he was peculiarly reckless, and Major McClellan noticed that the general kept sending him with messages to General Anderson. 'At last the thought occurred to me that he was endeavoring to shield me from danger. I said to him, "General, my horse is weary. You are exposing yourself, and you are alone. Please let me remain with you." He smiled at me kindly, but bade me go to General Anderson with another message.'

Any reflection on his command aroused him at once to its defense. 'There seems to be a growing tendency to abuse and underrate the services of that arm of the service [cavalry] by a few officers of infantry, among whom I regret to find General Trimble. Troops should be taught to take pride in other branches of the service than their own.'

It is very rare that Stuart has any occasion to address himself directly to the authorities at Richmond. Fighting, not writing, was his business. But when he feels that his men and horses are being starved unnecessarily, he bestirs himself, and sends Seddon a letter which is as interesting for nervous and vigorous expression as for the character of the writer. 'I beg to urge that in no case should persons not connected with the army, and who are amply compensated for all that is taken, be allowed more subsistence per day than the noble veterans who are periling their lives in the cause and, at every sacrifice, are enduring hardship and exposure in the ranks.'

And the general's care and enthusiasm for his officers was as great as for the privates. It is charming to see how earnestly and how specifically he commends them in every report. Particularly, he is anxious to impress upon Lee that no family considerations should prevent the merited advancement of Lee's own son and nephew. Even on his death-bed one of his last wishes was that his faithful followers should have his horses, and he allotted them thoughtfully according to each officer's need.

The general did not allow his feelings to interfere with subordination, however. His discipline 'was as firm as could be with such men as composed the cavalry of General Lee's army,' writes Judge Garnett. 'He never tolerated nor overlooked disobedience of orders.' Even his favorites, Mosby and Fitz Lee, come in for reproof when needed. Of the latter's failure to arrive at Raccoon Ford when expected, he writes, 'By this failure to comply with instructions, not only the movement of the cavalry across the Rapidan was postponed a day, but a fine opportunity was lost to overhaul a body of the enemy's cavalry on a predatory excursion far beyond their lines.' His tendency to severity in regard to a certain subordinate calls forth one of Lee's gently tactful cautions: 'I am perfectly willing to transfer him to Paxton's brigade, if he desires it; but if he does not, I know of no act of his to justify my doing so. Do not let your judgment be warped.' There were officers with whom Stuart could not get along, for instance, 'Grumble Jones,' who perhaps could get along with no one. Yet, after Stuart's death, Jones said of him, 'By G—, Martin! You know I had little love for Stuart, and he had just as little for me; but that is the greatest loss that army has ever sustained, except the death of Jackson.'

From these various considerations

it will be surmised that Stuart was no mere reckless swordsman, no Rupert, good with sabre, furious in onset, beyond that signifying nothing. He knew the spirit of the antique maxim, 'Be bold, and evermore be bold; be not too bold.' He had learned the hardest lesson and the essential corrective for such a temperament, self-control. To me there is an immense pathos in his quiet, almost plaintive, explanation to Lee on one occasion: 'The commanding general will, I am sure, appreciate how hard it was to desist from the undertaking, but to any one on the spot there could be but one opinion — its impossibility. I gave it up.' On the other hand, no one knew better that in some cases perfect prudence and splendid boldness are one and the same thing. To use again his own words: 'Although the expedition was prosecuted further than was contemplated in your instructions, I feel assured that the considerations which actuated me will convince you that I did not depart from their spirit, and that the bold development in the subsequent direction of the march was the quintessence of prudence.' Lee always used the right words. In one of his reports he says of Stuart, 'I take occasion to express to the Department my sense of the boldness, *judgment*, and *prudence* he displayed in its execution.' (The italics are mine.)

But one may have self-control without commanding intelligence. Fremantle's description of Stuart's movements does not suggest much of the latter quality. 'He seems to roam over the country at his own discretion, and always gives a good account of himself, turning up at the right moment; and hitherto he has not got himself into any serious trouble.' Later, more studious observers do not take quite the same view. One should read the whole of the Prussian colonel, Scheibert's, account of Stuart's thorough planning, his careful calculation, his exact methods of procedure. 'Before Stuart undertook any movement, he spared nothing in the way of preparation which might make it succeed. He informed himself as exactly as possible by scouts and spies, himself reconnoitred with his staff, often far beyond the outposts, had his engineer officers constantly fill out and improve the rather inadequate maps and ascertain the practicability of roads, fords, etc. In short, he omitted no precaution and spared no pains or effort to secure the best possible results for such undertakings as he planned; therefore he was in the saddle almost as long again as his men.' Similar testimony can be gathered incidentally everywhere in Stuart's letters and reports, proving that he was no chance roamer, but went where he planned to go, and came back when he intended. For instance, he writes of the Peninsular operations, 'It is proper to remark here that the commanding general had, on the occasion of my late expedition to the Pamunkey, imparted to me his design of bringing Jackson down upon the enemy's right flank and rear, and directed that I should examine the country with reference to its practicability for such a movement. I therefore had studied the features of the country very thoroughly, and knew exactly how to conform my movements to Jackson's route.'

On the strength of these larger military qualities it has sometimes been contended that Stuart should have had an even more responsible command than fell to him, and that Lee should have retained him at the head of Jackson's corps after Jackson's death. Certainly Lee can have expressed no higher opinion of any one. 'A more zealous, ardent, brave, and devoted soldier than Stuart the Confederacy cannot have.'

Johnston called him 'calm, firm, acute, active, and enterprising; I know no one more competent than he to estimate occurrences at their true value.' Longstreet, hitting Jackson as well as praising Stuart, said, 'His death was possibly a greater loss to the Confederate army than that of the swift-moving Stonewall Jackson.' Among foreign authorities, Scheibert tells us that 'General von Schmidt, the regenerator of our [Prussian] cavalry tactics, has told me that Stuart was the model cavalry leader of this century, and has questioned me very often about his mode of fighting.' And Captain Battine thinks that he should have had Jackson's place. Finally, Alexander, sanest of Confederate writers, expresses the same view strongly and definitely: 'I always thought it an injustice to Stuart, and a loss to the army, that he was not from that moment *continued in command of Jackson's corps.* He had *won* the right to it. I believe he had all of Jackson's genius and dash and originality, without that eccentricity of character which sometimes led to disappointment. . . . Jackson's spirit and inspiration were uneven. Stuart, however, possessed the rare quality of being always *equal to himself at his very best.*'

This is magnificent praise, coming from such a source. Nevertheless, I find it hard to question Lee's judgment. There was nothing in the world to prevent his giving Stuart the position, if he thought him qualified. It is not absolutely certain how Stuart would have carried independent command. I can hardly imagine Davis writing of Jackson as he did of Stuart: 'The letter of General Hill painfully impresses me with that which has before been indicated — a want of vigilance and intelligent observation on the part of General Stuart.' Major Bigelow, who knows the battle of Chancellorsville as well as any one living, does not judge Stuart's action so favorably as Alexander. And Cooke, who adored Stuart and served constantly under him, says, 'At Chancellorsville, when he succeeded Jackson, the troops, although quite enthusiastic about him, complained that he led them too recklessly against artillery; and it is hard for those who knew the man to believe that, as an army commander, he would have consented to a strictly defensive campaign. Fighting was a necessity of his blood, and the slow movements of infantry did not suit his genius.'

May it not be, also, that Lee thought Stuart indispensable where he was, and believed that it would be as difficult to replace him as Jackson? Most of Stuart's correspondence has perished and we are obliged to gather its tenor from letters written to him, which is much like listening to a one-sided conversation over the telephone. From one of Lee's letters, however, it is fairly evident that neither he nor Stuart himself had seriously considered the latter's taking Jackson's place. Lee writes, 'I am obliged to you for your views as to the successor of the great and good Jackson. Unless God in his mercy will raise us up one, I do not know what we shall do. I agree with you on the subject, and have so expressed myself.'

In any event, what his countrymen will always remember of Stuart is the fighting figure, the glory of battle, the sudden and tumultuous fury of charge and onset.

And what above all distinguishes him in this is his splendid joy in it. Others fought with clenched fist and set teeth, rejoicing perhaps, but with deadly determination of lip and brow. He laughed and sang. His blue eye sparkled and his white teeth gleamed. To others it was the valley of the

shadow of death. To him it was a picnic and a pleasure party.

He views everything on its picturesque side, catches the theatrical detail which turns terror and death into a scenic surprise. 'My arrival could not have been more fortunately timed, for, arriving after dark, the ponderous march, with the rolling artillery, must have impressed the enemy's cavalry, watching their rear, with the idea of an immense army about to cut off their retreat.' He rushes gayly into battle, singing, 'Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the Wilderness?' or his favorite of favorites, 'If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry.' When he is riding off, as it were into the mouth of hell, his adjutant asks, how long, and he answers, as Touchstone might, with a bit of old ballad, 'It may be for years and it may be for ever.' His clear laughter, in the sternest crises, echoes through dusty war books like a silver bell. As he sped back from his raid, the Union troops were close upon him and the swollen Chickahominy in front, impassable, it seemed. Stuart thought a moment, pulling at his beard. Then he found the remains of an old bridge and set his men to rebuild it. 'While the men were at work upon it, Stuart was lying down on the bank of the stream, in the gayest humor I ever saw, laughing at the prank he had played on McClellan.'

It is needless to enlarge on the effect of such a temper, such exuberant confidence and cheerfulness in danger, on subordinates. It lightened labor, banished fatigue, warmed chill limbs and fainting courage. 'My men and horses are tired, hungry, jaded, but all right,' was the last dispatch he ever wrote. So long as he was with them they were all right. His very voice was like music, says Fitz Lee, 'like the silver trumpet of the Archangel.' It sounded oblivion of everything but glory. His gayety, his laughter, were infectious, and turned a raid into a revel. 'That summer night,' writes Mosby of the McClellan expedition, 'was a carnival of fun I can never forget. Nobody thought of danger or sleep, when champagne bottles were bursting, and wine was flowing in copious streams. All had perfect confidence in their leader . . . . The discipline of the soldiers for a while gave way to the wild revelry of Comus.'

And this spirit of adventure, of romance, of buoyant optimism and energy, was not reserved merely for occasions of excitement, was not the triumphant outcome of glory and success. It was constant and unfailing. To begin with, Stuart had a magnificent physique. 'Nothing seemed strong enough to break down his powerful organization of mind and body,' says his biographer; and Mosby: 'Although he had been in the saddle two days and nights without sleep, he was as gay as a lark.' When exhaustion finally overcame him, he would drop off his horse by the roadside, anywhere, sleep for an hour, and arise as active as ever. Universal testimony proves that he was overcome and disheartened by no disaster. He would be thoughtful for a moment, pulling at his beard, then seize upon the best decision that presented itself and push on. Dreariness sometimes crushes those who can well resist actual misfortune. Not Stuart. 'In the midst of rainstorms, when everybody was riding along grum and cowering beneath the flood pouring down, he would trot on, head up, and singing gayly.'

The list of his personal adventures and achievements is endless. He braved capture and death with entire indifference, trusting in his admirable horsemanship, which often saved him, trusting in Providence, trusting in no-

thing at all but his quick wit and strong arm, curious mainly, perhaps, to see what would happen. On one occasion he is said to have captured forty-four Union soldiers. He was riding absolutely alone and ran into them taking their ease in a field. Instantly he chose his course. 'Throw down your arms or you are all dead men.' They were green troops and threw them down, and Stuart marched the whole squad into camp. When duty forbids a choice adventure, he sighs, as might Don Quixote. 'A scouting party of one hundred and fifty lancers had just passed toward Gettysburg. I regretted exceedingly that my march did not admit of the delay necessary to catch them.'

I have sometimes asked myself how much of this spirit of romantic adventure, of knight-errantry, as it were, in Stuart, was conscious. Did he, like Claverhouse, read Homer and Froissart, and try to realize in modern Virginia the heroic deeds, still more, the heroic spirit, of antique chivalry? In common with all Southerners, he probably knew the prose and poetry of Scott, and dreamed of the plume of Marmion and the lance of Ivanhoe. He must have felt the weight of his name also, and believed that James Stuart might be aptly fitted with valorous adventure and knightly deeds and sudden glory. It is extremely interesting to find him writing to Jackson, 'Did you receive the volume of Napoleon and his maxims I sent you?' I should like to own that volume. And in his newspaper account of Brown's raid he quotes Horace, horribly, but still Horace, '*Erant fortes ante Agamemnona.*'

Yet I do not gather that he was much of a student; he preferred to live poems rather than to read them. The spirit of romance, the instinct of the picturesque, was born in him, and would out anywhere and everywhere. Life was a perpetual play, with ever-shifting scenes, and gay limelight, and hurrying incident, and passionate climax. Again and again he reminds me of a boy playing soldiers. His ambition, his love of glory, was of this order; not a bit the ardent, devouring, frowning, far-sighted passion of Jackson, but a jovial sense of pleasant things that can be touched and heard and tasted here, to-day.

He had a childlike, simple vanity which all his biographers smile at, liked parade, display, pomp, and gorgeousness, utterly differing in this from Jackson, who was too proud, or Lee, who was too lofty. Stuart rode fine horses, never was seen on an inferior animal. He wore fine clothes, — all that his position justified, perhaps a little more. Here is Fitz Lee's picture of him: 'His strong figure, his big brown beard, his piercing, laughing blue eye, the drooping hat and black feather, the "fighting jacket" as he termed it, the tall cavalry boots, forming one of the most jubilant and striking figures in the war.' And Cooke is even more particular: 'His fighting jacket shone with dazzling buttons and was covered with gold braid; his hat was looped up with a golden star, and decorated with a black ostrich plume; his fine buff gauntlets reached to the elbow; around his waist was tied a splendid yellow sash, and his spurs were of pure gold.'

After this, we appreciate the biographer's assertion that he was as fond of colors as a boy or girl; and elsewhere we read that he never moved without his gorgeous red battle-flag, which often drew the fire of the enemy.

As to the spurs, they were presented to the general by the ladies of Baltimore, and he took great pride in them, signing himself sometimes in private letters, K. G. S., Knight of the Golden Spurs.

This last touch is perfectly characteristic, and the Stuart of the pen is precisely the same as the Stuart of the sword. He could express himself as simply as Napoleon: 'Tell General Lee that all is right. Jackson has not advanced, but I have; and I am going to crowd them with artillery.' But usually he did not. Indeed, the severe taste of Lee recoiled from his subordinate's fashions of speech. 'The general deals in the flowery style, as you will perceive, if you ever see his reports in detail.' But I love them, they ring and resound so with the temper of the man; gorgeous scraps of tawdry rhetoric, made charming by their riotous sincerity, as with Scott and Dumas. His 'brave men behaved with coolness and intrepidity in danger, unswerving resolution before difficulties, and stood unappalled before the rushing torrent of the Chickahominy, with the probability of an enemy at their heels armed with the fury of a tigress robbed of her whelps.' Could anything be worse from Lee's point of view? But it does put some ginger into an official report. Or take this Homeric picture of a charge, which rushes like a half dozen stanzas of Chevy Chase: 'Lieutenant Robbins handling it in the most skillful manner, managed to clear the way for the march with little delay, and infused by a sudden dash at a picket such a wholesome terror that it never paused to take a second look. . . . On, on dashed Robbins, here skirting a field, there leaping a fence or ditch, and clearing the woods beyond.'

When I read these things I cannot but remember Madame de Sévigné's fascinating comment on the historical novels of her day. 'The style of La Calprenède is detestable in a thousand ways: long-winded, romantic phrases, ill-chosen words, I admit it all. I agree that it is detestable; yet it holds me like glue. The beauty of the sentiments, the violence of the passions, the grandeur of the events, and the miraculous success of the hero's redoubtable sword — it sweeps me away as if I were a child.'

And Stuart's was a real sword!

Then, too, — as in Shakespearean tragedy or modern melodrama, — the tension, in Stuart's case, is constantly relieved by hearty, wholesome laughter, which shook his broad shoulders and sparkled in his blue eyes. See what a strange comedy his report makes of this lurid night-scene, in which another might have found only shadow and death. 'It so far succeeded as to get possession of his [General Bartlett's] headquarters at one o'clock at night, the general having saved himself by precipitate flight in his nether garments. The headquarters flag was brought away. No prisoners were attempted to be taken, the party shooting down every one within reach. Some horses breaking loose near headquarters ran through an adjacent regimental camp, causing the greatest commotion, 'mid firing and yelling and cries of "Halt!" "Rally!" mingling in wild disorder, and ludicrous stampede which beggars description.' Can't you hear him laugh?

It must not be concluded from this that Stuart was cruel in his jesting. Where gentleness and sympathy were really called for, all the evidence shows that no man could give more. But he believed that the rough places are made smooth, and the hard places soft, and the barren places green and smiling, by genial laughter. Who shall say that he was wrong? Therefore he would have his jest, with inferior and superior, with friend and enemy. Even the sombre Jackson was not spared. When he had floundered into winter-quarters oddly decorated, Stuart suggested 'that a drawing of the apartment should be made, with the race-horses,

gamecocks, and terrier in bold relief, the picture to be labeled: "View of the winter-quarters of General Stonewall Jackson, affording an insight into the tastes and character of the individual."' And Jackson enjoyed it.

When it came to his adversaries, Stuart's fun was unlimited. Everybody knows his telegraphed complaint to the United States Commissary Department that the mules he had been capturing lately were most unsatisfactory, and he wished they would provide a better quality. Even more amusing is the correspondence that occurred at Lewinsville. One of Stuart's old comrades wrote, addressing him by his West Point nickname, 'My dear Beauty, — I am sorry that circumstances are such that I can't have the pleasure of seeing you, although so near you. Griffin says he would like to have you dine with him at Willard's at five o'clock on Saturday next. Keep your Black Horse off me, if you please. Yours, etc., Orlando M. Poe.' On the back of this was penciled in Stuart's writing: 'I have the honor to report that "circumstances" were such that they could have seen me if they had stopped to look behind, and I answered both at the cannon's mouth. Judging from his speed, Griffin surely left for Washington to hurry up that dinner.'

I had an old friend who adored the most violent melodrama. When the curtain and his tears had fallen together, he would sigh and murmur, 'Now let's have a little of that snare-drum music.' Such was Stuart. 'It might almost be said that music was his passion,' writes Cooke. I doubt, however, whether he dealt largely in the fugues of Bach. His favorites, in the serious order, are said to have been, 'The dew is on the blossom,' and 'Sweet Evelina.' But his joy was the uproarious, 'If you get there before I do,' or his precious, 'If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry.' He liked to live in the blare of trumpets and the crash of cymbals, liked to have his nerves tingle and his blood leap to a merry 'hunt's-up' or a riotous chorus, liked to have the high strain of war's melodrama broken by the sudden crackle of the snare-drum. His banjo-player, Sweeney, was as near to him as an aide-de-camp, followed him everywhere. 'Stuart wrote his most important correspondence with the rattle of the gay instrument stunning everybody, and would turn round from his work, burst into a laugh, and join uproariously in Sweeney's chorus.'

And dance was as keen a spice to peril as song and laughter. To fight all day and dance all night was a good day's work to this creature of perfect physique and inexhaustible energy. If his staff-officers could not keep pace with him and preferred a little sleep, the general did not like it at all. What? Here is — or was — a gay town, and pretty girls. Just because we are here to-day, and gone to-morrow, shall we not fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world? And the girls are all got together, and a ball is organized, and the fun grows swifter and swifter. Perhaps a fortunate officer picks the prettiest and is about to stand up with her. Stuart whispers in his ear that a pressing message must be carried, laughs his gay laugh, and slips into the vacant place. Then an orderly hurries in, covered with dust. The enemy are upon us. 'The officers rushed to their weapons and called for their horses, panic-stricken fathers and mothers endeavored to collect around them their bewildered children, while the young ladies ran to and fro in most admired despair. General Stuart maintained his accustomed coolness and composure. Our horses were immediately saddled, and in less than five minutes

we were in rapid gallop to the front.' Oh, what a life!

You divine that with such a temperament Stuart would love women. So he did. Not that he let them interfere with duty. He would have heartily accepted the profound doctrine of Enobarbus in regard to the fair: 'It were pity to cast them away for nothing; yet between them and a great cause they should be esteemed as nothing.' Stuart arrested hundreds of ladies, says his biographer, and remained inexorable to their petitions. Cooke's charming account of one of these arrests should be read in full: how the fair captives first raved, and then listened, and then laughed, and then were charmed by the mellifluous Sweeney and the persuasive general, and at last departed with kissed hands and kindly hearts, leaving Stuart to explain to his puzzled aide, who inquired why he put himself out so much: 'Don't you understand? When those ladies arrived they were mad enough with me to bite my head off, and I determined to put them in good-humor before they left me.'

But Cooke dresses his viands. I prefer the following glimpse of Stuart and girls and duty, as it comes unspiced from the rough-spoken common soldier. 'General Lee would come up and spend hours studying the situation with his splendid glasses; and the glorious Stuart would dash up, always with a lady, and a pretty one, too. I wonder if the girl is yet alive who rode the General's fine horse and raced with him to charge our station. When they had reached the level platform, and Stuart had left her in care of one of us and took the other off to one side and questioned the very sweat out of him about the enemy's position, he was *General* Stuart then; but when he got back and lifted the beauty into the saddle and rode off humming a breezy air . . . he was Stuart the beau.'

And the women liked Stuart. It was a grand thing to be the first officer in the Confederate cavalry, with a blue eye and a fair beard, and all gold, like Horace's Pyrrha, from hat to spurs. When he rode singing and laughing into a little town, by river or seashore, they flocked to meet him, young and old, and touched his garments, and begged his buttons, and kissed his gloved hands, until he suggested that his cheeks were available, and then they kissed those, young and old alike. They showered him with flowers also, buried him under nosegays and garlands, till he rode like old god Bacchus or the Queen of May. What an odd fashion of making war! And the best I have met with is, that one day Stuart described one of these occurrences to his great chieftain. 'I had to wear her garland, till I was out of sight,' apologized the young cavalier. 'Why are n't you wearing it now?' retorted Lee. Is n't that admirable? I verily believe that if any young woman had had the unimaginable audacity to throw a garland over Lee, he would have worn it through the streets of Richmond itself.

You say, then, this Stuart was dissipated, perhaps, a scapegrace, a rioter, imitating Rupert and Murat in other things than great cavalry charges. That is the curious point. The man was nothing of the sort. With all his instinct for revelry, he had no vices; a very Puritan of laughter. He liked pretty girls everywhere; but when he was charged with libertinism, he answered, in the boldness of innocence, 'That person does not live who can say that I ever did anything improper of that description'; and he liked his wife better than any other pretty girl. He married her when he was twenty-two years old, and his last wish was

that she might reach him before he died. His few letters to her that have been printed are charming in their playful affection. He adored his children also; in short, was a pattern of domesticity. He did, indeed, love his country more, and telegraphed to his wife, when she called him to his dying daughter's bedside, 'My duty to the country must be performed before I can give way to the feelings of a father'; but the child's death was a cruel blow to him. With his intimates he constantly referred to her, and when he himself was dying, he whispered, 'I shall soon be with my little Flora again.'

'I never saw him touch a card,' writes one who was very near him, 'and he never dreamed of uttering an oath under any provocation, nor would he permit it at his headquarters.' We are assured by many that he never drank, and an explicit statement of his own on the subject is reported: 'I promised my mother in my childhood never to touch ardent spirits, and a drop has never passed my lips, except the wine of the communion.'

As the last words show, he had religion as well as morals. He joined the Methodist Church when he was fifteen, later the Episcopal. When he was twenty-four he sent money home to his mother to aid in the building of a church. He carried her Bible with him always. In his reports religion is not obtrusive. When it does occur, it is evidently sincere. 'The Lord of Hosts was plainly fighting on our side, and the solid walls of Federal infantry melted away before the straggling, but nevertheless determined, onsets of our infantry columns.' 'Believing that the hand of God was clearly manifested in the signal deliverance of my command from danger, and the crowning success attending it, I ascribe to Him the praise, the honor, and the glory.' He inclined to strictness in the observance of Sunday. Captain Colston writes me that when twelve struck of a Saturday night, Stuart held up his hand relentlessly and stopped song and dance in their full tide, though youth and beauty begged for just one more. He was equally scrupulous in the field, though, in his feeling of injury because the enemy were not so, I seem to detect his habitual touch of humor. 'The next morning being the Sabbath, I recognized my obligation to do no active duty other than what was absolutely necessary, and determined, so far as possible, to devote it to rest. Not so the enemy, whose guns about 8 A. M. showed that he would not observe it.'

I have no doubt that Stuart's religion was inward as well as outward, and remoulded his heart. But, after all, he was but little over thirty when he died, and I love to trace in him the occasional working of the old Adam which had such lively play in the bosom of many an officer who was unjustly blamed or missed some well-deserved promotion. Stuart's own letters are too few to afford much insight of this kind. But here again we get that one-sided correspondence with Lee which is so teasingly suggestive. On one occasion Lee writes, 'The expression, "appropriated by the Stuart Horse Artillery," was not taken from a report of Colonel Baldwin, nor intended in any objectionable sense, but used for want of a better phrase, without any intention on my part of wounding.' And again, after Chancellorsville: 'As regards the closing remarks of your note, I am at a loss to understand their reference or to know what has given rise to them. In the management of the difficult operations at Chancellorsville, which you so promptly undertook, and creditably performed, I saw no errors to correct, nor has there been a fit opportunity to

commend your conduct. I prefer your acts to speak for themselves, nor does your character or reputation require bolstering up by out-of-place expressions of my opinion.'

But by far the most interesting human revelation of this kind is one letter of Stuart's own, written to justify himself against some aspersions of General Trimble. With the right or wrong of the case we are not concerned. Simply with the fascinating study of Stuart's state of mind. He begins evidently with firm restraint and a Christian moderation, 'Human memory is frail, I know.' But the exposure of his wrongs heats his blood, as he goes on, and spurs him, though he still endeavors to check himself. 'It is true I am not in the habit of giving orders, particularly to my seniors in years, in a dictatorial and authoritative manner, and my manner very likely on this occasion was more suggestive than imperative; indeed, I may have been content to satisfy myself that the dispositions which he himself proposed accorded with my own ideas, without any blustering show of orders to do this or that . . . General Trimble says I did not reach the place until seven or eight o'clock. I was in plain view all the time, and rode through, around, and all about the place, soon after its capture. General Trimble is mistaken.' Nay, in his stammering eagerness to right himself, his phrases, usually so crisp and clear, stumble and fall over each other: 'In the face of General Trimble's positive denial of sending such a message, "that he would prefer waiting until daylight," or anything like it, while my recollection is clear that I did receive such a message, and received it as coming from General Trimble, yet, as he is so positive to not having sent such a message, or anything like it, I feel bound to believe that either the message was misrepresented, or made up, by the messenger, or that it was a message received from General Robertson, whose sharpshooters had been previously deployed.'

A real man, you see, like the rest of us; but a noble one, and lovable. Fortunate also, in his death as in his life. For he was not shot down in the early days, like Jackson and Sidney Johnston, when it seemed as if his great aid might have changed destiny. He had done all a man in his position could do. When he went, all hope too was going. He was spared the long, weary days of Petersburg, spared the bitter cup of Appomattox, spared the domination of the conqueror, spared what was perhaps, worst of all, the harsh words and reproaches and recrimination, which flew too hotly where there should have been nothing but love and silence. He slept untroubled in his glory, while his countrymen mourned and Lee 'yearned for him.' His best epitaph has been written by a magnanimous opponent: 'Deep in the hearts of all true cavalrymen, North and South, will ever burn a sentiment of admiration, mingled with regret, for this knightly soldier and generous man.'

THE WAY OF LIFE

BY LUCY HUFFAKER

THERE was a heavy odor in the little house which quite blighted the soft spring air as it blew in through the half-open window. For supper there had been onions and sausage, and the fried potatoes had burned. The smells which had arisen from the kitchen stove had mingled with the raw, soapy fumes which gave testimony that Monday was wash-day in the Black family. Now the smoking of the kerosene lamp on the centre-table seemed to seal in hermetical fashion the oppressive room against the gentle breeze of the May evening.

The woman, bending over a pair of trousers which she was patching, stuck the needle in the cloth, pulled the thimble from her fat, red finger, and rubbed her hands over her eyes.

'Bed-time, Billy,' she said to the nine-year-old boy who was playing with a picture-puzzle on the other side of the table.

'Aw, ma, let me stay up, till pa and the boys get home.'

The woman shook her head.

'I'll get up in plenty of time to feed the chickens, anyhow. Honest, I will.'

'You ought to be glad to go to bed,' the mother sighed in answer. 'I'd be. Seems to me I'd be tickled to death if I could drop into bed without my supper any night.'

'I'll go if you'll go, too. I just hate to go to bed knowing all the rest of you are up.'

'Me go to bed! Why these trousers of yours are n't finished yet and I've got to mend Tom's shirt and your father's coat, and then there's the bread to set. Much chance I have to go to bed for a couple of hours, yet! Now you run along. If you go like a good boy, you can have a cooky.'

She put the thimble on her finger and bent over her mending again. She sewed steadily on until an hour later, when she heard the buggy drive into the yard and one of the boys came running in to ask her if she knew where the barn lantern was. It was in the cellar, and there was barely enough oil to make a dim light while the horse was being unharnessed. The boys were sent to bed immediately, with an injunction to be quiet so Billy would n't be awakened. She heard the heavy tread of her husband in the kitchen as he hunted for the dipper to get a drink of water. Then he came into the sitting-room, sat down in a chair, and began pulling off his shoes. He groaned as he did it.

'Say, Em,' he said, 'guess who I saw in town to-night?'

'Who?' was the unimaginative response.

'You'd never guess in a hundred years. You'd never guess what she did, either. She sent you these.' He drew from his pocket a package and a sheet of note-paper. The woman looked at them for a moment, but she did n't touch them.

'Hurry up, Em,' said the man. 'They won't bite you.'

'But what —?' she faltered.

'The best way to find out about 'em is to open 'em.'

She opened the package first. It was a cheap colored print of St. Cecilia at the Organ. It was in a bright gilt frame. Then she opened the note. She read it through once, with a little frown puckering her forehead. Then more slowly she read it the second time.

'Minnie Jackson!' she murmured. 'I have n't seen her for nearly ten years. I don't know when I've thought about her, even. You read it, Jake?'

'Yes. She did n't seal it.' He waited a minute, then said, 'I could n't just make out what it was all about. What day is this?'

'It's our birthday — Minnie's and mine. We used to call ourselves twins, but she's a year older than I am. I've been so busy all day I never thought about it. What does Minnie look like?'

'Oh, she looks about the same, I guess, as the last time she was home. She's getting fatter, though. Guess the climate out in California must agree with her.'

'Is she as fat as I am?'

'Just about, I guess.'

'Did she look as if they were well off? What kind of a dress did she have on?'

'I don't know. Good enough, I guess. I did n't see anything wrong with it. While she ran into the store to get this picture and write this note to you, old Jackson was bragging to me about how well Elmer had done. He said Min had married about as well as any girl round here.'

'Did he say anything about whether she ever paints any?'

'Paints? Whatever are you talking about, Em?'

She had bent over her sewing again, and he could not see her face as she answered, 'When Minnie and I were little girls, I reckon we never had any secrets from each other, at all. I know I talked about things to her I never could have told to anybody else. She was that way with me, too. Well, she always said she wanted to paint, and I wanted to play. She was always copying every picture she saw. I remember she did one picture called A Yard of Roses, from a calendar. It was so good you could n't have told the difference. Don't you remember the time she took the prize at the art exhibit at the country fair, with a picture she had copied, called The Storm? One of the judges said it just made him shiver to look at it, it was so real.'

'Come to think of it, I believe I do recollect something about Min having queer notions. I know us boys used to think she was stuck-up. What did she mean about the vow and about this picture being of you, by her?'

For a moment there was only the little click of her thimble against the needle. Then she said, 'I guess I can't make it clear to you, Jake. Minnie always did have her own way of putting things. We had lots of fancies, as we used to call them. But I suppose she was thinking about our old dreams. If they'd come true, she might have painted me, sitting like that.'

'It don't look much like you; even when you was young,' was the reply of the man, not given to 'fancies' — 'but what is it about the vow?'

'I don't know,' said his wife shortly. It was one of the few lies she had ever told her husband. Just why, having told him so much, she could n't tell him that Minnie Jackson and she had promised each other that, no matter what happened, nothing should keep them from realizing their ambitions, and that each year they would give a report to each other on their birthday, she could not have said. But suddenly her throat contracted and she could not see the patch on the coat.

'How this lamp does smoke,' she

said, as she brushed her hand over her eyes.

'Well,' yawned her husband, 'I guess most folks, leastwise most girls, have silly notions when they're young. 'Who'd ever think to see you now, that you ever had any such ideas? Anyhow, they never hurt you any. You're a good wife for a farmer, Em. There ain't a better woman anywhere than you.'

It was one of the few times in all the years of their marriage that he had praised her. Jacob Black had never been one to question life or to marvel at its wonders. For him, it held no wonders. The spell of life had caught him when he was young. He had 'fallen in love' with Emmeline Mead and he had married her. She had borne him eight children. Five of them had lived. If Jacob Black had thought about it at all, which he did not, he would have said that was the way life went. One was young. Then one grew old. When one was young, one married and probably there were children. The wing of romance had brushed him so lightly in its passing, that at the time it had brought to him no yearning for an unknown rapture, no wonder at the mystery of life. After twenty-one years, if he had given it any thought whatsoever, he would have said that their marriage 'had turned out well.' Em had been a good wife; she had risen at daylight and worked until after dark. She was n't foolish about money. She never went to town unless there was something to take her there. She went to church, of course, and when it was 'her turn,' she entertained the Ladies' Aid. Such recreations were to be expected. Yes, Em had been a good wife. But then, he had been a good husband. He never drank. He was a church member. He always hired a woman to do the housework, for two weeks, when there was a new baby. He let Em have the butter and chicken money.

The clock struck nine.

'I'm going to bed,' he said; 'there 's lots to do to-morrow. Nearly through your mending?'

'No. Anyhow, I guess I'll wait up for John and Victoria to come home.'

'Better not, if you're tired. John may get in early, but probably Vic will be mooning along.'

'What?' she cried. 'What do you mean by that, Jake Black?'

'Say, Em, are you blind? Can't you see there's something between her and Jim? Have n't you noticed that it is n't John he comes to see now? Have n't you seen how Vic spruces up nights when he's coming over?'

The woman dropped her sewing in her lap. The needle ran into her thumb. Mechanically, she pulled it out. She was so intent, looking at him, trying to grasp his meaning, that she did not notice the drops of blood which fell on her mending. When she spoke, it was with difficulty.

'Oh, Jake, it can't be. It just can't be.'

'Why can't it?'

'Why, he's not good enough for Victoria.'

'Not good enough? Why, what's the matter with Jim? I never heard a word against him and I've known him ever since he was a little shaver. He's steady as can be, and a hard worker.'

'I know all that. I was n't thinking about such things. I was thinking about — oh, about — other things.'

'Other things? Well, what on earth is the matter with the other things? Forman's place is as good as any hereabouts, and it's clear, and only three children to be divided among. There's money in the bank, too, I'll bet.'

'But Victoria is so young, Jake. Why, she's just a girl!'

'She's old as you was, when we got married, Em.'

He went into the kitchen for another drink of water. When he came through the room, he bent over to pick up his shoes. 'Say, Em,' he said, 'you surely don't mean what you've been saying, do you, about Jim not being good enough for Vic? 'Cause it ain't likely that she'll ever get another chance as good.'

She did not answer. The man looking at her, the man who had lived with her for more than twenty years, did not know that a sudden rage against life was in her heart. He did not know that the lost dreams of her youth were crying out in her against the treachery of life. He did not know that the blindfold which the years had mercifully bound across her eyes had fallen away, and that she was seeing the everlasting tragedy of the conflict between dreams and life. He did not know that, in that moment, she was facing the supreme sorrow of motherhood in the knowledge that the beloved child cannot be spared the disillusions of the years. He only knew that she was worried.

'Don't you be giving Vic any of your queer notions,' he said in a voice which was almost harsh. Jacob Black was an easy-going man. But he had set his heart on seeing his daughter the wife of Jim Forman. Did not the Forman farm join his on the southeast?

Until she heard him walking around in their bedroom overhead, she sewed on. Then she laid down her work. She picked up the picture. It was small, but she held it clutched in both hands, as though it were heavy. It would not have mattered to her if she had known that critics of art scoffed at the picture. To her it was more than a masterpiece; it was a miracle. Had she not felt like the pictured saint, when she had sat at the organ, years ago? She, too, had raised her eyes in just that way, and if actual roses had not fallen on the keys, the mystical ones of hopes too fragile for words, and beauties only dreamed of, had fallen all about her. There was a time when she had played the little organ in church. How her soul had risen on the chords which she struck for the Doxology, which always came just before the benediction! Even after Victoria was born, she had played the organ for a time. Then the babies came very fast, and when one has milking to do and dishes to wash and one's fingers are needle-pricked, it is difficult to find the keys. Also when one works from daylight until dark, one wants nothing but rest. There is a sleep too deep for dreams.

It was years since Emmeline Black had dreamed except in the terms of her motherhood. For herself, the dream had gone. She did not rebel. She accepted. It was the way of life with women like her. She would not have said her life was hard. Jacob Black had been a good husband to her. Only a fool, having married a poor farmer, could expect that the dreams of a romantic girl would ever come true. Once she had expected it, of course. That was when Jacob Black had seemed as a prince to Emmeline Mead. She had felt the wing of romance as it brushed past her. But that was long ago. She did n't like the routine of her life. But neither did she hate it. For herself, it had come to seem the natural, the expected thing. But for Victoria —

Her dreams had not all gone when Victoria was born. That first year of her marriage, it had seemed like playing at being a housekeeper to do the work for Jacob and herself. She had loved her garden, and often, just because she had loved to be with him and because she loved the smell of the

earth and the growing things which came from it, she had gone into the fields with her husband. Then when the year was almost gone, her baby had been born. She had loved the other children as they came, and she had grieved for the girls and the boy who had died, but Victoria was the child of her dreams. The other children had been named for aunts and uncles and grandfathers, and so had satisfied family pride. But that first baby had been named for a queen.

None of the boys cared for music. They 'took after' the Black family. But Victoria, so Emmeline felt, belonged to her. She had always been able to 'play by ear,' and her voice was sweet and true. The butter-and-egg money for a long time had gone for music lessons for Victoria. When the girl was twelve, her mother had begun a secret fund. Every week she pilfered a few pennies from her own small income and put them away. Some time, Victoria was to go to the city and have lessons from the best teacher there. For five years she did not purchase a thing for herself to wear, except now and then a dress pattern of calico. That was no real sacrifice to her. The hard thing was to deny pretty clothes to Victoria. Then a year of sickness came. She tried to forget the little sum of money hidden away. Surely their father could pay the bills. If she had spent the butter-and-egg money, as he had thought she had done, he would have had to pay them alone. But when the doctor said that Henry must be taken to the county-seat for an operation, there was no thought of questioning her duty. Her husband had been surprised and relieved when she gave him her little hoard. It was another proof that he had a good wife, and one who was not foolish about money.

At last, her sewing was finished. She went into the kitchen and began to set the bread. But her thoughts were not on it. She was thinking of Emmeline Mead and her dreams, and how they had failed her. She had expected Victoria Black to redeem those dreams. And now Victoria was to marry and go the same hard way toward drab middle-age. She heard some one step on the front porch. There was a low murmur of voices for a moment and a little half-stifled laugh. Then the door opened.

'Mother, is that you?' came something which sounded half-whisper, half-laugh from the door.

She raised her eyes from the bread-pan. She smiled. But she could not speak. It seemed as if the fingers of some world-large hand had fastened around her heart. To her Victoria had always been the most beautiful, the most wonderful being, on earth. But she had never seen this Victoria before. The girl was standing in the door; eyes shining, lips trembling, her slim young body swaying as if to some hidden harmony. Then she leaped across the kitchen, and threw her strong arms round her mother.

'I'm so glad you're up and alone! Oh, mother, I had to see you to-night. I could n't have gone to bed without talking to you. I was thinking it was a blessed thing father always sleeps so hard, for I could tip-toe in and get you and he'd never know the difference.' She stifled a little laugh and went on, 'Come on, outdoors. It is too lovely to stay inside.' She drew her mother, who had not yet spoken, through the door. 'I guess, mother,' she said, as if suddenly shy when the confines of the kitchen were left behind for the star-lighted night, 'that you know what it is, don't you?'

For answer, Emmeline Black sobbed.

'Don't, mother, don't. You must n't mind. Just think how near home I'll

be. Is n't that something to be glad about?'

Her mother nodded her head as she wiped her eyes on her gingham apron.

'I wondered if you saw it coming?' the girlish voice went on. 'You never let on, and the kids never teased me any. So I thought perhaps you told 'em not to. I have n't felt like being teased about Jim, someway. It's been too wonderful, you know.'

Not until that moment did Emmeline Black acknowledge the defeat of her dreams. Wonderful! To love and be loved by Jim Forman, of whom the most that could be said was that he was steady and a hard worker, and that there were only two other children to share his father's farm!

'Don't cry, mother,' implored Victoria, 'though I know why you're doing it. I feel like crying, too, only something won't let me cry to-night. I guess I'm just too happy ever to cry again.'

Still her mother had not spoken. She had stopped crying and stood twisting her apron with nervous fingers.

'Mother,' said Victoria, suddenly, 'you like Jim, don't you?' She said it as if the possibility of any one's not liking Jim was preposterous. But, nevertheless, there was anxiety in her voice.

Her mother nodded her head.

'Then why are n't you really glad? I thought you would be, mother.'

There was no resisting that appeal in Victoria's voice. Never in her life had she failed her daughter. Was she to fail her in this hour?

'You seem like a little girl to me, Victoria,' she found voice to say, at last. 'I guess all mothers feel like this when their daughters tell them they are going to leave them. I reckon I never understood until just now, why my mother acted just like she did when I told her your father and I were going to be married.'

Victoria laughed joyously. 'I'm not a little girl. I'm a woman. And, mother, Jim is so good. He wants to be married right away. He says he can't bear to think of waiting. But he said I was to tell you that if you could n't spare me for a while, it would be all right.' There was pride in her lover's generosity. But deeper than that was the woman's pride in the knowledge that he could n't 'bear to think of waiting.'

'It is n't that I can't spare you, dear,' said her mother. 'But oh, Victoria, I'd wanted to have you go off and study to be a fine musician. I've dreamed of it ever since you were born.'

'But I could n't go even if it was n't for Jim. Where would we ever get the money? Anyway, mother, Jim is going to buy me a piano. What do you think of that?'

'A piano?'

'Yes. He has been saving money for it for years. He says I play too well for an old-fashioned organ. And on our wedding trip we're going to Chicago, and we're going to pick it out there, and we're going to a concert and to a theatre and to some show that has music in it.'

In spite of herself, Emmeline Black was dazzled. In all her life she never had gone to the city except in her dreams. Until that far-off day of magic when Victoria should be a 'fine musician' she had never hoped to replace the squeaky little organ with a piano.

'He says he has planned it ever since he loved me, and that has been nearly always. He says he can just see me sitting at the piano playing to him nights when he comes in from work. I guess, mother, we all have to have our dreams. And now Jim's and mine are coming true.'

'Have you always dreamed things, too?' asked her mother. It did not seem strange to her that she and this beloved child of hers had never talked about the things which were in their hearts until this night. Mothers and daughters were like that. But there was a secret jealousy in knowing that they would not have found the way to those hidden things if it had not been for Jim Forman. It was he, and not she, who had unlocked the secrets of Victoria's heart.

'Why, yes, of course, mother. Don't you remember how you used to ask me what was the matter when I was a little girl and would go off sometimes by myself and sit and look across the fields? I did n't know how to tell you. I did n't know just what it was. And don't you remember asking me sometimes if I was sick or if somebody had hurt my feelings, because you'd see tears in my eyes? I'd tell you no. But someway I could n't tell you it was because the red of the sunset or the apple trees in blossom or the crescent moon, or whatever it happened to be, made me feel so queer inside.' She laughed, but there was a hint of a sob in her voice. 'Is n't it strange, mother, that we don't seem able to tell folks any of these things? I could n't tell you even now, except that I always had an idea you'd felt just the same way, yourself. I seemed to know I got the dreams from you.'

'Hush,' warned her mother. 'There's some one coming. Oh, John, is that you?'

'Yes. Why don't you two go to bed?' answered the boy. 'It's getting late, and there's a lot to do to-morrow.'

'It is bedtime, I guess,' said his mother. 'Run along, Victoria. And sweet dreams.'

She cautioned John and his sister not to waken the others, as they prepared for bed. She walked into the house. She tried the clock. Yes, Jake had wound it. She locked the door. She folded her mending neatly and put it away. She placed Minnie Jackson's letter in the drawer of the table. She took the picture of St. Cecilia and balanced it on the little shelf above the organ, where had been a china vase with dried grasses in it. She stood off and looked at it critically. She decided that was the very place for the picture. She looked around the room for a place to put the vase, and made room for it on top of the little pine bookcase. She walked to the table and hunted in the drawer until she found pen and ink and a piece of ruled paper.

'Dear Minnie,' she wrote in her cramped, old-fashioned hand, 'I was so glad to get your note and the picture. I want to thank you for it. Can't you come out right away and spend the day with me? I have so much to tell you, and I want that you should tell me all about yourself, too. You see I'm keeping the vow, just as you did, although we had forgotten it for so long. Is n't it strange, Minnie, about things? Here I'd thought for years that my dreams were gone. And now it seems Victoria had them, all the time. It's a secret yet, but I want to tell you, and I know she won't mind, that Victoria is going to be married. You know Jim Forman, don't you? Anyway, you knew Cy Forman and Milly Davis, and he's their eldest child. I hope Victoria can keep the dreams for herself better than I did. Perhaps she can. She's going to have things easier than I have, I hope. But if she can't, surely she can keep them until she has a child to give them to, just as I gave mine to her. I never thought of it before, but it seems to me to-night that perhaps that is the surest way there is of having our dreams last. I don't see how I'm going to stand it to see my girl growing fat and tired and

old from hard work, like I've done. But there is another side to it. You're a mother, too, Minnie, so I guess I don't need to tell you that all the music and all the pictures in the world would n't make up to me, now, for my children. We did n't know that when we had our "fancies," did we? But we know it now. Come out soon, Minnie. We'll have so much to talk about, and I want that you and Victoria should know each other.'

She folded the paper and slipped it into an envelope which she addressed and stamped. Then she blew out the light.

SOULS

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

My Soul goes clad in gorgeous things,
Scarlet and gold and blue;
And at her shoulders sudden wings
Like long flames flicker through.

And she is swallow-fleet, and free
From mortal bonds and bars:
She laughs, because Eternity
Blossoms for her with stars!

Oh, folk who scorn my stiff gray gown,
My dull and foolish face, —
Can ye not see my Soul flash down,
A singing flame in space?

And, folk whose earth-stained looks I hate,
Why may I not divine
Your Souls, that must be passionate,
Shining and swift, as mine? —

THE EPIC OF THE INDIAN

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

'THE Census Office is of the opinion that the present enumeration will be the last one to be taken of the Indians in their present status. It is believed that before the time arrives for making the next count of the country's inhabitants a very large percentage of those now holding tribal relations will have become citizens, and will no longer be regarded as Indians, except in a racial or historical sense.'

These are the words of the Honorable E. Dana Durand, Director of the Census, in a note to the writer of this article. This means that before 1920 practically all of the tribal organizations will have dissolved, except in so far as some of them may be continued for social or historical purposes; communal holdings of property will have given way to individual ownership, and the red men will have merged themselves into the mass of the country's voting population. In the march from savagery to citizenship the Indian has traveled a long road, with many windings and turnings, and with many halts by the way; but at last the end seems to be in sight. Let us glance over the course, learn something of the men who traversed it, and get a glimpse of some of its principal landmarks.

'In order to win the friendship of that people . . . I presented some of them with red caps and some strings of glass beads, which they placed around their necks, and with other trifles of insignificant worth which delighted them, and by which we got a wonderful hold on their affections. They afterward came to the boats of the vessels swimming, bringing us parrots, cotton thread in balls, and spears, and many other things, which they bartered for others we gave them, as glass beads and little bells. Finally they received everything and gave whatever they had with good-will.'

This is an entry in Columbus's journal describing the natives of that member of the Bahama group on which he made his first landing in the New World. We call it Watlings Island. As he was looking for Asia, and supposed the island to be an outpost of the East Indies, he called the natives Indians, a name which was afterward extended to all the original denizens of the Western Hemisphere.

But the aborigines who were met by the first white men to reach the mainland of the present United States — all of whom belonged to the country under whose flag Columbus sailed — were of a more robust breed, morally as well as physically, than were those who greeted the Great Admiral at the New World's gateway. Kind and generous at the outset, but ready to strike back when ill-treated, were the Indians who were encountered by Ponce de Leon, when he sailed northward from our present Porto Rico, in 1513, landed at a point near St. Augustine, and called the country Florida, on account of its abundant vegetation. He died a few years later from the effects of a wound

dealt by one of his red assailants. Like characteristics marked those met by Narvaez, who entered Florida in 1527 at the head of a large expedition, and was drowned near the mouth of the Mississippi; a few of his men, after wandering as captives throughout Louisiana and Texas, and braving many hardships and perils, reaching Culiacan, on the west coast of Mexico, in 1536.

De Soto, who began, in 1539, to traverse the country from Florida to Arkansas and Missouri, with a great army, witnesses to these same traits. He was buried at midnight in the Mississippi, so as to keep his body out of the hands of his red foes; and his followers, reduced to a mere remnant, fled down the Mississippi, pursued for many miles by his enemies in canoes and on land, reaching safety in Panuco, Mexico, in 1543. And Coronado and his soldiers, in their foray between 1540 and 1542, which carried them from the Gulf of California up to within sight of the Missouri River in Kansas, give us a similar picture of the red man. De Soto and Coronado were here two thirds of a century before the advent of the Jamestown colony, the first permanent settlement of English-speaking people on the American continent, and antedated by two years Champlain's arrival at Quebec with the earliest French colony on this side of the Atlantic, which persisted.

Why was it that the Spaniards were the first white men with whom the American aborigines on the Atlantic seaboard and the Pacific slope came in contact? Because in the sixteenth century Spain had a little of the pre-eminence among the nations of the world which belonged to Rome in the third and fourth. Those were the spacious times of Charles V. The Isthmus of Panama, across which the United States government is building its inter-oceanic waterway, was discovered and penetrated in 1513 by

> stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
> Silent upon a peak in Darien.

But it was Balboa, another Spaniard, and not Cortez, who was there. Keats was writing poetry, not history. Under Magellan, in 1519, a Spanish fleet passed through the straits since called by his name at the lower end of South America, entered the Pacific, and touched at the Philippines, where Magellan was killed in a conflict with the natives. By way of the Indian Ocean and the Cape of Good Hope, a part of his followers reached their starting-point. They were the first to sail round the globe. Those were days when Spain blazed paths for the nations across the world's seas.

England and France attempted to plant colonies in North America in the sixteenth century: the English under Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh, and the French under Cartier and others; but all their projects failed. Spain had the continent to herself until England appeared at Jamestown in 1607, France at Quebec in 1608, Holland on Manhattan Island in 1613, and Sweden on the Delaware in 1638. The settlements of the Swedes were captured by the Dutch in 1655, and the Dutch colonies were absorbed by the English in 1664. Thus, early in the European occupation of spots on this continent, the Indians came in contact with five distinct families of the white race.

II

And what a diversity of names, and in some cases of traits and customs, was possessed by the tribes or clans whom the first whites encountered in the territory of the present United States! There were the Wampanoags,

Pequots, and Narragansetts in New England and the Middle States; the Powhatans in Virginia; the Creeks in Georgia; the Seminoles in Florida; the Chickasaws, Choctaws, and Natchez along the Gulf coast for a few hundred miles inland; the Apaches, Comanches, and Navajoes in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona; with the Missouris, Pawnees, Osages, Sioux, Crows, Winnebagoes, Chippewas, and Blackfeet, farther to the north and northwest. And far more formidable, both as friends and as enemies, than any of those tribes, were the Iroquois, or Five Nations (the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas), who occupied the whole of northern New York, from Lake Champlain to Lake Erie. We need not wonder that the numbers of the aborigines were placed far too high by the earlier writers. Here are some of the reasons therefor: —

The first hunters, explorers, missionaries, and traders journeyed by way of the sea-coast, the rivers, and the lakes, along which the Indians were most numerous.

In their incursions into the interior of the country the whites attracted the Indians through curiosity, and thought they were equally numerous elsewhere; but vast stretches of forest and prairie were absolutely untenanted, except for short times each year when visited by hunting-parties.

During the year, war and the chase often took the same bands of Indians to several points far removed from each other. The whites thought these were different tribes.

Many tribes were called by different names by the Spaniards, the English, and the French, and among some tribes the names varied at different places and times.

The area needed to support a person by hunting, supplemented by the crude cultivation of the soil, was many times as great as would be required under modern agricultural and industrial conditions.

Obviously the estimates of fifteen or twenty millions for the Indians living three or four centuries ago in the territory comprised in the present United States were far too large. While war, hunger, and the perils of the chase undoubtedly brought the mortality among the red men to a high figure, it seems safe to say that less than one million were here when Columbus landed in the Western Hemisphere. The present number is less than a third of that figure, and the absence of war and the advent of improved hygienic conditions are bringing a steady increase among them. Nevertheless, they were numerous and courageous enough to have made it exceedingly difficult, had they so desired, for the whites to obtain a foothold on this continent. In most cases, however, in the beginning, they lent the whites a helping hand.

With all their boasted superiority in civilization and adaptability to alien and changing conditions, how helpless the whites must have seemed to the aborigines! They were few in numbers and feeble in equipment and supplies. Especially to the Pilgrims at Plymouth, on their arrival at the beginning of a long and severe winter, the outlook was to the last degree hostile. Corn was native to America. Without it early settlers could hardly have maintained themselves. The Indians furnished Raleigh's colonists at Roanoke with corn, also with fish and fruits. Their short career would have been shorter had not the red men gone to their rescue and warded off starvation.

Not only did the Powhatans supply Captain John Smith and his Jamestown associates with corn, but they showed them how to cultivate it. Under the Indian supervision forty acres of it were planted, and famine was

averted. The Narragansetts rendered a like service to Bradford and his Plymouth brethren, and with rude nets caught alewives for them with which to fertilize the ground. In the densely wooded regions, where it was impossible to make clearings in time to raise a crop, the red men taught the whites how to girdle the trees with fire, thus killing the foliage and letting in the sunshine. They showed the settlers how to dry corn so as to utilize it on long journeys, thus removing a serious obstacle to travel in the wilderness.

The early English, Dutch, and French visitors to this continent marveled at the serviceableness of the canoes, some of which were large enough to hold a dozen men, and light enough to be carried on the shoulders of two or three at the portages between different watercourses, or in going around rapids. The Indians told the white men how to make them. The snow-shoes by which the Indians traversed great distances, and without which, for months at a time each year, hunting or travel would have been impossible, were a revelation to the whites, but they were taught how to make and use them. Years before the heliograph was invented white men saw the Indians of the plains, — Sioux, Pawnees, Apaches, and others, —first by some crude surface and afterward by pieces of looking-glass, send signal flashes many miles.

All these things the Indians did for the whites. They did more. By keeping their treaty promises they showed an example to their new neighbors which, unhappily, the latter often forgot. They were in the Stone Age of development when first met, but they adapted themselves to their new environment with much skill; indeed, the whites in their own Stone Age were not more adaptive than these red men.

Cupidity and a desire to enlist them as allies against other white or red men induced Spaniards, English, Dutch, and French to sell firearms to the Indians, and in their use they soon became as proficient as the whites. The horses introduced by Cortez in Mexico, by Coronado in California and other parts of the Southwest, and by De Soto and others in the southern end of the Mississippi Valley, were the progenitors of the vast droves of mustangs which were seen by hunters, trappers, and explorers in the Far West a century ago and later, and from which many of the domestic animals descended. In utilizing them the Indians, especially the Comanches, Apaches, Pawnees, Sioux, and Blackfeet, quickly surpassed the Spaniards.

In the wars which reddened the annals of the frontier in our march from the Connecticut and the James to the Columbia and the Sacramento, the Indians proved themselves to be far more effective fighters than any other members of the 'inferior races' encountered by white men elsewhere in the world. By a significant circumstance, the red men of the territory comprised in the present United States were much more capable warriors than were those in Canada, Mexico, or South America. And by their wars the Indians rendered a better service to the whites than they intended, and than the whites dreamed. The British colonists were thereby prevented from scattering through the wilderness as the French had done in Canada and the Spaniards in Mexico; they were compelled to frame the machinery of self-government, they imbibed a military spirit which enabled them to aid in defeating the French in Canada when the struggle between the two countries came, and thus a desire for independence was aroused which asserted itself against England as soon as the French were driven out. Many of the followers of Putnam, Prescott, and Stark, who held Bunker Hill

against Gage's veterans, were the descendants of the men who fought Metacomet and Canonchet. Campbell, Shelby, Sevier, and the rest of the Carolinians, Georgians, Tennesseeans, and Kentuckians, when at King's Mountain they were crushing Cornwallis's fierce fighters under Ferguson, were applying the lessons which they had learned in battling with Creeks, Cherokees, and Shawnees.

III

'The Empire State, as you love to call it,' said Peter Wilson, a Cayuga chief, at a meeting of the New York Historical Society in 1847, 'was once laced by our trails from Albany to Buffalo. Your roads still traverse the same lines of communication which bound one part of the Long House to the other. Have we, the first holders of this prosperous region, no longer a share in your history? Glad were your fathers to sit down upon the threshold of the Long House. Had our fathers spurned you from it when the French were thundering at the opposite gate to get a passage through and drive you into the sea, whatever has been the fate of other Indians, the Iroquois might still have been a nation, and I, instead of pleading here for the privilege of living within your borders — might still have a country.'

This was no vain boast. The confederation for which the Cayuga chief spoke had a vast influence in shaping the affairs of that part of the continent comprised in the present United States. The service of the Iroquois to the Anglo-Saxon race began when Champlain, the Governor of Canada, as an ally of the Hurons and Ottawas, defeated the Mohawks, in 1609, on the banks of the lake which has since then borne his name. This turned the confederation to the side of the Dutch and the English, the successive occupants of New York, and prevented the French from getting control of the valleys of the Mohawk and the Hudson, from cutting the then feeble English settlements in two, and from capturing each section, the New England and the Southern, in detail.

For generations the Iroquois held the upper waters of the Mohawk, Delaware, and Susquehanna. They shut the French out of the Ohio Valley for a century, giving the English on the Atlantic an opportunity to strengthen themselves there and build up settlements which contained several times as many inhabitants as the French colonies in Canada and on the lower Mississippi. And when, at last, they began to permit some of the French to enter the coveted region and make a fight for control of the Forks of the Ohio, the English had gained sufficient power to battle valiantly against them, and at last to drive them out.

With home rule for each tribe, and with a central council composed of delegates from all of them, the Five Nations had a federal scheme centuries before the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 framed one for the United States. Centuries before the formation of the triple alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, the Iroquois had a quintuple alliance, which was made sextuple in 1715, when the Tuscaroras entered the league. Before Geneva conferences or Hague courts were ever dreamed of, these tribes settled disputes between themselves amicably. At the time of the advent of the whites on this continent the Iroquois, as overlords of the tribes extending from Lake Champlain to the Mississippi, and from the great lakes to the Savannah, ruled over a larger empire than Rome in the days of Trajan.

Through the whole wilderness of North America the Indians blazed

paths for the whites. They led Champlain and his associates through the Canadian forests and along its rivers and lakes; piloted Joliet and Marquette down the Wisconsin into the Mississippi, and along the latter to the mouth of the Arkansas; and guided La Salle by way of the Illinois and the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, at which point that explorer 'took possession' of all the lands drained by that river and its tributaries for Louis XIV. Not only did the course of empire through New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio lie along the red men's trails, but Boone, Harrod, Sevier, Robertson, and the rest of the pioneers of Kentucky and Tennessee followed paths laid out by the aborigines. A Shoshone girl, Sacajawea, led Lewis and Clark over the Rocky Mountains and through the perils beyond, and saved their expedition from disaster, a service which was commemorated by a statue to her at the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904, and by memorials in Portland, Oregon, and other places in the Trans-Mississippi region.

Moreover, the Indian's social importance long ago projected itself into politics. At the bidding of the East, Monroe and every other President onward, to and including Tyler, had a hand in an endeavor to create a great preserve for the red men along the western border of Arkansas, Missouri, and Iowa, which would have closed the overland route to Oregon to settlers, and thus have given England a free hand in her effort to gain undisputed possession of all the region west of the Rocky Mountains and north of Mexico's territory of New Mexico and California. Thus the United States would have been shut out of the locality comprised in the present states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and part of the western border of Montana and Wyoming.

Stephen A. Douglas told this to his Boswell, James Madison Cutts, in 1854. This, indeed, was a manifestation of the Eastern states' old jealousy of the growth of the West, which was first voiced in a conspicuous way by Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts in the House of Representatives in 1811, when he opposed the creation of the State of Louisiana, and when he said that he heard that six states would, at some time in the future, be established west of the Mississippi, and that the mouth of the Ohio would be east of the geographical centre of the contemplated empire. Douglas said that he halted this conspiracy by his bill for the organization of the territory of Nebraska, first introduced in Congress by him in 1844, in the latter part of Tyler's presidency, and kept by him constantly at the front until it passed ten years later. As enacted in 1854, however, it provided for two territories, Kansas and Nebraska, instead of one.

Thus the Indian innocently had a hand in inciting one of the most fateful measures ever passed by Congress. By repealing the Missouri Compromise of 1820, the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854 gave slavery an equal opportunity with freedom to gain possession of a region from which slavery had been excluded by the Missouri adjustment. At this breach of a compact which was intended by its framers to be permanent, a wave of indignation and alarm swept through the free states, which split the Whig party on Mason and Dixon's Line, and sent most of the friends of freedom — a majority of the Northern Whigs, many of the anti-slavery Democrats, nearly all the Northern Know-Nothings, and all the Abolitionists and Free-Soilers — into the coalition which became the Republican party. The triumph of that party in 1860 sent eleven Southern states into secession, and precipitated the Civil

War, which destroyed slavery and, incidentally, thrust upon the country race-issues which embarrass us to this day.

IV

Moreover, in the country's social and political life of to-day the red man is a factor of some importance. Exclusive of those in Alaska, there were 243,534 Indians in the United States in 1890, 270,544 in 1900, and 304,950 in 1910. These figures are furnished by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and, except for 1900, are larger than those given out by the Director of the Census. The figures given here are those of the Census Bureau, supplemented by enumerations made by representatives of the Indian Office. According to the count made by the Indian Office the number of Indians in the country at the end of 1911 was 323,783, distributed as follows:—

Alabama	909	Louisiana	780	North Dakota	8,253
Arizona	39,216	Maine	892	Ohio	127
Arkansas	460	Maryland	55	Oklahoma	117,247
California	16,371	Massachusetts	688	Oregon	6,403
Colorado	841	Michigan	7,519	Rhode Island	284
Connecticut	152	Minnesota	10,711	South Carolina	331
Delaware	5	Mississippi	1,253	South Dakota	20,352
District of Columbia	68	Missouri	313	Tennessee	216
Florida	446	Montana	10,814	Texas	702
Georgia	95	Nebraska	3,809	Utah	3,123
Idaho	3,791	Nevada	5,240	Vermont	26
Illinois	188	New Hampshire	34	Virginia	539
Indiana	279	New Jersey	168	Washington	10,997
Iowa	369	New Mexico	21,121	West Virginia	36
Kansas	1,309	New York	6,046	Wisconsin	11,428
Kentucky	234	North Carolina	7,851	Wyoming	1,692

Contrary to the popular notion, the Indian race is not dying out, though part of the gain shown here, especially that of 1911 over 1910, is probably due to the more complete and accurate enumeration made in recent years. The full-bloods are diminishing, but the mixed breeds are increasing rapidly. Nor have all the Indians abandoned the Atlantic seaboard. Maine and other states give a few hundred to New England; the 6,046 in New York, principally remnants of the Iroquois, represent the large number of these, and of the Algonquins, who once occupied the region covered by the old Middle States; while North Carolina has more than two thirds of those left in the South. Nine tenths of all the Indians are west of the Mississippi, Oklahoma holding more of them than any other community. Of the 117,247 in that State, 101,287 belong to the Five Civilized Tribes. These include, however, 23,345 freedmen, the slaves of the era preceding the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment, and their descendants, and 2,582 whites who have married into the tribes. These 101,287 distribute themselves as follows:— Cherokees, 41,701; Choctaws, 26,762; Creeks, 18,717; Chickasaws, 10,984; Seminoles, 3,123.

As used here, the term 'civilized' means precisely what it professes to mean. For two generations preceding 1907, when they became merged in the general mass of the country's citizenship, each of these tribes had its own legislature, executive and judiciary,

and governed itself wth comparatively little interference from Washington. Its members had farms, mines, mills, mercantile houses, schools, churches, and banks, and engaged in most of the employments in vogue in the white communities of their region. These tribes occupied, and still occupy, that part of the present State of Oklahoma which was formerly called the Indian Territory.

Some advances in their social status have also been made by more than half of the remaining 203,000 Indians. Over 25,000 of their children attend the government, missionary, and contract schools. To its wards the government is a liberal and considerate guardian. In recent times its appropriations for Indian schools have averaged nearly $4,000,000 annually. For various purposes Uncle Sam's expenditures on Indian account, from Washington's inauguration in 1789 to the middle of President Taft's term in 1911, aggregated $520,000,000.

Much of the education which the Indian pupils receive in the government schools is practical, comprising farming, fruit- and stock-raising and the elemental trades for the boys, and cooking, sewing, nursing, and laundering for the girls. Especial attention is given to agriculture. Experts are employed on the reservations to teach the most approved methods of cultivation of the soil, and experiment farms have been established to discover the crops which can be raised most advantageously in the various localities. To stimulate the interest of the pupils, old and young, they are encouraged to hold agricultural fairs, where live stock and produce are exhibited.

Hundreds of Indians are working on the government's irrigation schemes. Railroads are offering employment to boys who are learning trades, or who show any inclination for mechanics. Coöperation between the Bureau of Indian Affairs and private corporations is enabling our wards to improve their economic condition, and to meet the demands of civilization. In many directions, opportunity stretches out its hands to the red man and starts him on the road toward social independence.

The progress of the Indian in the past quarter-century, especially since the enactment of the Dawes Severalty Law in 1887, which gave individual ownership of lands to such of them as sought it, and were prepared for it, who thereby virtually became citizens, has been greater than any other people ever made in the same length of time in the world's history.

V

'My people want to live as in the days that are gone, before the pale-faces took from us the lands that were ours. We don't want schools or school-teachers. We want to be let alone to live as we wish, to roam free without the white man always being there to tell us what we must do and what we will not be allowed to do.'

It was the plaint of an aged Hopi chief from the reservation of his tribe in far-off Arizona, uttered in the White House, inveighing against the new order which the white man brought. It was a plea for the resurrection of the dead past — of a past which began to die before this old sachem had reached middle life, and which would be infinitely more difficult to revive than it would be to bring back the vast herds of buffalo which stretched across the landscape from the Missouri to the Sacramento and from the Red River of Arkansas to the Red River of the North, in the days when the old chief was young.

Except in a few spots, the blanket Indian has vanished. He is almost

as rare a sight to-day in Muskogee or Vinita as he would be in Albany or Hartford. In proportion to the number of inhabitants there are very nearly as many pianos and automobiles in the towns of the old Cherokee nation in the present State of Oklahoma as there are in those of Vermont or Delaware. The only Indians who are in the old, free, nomadic condition which the Hopi warrior would restore are about two hundred Seminoles in the Florida Everglades and the big cypress morass. These Indians are as independent of the white man, and almost as isolated from him, as were their forefathers when Ponce de Leon and De Soto landed in their neighborhood. They are neither citizens nor wards of the United States, nor do they hold any relation to their old associates who were transferred by the government to the west side of the Mississippi two thirds of a century ago, and who became one of the Five Civilized Tribes of the present State of Oklahoma.

A better representative of the red men of to-day than is the old Hopi chief is the grandson of Sitting Bull, — the Sitting Bull who assisted in the slaying of Custer and his three hundred, — who tells his brethren that their need is 'more religion and less fire-water.' He is a product of the government's schools, such as Carlisle and Haskell, which bring members of many tribes together, and place them in association with whites, compelling them to look beyond their reservations and their clans, and holding out to them the goal of citizenship.

For reasons which may be easily guessed, the Indian fits well into the new order. On the whole, reputable fiction and the drama have treated him with tolerable fairness. They have never made him an object of derision, as they have representatives of other ethnic types, including the Caucasian. Always fearless, generally dignified, sometimes vindictive, as he is portrayed in books and on the stage, he is never made contemptible. Unlike the Negro, he is never subservient or obsequious. Assailed as he was until recent times by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, he has always successfully resisted the thraldom which overwhelmed white men for many centuries in earlier ages and in other countries, and which held the blacks in servitude in our land within the recollection of millions of men still living. He has never been a slave. In his contact with the whites in our time he arouses no prejudice. The superior race which refuses to associate on terms of equality with men of black, brown, or yellow skins, raises no social barrier against the red man.

The average Indian is under no necessity of asking concessions from his Caucasian associates or rivals in the ordinary pursuits. 'Big Chief' Bender of the Philadelphia Athletics, wearers of the blue ribbon of the baseball arena; Meyer, the Seneca catcher of the New York 'Giants,' Thorpe, Burd, Arcase, and others of the Carlisle football team, are at the head of their respective professions. They have beaten hosts of whites at the white man's games. Harvard's football team, composed of a race which has millions to draw upon, was one of the great white schools which, in the season of 1911, went down before the Carlisle players, whose recruiting field is narrow in comparison. In the Olympic games at Stockholm, in July, 1912, Thorpe and Sockalexis carried off prizes in competition with the best men in their particular field whom Europe and America could muster. As the winner of the pentathlon and the decathlon, Thorpe was acclaimed the greatest of the world's all-round athletes.

Probably these triumphs would not

bring much pride to the Hopi chief just mentioned. Nor would he have been especially pleased at a recent scene at the Ohio state capital in which his race figured. There, on the anniversary of the discovery of America, October 12, 1911, in a city named for the discoverer, gathered representatives, women as well as men, of a hundred tribes of the people upon whom Columbus's geographical mistake fastened the designation of Indians. They met to form the American Indian Association. Appropriately, too, their meeting-place was the campus of the Ohio State University, for most of them, of both sexes, were graduates of government schools of the higher education or of white institutions of learning. Among them were lawyers, physicians, journalists, bankers, educators, merchants, clergymen, agriculturists, and participants in almost all the other important activities. They met to form the American Indian Association, the purpose of which is to advance the interests of the race and, while aiming to preserve its best distinctive traits, to bring it into harmony with its new environment, and fit it for the rôle it will have to play in American citizenship. Appropriately, too, the Governor of Ohio, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and other public officers, took part in the exercises.

Two months later, this time in Washington, D. C., there was a similar assemblage, for the same general objects, with the added purpose of bringing the red men into political association. Delegates of both sexes were there, representing thirty-four tribes, scattered through more than a dozen states, and they formed the Brotherhood of North American Indians. After a lapse of centuries, descendants of the race which established the Federation of the Iroquois, will participate as voters in another federal scheme. This time they are to be partners of their former enemies, to be on terms of equality with them, and to work for similar objects. United, with their new weapon, the ballot, the Indians could hold the balance in elections in Oklahoma, Montana, the Dakotas, Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona, and Nevada. Probably fifty thousand Indian ballots were cast for president in 1912.

The Indian is entering politics. He has already entered. Since 1907 he has cast thousands of votes in every election in Oklahoma. Members of the race are in the legislature of that state, and also in Congress. The latter include Senator Robert L. Owen and Representative Charles D. Carter of Oklahoma, the former of Cherokee blood and the latter Chickasaw; and Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas, one of whose recent ancestors belonged to the Kaw tribe.

At the summit of an ancient burial-mound in the township of Otsego, New York, is a marble slab on which is written: —

> White man, greetings. We near whose bones you stand were Iroquois.
> The wide land which now is yours was ours.
> Friendly hands have given back to us enough for a tomb.

But the red man is taking his revenge. At home and abroad, in romance and drama, he is held to be the distinctive American. He is the one man among us who is not called upon to place a hyphen in his title. To-day, as in the past, and in many tongues, *The Last of the Mohicans* and the rest of Cooper's forest tales are read. Puccini, DeMille, Hartley, Nevin, Mary Hunter Austin, and the rest of the writers of operas and plays who aim to extract the flavor of our soil, are compelled to call upon him. *The Girl of the Golden West*, *Poia*, *Strongheart*, *The Arrow-Maker*, and other productions which deal with him, are presented on the

stage of two continents. He is the asset which saves the country from the imputation of vulgar newness. Even if we attempted to, we could not rid ourselves of him. As the world appraises us, the Indian is the dominant feature of American artistic life, an inseparable adjunct in its histrionic properties, the Niagara of America's æsthetic landscape.

THE BALKAN CRISIS

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE great area of mountain, tableland, and river valley stretching from the Black and Ægean seas on the east, to the Adriatic on the west, and extending from the Mediterranean north to the crest of the Tyrolese and Transylvanian Alps, has long been loosely designated, from historical and political, rather than from geographical reasons, by the single name, the Balkans; literally, the mountain gaps. It includes the present independent states, Rumania, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, the Balkans *par excellence*, with which belong, geographically or racially, Greece, European Turkey, and the Austrian provinces of Dalmatia, Croatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina.

A greater variety of people is scarcely to be found in Europe. The Slavs are racially in the majority; the orthodox Greek Christians outnumber the numerous other creeds; and the vast bulk of the superficial area is thinly sprinkled with mountaineers, superb in physique, dense in their ignorance of the rudiments of education, fierce in their opposition to the pressure of orderly, centralized administration. The heterogeneous population is descended from the remnants of the vast disorderly hordes which poured into Europe from Asia Minor and the Steppes of Russia, between the third and the sixteenth centuries: fragments of the tribes conquered by the Huns and the Goths during their devastating passage; sections of the invaders too weak to keep up with the main body; people driven out of the Byzantine Empire by the Ottoman invasions; fragments of the advance-guard of various expeditions who outstripped the main body and then, upon its retreat, were left behind. In development and intelligence, the people include such extremes as the scarcely civilized hillmen of Montenegro; the stolid, inert Bulgarian peasantry; and the alert, capable, cultivated citizens of Sofia and Athens. An American correspondent tells of a bootblack who introduced him to his uncle, the Prime Minister of Bulgaria, and adds that neither uncle nor nephew seemed aware of any difference in social status. By grazing, and by a rude agriculture, these diverse peoples supported themselves for centuries and, in the main, still do so. Poverty-stricken (until lately), individually and collectively, isolated (until lately) from the world and from each other by the difficulties of communica-

tion, they became inevitably narrow, bigoted, fiercely partisan, unprogressive, certainly in no way fitted to influence the affairs of Europe.

Yet, as certainly, since the days of imperial Rome, no European state has been more often the subject of anxious inquiry; for those mountain valleys are the keys of Europe. Here where nature has built her fortresses, East has met West, the invaded has met the invader. In these great defiles are the natural roads between Asia and central and western Europe, long since trodden hard by Roman and Barbarian, Crusader and Infidel, Hapsburg and Ottoman. The Balkans control the whole lower half of the rich Danube Valley, whose economic value is as patent to-day as it was to the numerous invaders of Europe who recruited their strength in its fair fields. The Balkans also control the western coast of the Black Sea and some of its finest natural harbors. Along this coast runs the road from Russia to Constantinople; down through the Danube Valley, across the mountains, and through Adrianople, runs the great highway from the Rhine and Danube valleys to Constantinople and the East; around to the West, through Albania and Dalmatia, is the perfectly practical road, used long ago by the Visigoths, connecting Constantinople with Trieste, Venice, and the Valley of the Po. The Balkans, in fact, control Constantinople, the only gateway between Europe and Asia Minor, the junction of trade routes and military roads thousands of years old.

The Balkans have always been buffer states. Augustus there erected his barriers against the barbarian hordes; there Alaric and his horsemen broke the Roman legionaries at Adrianople, and from the mountain fastnesses assailed the Western Empire; there the Byzantine Empire made its last long stand; and there, after the fall of Constantinople, Christian Europe held the advancing Turks at bay. With the decline of the Ottoman power and the strengthening of the Hapsburg power, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the danger of the Mohammedan conquest of Christendom passed, and the Balkans lost significance for a while in the eyes of Europe. But to the Balkans themselves, the continued pressure of the Turk was not merely a menace: it was a curse; their sufferings were rendered a thousandfold keener by the knowledge that their oppressor was an infidel. The racial antipathy of the Occidental for the Oriental, the fierce religious hatred of the Christian for the Mohammedan, are motives actuating the Balkan peoples to a degree inconceivable in America; and no less violently do they control the children of the men who battered the gates of Vienna and beached their galleys on the shores of Rhodes and Malta. This war is a gigantic blood feud, a racial struggle, a crusade. The skirmishes have been hand-to-hand fights, and, even in pitched battles, Bulgarian regiments have thrown away their guns and rushed upon the Turks, knife in hand, in a frenzied lust for blood. The outrages upon the Macedonian Christians, which were the ostensible cause of the war, only intensified this fanatical antipathy, handed down from father to son. There can be no doubt that to the soldiers themselves the fierce desire to flesh their steel in an enemy's body outweighs every other motive.

If the strategic position of the Balkans has been a curse, by involving them in the meshes of the struggle between Europe and Asia, it has also proved a blessing, for, undoubtedly, they owe to outside pressure such nominal political unity as they have individually possessed. In fact, the

existence of a common oppressor, the inevitability of military rule, and its equally inevitable abuses, have given these varied peoples, widely sundered by race and creed, the vigorous bond of a common hatred. The virulence of that hatred has rendered their mutual animosities and jealousies powerless to separate them.

Their strategic situation has also involved them deeply in the dynastic and international ambitions and rivalries of Europe. From the international point of view, the entire present war, from its causes and its battles to the treaty of peace, is but a single battle in the great war between rival coalitions for the domination of Europe and the control of the known world. 'The agony of European Turkey has begun,' said one of the keenest and best informed German editors in a recent interview, 'and the question whether the Balkans politically and economically shall belong to an alliance or confederation of states under Russian influence and dependency, or remain open to Germanic expansion, will be as a matter of life or death to Germanic growth, influence, and life, and be finally answered and decided by the sword.' That is the real meaning of the Balkan Crisis.

This phase of the Balkan question is the result of the internal development, and ambition for further expansion, of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The objective of all three has long been a substantial share of the trade with the East which England has pretty thoroughly monopolized. In the supremacy of the English navy, and in the resulting control of the Atlantic and Mediterranean, they have seen the secret of her success and wealth. She grew rich, as Venice and Genoa had grown rich in the Middle Ages, carrying the eastern goods between the termini of the caravan routes and northern Europe. She then dug, with French assistance, the Suez Canal, creating a new water-route to India; she fortified it by a great fleet, by the possession of Egypt and the strategic points of the Mediterranean, while the French settled in Morocco and Algiers. Obviously, a contest for the supremacy of the Mediterranean became an indispensable prerequisite to the control of this trade, and could not even be attempted by Austria or Russia without ports and battleships.

Access to the Mediterranean became, therefore, the cardinal feature of the policy of expansion, which both long since initiated, and neither could reach the sea save through the Balkans. Russia must possess at least the Black Sea, Constantinople, and the Straits; Austria needed at least the strip of land through which ran the road to Trieste and Venice, and, to protect that, must hold Servia, Montenegro, and Albania. The interests of Russia and Austria were, however, highly antagonistic. Constantinople, Adrianople, and the Danube Valley made the gateway to Vienna through which the Turk had so often marched, and Austria could not permit it to fall into the hands of her eastern rival. On the other hand, Russia could not allow the western Balkans to fall into Austria's hands for fear that empire might secure the eastern Balkans as well, or, at least, attack Russia on the flank on her own march to Constantinople. Nor did either power wish to divide the eastern Mediterranean with the other. Under such circumstances it was more than natural that the Balkan States conceived a terror of both, and vastly preferred subjection to the Turk to 'freedom' at the hands of such friends.

England and France, who already controlled the Mediterranean, were anxious to thwart both these plans at all costs, and were therefore eager to

secure the Balkans and Constantinople themselves, a step to which Russia and Austria could not possibly consent. In fact, the Balkans and Turkey were such important districts that none of the great Powers could conceive of their possession by any one strong enough to use them for offense. They agreed, therefore, to keep the Turk alive so that he might hold what every one wanted, and what no one else could be allowed to have. Turkey's weakness was its only right to live. England and France, prevented by their distance from the scene of dispute from using the territory for their own aggrandizement, were allowed by the others to assume the direction of Turkey, and, in course of time, the present Balkan States were allowed to become independent of Turkey because their determination to govern themselves could not be longer repressed without the existence of an army at the very place in all Europe where every one least wished for one. Ever since the liberation of the states, the Slavs and Greeks left under Turkish rule, have, with the aid of their independent neighbors, actively agitated the question of their own independence of Turkey, but this the Powers have always refused to grant, for fear that their loss might weaken Turkey too much, or possibly add too substantially to the strength of one of the rival powers.

Then the whole situation was changed by the birth of the vast schemes dubbed, for want of a better name, Pan-Germanism. Bismarck had a vision of a Germano-Turkish state, extending from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, and including in its federated bond Germany, Austria, Hungary, the Balkan States, and Turkey. Once this great alliance was perfected, what would not be possible? Persia, Egypt, Arabia were weak, and, once captured, the keys to the East would be in Germany's hands: India would fall, the British Empire become a thing of the past, and Germany, once more as in the Middle Ages, would be empress of the world. With the control of the high road of commerce from Hamburg to Constantinople by rail, with the Baghdad Railroad to connect Constantinople with the Persian Gulf, the trade of the East could be brought to Europe by a more expeditious route than the sea route through Suez, and Germany and her allies would be able to break the English monopoly of Indian wares.

To Prussia and Austria, therefore, the Balkans are vital. To keep Russia out of Constantinople, to prevent her from securing a monopoly of the Black Sea, is absolutely essential to the execution of the Germanic plan, and cannot be insured without the firm control of both the Balkans and Constantinople. To contest England's naval supremacy in the Mediterranean, an Austrian naval base must be maintained in the Adriatic and, if possible, at Salonica in the Ægean; and in turn to defend such positions Austria must have control of the western Balkans, which flank not only the Adriatic, but her only road to both seas. To secure and protect a great trade route by rail from the Persian Gulf to Berlin and Hamburg, nearly one third of whose length lies in the defiles of the Balkans, effective possession of the eastern Balkans is indispensable. The success of Pan-Germanism depends entirely upon the feasibility of securing and *maintaining* complete control of the Balkans and of Turkey.

Conversely, the defense of Russia, England, and France depends upon the Balkans. Whoever else takes possession of them, the Triple Alliance must be kept out. There, too, is the best opportunity for placing a permanent obstacle in the way of the execution of

the German plans. Strangely enough, the Tripolitan War was begun by Italy as an ally of England and France: she was to receive Tripoli as the price of leaving the Triple Alliance, of joining her fleet to the French fleet, and of thus placing the naval forces of Austria hopelessly in the minority in the Mediterranean. The failure of England and France 'peacefully' to deliver Tripoli, the necessity of waging an expensive war to obtain it, caused her to return to her old allies *and to carry Tripoli with her*. England, counting on Italy's assistance, had removed most of her Mediterranean fleet to the North Sea; the French fleet had not yet concentrated at Toulon; the Italian and Austrian fleets combined were too nearly the equal of the available French and English fleets, and the situation was elsewhere too dangerous for the latter to risk actual interference. Without resistance, the Triple Alliance secured undisputed control of the Adriatic, a naval base in Africa from which to threaten the steamship lines to Suez, a military base from which to assail either Egypt or Tunis, and the temporary possession of nearly every strategic point in the eastern Mediterranean save the Straits and Constantinople. In addition, they actually landed in Tripoli a fully equipped army, and fortified the chief strategic points. The outbreak of the Balkan War then enabled them to extort from the unwilling Turks the peaceful cession of Tripoli, which Germany had pledged herself to obtain.

Needless to add, this result dealt England the heaviest blow she had received since 1798. It has been always said that Nelson's victory at Aboukir saved the English control of the Mediterranean. *Had he lost the battle, the result could scarcely have been so disastrous* as the passing of Tripoli into the undisputed control of the Triple Alliance. For the first time since the loss of Minorca in 1756, England, with her undisputed predominance unquestionably gone, was really in danger of losing actual control of the Mediterranean. Should Austria now succeed in executing any one of her schemes for the reconstruction of the Balkans, Bismarck's great vision would be within measurable distance of completion, the condition of England and France would be indeed desperate, and Russia's chances of realizing her ambitions in the south would surely have to be postponed at least half a century. For Austria plans to secure complete control of the Adriatic either, as she would like best, by annexing Servia, Montenegro, and Albania to her own territory, or by the formation of a Slav Monarchy out of those three states, the Croatian provinces, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, which would assume to Austria proper the same relation as Hungary and make of the Dual a Triple Monarchy. Macedonia, taking that territory in the broadest sense, would then be easily obtained; and from the great port of Salonica, as a base, the Austrian fleet would control the Ægean, and render the possession of Constantinople and the Straits of little value to Russia, should she perform the highly improbable feat of taking them after Austria had been thus strengthened.

These schemes and the recent events[1] which seem to make their achievement possible have destroyed the conditions upon which the existence of Turkey depended; a power which even minor powers can defeat is no longer desired by England and France at Constantinople. The creation in its place of an independent confederation of Balkan states, hating Austria for racial and religious reasons, suspicious of Russia

[1] This paper was sent to press on November 18. — The Editors.

for political reasons, naturally bound to England and France by strong financial ties, is, from the point of view of England and France, the most favorable solution, and even from the point of view of Russia such an outcome would be a vast improvement on the past situation.

These same events have also removed the chief objection that England and France had to the possession of the Balkans and of Constantinople by Russia herself. If they must have a rival in the Black Sea, better a thousand times a rival whose navy has yet to be built, and whose imminent peril in northern Europe makes their aid as vital to her in the Baltic as hers is to them in the Balkans. Indeed, the mere possession of the Balkans by Russia would be a permanent guarantee of the failure of Bismarck's scheme, and would do more than any other one thing to render Morocco, India, and even England itself, safe from aggression. With Russia in Poland, in Galicia, *and* in Servia, Berlin and Vienna would be in deadly peril in flank and rear, Trieste could be taken, the Adriatic conquered, Italy isolated, Tripoli annexed by England and France, and a stronger hold secured on the Mediterranean and Africa than ever before. The key which might open the door of the East might also effectively lock it.

The Powers, therefore, permitted the Balkan States to destroy Turkey because they all hoped to benefit indirectly by the partition of the Turkish Empire. It is highly probable that the Balkan States were secretly assured of support by both coalitions, and well knew, therefore, that success in the war was a foregone conclusion. The moment, too, was opportune in the opinion of both coalitions. The Triple Alliance saw in it the first steps toward the ultimate consummation of their control of the Balkans, the lever by which Tripoli, Macedonia, and Albania could be pried from the clutches of the reluctant Turk, the surest method of obtaining more effective control of Asia Minor. Not only was there much to gain by action, but much might be lost by waiting till the English had altered their naval dispositions in the Mediterranean, till the Baghdad Railroad and the Persian Gulf had been outflanked by the Trans-Persian Railroad, till the opening of the Panama Canal had made the English possession of Suez relatively less essential, and, above all, till the death of Franz Joseph should produce such internal dissensions in Austria-Hungary as to render the Dual Monarchy helpless for a decade. The joy at the prospect of war was not less great in London, Paris, and St. Petersburg. The wished-for *coup d'état* which should destroy the German plans was actually in progress in the creation of a confederation of really independent Balkan states. Should the Sultan actually be expelled from Europe, England could then offer him a refuge in Egypt, or, if he preferred to remain in Asia Minor, she might secure the establishment in Egypt or Morocco of a new Khalifate to rule the Mohammedans in Africa and Asia, and thus end for good and all the dangers of a holy war in the English and French territories.

In the Balkans themselves, however, joy was literally unconfined. A glorious opportunity was theirs to strike off all the shackles binding them to all the Powers. Such an opportunity would certainly never return. They feared Austria most, Russia next, and England and France least. While the Turk was the Sick Man of Europe, maintained in desuetude, while the Powers were interested in the Balkan States merely to keep them out of one another's hands, Balkan independence was very real, and the rule of Turkey

over their brethren in the Turkish Empire was too inefficient to be burdensome. But the spectacle was terrifying in the extreme of the organization in Turkey by German hands of a strong centralized administration with a large and efficient army, trained, financed, and officered by Germany and Austria, and directed to the furtherance of the latter's interests. Such a Turkey would be a neighbor and ruler of a different stamp. The very excellence and justice of the administration which the new régime proposed to institute would remove the *casus belli*, the *gravamina* of Macedonia and Albania. Should many men of the stamp of Hussein Kiazim Bey be appointed, and should they use elsewhere the vigor he displayed as Vali of Salonica in punishing the Turkish *gendarmerie* for the commission of crimes and atrocities, the most apparent and telling evidences of Turkish misrule would disappear.

Moreover, an alliance with Austria and Germany, however favorable the constitutional or diplomatic relations might be, would mean to the Balkan States the surrender of their own independence and the acceptance of dictation from Berlin or Vienna of a policy made in the interests of the latter. The economic benefits looked distant and nebulous: the rich trade of the East would hardly stop at their doors to afford them profit. The positive disadvantages in time of peace were certain: the coalition would make them its fortress for defense and offense. In time of war the disadvantages would be even greater, for the battles would be fought within their borders. If they were ever to achieve liberty, they must strike before Turkey became more efficient, and before one or the other coalition took possession of them by main force.

So far as Turkey was concerned, there was little effective resistance to be expected from a state torn by internal dissensions between the Old and the Young Turks. With the revolutionary Party of Union and Progress actively opposing the ministry, with a strong belief in foreign capitals and chancelleries that the new régime was no better than the old, with the new Turkish army effectively marooned in Tripoli, and the Italian fleet holding the Ægean, the chances of success for the Balkans were at the maximum. The probability of European interference with the beginning and prosecution of the war they knew to be slight, for they clearly saw what each side hoped to gain from their efforts. That each group of great powers depended upon their coöperation for the furtherance of its own interests, made it not unlikely that a really strong confederation of Balkan States, if not actually able to exact its own price from either side, would for some years at least be able to play off one party against the other, and so afford an opportunity for the consolidation of its own union, and the development of the immediate advantages of victory to such an extent that armed interference would become a serious matter for any coalition, however strong. They well know that the country itself is a natural fortress, already improved by all the devices of modern fortification; that their armies contain more than half a million men, natural soldiers, well equipped by their 'friends'' money, and well instructed by their 'friends'' officers in all the multifold strategical and tactical advantages of their country.

Such men, fighting for independence, ought to be able to hold such a country even against Austria or Russia. If they cannot win it, with Turkey weak and disorganized, with Austria and Russia determined to thwart each

other's ambitions, they never can maintain their independence. This is their greatest, and perhaps their only opportunity. While the Powers, therefore, complacently watched the struggle with Turkey, each confident that the Balkans were fighting in their interest, the Balkans were actually fighting for their own independence of the Powers themselves. Moreover, by beginning a campaign, which they knew would be short, in the late autumn, they practically insured themselves six months in which to take advantage of their victory; for the severe Balkan winter, already upon them, will make any effective armed interposition by either Austria or Russia exceedingly difficult, if not impossible.

The position of the confederates dictated the strategy of the war. The Servians and Montenegrins were to begin the war in the west, partly in hope of drawing the Turkish forces thither and so weakening the main army, partly because it was their duty to overrun Albania and be in position to attack Macedonia on the flank at the moment when the Greeks delivered an assault in force from the front. The two, thus victorious, would together overrun Thrace and fall upon the rear of the main Turkish army if the Bulgarian assault upon Adrianople had not yet succeeded, or on its flank in case the Turk had been driven back on Constantinople. Whichever won first would be immediately in a most advantageous position to assist her allies whether they were victorious or defeated. Rumania remained inactive, to be ready to defend the rear from possible attacks from Austria or Russia.

The rapidity with which these combined attacks were delivered prevented the concentration of the Turkish army at any point, and also made its provisioning and administration exceedingly difficult. The astounding vigor and ability of the Bulgarians enabled them to drive the disorganized and hungry Turks into Constantinople before the western and southern movements were finished, and have rendered the complete overthrow of the Turkish power in Europe merely a question of time.

The confederates intend to treat only with Turkey; they deny the right of the powers to interfere; they are themselves agreed upon the settlement; and hold possession of everything the Powers want, with armies aggregating at least half a million men, flushed with victory, and entrenched in a natural fortress. If the plans of the allies succeed, the King of Greece is to be president of a federation composed of the independent states of Bulgaria, Rumania, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro. Crete, the Ægean Islands, and the greater part of Macedonia will be annexed to Greece; most of Thrace to Bulgaria; Albania to Servia. The rest of European Turkey, including Salonica, presents the most difficult problem.

Needless to say, these arrangements will be very disagreeable to Austria and Italy, who desire to erect Albania and probably Macedonia into kingdoms, with Austrian or Italian princes as kings. The Balkan States point out that these districts are merely geographical expressions, — the people possessing unity neither of race nor creed, and lacking even a common language, — and insist that nothing but trouble for themselves and their neighbors can result from granting them autonomy. This does not weigh heavily with the Triple Alliance, the members of which are anxious, if they cannot avert the settlement, to provide for its prompt failure. England and France, and probably Russia, seem to be in favor of strengthening the existing states, and decry the 'ungenerous' policy of snatching from them the fruits of victory.

The really vital difficulty lies in the existence of Constantinople. The Balkans will insist upon the removal of the seat of Turkish government across the Straits; the Powers will hardly consent to anything less than the neutralization of Constantinople and the Straits. In any case, armed interference is highly improbable. The strength of the confederation in men and resources, the approach of winter, the nature of the ground where the battles would be fought, the antagonistic interests of the coalitions, will in all probability prevent more than a show of force by either Austria or Russia. The lack of money might bring the Balkans to terms, were it not practically certain that England and France will finance them. Whether or not foreseen and inspired by those two nations, the war has resulted in giving back to them the strategic position in the Mediterranean, lost through the conquest of Tripoli by the Triple Alliance. Moreover, they have won it without vitally increasing their own dangers from Russia. The latter will be entirely satisfied with freedom of passage to and from the Black Sea, and will create there, with their entire approval, a strong fleet which will become a factor in future movements in the Mediterranean. At the moment of writing, the Balkan War is a victory for the Triple Entente over the Triple Alliance.

As an outcome of the struggle it is hard to foresee anything short of destruction for Turkey in Europe. With the loss of Albania and Macedonia, there will be little left except the district immediately around Constantinople, which, though containing the vast majority of the Turks on the northern side of the Bosphorus, has a numerous and hostile Greek element in the population. There is not, and never has been, any racial or religious basis for a Turkish state in Europe. The Turks belong in Asia Minor. The ability of the Turk to stand in either place without support is doubtful. Administrative decentralization has fostered dishonesty, disobedience, and corruption so long as to make them almost racial traits, which render the Turk poor material for the independent self-government so eagerly desired by the Young Turks. And this very attempt at administrative centralization and honest government rouses the subject peoples and offends the Powers. Only because the Turk was hopelessly inefficient and submissive was he allowed to exist at all. The work of the Committee of Union and Progress, whose ideal is the exclusion of foreigners from Turkey, settled its ultimate fate. Like Persia and Egypt, Turkey must be governed in the interests of Europe and not in its own. Whatever happens, the Turk will be again reduced to inefficiency and subserviency.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY?

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN

I

WHAT shall we say as to 'free ships' and the Panama Canal? If our nation has agreed to treat all ships alike, including our own, let us stand by that agreement. Of violation of treaties we have been more than once accused. If we know what we have promised, let us stand by it, even though it seems strange that we cannot 'throw our money to the birds' while every other nation is free to do it.

But why 'throw our money to the birds'? Do 'the birds' require it or appreciate it? What claim have coastwise steamships of the United States to use our canal at the expense of the American people? But these are 'our ships,' we say. Since when have they become 'our ships'? Have the New York and London capitalists who own them ever turned them over to us? Have they ever agreed to divide their profits with those who make great profits possible? The great enemy of democracy is privilege. To grant any sort of concession, having money value, without a corresponding return, is 'privilege.' The granting of privilege in the past has been the source of most of the great body of political evils from which the civilized world suffers to-day.

While declaiming against privilege, even while exalting its curtailment as the greatest of national issues to-day, we start new privileges without hesitation. We throw into the hands of an unknown group of men, to become sooner or later a shipping trust, a vast unknown and increasing sum of money, extorted by indirect taxation from the people of this country. No accounting is asked from them; no returns for our generosity. We give them yearly, to begin with, as much as an American laborer can earn in twelve thousand years; in other words, we place at their service, and at our own expense, twelve thousand of our workingmen. From our tax-roll we pass over to them the payments each year of thirty thousand families. And all because these are 'our ships.' 'Our ships'; we have here the primal fallacy of privilege, a fallacy dominant the world over, the leading agent in the impending bankruptcy of this spendthrift world.

In Europe and America, taxes have doubled in the last fifteen years, and half of this extra tax has gone to build up 'our ships,' 'our bankers,' 'our commerce,' 'our manufactures,' 'our promoters,' 'our defense,' in nation after nation, while 'the man lowest down,' who bears the brunt of this taxation, is never called on to share its benefits. The ships that bear our flag in order to go through our canal at our expense are not 'our ships.' By the very fact of free tolls, we know them for the ships of our enemy; for the arch-enemy of democracy is privilege.

II

As teachers of private and to some extent of public morals, what shall we say to the gigantic parade on the Hudson of miles on miles of war vessels on

their way from the tax bureau to the junk-shop?

Let us look on this mighty array of ships, splendidly equipped and manned by able and worthy men, the whole never to be needed, and never under any conceivable circumstances to be other than a burden and a danger to the nation which displays it.

We are told that a purpose of this pageant of the ships is to 'popularize the navy.' This may mean to get us used to it, and to paying for it — which is the chief function of the people in these great affairs. Or it may mean to work upon the public imagination so that we may fill the vacancies in the corps of sailors and marines who 'glare at us through their absences.'

By all means let us popularize the navy. It is our navy; we have paid for it; and it is for the people to do what they please with it. 'For, after all, this is the people's country.' And perhaps we could bring it nearer to our hearts and thoughts if we should paint on the white side of each ship, its cost in taxes, in the blood and sweat of workingmen, in the anguish of 'the man lowest down.'

There is the good ship North Dakota, for example. Her cost is almost exactly the year's earning of the prosperous state for which she is named. The fine dreadnoughts who fear nothing while the nation is in its senses, and in war nothing but a torpedo-boat or an aërobomb, — it would please the workingman to know that his wages for twenty thousand years would purchase a ship of this kind, and that the wages of sixteen hundred of his fellows each year would keep it trim and afloat. As the procession moves by, he will see ships that have cost as much as the universities of Cornell or Yale or Princeton or Wisconsin, and almost as much as Harvard or Columbia, and on the flag-ship at the last these figures might be summed up, the whole costing as much as an American workman would earn, perhaps, in two million years, a European workman in four million, and an Asiatic in eight million; as much, let us say, as all the churches, ministers, and priests in the Christian world have cost in half a century. These figures may not be all correct. It would require an expert statistician to make them so. But it would be worth while.

If all this is needed to insure the peace it endangers, by all means let us have it. There is no cost which we cannot afford to pay, if honorable peace is at stake. But let us be convinced that peace is really at stake, and that this is the means to secure it. There are some who think that Christian fellowship, the demands of commerce, and a civil tongue in a foreign office, do more for a nation's peace than any show of force.

'Man,' observes Bernard Shaw, 'is the only animal that esteems itself rich in proportion to the number and voracity of its parasites.'

III

What shall we say, as lovers of peace, in face of the Balkan War? Is it true that while Serbs are Serbs, and Greeks are Greeks, and Turks are Turks, 'it must needs be that offenses come'? Is it not true that while Turks rule aliens for the money to be extorted, there can be no peace between them and their subjects or their neighbors?

It is not necessary for us to answer these questions. They belong to history rather than to morals. The progress of events will take our answer from our lips. The problem comes to us too late for any act of ours to be effective. The stage was set, the actors chosen long before our day and generation. Our part is to strive for peace: first, to do away with causes for war;

second, to lead people to look to war as *the last, and not the first*, remedy for national wrongs or national disagreements. Most wars have their origin in the evil passions of men, and no war could take place if both sides were sincerely desirous of honorable peace.

No doubt, the Balkan situation could have been controlled for peace by the 'concert of powers' in Europe, were it not that no such concert exists. The instruments are out of tune and time. So long as foreign offices are alike controlled by the interests of great exploiting and competing corporations, they can never stand for good morals and good order. If they could, the Turkish rule of violence would have ceased long ago.

Those who fight against war cannot expect to do away with it in a year or a century, especially when it is urged on by five hundred years of crime and discord. The roots of the Balkan struggle lie back in the Middle Ages, and along mediæval lines the fight is likely to be conducted. 'The right to rule without the duty to protect' is the bane of all Oriental imperialism. Meanwhile, our own task is to help to modernize the life of the world; to raise, through democracy, the estimate of the value of men's lives; to continue, through our day, the enduring revolt of civilization against 'obsolete forms of servitude, tyranny, and waste.'

The immediate purpose of the Peace Movement is, through public opinion and through international law, to exalt order above violence, and to take war out of the foreground of the 'international mind' in the event of disputes between races and nations. No movement forward can succeed all at once. Evil habit and false education have left the idea of war and glory too deeply ingrained. Men, law-abiding and patient, willing to hear both sides, have never yet been in the majority. Yet their influence steadily grows in weight. The influence of science and arts, of international fellowship, of common business interests, small business as well as great, are leading the people of the world to better and better understanding. Left alone, civilized people would never make war. They have no outside grievances they wish to submit to the arbitrament of wholesale murder. To make them prepare for war they must be scared, not led. Were it not for the exaggeration, by interested parties, of trade jealousies and diplomatic intrigues, few people would ever think of going to war. The workingmen of Europe suffer from tax-exhaustion. The fear of war is kept before them to divert them from their own sad plight. This diversion leaves their plight still sadder.

The bread-riot in all its phases is the sign of over-taxation, of governmental disregard of the lives and earnings of the common man. Anarchism is the expression that the idle and reckless give to the feelings of those who are still law-abiding.

The Peace Movement must stand against oppression and waste. It must do its part in removing grievances, national and international. It must give its council in favor of peace and order, and it must help to educate men to believe that the nation which guarantees to its young men personal justice and personal opportunity, has a greater glory than that which sends forth its youth to slaughter.

THE SUNRISE PRAYER MEETING

BY REBECCA FRAZAR

In ——field we do not watch the Old Year out. We do not dance him out unless we are very young and foolish. For we know that promptly at 6.45 A.M., if not earlier, we shall be shaken and shouted out of warm dreams by our elders, to make ourselves ready in haste, and go and pray the New Year in.

The elders were shaken out of their young sleep so many bitter mornings, and their elders before them, that it is a wonder there is no hereditary aptitude among the dwellers in ——field to waken at 6.45 A.M. on every New Year's Day. But the law of heredity passes on only a strict, and sometimes unreasoning, sense of obligation. We know that we must go to the Sunrise Prayer Meeting though a blizzard be whirling down from the hills, smothering the sidewalks, and tearing the trolley-wires. We must go to the Sunrise Prayer Meeting even if we be the poor, the sick, the afflicted, or all three at once, so long as it is physically possible; we must go certainly if we are only full of sleep and loath to tumble breathless out into the keen dusky cold before the sun rises, while the church-bell tolls and the streets begin to be filled with hurrying shapes. For young and old, rich and poor, glad and sorry, are all making what haste they may to the gray church on the Square, to pray the New Year in.

The church, still in its Christmas dress of laurel-wreaths and pine-boughs, seems very old and mellow, from shadowy rafter and good Gothic arch to the last humble pew under the gallery. Lit as for a vesper service, warm, yet touched by the thin gray light and air of winter dawn, it receives, with a sort of special dignity and sober complacence, the silent people who overcrowd its pews. It does not ask them to-day whether they be Orthodox or Unitarian, Methodist or Baptist, black or white, alien or of the old proud stock of the city's and the church's elect. Every seat is taken long before the organ begins to grumble and whisper; and while the bell still tolls in the tower above, and the ushers go lightly up and down, hunting a place here and there for some unaccustomed or over-sleeping late arrival, it seems good to those who come here year after year to sit quietly for a little in the solemn, cheerful, crowded hush. Up in the high rafters, old memories glimmer out and fade. There are one's own Sunrise and New Year thoughts to think before the minister in charge gives out the first hymn, and the congregation stands to sing, —

> 'While with ceaseless course the sun
> Hasted through the former year,' —

or 'My faith looks up to Thee,' or 'God moves in a mysterious way.'

Then the minister, standing humbly at the foot of the high pulpit, reads somewhat from the Scriptures: the great Faith chapter from the Hebrews, it may be. And all the people repeat together, with the reverence of children, the Twenty-third Psalm. There is another old, well-beloved hymn; the

minister prays and speaks a moment, quietly, and the 'meeting is open.'

Who will first be moved by the Spirit? There is never long to wait. A voice is lifted: there is much decent craning of necks and straining of ears. — Is it old Deacon Robinson? — or Professor Downey? — or the new Baptist minister? — or some layman less seasoned in public speech and prayer? A little pleased and interested murmur stirs the congregation. It is Deacon Robinson: his silvery head gleams above the front pews, and his sweet, quavering voice gathers power and assurance as he tells how he has been mercifully permitted to attend the Sunrise Prayer Meeting every year but one since he was a boy, 'more 'n eighty-five year ago,' — and how he has always found help and grace there, and how the Lord has always showed him the way and has answered his prayers. For, as he says, 'When I was seventy year old, I asked the Lord to let me live to be eighty. And so He did. And when I got to be eighty, I asked Him to let me live to be ninety. And He did that, too. And now I'm asking Him to be a hundred. But, after all, I'm not very partik'ler about it.'

Then, perhaps, it is indeed the new Baptist minister; or the pastor of the little colored church, a man whose dark skin and humble place cannot keep him from often saying the keenest word and offering up the bravest petition. But they are not all clergymen and deacons whom the Spirit moves. Men prominent in the professions and industries of the city; young men, who have gritted their teeth and vowed, humorous above their earnestness, to make their maiden speech or die in the attempt, are on their feet. They are not glib with the well-rounded terms of conventional exhortation and prayer, but they speak quickly of the needs of the churches and the city, as eager for the honor of the future as the old men for the past.

Sometimes two voices are upraised at once. One brother prays the other down, as it were, until the more timid or more magnanimous gives in and takes his seat. Favorite hymns and poems are quoted, quaint anecdotes are told; yet always there is an undercurrent deep and strong of reverence, of mystery; a recognition of the past and the present and the future, and of that which makes them one.

In a moment, it seems, the hour is passed, the last hymn is sung, the benediction is spoken. Another hush: and then all over the church there is a rising murmur, of 'Happy New Year!' 'Happy New Year!' as each one turns with a handshake to his nearest likely neighbor. And if there are many who find it hard to give and take the greeting lightly, they are too proud or too strong to let the shadow cross their faces, and the widow under her veil passes the wish with as true a grace as the woman whose stalwart husband, on his annual pilgrimage between church-walls, walks, half-sheepishly smiling, beside her and her flock of children.

Crowding a little, for the young ones must be off to school and the busy ones to the shops and offices, the congregation throngs out into the street. The 'Happy New Years' grow louder and more merry, as friends draw together, while sleighs and automobiles fill, and the frosty Square has suddenly become gay with chatter and jingling and light. For while ——field prayed in the church, the sun has risen beyond the bare white and purple hills that shoulder up at the broad street-end, and the little city has wakened to another day and another year of unknown sorrow and joy, failure and attainment.

It is a curious old custom, handed down without a break from the days when the church was only a white meeting-house on the village green, and when most of the good people came jingling from far over the snow-bound hills to their Sunrise Meeting. Newcomers in ——field may not at first understand why it is like no other rite in the whole civic and religious calendar. Yet let them once bow in the quiet church, sing the old, marching, faithful hymns, hear the odd or noble words of reminiscence and hope and thanksgiving and intercession; let them exchange their 'Happy New Years' in the church porch and pass out into the gay shining street; and they will feel somehow that the hour has whispered of a thing seldom revealed, — the hidden, hoping, believing, and worshiping heart of a city. They will feel that, for once, an ideal faith has been frankly and simply recognized as the ancient and future glory of the community. However smug, however foolish and covetous and earthy the little city may often seem to be, the Sunrise Prayer Meeting still reassures those who know and love it that the old desire after heavenly things is not dead, though it must soon learn to speak a new and brisker tongue, and to wear a strangely modern garb.

For, indeed, some day there will be no more like Deacon Robinson, with his child-like trust and quaint old-time petitions. Yet it seems that the dwellers in ——field will not easily forsake the assembling of themselves together on the first day of the year, to think long thoughts of such things as are true and comely and of good report, for themselves and for their city, and to sing with voices half-tremulous, yet proud and confident, —

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
  Thy better portion trace:
Rise from transitory things
  Toward Heav'n, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
  Time shall soon this earth remove.
Rise, my soul, and haste away
  To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
  Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
  Both speed them to their source.
So my soul, derived from God,
  Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
  To rest in His embrace.

And it is worth waking early and shivering out in the dark to feel that the friends and neighbors with whom the year-long we traffic in stupid mortal cares and follies are singing such words with us, and thinking hard of them, and more than half-believing them, for even one hour: that the secret heart of the city, for once unashamed, is somehow praying the New Year in, as the sun comes up over the hills.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SOCIAL SPOT CASH

SUPPOSE you bid me come to your house to dinner, and suppose I accept, and, feeling that I shall repay you by feeding you at some future time, I give myself no concern over my obligation to you on that occasion. Let us suppose that I count my duty done by being properly clothed and punctual. You have asked others to be present with whom you are on pleasant terms, and you are anxious that they think well of you. I have no tongue for small talk and can't bother about trifles; you are giving the dinner-party and are supposed to know what you want. If you want me, you must take me as I am; I'll come and behave properly — by which you are to understand that I shall not get drunk or mess my food; you must n't expect more. So I proceed to spoil your dinner-party by not doing anything. I'm tired, anyway, — or at least I think I am, — and by my dull and boorish bearing I make every one near me uncomfortable. Those new neighbors whom you have at your house for the first time are very interesting people; it is a good and illuminating thing to know them; but after that disagreeable evening with me they are calmly but firmly resolved that your house is a place to avoid. The professor whom you have always wanted to know better, now in town on consultation, was fortunately able to be present; he said he would be very glad to come; but he was not glad when he went away. You see, I was there, and I made talk impossible; my heavy, uninterested silence killed all joy. I satisfy my previous consciousness by saying to myself that I was not interested in the subjects under discussion, and I give you credit for having fed me well. Then, having given you a social black-eye, I make things what I call even by inviting you to spoil a second and otherwise good evening by boring yourself with me.

It is clear that in behaving in the manner just described I have made an error; and the error is one frequently made. The purpose of this writing is to discover, if possible, what the nature of this error is, and to find an expression for it that we may all understand; not only you who have suffered by it, but I who, to keep myself in the character, must call myself the 'innocent' cause of it.

The answer is neither involved nor far to seek. Social intercourse is commerce, in a way. We must pay for what we get, but general welfare and comity require that we pay spot cash. We can't pay in money because that is not current social coin. If the conventions did not bar the way and make it an insult, it would be far better for you if, on the unhappy night when I spoiled your party, I had taken out my pocket-book and laid down upon the table the cost of the food and drink and service. You would have been rid of me so much sooner, and you would not have been called upon to endure the second evening with me. But if money — dollars and cents — is not current social coin, neither are food and drink; although in this respect convention lags far-and-away-behind. Convention does not forbid me to do the very thing that I have assumed to do: to eat your food to-day and take a

long credit, paying you back in kind, next week or next month. In point of fact, that is not paying you back at all, as we have seen.

The only way that I can possibly repay you is to make my presence worth while, and an advantage to you. The debt should be paid before I leave your threshold, and I must have intelligence enough to know how to pay it. By a miscalculation of the sort you made when you invited me in the first instance, you may have asked some one to come whom you thought to be a brilliant talker, and who turns out on this occasion to be one of those dreadful creatures who prove the wisdom of all misanthropy by combating everybody and everything, and grating upon the nerves of every mortal soul present. If I cannot quiet him or draw his breeziness upon me alone so that others have an opportunity to breathe and talk, it behooves me to sit still and be good. They also serve who only sit still and are good. But 'good' means, in the circle, a part of whatever good fellowship is available.

When you open your house to your friends you do a brave and a gracious thing. You show yourself, your training, the measure of your culture, and the things of which you are ashamed. Your intimate self is made visible. You may put on airs for your own satisfaction, but you know and I know that anybody can see through them. Your house is yourself, or your wife's self; and surely there is no cause for shame in admitting that hers is the master mind when the day's work is over and you are at home. This is true of so many men of the very best sort that it will do you no harm to admit it. And it will do you no good to deny it.

Suppose a clumsy maid spills a plate of soup. If clothes are damaged it is mortifying, and it may mean that some work must be done to the floor to repair the injury; otherwise it is not a serious occurrence. But if I or any other of your guests offends any one, then harm is done, for which you are in a way responsible, and which rubbing and scrubbing will not repair. So the responsibility of every guest is a heavy one. You have bidden them come inside the line of your defenses, and your social reputation is in their hands. No matter how great your effort or expense, every one should then and there pay back in the coin of agreeable good fellowship, as nearly as he can, in full for all value received.

Social reciprocity, the idea that if you feed me I must feed you, or if you entertain me I must entertain you, is born of social inefficiency. Who the first lady of fashion or quality was who devised the present system of food exchanges as the fulfillment of social amenities, we shall never know; but it is a fair guess that her lord married her solely for her money. Or if the custom became current by common consent, then the custom itself is a severe indictment of dullness against that part of society which is known as fashionable because it furnishes the example which the rest of the world accepts and emulates.

There is no such thing as a deferred social credit; the only real payment is in spot cash.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1913

THE UNITED STATES *VERSUS* PRINGLE

THE RECORD OF A QUAKER CONSCIENCE

On July 13, 1863, Cyrus Guernsey Pringle, in company with two fellow Quakers of Charlotte, Vermont, was drafted for service in the Union Army. Through religious scruples, the conscripts refused under any considerations to bear arms, and although, in the case of Pringle, a well-to-do uncle offered to pay the price of a substitute, the Quaker's ardent conscience would not permit him to tempt another to commit in his place the sin which he believed to be against the Word of God. Mr. Pringle died not long ago, and his diary, interesting alike as a study of character and as the record of an extraordinary experience, may now be given to the public. — THE EDITORS.

AT Burlington, Vt., on the 13th of the seventh month, 1863, I was drafted. Pleasant are my recollections of the 14th. Much of that rainy day I spent in my chamber, as yet unaware of my fate; in writing and reading and in reflecting to compose my mind for any event. The day and the exercise, by the blessing of the Father, brought me precious reconciliation to the will of Providence.

With ardent zeal for our Faith and the cause of our peaceable principles; and almost disgusted at the lukewarmness and unfaithfulness of very many who profess these; and considering how heavily slight crosses bore upon their shoulders, I felt to say, 'Here am I Father for thy service. As thou will.' May I trust it was He who called me and sent me forth with the consolation: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Deeply have I felt many times since that I am nothing without the companionship of the Spirit.

I was to report on the 27th. Then, loyal to our country, W. L. D. and I appeared before the Provost Marshal with a statement of our cases. We were ordered for a hearing on the 29th. On the afternoon of that day W. L. D. was rejected upon examination of the Surgeon, but my case not coming up, he remained with me, — much to my strength and comfort. Sweet was his converse and long to be remembered, as we lay together that warm summer night on the straw of the barracks. By his encouragement much was my mind strengthened; my desires for a pure life, and my resolutions for good. In him and those of whom he spoke I saw the abstract beauty of Quakerism. On the next morning came I. M. D. to support me and plead my case before the Board of Enrollment. On the day after, the 31st, I came before the Board. Respectfully those men listened to the exposition of our principles; and, on our representing that we looked for some relief from the President, the marshal released me for twenty days. Meanwhile appeared L. M. M. and was likewise, by the kindness of

the marshal, though they had received instructions from the Provost Marshal General to show such claims no partiality, released to appear on the 20th day of the eighth month.

All these days we were urged by our acquaintances to pay our commutation money; by some through well-meant kindness and sympathy; by others through interest in the war; and by others still through a belief they entertained it was our duty. But we confess a higher duty than that to country; and, asking no military protection of our Government and grateful for none, deny any obligation to support so unlawful a system, as we hold a war to be even when waged in opposition to an evil and oppressive power and ostensibly in defense of liberty, virtue, and free institutions; and, though touched by the kind interest of friends, we could not relieve their distress by a means we held even more sinful than that of serving ourselves, as by supplying money to hire a substitute we would not only be responsible for the result, but be the agents in bringing others into evil. So looking to our Father alone for help, and remembering that 'Whoso loseth his life for my sake shall find it; but whoso saveth it shall lose it,' we presented ourselves again before the Board, as we had promised to do when released. Being offered four days more of time, we accepted it as affording opportunity to visit our friends; and moreover as there would be more probability of meeting P. D. at Rutland.

Sweet was the comfort and sympathy of our friends as we visited them. There was a deep comfort, as we left them, in the thought that so many pure and pious people follow us with their love and prayers. Appearing finally before the marshal on the 24th, suits and uniforms were selected for us, and we were called upon to give receipts for them. L. M. M. was on his guard, and, being first called upon, declared he could not do so, as that would imply acceptance. Failing to come to any agreement, the matter was postponed till next morning, when we certified to the fact that the articles were 'with us.' Here I must make record of the kindness of the marshal, Rolla Gleason, who treated us with respect and kindness. He had spoken with respect of our Society; had given me furloughs to the amount of twenty-four days, when the marshal at Rutland considered himself restricted by his oath and duty to six days; and here appeared in person to prevent any harsh treatment of us by his sergeants; and though much against his inclinations, assisted in putting on the uniform with his own hands. We bade him Farewell with grateful feelings and expressions of fear that we should not fall into as tender hands again; and amid the rain in the early morning, as the town clock tolled the hour of seven, we were driven amongst the flock that was going forth to the slaughter, down the street and into the cars for Brattleboro. Dark was the day with murk and cloud and rain; and, as we rolled down through the narrow vales of eastern Vermont, somewhat of the shadow crept into our hearts and filled them with dark apprehensions of evil fortune ahead; of long, hopeless trials; of abuse from inferior officers; of contempt from common soldiers; of patient endurance (or an attempt at this), unto an end seen only by the eye of a strong faith.

Herded into a car by ourselves, we conscripts, substitutes, and the rest, through the greater part of the day, swept over the fertile meadows along the banks of the White River and the Connecticut, through pleasant scenes that had little of delight for us. At Woodstock we were joined by the conscripts from the 1st District, — alto-

gether an inferior company from those before with us, who were honest yeomen from the northern and mountainous towns, while these were many of them substitutes from the cities.

At Brattleboro we were marched up to the camp; our knapsacks and persons searched; and any articles of citizen's dress taken from us; and then shut up in a rough board building under a guard. Here the prospect was dreary, and I felt some lack of confidence in our Father's arm, though but two days before I wrote to my dear friend, E. M. H., —

> I go to-morrow where the din
> Of war is in the sulphurous air.
> I go the Prince of Peace to serve,
> His cross of suffering to bear.

Brattleboro, 26*th*, 8*th* month, 1863. — Twenty-five or thirty caged lions roam lazily to and fro through this building hour after hour through the day. On every side without, sentries pace their slow beat, bearing loaded muskets. Men are ranging through the grounds or hanging in synods about the doors of the different buildings, apparently without a purpose. Aimless is military life, except betimes its aim is deadly. Idle life blends with violent death-struggles till the man is unmade a man; and henceforth there is little of manhood about him. Of a man he is made a Soldier, which is a man-destroying machine in two senses, — a thing for the prosecuting or repelling an invasion like the block of stone in the fortress or the plate of iron on the side of the Monitor. They are alike. I have tried in vain to define a difference, and I see only this. The iron-clad with its gun is the bigger soldier: the more formidable in attack, the less liable to destruction in a given time; the block the most capable of resistance; both are equally obedient to officers. Or the more perfect is the soldier, the more nearly he approaches these in this respect.

Three times a day we are marched out to the mess houses for our rations. In our hands we carry a tin plate, whereon we bring back a piece of bread (sour and tough most likely), and a cup. Morning and noon a piece of meat, antique betimes, bears company with the bread. They who wish it receive in their cups two sorts of decoctions: in the morning burnt bread, or peas perhaps, steeped in water with some saccharine substance added (I dare not affirm it to be sugar). At night steeped tea extended by some other herbs probably and its pungency and acridity assuaged by the saccharine principle aforementioned. On this we have so far subsisted and, save some nauseating, comfortably. As we go out and return, on right and left and in front and rear go bayonets. Some substitutes heretofore have escaped and we are not to be neglected in our attendants. Hard beds are healthy, but I query cannot the result be defeated by the *degree?* Our mattresses are boards. Only the slight elasticity of our thin blankets breaks the fall of our flesh and bones thereon. Oh! now I praise the discipline I have received from uncarpeted floors through warm summer nights of my boyhood.

The building resounds with petty talk; jokes and laughter and swearing. Something more than that. Many of the caged lions are engaged with cards, and money changes hands freely. Some of the caged lions read, and some sleep, and so the weary day goes by.

L. M. M. and I addressed the following letter to Governor Holbrook and hired a corporal to forward it to him.

Brattleboro, Vt., 26*th*, 8*th* month, 1863.

Frederick Holbrook,

Governor of Vermont: —

We, the undersigned members of

the Society of Friends, beg leave to represent to thee, that we were lately drafted in the 3d Dist. of Vermont, have been forced into the army and reached the camp near this town yesterday.

That in the language of the elders of our New York Yearly Meeting, 'We love our country and acknowledge with gratitude to our Heavenly Father the many blessings we have been favored with under the government; and can feel no sympathy with any who seek its overthrow.'

But that, true to well-known principles of our society, we cannot violate our religious convictions either by complying with military requisitions or by the equivalents of this compliance, — the furnishing of a substitute or payment of commutation money. That, therefore, we are brought into suffering and exposed to insult and contempt from those who have us in charge, as well as to the penalties of insubordination, though liberty of conscience is *denied* us by the Constitution of Vermont as well as that of the United States.

Therefore, we beg of thee as Governor of our State any assistance thou may be able to render, should it be no more than the influence of thy position interceding in our behalf.

Truly Thy Friend,

CYRUS G. PRINGLE.

P. S. — We are informed we are to be sent to the vicinity of Boston tomorrow.'

27th. — On board train to Boston. The long afternoon of yesterday passed slowly away. This morning passed by, — the time of our stay in Brattleboro, and we neither saw nor heard anything of our Governor. We suppose he could not or would not help us. So as we go down to our trial we have no arm to lean upon among all men; but why dost thou complain, oh, my Soul? Seek thou that faith that will prove a buckler to thy breast, and gain for thee the protection of an arm mightier than the arms of all men.

28th. CAMP VERMONT: LONG ISLAND, BOSTON HARBOR. — In the early morning damp and cool we marched down off the heights of Brattleboro to take train for this place. Once in the car the dashing young cavalry officer, who had us in charge, gave notice he had placed men through the cars, with loaded revolvers, who had orders to shoot any person attempting to escape, or jump from the window, and that any one would be shot if he even put his head out of the window. Down the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, all through its broad intervales, heavy with its crops of corn or tobacco, or shaven smooth by the summer harvest; over the hard and stony counties of northern Massachusetts, through its suburbs and under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument we come into the City of Boston, 'the Hub of the Universe.' Out through street after street we were marched double guarded to the wharves, where we took a small steamer for the island some six miles out in the harbor. A circumstance connected with this march is worth mentioning for its singularity: at the head of this company, like convicts (and feeling very much like such), through the City of Boston walked, with heavy hearts and down-cast eyes, two Quakers.

Here on this dry and pleasant island in the midst of the beautiful Massachusetts Bay, we have the liberty of the camp, the privilege of air and sunshine and hay beds to sleep upon. So we went to bed last night with somewhat of gladness elevating our depressed spirits.

Here are many troops gathering

daily from all the New England States except Connecticut and Rhode Island. Their white tents are dotting the green slopes and hill-tops of the island and spreading wider and wider. This is the flow of military tide here just now. The ebb went out to sea in the shape of a great shipload just as we came in, and another load will be sent before many days. All is war here. We are surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of war, and enveloped in the cloud thereof. The cloud settles down over the minds and souls of all; they cannot see beyond, nor do they try; but with the clearer eye of Christian faith I try to look beyond all this error unto Truth and Holiness immaculate: and thanks to our Father, I am favored with glimpses that are sweet consolation amid this darkness.

This is one gratification: the men with us give us their sympathy. They seem to look upon us tenderly and pitifully, and their expressions of kind wishes are warm. Although we are relieved from duty and from drill, and may lie in our tents during rain and at night, we have heard of no complaint. This is the more worthy of note as there are so few in our little (Vermont) camp. Each man comes on guard half the days. It would probably be otherwise were their hearts in the service; but I have yet to find the man in any of these camps or at any service who does not wish himself at home. Substitutes say if they knew all they know now before leaving home they would not have enlisted; and they have been but a week from their homes and have endured no hardships. Yesterday L. M. M. and I appeared before the Captain commanding this camp with a statement of our cases. He listened to us respectfully and promised to refer us to the General commanding here, General Devens; and in the mean time released us from duty. In a short time afterward he passed us in our tent, asking our names. We have not heard from him, but do not drill or stand guard; so, we suppose, his release was confirmed. At that interview a young lieutenant sneeringly told us he thought we had better throw away our scruples and fight in the service of the country; and as we told the Captain we could neither accept pay, he laughed mockingly, and said he would not stay here for $13.00 per month. He gets more than a hundred, I suppose.

How beautiful seems the world on this glorious morning here by the seaside! Eastward and toward the sun, fair green isles with outlines of pure beauty are scattered over the blue bay. Along the far line of the mainland white hamlets and towns glisten in the morning sun; countless tiny waves dance in the wind that comes off shore and sparkle sunward like myriads of gems. Up the fair vault, flecked by scarcely a cloud, rolls the sun in glory. Though fair be the earth, it has come to be tainted and marred by him who was meant to be its crowning glory. Behind me on this island are crowded vile and wicked men, the murmur of whose ribaldry riseth continually like the smoke and fumes of a lower world. Oh! Father of Mercies, forgive the hard heartlessness and blindness and scarlet sins of my fellows, my brothers.

PRISON EXPERIENCES FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE — OUR PRISON

31*st.*, 8*th* month, 1863. IN GUARD HOUSE. — Yesterday morning L. M. M. and I were called upon to do fatigue duty. The day before we were asked to do some cleaning about camp and to bring water. We wished to be obliging, to appear willing to bear a hand toward that which would promote our own and our fellows' health and convenience; but as we worked we did not feel easy. Suspecting we had beeen assigned to

such work, the more we discussed in our minds the subject, the more clearly the right way seemed opened to us; and we separately came to the judgment that we must not conform to this requirement. So when the sergeant bade us 'Police the streets,' we asked him if he had received instructions with regard to us, and he replied we had been assigned to 'Fatigue Duty.' L. M. M. answered him that we could not obey. He left us immediately for the Major (Jarvis of Weathersfield, Vt.). He came back and ordered us to the Major's tent. The latter met us outside and inquired concerning the complaint he had heard of us. Upon our statement of our position, he apparently undertook to argue our whimsies, as he probably looked upon our principles, out of our heads. We replied to his points as we had ability; but he soon turned to bullying us rather than arguing with us, and would hardly let us proceed with a whole sentence. 'I make some pretension to religion myself,' he said; and quoted the Old Testament freely in support of war. Our terms were, submission or the guard-house. We replied we could not obey.

This island was formerly occupied by a company, who carried on the large farm it comprises and opened a great hotel as a summer resort.

The subjects of all misdemeanors, grave and small, are here confined. Those who have deserted or attempted it; those who have insulted officers and those guilty of theft, fighting, drunkenness, etc. In *most*, as in the camps, there are traces yet of manhood and of the Divine Spark, but some are abandoned, dissolute. There are many here among the substitutes who were actors in the late New York riots. They show unmistakably the characteristics and sentiments of those rioters, and, especially, hatred to the blacks drafted and about camp, and exhibit this in foul and profane jeers heaped upon these unoffending men at every opportunity. In justice to the blacks I must say they are superior to the whites in all their behavior.

31*st.* P. M. — Several of us were a little time ago called out one by one to answer inquiries with regard to our offenses. We replied we could not comply with military requisitions. P. D., being last, was asked if he would die first, and replied promptly but mildly, *Yes*.

Here we are in prison in our own land for no crimes, no offense to God nor man; nay, more: we are here for obeying the commands of the Son of God and the influences of his Holy Spirit. I must look for patience in this dark day. I am troubled too much and excited and perplexed.

1*st.*, 9*th* month. — Oh, the horrors of the past night — I never before experienced such *sensations* and fears; and never did I feel so clearly that I had nothing but the hand of our Father to shield me from evil. Last night we three lay down together on the floor of a lower room of which we had taken possession. The others were above. We had but one blanket between us and the floor, and one over us. The other one we had lent to a wretched deserter who had skulked into our room for *relief*, being without anything of his own. We had during the day gained the respect of the fellows, and they seemed disposed to let us occupy our room in peace. I cannot say in quiet, for these caged beasts are restless, and the resonant boards of this old building speak of bedlam. The thin board partitions, the light door fastened only by a pine stick thrust into a wooden loop on the casing, seemed small protection in case of assault; but we lay down to sleep in quiet trust. But we had scarcely fallen

asleep before we were awakened by the demoniac howlings and yelling of a man just brought into the next room, and allowed the liberty of the whole house. He was drunk, and further seemed to be laboring under delirium tremens. He crashed about furiously, and all the more after the guard tramped heavily in and bound him with handcuffs, and chain and ball. Again and again they left, only to return to quiet him by threats or by crushing him down to the floor and gagging him. In a couple of hours he became quiet and we got considerable sleep.

In the morning the fellow came into our room apologizing for the intrusion. He appeared a smart, fine-looking young man, restless and uneasy. P. D. has a way of disposing of intruders that is quite effectual. I have not entirely disposed of some misgivings with respect to the legitimacy of his use of the means, so he commenced reading aloud in the Bible. The fellow was impatient and noisy, but he soon settled down on the floor beside him. As he listened and talked with us the recollections of his father's house and his innocent childhood were awakened. He was the child of pious parents, taught in Sabbath School and under pure home influences till thirteen. Then he was drawn into bad company, soon after leaving home for the sea; and, since then, has served in the army and navy, — in the army in Wilson's and Hawkins's [brigades]. His was the old story of the total subjection of moral power and thralldom to evil habits and associates. He would get drunk, whenever it was in his power. It was wrong; but he could not help it. Though he was awakened and recollected his parents looking long and in vain for his return, he soon returned to camp, to his wallowing in the mire, and I fear to his path to certain perdition.

3*d*. [9th month.] — A Massachusetts major, the officer of the day, in his inspection of the guard-house came into our room to-day. We were lying on the floor engaged in reading and writing. He was apparently surprised at this and inquired the name of our books; and finding the Bible and Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ*, observed that they were good books. I cannot say if he knew we were Friends, but he asked us why we were in here.

Like all officers he proceeded to reason with us, and to advise us to serve, presenting no comfort if we still persisted in our course. He informed us of a young Friend, Edward W. Holway of Sandwich, Mass., having been yesterday under punishment in the camp by his orders, who was to-day doing service about camp. He said he was not going to put his Quaker in the guard-house, but was going to bring him to work by punishment. We were filled with deep sympathy for him and desired to cheer him by kind words as well as by the knowledge of our similar situation. We obtained permission of the Major to write to him a letter open to his inspection. 'You may be sure,' said E. W. H. to us at W., 'the Major did not allow it to leave his hands.'

This forenoon the Lieutenant of the Day came in and acted the same part, though he was not so cool, and left expressing the hope, if we would not serve our country like men, that God would curse us. Oh, the trials from these officers! One after another comes in to relieve himself upon us. Finding us firm and not lacking in words, they usually fly into a passion and end by bullying us. How can we reason with such men? They are utterly unable to comprehend the pure Christianity and spirituality of our principles. They have long stiffened their necks in their own strength. They

have stopped their ears to the voice of the Spirit, and hardened their hearts to his influences. They see no duty higher than that to country. What shall we receive at their hands?

This Major tells us we will not be tried here. Then we are to be sent into the field, and there who will deliver us but God? Ah, I have nursed in my heart a hope that I may be spared to return home. Must I cast it out and have no desire, but to do the will of my Master. It were better, even so. O, Lord, Thy will be done. Grant I may make it my chief delight and render true submission thereto.

Yesterday a little service was required of our dear L. M. M., but he insisted he could not comply. A sergeant and two privates were engaged. They coaxed and threatened him by turns, and with a determination not to be baffled took him out to perform it. Though guns were loaded he still stood firm and was soon brought back. We are happy here in guard-house, — too happy, too much at ease. We should see more of the Comforter, — feel more strength, — if the trial were fiercer; but this is well. This is a trial of strength of patience.

6th. [9th month.] — Yesterday we had officers again for visitors. Major J. B. Gould, 13th Massachusetts, came in with the determination of persuading us to consent to be transferred to the hospital here, he being the Provost Marshal of the island and having the power to make the transfer. He is different in being and bearing from those who have been here before. His motives were apparently those of pure kindness, and his demeanor was that of a gentleman. Though he talked with us more than an hour, he lost no part of his self-control or good humor. So by his eloquence and kindness he made more impression upon us than any before. As Congregationalist he well knew the courts of the temple, but the Holy of Holies he had never seen, and knew nothing of its secrets. He understood expediency; but is not the man to 'lay down his life for my sake.' He is sincere and seems to think what Major Gould believes cannot be far from right. After his attempt we remained as firm as ever. We must expect all means will be tried upon us, and no less persuasion than threats.

At the Hospital, *7th.* [9th month.] — Yesterday morning came to us Major Gould again, informing us that he had come to take us out of that dirty place, as he could not see such respectable men lying there, and was going to take us up to the hospital. We assured him we could not serve there, and asked him if he would not bring us back when we had there declared our purpose. He would not reply directly; but brought us here and left us. When the surgeon knew our determination, he was for haling us back at once; what he wanted, he said, was willing men. We sat on the sward without the hospital tents till nearly noon, for some one to take us back; when we were ordered to move into the tents and quarters assigned us in the mess-room. The Major must have interposed, demonstrating his kindness by his resolution that we should occupy and enjoy the pleasanter quarters of the hospital, certainly if serving; but none the less so if we declined. Later in the day L. M. M. and P. D. were sitting without, when he passed them and, laughing heartily, declared they were the strangest prisoners of war he ever saw. He stopped some time to talk with them and when they came in they declared him a kind and honest man.

If we interpret aright his conduct, this dangerous trial is over, and we

have escaped the perplexities that his kindness and determination threw about us.

13*th.* — Last night we received a letter from Henry Dickinson, stating that the President, though sympathizing with those in our situation, felt bound by the Conscription Act, and felt liberty, in view of his oath to execute the laws, to do no more than detail us from active service to hospital duty, or to the charge of the colored refugees. For more than a week have we lain here, refusing to engage in hospital service; shall we retrace the steps of the past week? Or shall we go South as overseers of the blacks on the confiscated estates of the rebels, to act under military commanders and to report to such? What would become of our testimony and our determination to preserve ourselves clear of the guilt of this war?

P.S. We have written back to Henry Dickinson that we cannot purchase life at cost of peace of soul.

14*th.* — We have been exceeding sorrowful since receiving advice — as we must call it — from H. D. to enter the hospital service or some similar situation. We did not look for that from him. It is not what our Friends sent us out for; nor is it what we came for. We shall feel desolate and dreary in our position, unless supported and cheered by the words of those who have at heart our best interests more than regard for our personal welfare. We walk as we feel guided by Best Wisdom. Oh, may we run and not err in the high path of Holiness.

16*th.* — Yesterday a son-in-law of N. B. of Lynn came to see us. He was going to get passes for one or two of the Lynn Friends, that they might come over to see us to-day. He informed us that the sentiment of the Friends hereabouts was that we might enter the hospital without compromising our principles; and he produced a letter from W. W. to S. B. to the same effect. W. W. expressed his opinion that we might do so without doing it in lieu of other service. How can we evade a fact? Does not the government both demand and accept it as in lieu of other service. Oh, the cruelest blow of all comes from our friends.

17*th.* — Although this trial was brought upon us by our friends, their intentions were well meant. Their regard for our personal welfare and safety too much absorbs the zeal they should possess for the maintenance of the principle of the peaceableness of our Master's kingdom. An unfaithfulness to this through meekness and timidity seems manifest, — too great a desire to avoid suffering at some sacrifice of principle, perhaps, — too little of placing of Faith and confidence upon the Rock of Eternal Truth.

Our friends at home, with W. D. at their head, support us; and yesterday, at the opportune moment, just as we were most distressed by the solicitations of our visitors, kind and cheering words of Truth were sent us through dear C. M. P., whose love rushes out to us warm and living and just from an overflowing fountain.

I must record another work of kind attention shown us by Major Gould. Before we embarked, he came to us for a friendly visit. As we passed him on our way to the wharf he bade us Farewell and expressed a hope we should not have so hard a time as we feared. And after we were aboard the steamer, as the result of his interference on our behalf, we must believe, we were singled out from the midst of the prisoners, among whom we had been placed previous to coming aboard, and allowed

the liberty of the vessel. By this are we saved much suffering, as the other prisoners were kept under close guard in a corner on the outside of the boat.

FOREST CITY UP THE POTOMAC. *22nd.* [9th month.]—It was near noon, yesterday, when we turned in from sea between Cape Charles and Henry; and, running thence down across the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, alongside Old Point Comfort, dropped anchor off Fortress Monroe. The scene around us was one of beauty, though many of its adornments were the results and means of wrong. The sunshine was brighter, the verdure greener to our eyes weary of the sea, and the calm was milder and more grateful that we had so long tossed in the storm.

The anchor was soon drawn up again and the Forest City steamed up the James River toward Newport News, and turning to the left between the low, pine-grown banks, passed Norfolk to leave the New Hampshire detachment at Portsmouth.

Coming back to Fortress Monroe, some freight was landed; and in the calm clear light of the moon, we swung away from shore and dropping down the mouth of the river, rounded Old Point, and, going up the Chesapeake, entered the Potomac in the night-time.

OFF SHORE, ALEXANDRIA. *23d.*—Here we anchored last night after the main detachment was landed, and the Vermont and Masschusetts men remained on board another night. We hear we are to go right to the field, where active operations are going on. This seems hard. We have not till now given up the hope that we were not to go out into Virginia with the rest of the men, but were to be kept here at Washington. Fierce, indeed, are our trials. I am not discouraged entirely; but I am weak from want of food which I can eat, and from sickness. I do not know how I am going to live in such way, or get to the front.

P.S. We have just landed; and I had the liberty to buy a pie of a woman hawking such things, that has strengthened me wonderfully.

CAMP NEAR CULPEPER. *25th.*—My distress is too great for words; but I must overcome my disinclination to write, or this record will remain unfinished. So, with aching head and heart, I proceed.

Yesterday morning we were roused early for breakfast and for preparation for starting. After marching out of the barracks, we were first taken to the armory, where each man received a gun and its equipments and a piece of tent. We stood in line, waiting for our turn with apprehensions of coming trouble. Though we had felt free to keep with those among whom we had been placed, we could not consent to carry a gun, even though we did not intend to use it; and, from our previous experience, we knew it would go harder with us, if we took the first step in the wrong direction, though it might seem an unimportant one, and an easy and not very wrong way to avoid difficulty. So we felt decided we must decline receiving the guns. In the hurry and bustle of equipping a detachment of soldiers, one attempting to explain a position and the grounds therefor so peculiar as ours to junior, petty officers, possessing liberally the characteristics of these: pride, vanity, conceit, and an arbitrary spirit, impatience, profanity, and contempt for holy things, must needs find the opportunity a very favorable one.

We succeeded in giving these young officers a slight idea of what we were; and endeavored to answer their questions of why we did not pay our com-

mutation, and avail ourselves of that provision made expressly for such; of why we had come as far as that place, etc. We realized then the unpleasant results of that practice, that had been employed with us by the successive officers into whose hands we had fallen, — of shirking any responsibility, and of passing us on to the next officer above.

A council was soon holden to decide what to do with us. One proposed to place us under arrest, a sentiment we rather hoped might prevail, as it might prevent our being sent on to the front; but another, in some spite and impatience, insisted, as it was their duty to supply a gun to every man and forward him, that the guns should be put upon us, and we be made to carry them. Accordingly the equipment was buckled about us, and the straps of the guns being loosened, they were thrust over our heads and hung upon our shoulders. In this way we were urged forward through the streets of Alexandria; and, having been put upon a long train of dirt cars, were started for Culpeper. We came over a long stretch of desolated and deserted country, through battlefields of previous summers, and through many camps now lively with the work of this present campaign. Seeing, for the first time, a country made dreary by the war-blight, a country once adorned with graves and green pastures and meadows and fields of waving grain, and happy with a thousand homes, now laid with the ground, one realizes as he can in no other way something of the ruin that lies in the trail of a war. But upon these fields of Virginia, once so fair, there rests a two-fold blight, first that of slavery, now that of war. When one contrasts the face of this country with the smiling hillsides and vales of New England, he sees stamped upon it in characters so marked, none but a blind man can fail to read, the great irrefutable arguments against slavery and against war, too; and must be filled with loathing for these twin relics of barbarism, so awful in the potency of their consequences that they can change even the face of the country.

Through the heat of this long ride, we felt our total lack of water and the meagreness of our supply of food. Our thirst became so oppressive as we were marched here from Culpeper, some four miles with scarcely a halt to rest, under our heavy loads, and through the heat and deep dust of the road, that we drank water and dipped in the brooks we passed, though it was discolored with the soap the soldiers had used in washing. The guns interfered with our walking, and, slipping down, dragged with painful weight upon our shoulders. Poor P. D. fell out from exhaustion and did not come in till we had been some little time at the camp. We were taken to the 4th Vermont regiment and soon apportioned to companies. Though we waited upon the officer commanding the company in which we were placed, and endeavored to explain our situation, we were required immediately after to be present at inspection of arms. We declined, but an attempt was made to force us to obedience, first, by the officers of the company, then, by those of the regiment; but, failing to exact obedience of us, we were ordered by the colonel to be tied, and, if we made outcry, to be gagged also, and to be kept so till he gave orders for our release. After two or three hours we were relieved and left under guard; lying down on the ground in the open air, and covering ourselves with our blankets, we soon fell asleep from exhaustion, and the fatigue of the day.

This morning the officers told us we must yield. We must obey and serve. We were threatened great severities

and even death. We seem perfectly at the mercy of the military power, and, more, in the hands of the inferior officers, who, from their being far removed from Washington, feel less restraint from those Regulations of the Army, which are for the protection of privates from personal abuse.

26th. [*9th* month.] — Yesterday my mind was much agitated: doubts and fears and forebodings seized me. I was alone, seeking a resting-place and finding none. It seemed as if God had forsaken me in this dark hour; and the Tempter whispered, that after all I might be only the victim of a delusion. My prayers for faith and strength seemed all in vain.

But this morning I enjoy peace, and feel as though I could face anything. Though I am as a lamb in the shambles, yet do I cry, 'Thy will be done,' and can indeed say, —

> Passive to His holy will
> Trust I in my Master still
> Even though he slay me.

I mind me of the anxiety of our dear friends about home, and of their prayers for us.

Oh, praise be to the Lord for the peace and love and resignation that has filled my soul to-day! Oh, the passing beauty of holiness! There is a holy life that is above fear; it is a close communion with Christ. I pray for this continually but am not free from the shadow and the tempter. There is ever present with us the thought that perhaps we shall serve the Lord the most effectually by our death, and desire, if that be the service He requires of us, that we may be ready and resigned.

Regimental Hospital, 4th Vermont. *29th.* [*9th* month.] — On the evening of the 26th the Colonel came to us apologizing for the roughness with which he treated us at first, which was, as he insisted, through ignorance of our real character and position. He told us if we persisted in our course, death would probably follow; though at another time he confessed to P. D. that this would only be the extreme sentence of court-martial.

He urged us to go into the hospital, stating that this course was advised by Friends about New York. We were too well aware of such a fact to make any denial, though it was a subject of surprise to us that he should be informed of it. He pleaded with us long and earnestly, urging us with many promises of indulgence and favor and attentions we found afterwards to be untrue. He gave us till the next morning to consider the question and report our decision. In our discussion of the subject among ourselves, we were very much perplexed. If all his statements concerning the ground taken by our Society were true, we seemed to be liable, if we persisted in the course which alone seemed to us to be in accordance with Truth, to be exposed to the charge of over-zeal and fanaticism even among our own brethren. Regarding the work to be done in hospital as one of mercy and benevolence, we asked if we had any right to refuse its performance; and questioned whether we could do more good by endeavoring to bear to the end a clear testimony against war, than by laboring by word and deed among the needy in the hospitals and camps. We saw around us a rich field for usefulness in which there were scarce any laborers, and toward whose work our hands had often started involuntarily and unbidden. At last we consented to a trial, at least till we could make inquiries concerning the Colonel's allegations, and ask the counsel of our friends, reserving the privilege of returning to our former position.

At first a great load seemed rolled away from us; we rejoiced in the prospect of life again. But soon there prevailed a feeling of condemnation, as though we had sold our Master. And that first day was one of the bitterest I ever experienced. It was a time of stern conflict of soul. The voice that seemed to say, 'Follow me,' as I sought guidance the night before, kept pleading with me, convincing of sin, till I knew of a truth my feet had strayed from His path. The Scriptures, which the day before I could scarcely open without finding words of strength and comfort, seemed closed against me, till after a severe struggle alone in the wood to which I had retired, I consented to give up and retrace my steps in faith. But it was too late. L. M. M. wishing to make a fair, honest trial, we were brought here — P. D. being already here unwell. We feel we are erring; but scarce anything is required of us and we wait to hear from Friends.

Of these days of going down into sin, I wish to make little mention. I would that my record of such degradation be brief. We wish to come to an understanding with our friends and the Society before we move; but it does not seem that we can repress the upheavings of Truth in our hearts. We are bruised by sin.

It is with pleasure I record we have just waited upon the Colonel with an explanation of our distress of mind, requesting him to proceed with court-martial. We were kindly and tenderly received. 'If you want a trial I can give it to you,' he answered. The brigade has just marched out to join with the division for inspection. After that we are to have attention to our case.

P.M. There is particular cause for congratulation in the consideration that we took this step this morning, when now we receive a letter from H. D. charging us to faithfulness.

When lately I have seen dear L. M. M. in the thoroughness and patience of his trial to perform service in hospital, his uneasiness and the intensity of his struggle as manifested by his silence and disposition to avoid the company of his friends, and seen him fail and declare to us, 'I cannot stay here,' I have received a new proof, and to me a strong one, because it is from the experimental knowledge of an honest man, that no Friend, who is really such, desiring to keep himself clear of complicity with this system of war and to bear a perfect testimony against it, can lawfully perform service in the hospitals of the Army in lieu of bearing arms.

10*th*. mo., 3*d*. — To-day dawned fair and our Camp is dry again. I was asked to clean the gun I brought, and declining, was tied some two hours upon the ground.

6*th*. AT WASHINGTON. — At first, after being informed of our declining to serve in his hospital, Colonel Foster did not appear altered in his kind regard for us. But his spleen soon became evident. At the time we asked for a trial by court-martial, and it was his duty to place us under arrest and proceed with the preferring of his charges against us. For a while he seemed to hesitate and consult his inferior officers, and among them his Chaplain. The result of the conference was our being ordered into our companies, that, separated, and with the force of the officers of a company bearing upon us, we might the more likely be subdued. Yet the Colonel assured L. M. M., interceding in my behalf, when the lieutenant commanding my company threatened force upon me, that he should not allow any personal injury. When we marched next day I was compelled to bear a gun and equipments. My associates were more fortunate,

for, being asked if they would carry their guns, declined and saw no more trouble from them. The captain of the company in which P. D. was placed told him he did not believe he was ugly about it, and that he could only put him under arrest and prefer charges against him. He accordingly was taken under guard, where he lay till we left for here.

The next morning the men were busy in burnishing their arms. When I looked toward the one I had borne, yellow with rust, I trembled in the weakness of the flesh at the trial I felt impending over me. Before the Colonel was up I knocked at his tent, but was told he was asleep, though, through the opening, I saw him lying gazing at me. Although I felt I should gain no relief from him, I applied again soon after. He admitted me and, lying on his bed, inquired with cold heartlessness what I wanted. I stated to him, that I could never consent to serve, and, being under the war-power, was resigned to suffer instead all the just penalties of the law. I begged of him release from the attempts by violence to compel my obedience and service, and a trial, though likely to be made by those having no sympathy with me, yet probably in a manner comformable to law.

He replied that he had shown us all the favor he should; that he had, now, turned us over to the military power and was going to let that take its course; that is, henceforth we were to be at the mercy of the inferior officers, without appeal to law, justice, or mercy. He said he had placed us in a pleasant position, against which we could have no reasonable objection, and that we had failed to perform our agreement. He wished to deny that our consent was only temporary and conditional. He declared, furthermore, his belief, that a man who would not fight for his country did not deserve to live. I was glad to withdraw from his presence as soon as I could.

I went back to my tent and laid down for a season of retirement, endeavoring to gain resignation to any event. I dreaded torture and desired strength of flesh and spirit. My trial soon came. The lieutenant called me out, and pointing to the gun that lay near by, asked if I was going to clean it. I replied to him, that I could not comply with military requisitions, and felt resigned to the consequences. 'I do not ask about your feelings; I want to know if you are going to clean that gun.' 'I cannot do it,' was my answer. He went away, saying, 'Very well,' and I crawled into the tent again. Two sergeants soon called for me, and taking me a little aside, bid me lie down on my back, and stretching my limbs apart tied cords to my wrists and ankles and these to four stakes driven in the ground somewhat in the form of an X.

I was very quiet in my mind as I lay there on the ground [soaked] with the rain of the previous day, exposed to the heat of the sun, and suffering keenly from the cords binding my wrists and straining my muscles. And, if I dared the presumption, I should say that I caught a glimpse of heavenly pity. I wept, not so much from my own suffering as from sorrow that such things should be in our own country, where Justice and Freedom and Liberty of Conscience have been the annual boast of Fourth-of-July orators so many years. It seemed that our forefathers in the faith had wrought and suffered in vain, when the privileges they so dearly bought were so soon set aside. And I was sad, that one endeavoring to follow our dear Master should be so generally regarded as a despicable and stubborn culprit.

After something like an hour had passed, the lieutenant came with his

orderly to ask me if I was ready to clean the gun. I replied to the orderly asking the question, that it could but give me pain to be asked or required to do anything I believed wrong. He repeated it to the lieutenant just behind him, who advanced and addressed me. I was favored to improve the opportunity to say to him a few things I wished. He said little; and, when I had finished, he withdrew with the others who had gathered around. About the end of another hour his orderly came and released me.

I arose and sat on the ground. I did not rise to go away. I had not where to go, nothing to do. As I sat there my heart swelled with joy from above. The consolation and sweet fruit of tribulation patiently endured. But I also grieved, that the world was so far gone astray, so cruel and blind. It seemed as if the gospel of Christ had never been preached upon earth, and the beautiful example of his life had been utterly lost sight of.

Some of the men came about me, advising me to yield, and among them one of those who had tied me down, telling me what I had already suffered was nothing to what I must yet suffer unless I yielded; that human flesh could not endure what they would put upon me. I wondered if it could be that they could force me to obedience by torture, and examined myself closely to see if they had advanced as yet one step toward the accomplishment of their purposes. Though weaker in body, I believed I found myself, through divine strength, as firm in my resolution to maintain my allegiance to my Master.

The relaxation of my nerves and muscles after having been so tensely strained left me that afternoon so weak that I could hardly walk or perform any mental exertion.

I had not yet eaten the mean and scanty breakfast I had prepared, when I was ordered to pack up my things and report myself at the lieutenant's tent. I was accustomed to such orders and complied, little moved.

The lieutenant received me politely with, 'Good-morning, Mr. Pringle,' and desiring me to be seated, proceeded with the writing with which he was engaged. I sat down in some wonderment and sought to be quiet and prepared for any event.

'You are ordered to report to Washington,' said he; 'I do not know what it is for.' I assured him that neither did I know. We were gathered before the Major's tent for preparation for departure. The regimental officers were there manifesting surprise and chagrin; for they could not but show both as they looked upon us, whom the day before they were threatening to crush into submission, and attempting also to execute their threats that morning, standing out of their power and under orders from one superior to their Major Commanding E. M. As the bird uncaged, so were our hearts that morning. Short and uncertain at first were the flights of Hope. As the slave many times before us, leaving his yoke behind him, turned from the plantations of Virginia and set his face toward the far North, so we from out a grasp as close and as abundant in suffering and severity, and from without the line of bayonets that had so many weeks surrounded us, turned our backs upon the camp of the 4th Vermont and took our way over the turnpike that ran through the tented fields of Culpeper.

At the War Office we were soon admitted to an audience with the Adjutant General, Colonel Townsend, whom we found to be a very fine man, mild and kind. He referred our cases to the Secretary of War, Stanton, by whom we were ordered to report for service to Surgeon General Hammond. Here we

met Isaac Newton, Commissioner of Agriculture, waiting for our arrival, and James Austin of Nantucket, expecting his son, Charles L. Austin, and Edward W. Holway of Sandwich, Mass., conscripted Friends like ourselves, and ordered here from the 22nd Massachusetts.

We understand it is through the influence of Isaac Newton that Friends have been able to approach the heads of Government in our behalf and to prevail with them to so great an extent. He explained to us the circumstance in which we are placed. That the Secretary of War and President sympathized with Friends in their present suffering, and would grant them full release, but that they felt themselves bound by their oaths that they would execute the laws, to carry out to its full extent the Conscription Act. That there appeared but one door of relief open, — that was to parole us and allow us to go home, but subject to their call again ostensibly, though this they neither wished nor proposed to do. That the fact of Friends in the Army and refusing service had attracted public attention so that it was not expedient to parole us at present. That, therefore, we were to be sent to one of the hospitals for a short time, where it was hoped and expressly requested that we would consent to remain quiet and acquiesce, if possible, in whatever might be required of us. That our work there would be quite free from objection, being for the direct relief of the sick; and that there he would release none for active service in the field, as the nurses were hired civilians.

These requirements being so much less objectionable than we had feared, we felt relief, and consented to them. I. N. went with us himself to the Surgeon General's office, where he procured peculiar favors for us: that we should be sent to a hospital in the city, where he could see us often; and that orders should be given that nothing should interfere with our comfort, or our enjoyment of our consciences.

Thence we were sent to Medical Purveyor Abbot, who assigned us to the best hospital in the city, the Douglas Hospital.

The next day after our coming here I. N. and James Austin came to add to our number E. W. H. and C. S. L., so now there are five of us instead of three. We are pleasantly situated in a room by ourselves in the upper or fourth story, and are enjoying our advantages of good quarters and tolerable food as no one can except he has been deprived of them.

[10*th* month] 8*th*. — To-day we have a pass to go out to see the city.

9*th*. — We all went, thinking to do the whole city in a day, but before the time of our passes expired, we were glad to drag ourselves back to the rest and quiet of D. H. During the day we called upon our friend I. N. in the Patent Office. When he came to see us on the 7th, he stated he had called upon the President that afternoon to request him to release us and let us go home to our friends. The President promised to consider it over-night. Accordingly yesterday morning, as I. N. told us, he waited upon him again. He found there a woman in the greatest distress. Her son, only a boy of fifteen years and four months, having been enticed into the Army, had deserted and been sentenced to be shot the next day. As the clerks were telling her, the President was in the War Office and could not be seen, nor did they think he could attend to her case that day. I. N. found her almost wild with grief. 'Do not despair, my good woman,' said he, 'I guess the President can be seen after

a bit.' He soon presented her case to the President, who exclaimed at once, 'That must not be, I must look into that case, before they shoot that boy'; and telegraphed at once to have the order suspended.

I. N. judged it was not a fit time to urge our case. We feel we can afford to wait, that a life may be saved. But we long for release. We do not feel easy to remain here.

11*th*. — To-day we attended meeting held in the house of a Friend, Asa Arnold, living near here. There were but four persons beside ourselves. E. W. H. and C. S. A. showed their copy of the charges about to have been preferred against them in court-martial before they left their regiment, to a lawyer who attended the meeting. He laughed at the Specification of Mutiny, declaring such a charge could not have been lawfully sustained against them.

The experiences of our new friends were similar to ours, except they fell among officers who usually showed them favor and rejoiced with them in their release.

13*th*. — L. M. M. had quite an adventure yesterday. He being fireman with another was in the furnace room among three or four others, when the officer of the day, one of the surgeons, passed around on inspection. 'Stand up,' he ordered them, wishing to be saluted. The others arose; but by no means L. The order was repeated for his benefit, but he sat with his cap on, telling the surgeon he had supposed he was excused from such things as he was one of the Friends. Thereat the officer flew at him, exclaiming, he would take the Quaker out of him. He snatched off his cap and seizing him by the collar tried to raise him to his feet; but finding his strength insufficient and that L. was not to be frightened, he changed his purpose in his wrath and calling for the corporal of the guard had him taken to the guard-house. This was about eleven A. M. and he lay there till about six P.M., when the surgeon in charge, arriving home and hearing of it, ordered the officer of the day to go and take him out, telling him never to put another man into the guard-house while he was in charge here without consulting him. The manner of his release was very satisfactory to us, and we waited for this rather than effect it by our own efforts. We are all getting uneasy about remaining here, and if our release do not come soon, we feel we must intercede with the authorities, even if the alternative be imprisonment.

The privations I have endured since leaving home, the great tax upon my nervous strength, and my mind as well, since I have had charge of our extensive correspondence, are beginning to tell upon my health and I long for rest.

20*th*. We begin to feel we shall have to decline service as heretofore, unless our position is changed. I shall not say but we submit too much in not declining at once, but it has seemed most prudent at least to make suit with Government rather than provoke the hostility of their subalterns. We were ordered here with little understanding of the true state of things as they really exist here; and were advised by Friends to come and make no objections, being assured it was but for a very brief time and only a matter of form. It might not have been wrong; but as we find we do too much fill the places of soldiers (L. M. M.'s fellow fireman has just left for the field, and I am to take his place, for instance), and are clearly doing military service, we are continually oppressed by a sense of guilt, that makes our struggles earnest.

21st. — I. N. has not called yet; our situation is becoming almost intolerable. I query if patience is justified under the circumstances. My distress of mind may be enhanced by my feeble condition of health, for to-day I am confined to my bed, almost too weak to get downstairs. This is owing to exposure after being heated over the furnaces.

26th. — Though a week has gone by, and my cold has left me, I find I am no better, and that I am reduced very low in strength and flesh by the sickness and pain I am experiencing. Yet I still persist in going below once a day. The food I am able to get is not such as is proper.

11th mo., *5th.* — I spend most of my time on my bed, much of it alone. And very precious to me is the nearness I am favored to attain to unto the Master. Notwithstanding my situation and state, I am happy in the enjoyment of His consolations. Lately my confidence has been strong, and I think I begin to feel that our patience is soon to be rewarded with relief; insomuch that a little while ago, when dear P. D. was almost overcome with snow, I felt bold to comfort him with the assurance of my belief, that it would not be long so. My mind is too weak to allow of my reading much; and, though I enjoy the company of my companions a part of the time, especially in the evening, I am much alone; which affords me abundant time for meditation and waiting upon God. The fruits of this are sweet, and a recompense for affliction.

6th. — Last evening E. W. H. saw I. N. particularly on my behalf, I suppose. He left at once for the President. This morning he called to inform us of his interview at the White House. The President was moved to sympathy in my behalf, when I. N. gave him a letter from one of our Friends in New York. After its perusal he exclaimed to our friend, 'I want you to go and tell Stanton, that it is my wish all those young men be sent home at once.' He was on his way to the Secretary this morning as he called.

Later. I. N. has just called again informing us in joy that we are free. At the War Office he was urging the Secretary to consent to our paroles, when the President entered. 'It is my urgent wish,' said he. The Secretary yielded; the order was given, and we were released. What we had waited for so many weeks was accomplished in a few moments by a Providential ordering of circumstances.

7th. — I. N. came again last evening bringing our paroles. The preliminary arrangements are being made, and we are to start this afternoon for New York.

Note. Rising from my sick-bed to undertake this journey, which lasted through the night, its fatigues overcame me, and upon my arrival in New York I was seized with delirium from which I only recovered after many weeks, through the mercy and favor of Him, who in all this trial had been our guide and strength and comfort.

DE SENECTUTE

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

CATO MAJOR, *a man of fifty.*
SCIPIO, LÆLIUS } *Students at Harvard College.*

Cato: Welcome, Scipio; your father and I were friends before you were born. And a hearty welcome to you, too, Lælius; all your family I esteem my kinsmen. Is this the holiday season, or how comes it that you have at this time shuffled off the coil of academic life?

Scipio: We have a few free days now according to the liberal usage of our college, and we have come, relying upon your kinship with Lælius, and your friendship for my father, to ask you some questions.

Cato: I had thought that seniors of Harvard College were more disposed to answer questions than to ask them; but I am truly glad that you have come, and as best I can, I will endeavor to satisfy your curiosity.

Lælius: We have been disputing, sir, in the interim between academic studies, as to the value of life; whether, taking it all in all, life should be regarded as a good thing or not. We are agreed that, so far as Youth is concerned, life is well worth the living, but we are doubtful whether, if Old Age be put into the same balance with Youth, the whole will outweigh the good of never having lived.

Scipio: You see that we have really come to ask you about Old Age, for as to Youth, that we know of ourselves.

Cato: About Old Age! Naturally that has been the subject of my meditations, and I will gladly impart my conclusions, such as they are.

Scipio: Thank you very much. I regret to say that we are obliged to take the next train back to town, so our time is all too short.

Cato: We have half an hour. I will waste no time in prologue. And I shall begin by asking Scipio's pardon, for I shall flatly contradict his assumption that the young have a knowledge of Youth.

Scipio: Of course we beg you to let neither our youth nor our opinions hamper the free expression of your views.

Lælius: We are all attention, sir.

I

Cato: In the first place, my young friends, Age has one great pleasure which Youth (in spite of its own rash assumption of knowledge) does not have, and that is a true appreciation and enjoyment of Youth.

You who are young know nothing of Youth. You merely live it. You run, you jump, you wrestle, you row, you play football, you use your muscles, without any consciousness of the wonderful machinery set in motion. You do not perceive the beauty of Youth, the light in its eye, the coming and going of color in its cheek, the ease and grace of its movements. Nor do you appreciate the emotions of Youth. You are contented or discontented, merry or sad, hopeful or downcast; but whatever that *feeling* is, you are wholly

absorbed in it, you are not able to consider it objectively, nor to realize how marvelous and interesting are the flood and ebb of youthful passion.

In fact, the young despise Youth; they are impatient to hurry on and join the ranks of that more respectable and respected body, their immediate seniors. The toddling urchin wishes that he were old enough to be the interesting schoolboy across the way, who starts unwillingly to school; the school-boy, as he whistles on his tedious path, wishes that he were a freshman, so splendid in his knowledge, his independence, his possessions, so familiar with strange oaths, so gloriously fragrant of tobacco. The freshman would be a sophomore. You seniors wish to be out in the great world, elbowing your way among your fellow men, busy with what seem to you the realities of life. Youth feels that it is always standing outside the door of a most delectable future.

Appreciation of Youth is part of the domain of art. There is no virtuoso like the old man who has learned to see the manifold beauties of Youth, the charm of motion, the grace of carriage, the glory of innocence, the fascination of passion. The world of art created by the hand of man has nothing that can challenge comparison with the masterpieces of Youth. No man, in his own boyhood, ever had as much pleasure from running across the lawn, as he gets from seeing his sons run on that very spot; no laughter of his own was ever half so sweet to his ears as the laughter of his little girl. No man in his youth ever understood the significance of the saying, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' You may smile condescendingly, young men, but in truth the appreciation of Youth is a privilege and possession of Old Age.

Lælius: I did but smile in sympathy.

Scipio: If I understand you aright, Cato, Youth is a drama, in which the actors are all absorbed in their parts, while Age is the audience.

Cato: You conceive my meaning. The play is worthy for the gods to watch, — it out-Shakespeares Shakespeare.

II

Cato: The second great acquisition that comes to Old Age is the mellowing and ripening of life.

As I look back across the years I can see that I and my friends were all what are called *individualists*. We were all absorbed in self, just as you young men are. We went through our romantic period in which self, with a feather in its cap and a red waistcoat, strutted over the stage. It monopolized the theatre; everybody else — parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, schoolmates — were supernumeraries, whose business was to look on while the hero recited his lines. With attention concentrated all on self, the youth is shy of all other youths, of everybody whose insolent egotism may wish to push its way upon his stage and interrupt his monologue. The *I* of Youth insists upon its exclusive right to emotion, upon its right to knowledge of the world at first-hand, upon its right to repeat the follies of its father, of its father's father, of all its ancestors. Youth, bewildered by the excitement of self-consciousness, can hardly see beyond the boundaries of self.

Youth is raw and suspicious. It looks askance at its neighbors, is indifferent to their lot, and delights in solitude, because solitude is favorable to egotism. The young are ashamed of their humanity. Boys regard the mass of boys as if they were of a different species; they fight shy of any general society among themselves; they form cliques. The smallest clique is the most honorable. And sacredly enshrined in

the very centre of the inner ring stands the Palladium of self. You, Scipio, do not associate with Gaius or Balbus, though they are the best scholars in your class; nor do you, Lælius, frequent any but the Claudii. From the vantage-ground, as you think, of exclusiveness, you look down upon your fellows herded in larger groups. You turn up your aristocratic noses at the vulgarity of joy in commonalty spread. Your judgments are narrow, your prejudices broad; you are distrustful and conservative; you are wayward and crotchety; you are all for precedent, or all for license. You rejoice in foolish divisions, your country, your native province, your college, your club, your way of doing things; you despise all others, and all their ways. A boy represents the babyhood of the race; in him is incarnate the spirit of contempt for Barbarians.

Age is a reaction from the restive individualism of Youth. It recognizes the human inability to stand alone; it perceives that the individual is a bit broken from the human mass, that our ragged edges still maintain the pattern of the break, and are ready to fit into the general mass again. The Old Man no longer dwells on the differences between one human creature and his fellows; he reflects upon their common qualities. He finds no solace in isolation; he rejoices in community. Youth is supremely conscious of its own sensitiveness, its own palate, its own comfort, it is full of individual appetite and greed; but Age is conscious of humanity, of a universal sensitiveness, of palates untouched by delicacies, of bodies uncared for, of souls uncomforted, and its queasy stomach cannot bear to be helped tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousandfold, while fellow members of the indivisible body human sicken from want.

Age perceives a thousand bonds where Youth sees discord. Age sets store by the common good of life, it conceives of our common humanity as the mere right to share, and of pleasure as sharing; it considers humanity partly as an enlargement of self, partly as a refuge from self; it lightly passes over the differences of speech, of accent, of clothes, of ways and customs, which to boys like you, taken with the outward aspect of the world, seem to erect such insuperable barriers between them and their fellows. To Old Age the sutures of humanity, that to the youthful eye gape so wide, are all grown together, the several parts are merged into one whole.

Of all pleasures, none is so satisfying as the full enjoyment of our common humanity. It loosens the swaddling clothes that wrap us round; it alone gives us freedom. No doubt this is partly due to the nearer approach of death; the chill of night causes the pilgrim to draw nearer his fellows and warm himself at the kindly warmth of human fellowship. But be the cause what it may, the enjoyment of humanity is a taste that grows with man's growth; it is a part of the ripening of life, and comes quickest to those who ripen in the sun of happiness.

There is another element in this process of mellowing with age. Old Age is intensely aware of the delicacy of this human instrument, on which fate can play all stops of joy and pain; it feels an infinite concern before the vast sum of human sentience; it sees in humanity the harvest of all the tillage of the past; it ponders over the long stretch of toil, cruelty, suffering, bewilderment, and terror, of unnumbered generations, back through recorded time, back through the ages that paleontologists dimly discern, back through the first stirrings of organic life. All along the path life flickers up but to be quenched by death. In contemplation of this

funeral march the Old Man nuzzles to the breast of humanity, and longs for more and more intimate human communion. To him humanity is not a mere collection of individual units, but a mighty organism, animated by a common consciousness, proceeding onward to some far-off end, with whose destiny his own is inseparably joined.

III

Lælius: What do you say to the physical weakness of Old Age? Surely the lack of physical vigor is a disadvantage.

Cato: It is true, Lælius, that Old Age fences in a man's activities. We old men are no longer free to roam and amuse, or bore, ourselves with random interests. Our bounds are set. But with the diminishing of space comes what may well be a more than corresponding intensity of interest. The need of boundlessness is one of the illusions of youth; it is a consequence of youth's instability, of its unwillingness to hold its attention fixed. The tether of Old Age obliges us to fix our attention; and no matter on what our attention is fixed, we can find there concentrated the essential truths of the universe. The adjectives *great* and *small* are not God's words; they mark our inability to throw aside our egoism even for a moment.

The Japanese general who has slain his tens of thousands on the plains of Manchuria, squats on his hams and contemplates the infinite beauties in the iris, as the sunshine flatters it, or the breeze bellies out the wrinkled petals of its corolla. Its purple deepens, its white emulates the radiance of morning, its velvet texture outdoes the royal couch of fairyland, its pistil displays all the marvel of maternity, its laborious root performs its appointed task with the faithfulness of ministering angels. The armies of Russia and Japan could not tell as much concerning the history of the universe as does this solitary iris. A garden that will hold a lilac bush, a patch of mignonette, a dozen hollyhocks, or a few peonies, is enough to occupy a Diocletian. A square yard of vetch will reveal the most profound secrets of our destiny; the fermentation of a cup of wine discloses enough to make a man famous for centuries; the disease of a silkworm will determine the well-being of a kingdom; the denizens in a drop of blood cause half the sufferings of humanity. The achievements of modern science merely confirm the intuitions of Old Age. Littleness is as full of interest as bigness.

Youth has a longing for Sinaî heights, for the virgin tops of the Himalayas, and the company of deep-breathing mountaineers; this is because he cannot see the wonder in common things. Blindly impatient with what he has, blindly discontented with what is about him, he postulates the beautiful, the real, the true, in the unattainable. But Old Age delights in what is near at hand, it sees that nothing is cut off from the poetry of the universe, that the littlest things throb with the same spirit that animates our hearts, that the word *common* is a mere subterfuge of ignorance.

Lælius: If I conceive your meaning aright, Cato, Old Age is, through greater understanding, nearer the truth than Youth.

Cato: Yes, Age understands that such revelation as may be vouchsafed to man concerning the working of the will of the Gods needs not be sought on Mount Sinai, but in whatever spot man is. Earth, the waters, the air, and all the starry space, are waiting to communicate the secrets of the Gods to the understanding of man. Many secrets they will reveal; and many, perhaps, they will never disclose.

IV

Scipio: Excuse me, Cato, but are you not, in substance, claiming the advantages of religion, and is not religion as open to Youth as to Old Age?

Cato: By no means, Scipio; Old Age is more religious than Youth. I do not speak of the emotional crises that come upon young men and young women in early youth; those crises seem too closely related to physical growth and development to be religious in the same sense in which Old Age is religious. That the emotional crises of Youth may bear as truthful witness to the realities of the universe as the temperate religion of Old Age, I do not deny. The God that Youth sees by the light of its emotional fires may be the real God, but that image of God is transitory, it appears in fire and too often disappears in smoke. The image of God that appears to Old Age is a more abiding image; it reveals itself to experience and to reason instead of to the sudden and brief conviction of vision. Old Age finds God more in its own image, calm, infinitely patient, not revealed merely by the vibrant intensity of passion, but in the familiar and the commonplace. To Old Age the common things of life declare the glory of God.

Common things affect different minds differently; yet to most minds certain familiar phenomena stand out conspicuous as matter for reflection. Most extraordinary of all common things is human love. Throughout the universe of the stellar sky and the universe of the infinitely little, so far as we can see, there is perpetual movement, change, readjustment; everywhere are velocities, potencies, forces pushing other forces, forces holding other forces in check, energies in furious career, energies in dead-lock, but always, everywhere, energy in travail. And, apart from our animal life, the whole machinery whirls along without a throb of emotion, without a touch of affection. Why should not men have been mechanical, swept into being and borne onward, by the same energies, in the same iron-bound way? Even if consciousness, unfolding out of the potential chaos that preceded man, was able to wheedle an existence from Necessity, why was it expedient to add love? Would not mechanical means serve the determined ends of human life, and impel us to this action and to that, without the need of human affection? Human affection is surely a very curious and interesting device.

And if the world must be peopled, and the brute law of propagation be adopted in a universe of chemistry and physics, why was it necessary to cover it with visions of 'love and of honor that cannot die,' and to render the common man for the moment worthy of an infinite destiny?

Then there is also the perplexity of beauty. Why to creatures whose every footstep is determined by the propulsions of the past, should a flower, a tuft of grass, a passing cloud, a bare tree that lifts the tracery of its branches against a sunset sky, cause such delight? Descended from an ancestry that needed no lure of beautiful sight or of pleasant sound to induce it to live its appointed life, why should mankind become so capriciously sensitive?

Or consider human happiness. Here, for example, I live, in this little cottage that seems to have alighted, like a bird, on the slope of this gentle hill. Red and white peonies grow before the door, enriching the air with their fragrance. They charm both me and the bees. In yonder bush beside the door a chipping-sparrow sits upon her nest; and in the swinging branch of the elm tree overhead two orioles rear their brood, and as they flash by, their golden colors

delight the human beings that watch them. Look over that stone wall, and mark how its flat line gives an incomparable effect to the landscape. See our New England fields dotted with New England elms; and far beyond see those white-sailed schooners scud before the boisterous wind. The farmer's boy, who fetches milk and eggs, left me that nosegay of wild flowers. Look! Look! See how the whiteness of that cloud glorifies the blue of the sky. Is it not strange that all these things, that go about their own business, should, by the way, perform a work of supererogation and give us so much unnecessary pleasure?

The young do not see or do not heed these common things; they are busy with their own emotions. Youth is a time of tyrannical demands upon the universe. It expects a perpetual banquet of happiness, and at the first disillusion charges the universe with falsehood and ingratitude. It no sooner discovers that all creation is not hurrying to gratify its impulses, than it cries out that all creation is a hideous thing. It arraigns the universe; it draws up an indictment of countless crimes. The long past becomes one bloody tragedy. Dragons of the prime rend one another, creature preys upon creature, all things live at the expense of others, and death is the one reality. All the records of the earth tell a tale of bloody, bestial cruelty. The globe is growing cold; man shall perish utterly, all his high hopes, all his good deeds, all his prayers, all his love, shall become as if they had never been. And Youth, because the universe for a moment seems to neglect it, in a Promethean ecstasy defies the powers that be.

But Old Age, rendered wiser by the mellowing years, concerns itself less with the records of paleontology and the uttermost parts of the universe, than with matters at closer range and more within its comprehension. It fixes its eye less on death than on life. It considers the phenomena of love, of beauty, of happiness, and the factors that have wrought them, and its thoughts trace back the long, long sequence of causes that lie behind each contributing factor; they follow them back through recorded time, back through the ages of primitive man, through the dim times of the first stirrings of organic life, through vast geological periods, back to chaos and old night. They follow each contributory factor out through the universe, to the uttermost reaches of space, beyond the boundaries of perception; and everywhere they find those contributory causes steadily proceeding on their several ways through the vast stretches of space and time, and combining with other factors from other dark recesses of the unknown, in order, at last, to produce love, beauty, happiness, for such as you and me. Consider, you young men, who pass these miracles by as lightly as you breathe, this marvelous privilege of life, the infinite toil and patience that has made it what it is, and then, if you dare, call the power that animates the universe cruel.

V

Scipio: I perceive, Cato, that you believe in a God, a God in sympathy with man, and I grant — Lælius, too, will grant — that such a belief, if a characteristic of Old Age, does indeed give Old Age one great advantage over Youth.

Cato: No, I cannot claim that a belief in God is a necessary accompaniment of Old Age, but I think that Old Age is far more likely than Youth to dwell upon the considerations that fit in with such a belief.

To Youth all the energy of the uni-

verse is inexplicable, the things we behold are the products of blind forces; but to Old Age the essential element in the universe is the potential character of its infinitely little constituent parts. Out of the dust came the human eye, up from the happy combination of the nervous system came the human mind, and with the passage of time has come the new organic whole, humanity. Do not these phenomena hint at a divine element in the potential energies of the universe? What is all this motion and turmoil, all the ceaseless turnings and tossings of creation, but restless discontent and an endeavor to produce a higher order? Our human love, beauty, and happiness are less to be explained by what has gone before than by what is to come. You cannot explain the first streaks of dawn by the darkness of the night. All the processes of change — gases, vapors, germs, human souls — are the perturbations of aspiration. This vibrant universe is struggling in the throes of birth. As out of the dust has come the human soul, so out of the universe shall come a divine soul. God is to be the last fruits of creation. Out of chaos He is evolving.

You would laugh at me, Scipio, if it were not for your good manners. Wait and learn. Belief in deity is, in a measure, the privilege of us old men. Age has lost the physical powers of Youth, and no one will dispute that the loss is great, but that loss predisposes men to the acceptance of religious beliefs. Physical powers, of themselves, imply an excessive belief in the physical universe; muscles and nerves, in contact with unyielding things, exaggerate the importance of the physical world. Throughout the period of physical vigor the material world is a matter of prime consequence; but to an old man the physical world loses its tyrannical authority. The world of thought and the world of affection rise up and surpass in interest the physical world. In these worlds the presence of God is more clearly discernible than in the material world; but if He is in them, He will surely come into the material world.

Even now, here and there, his glory is visible. A mother, at least, cannot believe that the throbs of her heart over her sick child are of no greater significance than the dropping of water or the formation of a crystal. The presence of deity has reached her heart; in course of time, it will also reach the water and the crystal. If matter of itself has produced the passion of human love, it surely may be said, without presumption, to be charged with potential divinity.

Old Age cares less and less for the physical world; it lives more and more in the worlds of thought and of affection. It does not envy Youth, that lives so bound and confined by things physical. But you have been very patient. Make my compliments to your families, and perhaps in part to Harvard College, on your good manners, and remember when you, too, shall be old, to have the same gentle patience with Youth that you now have with Old Age.

Scipio: Thank you, Cato. If we are not convinced, we desire to be.

Lælius: Yes, indeed, we now doubt that those whom the Gods love die young.

Cato: You must hurry or you will miss your train. Good-bye.

THE FARMER AND FINANCE

BY MYRON T. HERRICK

THE importance of agriculture as an economic and social factor is not a newly discovered fact. As long ago as 1859, in a speech before the Wisconsin Agricultural Society, Abraham Lincoln said, 'Population must increase rapidly, more rapidly than in former times, and ere long the most valuable of all arts will be the art of deriving a comfortable subsistence from the smallest area of soil. No community whose every member possesses this art can ever be the victim of oppression in any of its forms. Such community will be alike independent of crowned kings, money kings, and land kings.'

Unfortunately, perhaps, the truth contained in Lincoln's words was not sufficiently well-appreciated to modify the course of the economic development of the country. Nations, like individuals, are accustomed to regard lightly those things that are easily acquired. Conditions in this country always have been so favorable to agriculture that it has been accepted as an industry needing little encouragement. On the other hand, manufacturing and commerce did not seem to possess the inherent qualities of self-development, and, as a result, the economic policy of the country has been consciously framed to build up these industries, — not exactly at the expense of agriculture, but at least with the consequence of diverting the attention of the people from the danger of neglecting farming interests. Consequently, the industry of cultivating the soil has been left to develop along the lines of least resistance, — that of seizing temporary profits, without regard to future possibilities. The complaisant indifference with which agricultural development has been regarded, has had its logical result. Agriculture has failed to progress with anywhere near the rapidity with which the population of the country and the demand for food-products have increased.

From 1900 to 1910 the population of the United States increased twenty-one per cent; during the same period the number of farms increased only ten and five tenths per cent; which indicates that, in the ten years, rural population increased about one-half as much as the total population. In 1909 the per-capita production of cereals was only forty-nine and one tenth bushels; in 1899 it was fifty-eight and four tenths, — a decrease of nine bushels per head in ten years. Between 1899 and 1909 the aggregate production of cereals increased only one and seven tenths per cent, but their market value was higher by seventy-nine and eight tenths per cent in 1909 than in 1899, — the increase in price being forty-seven times the increase in quantity. In 1900 there was one farm for every thirteen and two tenths persons; in 1910 there was one farm for every fourteen and five tenths persons. On the average, therefore, each farm now has to furnish food for more than one more person than in 1900. In 1900, there were five and five tenths acres of improved farm land per capita of population; by 1910 the per-capita improved

acreage had declined to five and two tenths acres.

These figures make it clear why the exports of food-stuffs in crude condition, and food animals, have decreased from $227,300,000, or 16.59 per cent of the total exports, for the fiscal year of 1900, to $99,900,000, or only 4.6 per cent of the total for the fiscal year of 1912; and why similar imports have increased from $68,700,000 in 1900, to $180,120,000 in 1912. Of course the splendid crops of this year will, for the time being, alter the tendency of imports of food-stuffs to increase and of exports to decrease, but unfortunately experience indicates that another bumper crop is not likely for several years. Regardless of other influences the increasing disparity between the supply of and demand for food-stuffs, as shown by the foregoing data, would seem almost to furnish an adequate explanation of the fact that on October 1, 1912, Bradstreet's index number of prices made a new high record of $9.4515.

Surprising as it may seem, it is within the last few years that the people of the United States have recognized the danger that lies in the increasing prices of food. The uneasiness with which the rise in the prices of necessities is now regarded is amply justified, for if there is a further considerable advance, a lowering of the standard of living of a great number of the American people, with its certain inimical consequences to the quality of our citizenship, is bound to occur. It is largely the apprehension of this possibility that has impelled the national government, the states, various associations and individuals, to undertake the promotion of scientific farming, to the end that the output of the farms of this country may be raised to a maximum consistent with economic production and the conservation of the vital qualities of the soil. Educational activity of this sort is excellent and necessary, and should, if possible, be continued with greater enthusiasm. However, agriculture is similar to other industries in that knowledge alone is not sufficient for success. Like those engaged in other kinds of business, farmers must have capital, in addition to knowledge and skill, and it is highly important that they obtain the capital they need on terms consistent with their credit.

What is being done to promote better farming, through education and the establishment of land- and agricultural-credit institutions, is due to the great importance of the industry, and not to any lack of intelligence on the part of the farmers themselves. There is no more reason to assume that farmers are incapable of, or indifferent to, progress than there is to assume that bankers are deficient because they operate under a faulty and inadequate banking system. The farmers of the United States are the intellectual superiors of the farmers in any other country in the world, and, with equal facilities, they will set the pace in scientific agriculture.

A superficial knowledge of agricultural conditions in the United States is all that is necessary to understand that the particular pressing need of American farmers is financial machinery whereby the potential credit that they possess in abundance can be made negotiable. There is in this country a serious lack of financial institutions suited to supply farmers with funds. In this respect the United States is the most backward of any of the important nations of the world, and, consequently, it is safe to say that this is the prime reason why this country is so far behind many other countries in the per-acre production of food-stuffs. The average yield of grain in the United States is about fifty per cent less than

it is on the continent of Europe, and the average per-acre yield of potatoes is not more than thirty per cent of what it is in Germany. The most striking and important difference between farming conditions here and in many European countries, is that there farmers can readily obtain the funds they need, whereas in this country agricultural financing is difficult and costly.

In its capital requirements, farming is not unlike other industries, and it is like other industries in that unless these capital requirements are supplied, progress will be slow and dubious. Like the merchant and the manufacturer, the farmer needs funds: first, for the purchase of property and for its permanent improvement; and second, for temporary purposes, — such as financing crops. These two general divisions of agricultural capital requirements should be preserved in the nature of the loans that are made to secure funds. Each of these two divisions can and should support its own credit, known respectively as land credit and agricultural credit. For the purpose of buying land and making permanent improvements, farmers should be able to make mortgage loans which have a long time to run, and which they can gradually repay by small yearly installments. Money invested in land or permanent improvements becomes fixed capital, and the proportion of a farmer's income that can be attributed to this sort of capital is so limited that it is illogical and unreasonable to expect the money so invested to be repaid except after a considerable period of years. The maximum length of a farm loan in this country is from three to five years, and, at the end of that time, it may or may not be possible to secure a renewal. As a rule, a farm-mortgage loan here has a very restricted market, and, consequently, the borrower frequently is obliged to pay an unreasonable rate of interest, and to submit to burdensome conditions from which the nature of the security he has to offer entitles him to be exempt.

Until some way is provided by which farm mortgages can be made the basis of a long-time security, with the marketable qualities of a railroad or industrial bond, and which can be sold at a price very nearly determined by the soundness of the security, the farmers of this country will continue to be burdened by the terms they must accept in making mortgage loans. That it is possible to create a security of this sort is shown by the success of the mortgage-loan companies and associations of foreign countries, whose obligations sell on a basis as favorable as that of bonds of the most successful railroad and industrial corporations. The farmers of the United States have as good a claim to cheap money as have railroad and industrial corporations, because farm land constitutes as good security as a railroad or a factory. The marvelous and rapid development of the railroads of the country, to a very large extent, is due to the low cost at which they have been able to obtain vast sums of money for purposes of development. There is absolutely no reason why just as cheap money should not be similarly available for the acceleration of agricultural development.

For the financing of temporary capital requirements, the personal credit of farmers should be made available. A farmer should not be obliged to mortgage his land to obtain funds to operate his property. As in the case of mortgage loans, the facilities in this country for making negotiable the personal credit of farmers are inadequate. There is no reason why the industrious, capable farmer should not be able to borrow on his personal obligation as easily as does the merchant. A few

American farmers do a banking business on a scale sufficiently large to make them desirable clients of local, state, and national banks, but, for the great majority, it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to secure the personal credit accommodation they need, and to which their responsibility entitles them.

The success of foreign rural coöperative banking associations in reducing the rate of interest on loans to farmers, and the almost negligible amount that has been lost through the operations of these associations, clearly indicates that the high rate of interest that farmers in this country must pay, is due, not to any inherent weakness in their credit, but to the lack of properly organized facilities for making their credit negotiable. The lack of agricultural banking facilities is a tremendous hardship for the farmers. It means that they are laboring under a handicap which those engaged in no other kind of industry have to bear. Under present arrangements, farmers are paying two, two and a half, and three per cent more for money than they should. Upon the enormous amount of borrowed funds that the farmers of this country are obliged to employ, the excessive interest amounts to a sum so large that if it could be saved and expended in increasing the productivity of our farms, it would do much toward solving the problem of inadequate crops.

Fortunately, in the attempt to establish banking facilities for the farmers of the United States, it is not necessary to work in the dark. Many of the farm-credit institutions of other countries are established on principles so broad and sound that, with some modifications, they can be adapted to conditions in this country. It is important, therefore, to know all we can of foreign land- and agricultural-credit institutions.

Germany is, perhaps, the country where agriculture is the most thoroughly and most intelligently organized. There are organizations in Germany for the purpose of supplying farmers with capital, and organizations for carrying on nearly all of the operations connected with the cultivation of the soil — all owned and managed by the farmers themselves. These organizations have revolutionized agricultural conditions in Germany. They not only have been the means of immensely increasing the productivity of the farms, but have also wonderfully improved the economic and social status of the farmers themselves. The first kind of agricultural coöperative organization started in Germany was for credit or banking purposes, and the entire fabric of agricultural coöperation in Germany now rests on its elaborate and efficient system of credit societies. Consequently it is reasonable to assume that these credit societies are responsible for the advanced condition of agriculture. Agricultural credit in Germany is based on the principles of self-help and coöperation.

In those European countries where land- and agricultural-credit facilities are the most complete, as a rule, long-time mortgage loans and short-time personal loans are made by different institutions organized along different lines. Of the two kinds of credit institutions, perhaps the most successful and efficient are the Raiffeisen banks in Germany and the Credit Foncier in France. These two institutions differ in many essential particulars. A Raiffeisen bank is a mutual association, the Credit Foncier is an incorporated company; the Raiffeisen banks loan for the most part on personal obligations, the Credit Foncier on first mortgages; the Raiffeisen banks secure most of their funds through the deposits of the farmers themselves, the Credit Foncier,

through the debenture bonds that it issues, obtains funds for its loans from the conservative investors of all classes. It is because of these and other characteristic differences, and by reason of the wonderful success of these two institutions, that a knowledge of how the Raiffeisen banks and the Credit Foncier operate, and what they have accomplished, is peculiarly illuminating and profitable. Each of these two types of credit organizations possesses many features well adapted for systems of farm-credit institutions in this country.

The Raiffeisen banking system was founded by Frederick William Raiffeisen primarily for the purpose of freeing small farmers from the exactions of usurers. Raiffeisen knew nothing of finance, but he did understand the needs of those who, under the most discouraging circumstances, were bravely trying to gain a living from the soil — a class among whom credit was the particular and essential thing lacking. Sir Horace Plunkett, who has done so much for the agricultural development of Ireland, has said that the establishment of the Raiffeisen banks was second in economic importance only to the discovery of steam.

The Raiffeisen banking system is based on the principle of combining borrowers, to the end that by association they may secure credit facilities which, as individuals, it would be impossible for them to obtain. The fundamental provisions of the Raiffeisen banks, as contemplated by Herr Raiffeisen, were those of gratuitous management, unlimited liability of members, and a strictly local field of operation. For the most part the Raiffeisen banks adhere to those provisions. The membership of the banks is made up almost exclusively of farmers. In 1909 the number of members for each bank averaged 92. In the beginning the Raiffeisen banks had no capital stock, but in 1876 a law was passed which made it necessary for them to issue shares of stock. The value of the shares was fixed at what was little more than a nominal amount. In 1909 the average paid-up capital per member was only 19 marks. The dividends that the Raiffeisen banks can pay are strictly limited — in no event can they exceed the rate of interest charged on loans. In 1909 these banks made a net profit in excess of 7,000,000 marks, but of this only 13 per cent was paid out in dividends — the balance being passed to the credit of the reserve fund. Because of the nature of its business the sphere of operation of each bank is very limited. It is necessary for the members to know each other, and to know for what purpose each loan is made, and to see that the money is so used. The Raiffeisen banks have done much to encourage thrift, because they have supplied a new incentive for saving. Inasmuch as the successful management of these banks requires a keen sense of responsibility on the part of the individual members, their moral effect is very considerable. Through their membership in the Raiffeisen banks many German farmers have become familiar with the nature and uses of credit and have acquired a knowledge of business. Altogether, these small rural banks have much improved the financial position and the moral and intellectual calibre of their members.

Because of its small size and restricted field of operation, the management of a Raiffeisen bank is very simple and inexpensive. In 1909, the average cost of management per bank was only 638 marks. The funds that the banks have to loan to their members are made up of the proceeds of the sale of capital stock, the reserve accumulated from profits, deposits, — both savings and

current account, — and loans from the central coöperative banks, from other banks, and from individuals. In 1909, 88 per cent of these funds consisted of the deposits of the farmers themselves. The size of the average deposit is about $370.

The loans which these banks make are either on current account — a form of over-draft often used by European banks — or for fixed periods. There is a tendency to extend the practice of making loans on current account, as that seems to be the form best suited for members. As a rule the loans made by the Raiffeisen banks are for a short period — usually for one year, with a maximum of five. For the most part the loans are granted on the personal obligations of the borrowers, to which usually is added the guaranty of one or two associate members. Occasionally loans are secured by deposit of collateral, or by mortgages. The average loan of the Raiffeisen banks in Germany is about $150. As the small size of the average loan indicates, the Raiffeisen banks primarily are institutions for supplying credit accommodations to the small landowner.

The Raiffeisen banking system in Germany now comprises about 15,000 local banks, with a membership of approximately 2,000,000. These banks are now doing a yearly aggregate business of about $1,500,000,000. The local Raiffeisen banks are grouped under 35 provincial banks, which, in turn, are affiliated with two general central cooperative banks. The local banks borrow money from the provincial banks, when required, and also loan to them their surplus funds. The provincial central banks are coöperative societies, with limited liability, and they occupy much the same position toward the local rural banks that the latter do toward their members. Their working capital is made up of the paid-up shares of their members (the local banks), of the deposits of the local banks, and of loans from other banks. By means of these provincial and central coöperative banks, agricultural credit in those parts of Germany where these banks operate possesses the element of fluidity in a remarkable degree — moving from those localities where it is not needed to those where it is needed. Altogether the Raiffeisen banks of Germany make up a wonderfully efficient organization, which, by supplying an enormous amount of agricultural credit, has revolutionized farming in Germany.

Up to the middle of the last century, France was almost entirely lacking in land- and agricultural-credit facilities. As a result of much agitation there was passed in 1852 a law providing for land-mortgage banks, and under this the Credit Foncier was organized. Because of the success of the Landschaften in Germany, many of the principles and methods of these associations were incorporated in the French law. The Credit Foncier is unlike the Landschaften in the very important particular that it is an incorporated company, not a coöperative association. The Credit Foncier has a capital of 200,000,000 francs and operates under the supervision of the state. In the beginning (1852) the government granted the Credit Foncier a subsidy of 10,000,000 francs, in order to help it make loans at a rate advantageous for that time. The subsidy was not renewed, and the state does not now intervene, except occasionally, to exercise control. The Credit Foncier possesses many special privileges, pertaining to the issuance of bonds and to its loans, that give it a practical, if not a legal monopoly of the kind of business in which it is engaged.

The purposes of the Credit Foncier are: —

1. Lending money to landowners,

counties, communes, and public services.

2. Creating and negotiating mortgage bonds, or, more properly, debentures, to a value which cannot exceed the amount of the sums due from its borrowers.

3. As a necessary accessory to its principal business, the Credit Foncier has the right to carry on ordinary banking operations, within well-defined limits, and, in that connection, it is permitted to receive deposits; but the aggregate of deposits must not exceed 100,000,000 francs.

A large part of the funds received on deposit is employed in discounting commercial bills, on condition that they have two signatures and do not run over three months. The shares of the Credit Foncier, which are dealt in on the Bourse, are issued at five hundred francs, and any one can own them. The stock now receives six per cent dividends, and sells for about 750 francs a share. The government appoints the governor and two subgovernors, who, by virtue of their office are members of the Council of Administration. There must also be three treasurers-general — state officials — among the 23 members of the Council of Administration. These treasurers are appointed by the general assembly of the company, but before presenting their names to the assembly it is customary to obtain the approval of the Minister of Finance. The general assembly represents all the stockholders, and is composed of the two hundred who own the largest amount of stock. These stockholders meet once each year to ratify the accounts, vote the dividend, and dispose of such other business as may properly be presented to them. The general assembly elects a Council of Administration of 23 members. The governor has a right to veto the acts of both the general assembly and the Council, but there are only a very few instances on record of his having used this power. The Council of Administration meets once each week, and, among other things, passes upon all loans.

The two principal kinds of loans made by the Credit Foncier are mortgage loans and communal loans, and its total outstanding loans now amount to about 4,000,000,000 francs. So far as this country is concerned, that part of its operations covering the making of mortgage loans to landowners is of the greatest interest. Our municipalities now have a broad and steady market for their securities.

The Credit Foncier makes loans to landowners on the following terms: —

1. Short-time loans, without amortization, for a period of from one to nine years.

2. Long time loans, with annual amortization, for a period of from ten to seventy-five years.

The rate of interest on these loans is 4.30 per cent at the present time, and the rate is the same for all kinds of property. The rate charged on a loan must not exceed the rate at which money is obtained from the sale of bonds by more than six tenths of one per cent. Loans are made only on first-mortgage security, and the amount of the loan cannot exceed one half of the value of the property, except that loans on wine and timber lands must not exceed one third of their value. When the loan is made for a short period, the borrower pays each year only the amount of interest due, and the principal sum must be paid in full at the end of the term of the loan — from one to nine years. Long-time loans are amortized; that is they are gradually paid by means of an annuity, which includes the interest and a small fraction of the principal. As a rule, the borrower himself fixes the length of

time that the loan is to run. The amortization extends over the whole period of the loan, so that the total of the interest and capital amount is repaid from a constant yearly annuity. Consequently, the cost of amortization depends on the length of the loan, and on the rate of interest. On a loan running for seventy-five years at 4.30 per cent interest, the annuity — including interest and amortization — is at the rate of 4.48 per cent per annum. The borrower has the right to pay the principal of the loan at any time, and to profit by the amortization already made. He can also make partial payments and thereby reduce the amount of the annuity.

The bonds issued by the Credit Foncier have no fixed maturity, but are called for payment by lot. Each payment of bonds must be of such an amount that the bonds remaining in circulation do not exceed the balance of the principal owed upon the hypothecated loans. If the government approves, there can be added to the bonds called for payment certain prizes and premiums. The funds received from the usual amortization, or anticipated payments, must be used to amortize or redeem bonds, or to make new loans. In general the bonds bear 3 per cent on the nominal capital, and the total cost of recent loans to the company, including interest, prizes, and premiums, is about 3.60 per cent. The bonds are sold by public subscription, and may be paid for in installments. About every three years the company issues bonds sufficient to yield from 300,000,000 to 350,000,000 francs. The bonds are subscribed for by people of small means, and usually remain in their hands; consequently the quotations of the bonds show little fluctuation — less than French railway bonds. The company always keeps a few bonds on hand for sale, but the bulk of them are disposed of by public subscription.

The Credit Foncier has departed from its original purpose to the extent that at the present time a very large part of its loans are made on urban real estate. However, this is simply an incident, and does not reflect on the applicability of the principles on which the Credit Foncier is founded, to an institution confining its operations to loans on rural land.

In view of the wonderful success of the Credit Foncier and kindred institutions, it is hard to understand why the principle of debenture bonds, secured by long-time real-estate loans, payable by amortization, should not, long ago, have been put in practice in this country. The business of loaning money on farm mortgages in the United States is still carried on in a primitive way. We are still making farm-mortgage loans for such short periods that frequent renewals — often very embarrassing to debtors — are inevitable. The existence of facilities whereby farm-mortgage loans could be made for long terms — say fifty years or more, with provision for easy payment by amortization — would be a wonderful boon to American farmers, and a decided stimulant to the development of efficient, scientific farming.

Neither the Raiffeisen banks nor the Credit Foncier involve strange financial principles. In this country, the splendid record of the mutual savings banks proves that coöperation can be safely and wisely applied in banking. We are familiar with the principle of debenture bonds, and we know something of the principle of amortization. Of course, it is impossible to pick up any of the foreign farm-credit systems, out of its social setting, and say, offhand, that it would be as successful in this country. The history and success, as well as the details of organization, of

every one of the foreign farm-credit systems have been very largely determined by the temperament, the social and economic status of the people, and by the conditions of climate and soil of the country in which they are situated. Consequently in working out the plans of agricultural- and land-credit systems for this country, we must be cautious in our adherence to foreign models. We must remember that the value and success of every institution depends upon its being in harmony with its environment.

The importance of adequate credit facilities for our farmers is beginning to be keenly appreciated. The American Bankers Association, the Southern Commercial Congress, and other organizations, are doing splendid pioneer work by agitating the need of an agricultural banking system, and by disseminating information as to what has been accomplished abroad.

The establishment of agricultural- and land-credit systems in this country is not a political question; it is an economic question of the gravest import — the proper solution of which demands a patriotic national purpose and constructive ability of a high order.

THE WISHED-FOR CHILD [1]

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

She made a place for me beside her on the moss.

'You see it will comfort me to talk it over. I have never talked of it with Marie. But if the good God takes me first, I should like her to know. You will tell her. She will let you know, even if you are far away, that I am gone; and then, you will either come and tell her, or you will write her.

'I need not begin at the beginning; you know — for Marie will have told you — that once I was as straight and tall as Marie — even a little taller; would you think it? Then there came the accident. After that, not only my body was bent, but my dreams also.'

She turned her misshapen shoulders a little toward me.

'You see, up to that time I had dreams of being a mother. I do not mean that I was promised in marriage. But there was one who had loved me a little and whom I loved. Some day I would have been his wife, — it must have been so; and some day I would be the mother of children. Well, after the accident, he went away to Paris. They tell me he became a great man in the milk trade there. There was never any more thought of marriage; and when I dreamed of children, it was of the children I could never have. One does not talk of suffering like that; it goes into the days somehow. And then, by-and-by, it passes into that

[1] 'The Wished-For Child' is in the main a true story. Names and some of the lesser circumstances have been altered, but the chief facts remain as they were told to the writer by one to whom the leading character of the story related them. — The Author.

strange thing that belongs to all of us — Hope.

'God is a great Rich Man, mademoiselle, there is no disputing that; and we are his children; and we each believe, secretly, that for us there is an inheritance, the inheritance of happiness, could we but find it. For, sometimes, it is buried away like treasure; but it is there for us, could we but find it. And it is the hope of this that keeps us alive. Not bread and bodily comforts. Bread and fire are but symbols. So I sought and hoped and wondered where now, — now that I might never have children of my own, — where now the treasure of my happiness was to be found.

'Just then, Marie, who was young and tall, had a lover, Jean Marie; a man not of her station — quite above her. She had always hands and a face and a little quiet air to attract the well-born. Jean Marie was the son of a rich carriage-maker. He was a student in the college at St. Genevieve, and he lived with his old uncle on the road to Bragin, the road that runs from St. Genevieve past our house. He always stopped to have a word with her at twilight, when he came by on his way home, with his books. She spoke to me none at all about him; but one needs not to be told such things. At this time I never touched her hand after twilight that her fingers were not cold.

'When his studies were over and he, with the rest of the students, was to get his diploma, she dressed herself in her white dress. I had helped her to make it. We began making it at the time of the apple-blossoms, and neither of us said why we made it, though we both knew. And I tied about her waist a blue ribbon I had that had belonged to our mother. She went not like the rest, by the road, but a way all her own across the fields, to watch him go by in the long procession of students. She told me, a long time afterward, that by-and-by he came and spoke to her and held her two hands in gladness for a moment, while the rich and well-dressed ladies looked on; and that he laughed and was gay and sunny; and that he gave her a spray of pink larkspur. His mother had brought him a big bunch of it for his graduation, as though he had been a girl.

'That evening he came to the gate to tell her that he was going away to Paris, to study more; to be an apothecary. And then, he kissed her. I saw it myself; I could not help it. He said nothing to her about coming back; but I never doubted that he would. Marie was beautiful. In the white dress, with my mother's blue ribbon about her waist, and the pink larkspur in her hair, she was already a bride, a man's wife, the mother of a man's children, — any man who had eyes to see. So I never doubted.

'Well, I had found the way to my treasure at last, and to the happiness I longed for. "Marie and he will marry," I said. "They will have children. It is there that I shall find happiness. I shall feel the arms of those children about my neck. It is I who shall help them, guide them, teach them, rear them, — I who am wiser, wiser than Marie. Marie is too yielding, too gentle. She has always been so. She herself is dependent on me. One child, perhaps, will need me, one at least, more than the rest. So you see I planned for a child, oh, definitely planned for it! — And I began to borrow books from the library of old Philippe — for I said, "If I read, Jean Marie will have more respect for me, — he who is learned. Marie's beauty will satisfy him; but he will only weary of having me about unless I am clever and can be of help." So I studied a little of what an apothecary would study; and I studied the poets. "The poets," I said,

"give dignity to the mind. The child will lean on me more if I know some poetry."

'If, at any time, doubt came to me, I had only to remember that Marie, from I do not know where, had procured some seed of the larkspur, that following spring; and great clumps of it grew by the little kitchen path, after that. That was proof enough. We both pretended that it had no meaning, whereas to both of us, — well, such silences are but courtesies between sisters who love each other.

'So I knitted a pair of white silk stockings for her, and made her a set of underwear from linen; only a little at a time.

'It was not until two years after, that she spoke of this. Her face had grown more slender and had a beauty that reminded you of ten o'clock in the little church. You know how the light shines then, back of the altar, pale and waiting and sad. It was not until then that she asked me what I was doing.

'"I am knitting stockings for you, Marie," I said, "for when you are a bride."

'"I think it is of no use," she said; "I think he will not come back."

'But we waited, she and I, for him to come. Eight years. Have you ever waited eight years for anything? At the end of the eight years Marie was not the same. She was beautiful, but with the beauty that loss and longing and waiting carve out. I knew she might have reconciled herself at last to giving up Jean Marie, — though there was no other to take his place, — but I knew that she, too, had dreamed of having little children; and that is a longing that one cannot relinquish.

'I was not far wrong. One spring night, when the lilacs were in bloom, and she and I sat in the little stone doorway, she raised her arms a moment, — a gesture of despair, — then dropped them straight and heavy in her lap and clasped her hands.

'"Zephine, Zephine! I am tall and I am a woman — but God has not given it to me to be the mother of a child."

'"And I am bent and a woman," I answered quickly, and perhaps harshly, "and He has not given it to me either, nor will."

'At that she was all penitence and chided herself. But I soothed her. "It is not your hand that can hurt me, little sister," I said; "it is the hand of God that has been heavy on me. And for eight years I, too, have waited for your happiness to come to you, not just for your sake, but for my own. For is not my happiness all bound up in yours? Have I not dreamed — oh, more than you, I think — of loving your children? I had meant that you should bear me one, one more mine than the rest, and you should give it to me who can bear none of my own."

'"And, oh, they should have been yours, all," she said, very still and white, "and one in particular. If God had given me that joy it would have been great enough, full great enough for two."

'So we sat a long while, mademoiselle. We were two women, without so much as the hope of a child. It was not our custom to talk together. We are silent by nature.

'I did not go to bed at once. I went instead into the garden to the little arbor near the gate. From there I could see her moving about upstairs in her little room with the low ceiling. Then very soon she put out the light. After that she sat by the window. I do not know how long she remained there.

'But Jean Marie never came, mademoiselle. Life is like that. You may wait all day with your face turned

down a dusty road, and all the while the horseman is riding only farther away. While she prayed so hard, perhaps he was strolling down one of the streets of Paris, singing a little tune, as I think men do; or maybe stopping to pat a dog. And did he guess all the while that he carried Marie's heart in his hand, and that in turning his face down that street instead of up the dusty road to Bragin, he was taking all motherhood away from her?

'No, mademoiselle. Life is like that. I knew the road to Marie's life well and I knew none would pass her way. Since Jean Marie had turned his face to Paris not one had come past; not one who had stopped. Yet I prayed that night as I sat in the little arbor, — and as I saw her sitting in the dark window, — I prayed God to send her motherhood.

'I do not remember how long I prayed. I remember, though, the odor of the lilacs and then, in the midst of my praying, I remember hearing horses' hoofs on the road. I waited for them to go past as all things else did, but they stopped. Then I heard the clank of a sword and spurs and a few words; I saw the light of a small lantern. Then I saw two men dismount; they were in uniform. One of them swung back the gate and almost brushed against me.

'"What have we here!" He held up his lantern and looked at me. "We want lodging and are of no mind to go farther. Will you give us a bed, my sister?"

'I suppose I looked frightened. I think I was.

'"If your horses can go no farther, you shall not go without a bed," I said.

'The face of the other soldier, more tired and eager, appeared now over the shoulder of the first.

'"My friend's horse here has gone lame. We are sick of hunger. You will take us in? Besides the gold we can give, God finds ways to reward. You will take us in?"

'Only it was hardly a question, more like an agreement.

'We stood a moment, the three of us, in a little circle of light made by the lantern. I led the way. They followed, the big horses coming in singly, through the little gate, one limping badly.

'They followed me around the path. Once, as the lame horse stopped, one of the soldiers gave him a cut, and he threw his head in the air and swerved, tramping on the larkspur.

'"Have a care!" I said. "Be more gentle. Those are flowers that you crush."

'For this speech the horse got another cut that brought him back in the middle of the path.

'"There is the stable," I said; "make your horses comfortable and come back, and you shall have food and a bed."

'I watched them go around the house. Then I entered and hurried up to Marie's room. She was standing facing the door in her nightdress, looking like the Virgin, and expecting me.

'"They are two soldiers," I said, "who ask a bed and food; the horse of one of them is lame."

She began putting on her clothes, and binding up her hair. In a few moments the men were back again. I set them chairs in the kitchen and laid the table. I had a cheese and some plum comfits, and plenty of bread. There was a yellow pitcher for milk. When Marie entered, both men looked at her; she just nodded to them once, and took up the pitcher and carried it to the shed to fill it. When she brought it back I had the supper nearly ready. One of the men got up and dragged his chair after him to the table, but the other one, the more tired, the more

deliberate, still sat, his eyes openly watching Marie.

'"Come, you of the hungry face," the other called out to him; and then he came, too, and they both scraped their chairs, and shuffled their feet about under the table, and served themselves, and bent down with their mouths to their plates, like hungry men, neither of them looking up once, — save the hungry-faced one, when Marie refilled his milk cup for him. Then he straightened back, and kept his hand on the mug, and looked at her, a long, bold look.

'I went to fix a bed in the lower chamber. When I returned, the hungry-faced one had his arm over the back of the chair, like a satisfied man, and was eating no more, but talking to Marie. I do not know what about.

'I led the way with my candle. As the two followed me Marie shrank a little against the door, to let them pass by, and the hungry-faced one bowed to her as he went past, and paused, oh, the fraction of a little moment close to her, and his uniform touched her skirt; then he glanced at me who held the door open, an indifferent glance, and went on.

'They liked the little room well enough, — it is pretty and white, — and the gayer of the two fell to pulling off his boots at once.

'"God make a good bargain of this for you, sister," he said, cheerfully. "The *bon Dieu* is a good one to lend to. I do not doubt He will pay you with usury."

'So I left them, and Marie and I cleared away the supper, and went to bed. The talk we had had before they came — only an hour before — seemed a very long time gone. I could not go to sleep at first. It was like a great adventure, — oh, a great adventure, I assure you, in the little quiet house; the two tired men sleeping below. I could hear them snore as I lay in my bed. I make no doubt Marie lay awake too, thinking of Jean Marie, and perhaps still praying for him to return.

'The rest that I have to tell you is a thing difficult to tell. The soldiers went on their way in the morning, but it was not the last time that we saw them. The hungry-faced one, at least, came again. He was in command of some road-menders who were rebuilding, about three miles away, a bridge and a part of the road to Paris, where the rains had harmed it. He came again and still again. He had a way of twirling a little string in his fingers. It was not lovable, but you watched it; and other little ways that you remarked and remembered and wondered over; and something masterful, though I cannot remember where it lay, nor what it was.

'I always made him welcome. If in time he could take the place of the one who was gone! I thought of it, and thought if it. Once I made bold to mention this to Marie, and she looked at me thin, and thoughtful.

'"You do not know,' she said; "Jean Marie is as diamond, this one is as jade. Jean Marie is as gold, this one is as iron."

'"But, Marie, if you could love him. You and I have need of more than each other. What will it be for us to grow old together. We have need of some one else. Besides, you have need of motherhood. It is the lot of woman. We have both need of a child."

'"You do not know," she said again, quietly and sadly. "That kind has no wish to marry any woman. Jean Marie went away; and, not loving me enough, he will not come back; but this one will keep coming again, and again, and again."

'"*Eh bien?*" I said, a little impatient of her quietness.

'"Until" — she shrank and turned

away her face a little. — "He will some day make his wish plain. He is a hungry-faced man."

'At that, my brain seemed to spin; and my thoughts were like fire. That night it seems as though I must have prayed nearly all the night. I made no bones of it. I prayed frank and direct — for God knew my thoughts at any rate — I prayed frank and direct that even without wedlock, He would put a little child in our lives. We needed it; needed it; I told God that.

'One day when it was time for the soldier to come again, it chanced to be time also for me to borrow the butcher's donkey — as I always did at a certain season — and the little cart, to go to Bragin, as was my custom, to sell cabbages, or whatever we had to sell. Lunch I would have, with coffee, at the little inn at Bouvet, but the black bread, and cheese, and a red apple, Marie put in my basket, as usual, for my supper, for I could not return until well into the night.

'As I drove my miles, I came at last, as I knew I should, to the road-menders.

'The men scarcely glanced at me, but went on with their work. The soldier was ahead, keeping an eye on them. When I came to him he raised his cap and smiled, a crooked smile, with very white teeth showing.

'"Where are you going, sister?"

'"I am going all the way to Bragin," I said.

'"A long distance," he said, his eyes on me in their own bold manner.

'"Yes," I answered.

'"You will not be back by night-fall."

'"Not until long after moon-rise," I said, my heart going hard. Then suddenly I made bold and feared nothing. "Marie is there," I said; "go and have supper and satisfy your hunger. There is bread and milk and honey and a pot of cheese." I said this last over my shoulder; then I drove on, not daring to look back.

'When I got home there was no light in the little house. Had he come? It was white, white moonlight, mademoiselle, warm and white, with cool shadows. I cannot tell you how still it was. Perhaps it was not so still; perhaps some of the stillness was in myself. But it seemed as though the world had stopped.

'I went softly around by the stable. I heard the quick click of a bit, as when a horse tosses its head. We had no horse of our own. Then suddenly, in all the stillness and moonlight, I saw her coming from the fields, and the soldier with her. I shrank back in the shadow and waited. I noticed that when his hand lifted the kitchen latch and let her and himself in, she went before him as though he were no longer a guest, but master in the place. A moment later there was the flare of a match in the kitchen. I could see from where I stood that it was the soldier, not she, who lighted the candle. Still a moment later and he came out again, went to the stable, and led his horse out. When he was not far from me, and was near to the kitchen, I stepped out.

'"You are not going?" I said.

'"Good-day, sister. Yes, — I must go to-night; my regiment leaves for Algiers to-morrow."

'I left them alone a moment, but I think they said no farewell. When I got back, he was busy adjusting his saddle-girth; and she was standing beside the larkspur, with a white face.

'He did not come again, mademoiselle. I think she knew that he would not. Little by little, as the days went, and she grew white and stricken, I had all I could do to bring her into any notice of me, or of the common things of life. She never needed to tell me her

secret. Had I not planned — Was it not more my secret; more mine than hers? She would sit by the hour with no word. I guessed that she had a great fear of God, and that she remembered, with fear, too, the one gone to Paris.

'One day, when I could endure her silence no longer, I said, "Marie, Marie, my little sister! Did not God put your great longing in you and mine in me? Has He not fashioned us? Shall we be afraid to trust what He will do with us, and with these longings of ours?"

'She did not answer, but only looked at me thin and startled, like a deer that faces the fear of death.

'"There is one thing," I said, "that is clear between you and God and me. However else we may have sinned, — though I do not think it sin, — we have committed no sin against the unborn. The child that shall be ours is a *wished-for* child, an *enfant voulu*. There are women who sin in thought against the unborn, who do not desire little children; who are dismayed, angry, bitter, when they find themselves possessed of the gift of God. But, oh, ours is better born, better born, Marie. It is a wished-for child, an *enfant voulu*. Think, Marie, of the ways of God. God knows. Need we teach Him? Is He so dull and we so wise? Are we his elders? Shall we set laws round about his laws, and limits on those longings He has implanted? Shall we try to stifle a fire that He with his breath has kindled in us? Shall we give excuses into his hands for his intentions?"

'She laid her head in my lap suddenly and wept. After that she believed me to be very wise, and very familiar with God's ways, and full of knowledge concerning Him.

'From then on, the responsibility seemed to me mine wholly; and the sin, if it was sin, was mine, too, not hers. But I knew in my own wise heart that it was no sin. I exulted in God and in my own daring, though, out of respect for her more fearing nature, I said no more. But I waited and saw the young moon wax, and bloom full, and darken, like a flower that grows and blooms and fades and disappears, a dark seed in the dark of night, for a new moon to grow. Little by little, the long time was got over and God brought the waiting to an end. I used to lie in my bed, staring awake, when I lay down to rest, wondering what it must be like to be like Marie in the little room across the hall, with life and death on either side of the bed, and the gift of God trembling and crying against your heart.

'It was I who was with her. It was I who saw the child first. I do not know where the child's father was, — in a hot barracks, playing cards by the light of a smoky lantern in Algiers, perhaps, — never guessing. It did not matter. The child seemed not his but hers; not hers but mine.

'You have wondered why I am more educated than Marie, — why I even know about Helen of Troy and Raphael and Monsieur Thiers. Well, I had read some, studied some, before; but now I read more and more, to be the better fitted to be wise toward the child that was ours. I sent to Paris for some books.

'I wish you could have seen Marie when the wonder was all new, all new and radiant and full of glory like the crèche on Christmas morning. There was such a light about her face that I went away from her many a time in those first days, to go down on my knees. For I began to know now that there was indeed some sin, after all, that I had not suspected. For I knew that it must be a sin, surely, that any human hand should dare to create such glory — the hand of one like me, least

of all, to whom God had so expressly forbidden that joy. I cannot explain to you. It was as though in the darkness I had defied God and had said, "Let there be light," — and there was light; and I was dazzled and afraid of it.

'Yet this was only in moments, in big moments; for the rest there was the comfort, the piercing comfort of the little cry in the dark in the midst of the night.

'The days went by. I grew more content as I grew more used to the presence of the child. If we were shut apart now from our kind, and if the butcher's wife would not speak to us — what did it matter! We had the better treasure. The law and society are made by man, but the longing of a woman was put in her heart long ago when God fashioned her. I told myself this and I told myself, too, that God would never have fulfilled my wish if it had been wrong. God had denied me to be a mother, that is true; He had bent and twisted me with suffering. But shall you tell me God does not know what He is about? I was bent into a gnarled root with no hope of blossom of my own, but Marie was the branch and the child was the flower, and the flower was mine, after all. It could never be quite said that I had not tasted motherhood.

'It was almost before I knew it that the child was three years old, with gold hair and little gentle ways. They were the happiest days of my life, the kind of days the Virgin must have had when the Christ Child was little, before all the trouble began. Only now and then a great dread came to me lest, as a punishment, some ill should befall the child.

'One evening I was in the kitchen and Marie was in the little front door-yard to get the coolness. The child was on my lap and I was reading. Presently I turned the lamp low, lifted the child, and went out into the cool, also, into the little arbor. It was so, often, that the child and I sat apart from Marie, and she from us. One must have one's own thoughts, and sometimes the stars to one's self.

'The child was soon asleep on my arm. It was starlight, and the trees and the lilac bushes made big dark shadows; soft, as shadows are in the light of the stars.

'Suddenly, I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs approaching on the road, then their pause at the gate. A moment later I heard the gate click and a step on the gravel. My heart stood still. No one visited us now. It was a man's step. It was like the night long ago, — like something that had happened before.

'All at once, like a stroke out of darkness I knew. I knew that the soldier had cared for her, after all, in his own fashion, and had returned to her. The child was not mine, then, after all; not hers and mine, and mostly mine. It was rightly his. If he cared for her enough to come back, he would care for the child, too, — in some strange fashion, — as men do. They like to possess things. That is why they like children of their own.

'I could see that Marie had already risen. I could not tell whether she was alarmed or expectant. Perhaps she had cared, too. I could see his figure in the dim starlight come up the walk. I could see that he stopped before her and looked into her face. Then I heard him say, —

'"Is this Marie?"

'She did not answer; only put her hand on her breast. He repeated the question, —

'"Is this Marie?"

'Then her voice, —

'"Yes, it is I. Why do you ask?"

'"Have you nothing to say to me?

I have come back to you, because I could not forget you."

'Then her voice — in the same even, almost monotonous, tone: —

"Why should you think I do not know you. I have prayed, often, that you would come back."

'This, too, was like another flash of lightning — heat lightning, that left everything darker. Not only had the soldier come back, but she had longed for him to come back; yes, longed for him, as I had not dreamed she would. The child was, indeed, not mine, but theirs, quite theirs.

'I knew, I had heard said, that the very bearing of the physical pain will make a woman care for the father of her child — though she may not have cared before. It is God's way, it seems. It is such power that God has given to motherhood — that it may, like Himself, work miracles, from left to right as it goes. She had not borne this child for me, though that had been her first intent. She cared now for the child's father. Their whole world and the child seemed suddenly struck apart from mine. His coming back changed everything. I had lost the child, not by illness, as I had so often dreaded, not by death, but by the mere beat of hoofs on the Bragin road, and the click of a gate in the starlight, such little things as I would never have suspected.

'Then I heard him speaking: —

'"Will you come to the light?" There was a patch of candlelight falling from within through an open window; falling across the grass, the little shell-path, and over the larkspur. "I want to see you. I want to see how you have changed since I have been gone."

'I could just see that he stretched out his hand to her and led her over to where the light fell. She stepped into the soft glow. Her back was toward me.

'Then, from the shadow, he, too, stepped into the light and looked down into her face. I bent forward and looked. I saw the whole thing now. I saw that the face of this man looking into hers was not the hungry face that I supposed it to be. It was lit with another feeling — oh, another feeling — and — it was the face, not of the soldier, not of the soldier. It was the face of Jean Marie, of Jean Marie.

'In the moment that he looked at her, my world fell apart. I was dazed, yet I knew. I saw. Everything was clear. What followed was flashed on my mind, before either of them spoke; like lightning that flashes fast, the thunder lagging after. But I had to listen. Then I heard him say, —

'"Oh, my well-beloved!"

'She answered him nothing, nothing at all; just stood there allowing him to search her face for the old, lost girlhood.

'By the look in his face I knew he had found it, to his own satisfaction. He had found it; for, with a little quick motion, he took her hands.

'Then, like the older man he had grown to be, he bent and folded her to him and kissed her long, straight on the lips. It was like Marie to submit and speak afterwards, if he would have let her speak. But he spoke, himself, rapidly, urgently, kissing her between the rapid words.

'"I have seen the women of Paris; but always beyond them, at their very shoulders, I saw you in your white dress," — he kissed her at the memory, — "and the white stockings," — he kissed her again and laughed, — "for I even noticed those, — and the blue ribbon, and the larkspur. Have you still got the dress?" holding away from her a little to look at her.

'She nodded.

'"Yes; in a drawer upstairs, where now and again I take it out and look at it."

'He kissed her, and hurried on.

'"And when I drank wine at little tables on the faubourg, and saw those small-mouthed women, with their high heels and their great over-sized hats and when I talked with them, — do you know what I said? I said to myself, 'These women are amusing for a time, if you like, for a time, Jean Marie, but la! la! good God! one knows well what city women with painted cheeks are! How a man may have them or leave them; and how other men have had them and left them before.' And then I would think of you, — you in your white dress and the blue ribbon, — you, you all untouched, by any man, — you, Marie, — you!"

'I could see that she pushed herself away from him a little, though he still had his way with her and his arms about her. Then, elated, I think, by her silence, remembering all the shyness and quietness of her, he drew her to him again like something lost and found and rejoiced over. He kissed her once, twice, then held her, looking down at her, — then kissed her again. They seemed to be wholly one, the way a man and woman should be.

'When she finally had pushed herself gently free, I saw her brush her hair, which he had disordered, back from her eyes.

'"You are mistaken," she said. Her voice sounded still and quiet like a part of the night.

'"How?" he said.

'"I am not what you think me."

'The short glory was over now, almost over. The great trouble had begun to touch him, too.

'"Will you tell me what you mean? You said you had prayed for me to return. Is it so?" He was puzzled.

'She nodded. "Yes."

'"You are not married, then?" There was a kind of quiet horror in his voice.

'She shook her head.

He looked immensely relieved. He made a motion to take her to him again; but paused to think.

'"You have not of late changed in your feeling for me?"

'She shook her head.

'"You care for me," he urged. "You have always cared. You are not married. What have we then to fear? Come; out with it! It is some duty — some fancied duty — to your crippled sister. Bah!" He tossed his head in quick contempt of such a reason. "I have always thought there would be doubtless some foolish devotion to her; yes, I have, positively. But because she will never marry — does it mean, bon Dieu, that you and I must have spoiled lives and unfulfilled hopes?"

'Yes, he said just that.

'Then, — it was like Marie to speak with such directness, and unlike, I think, every other woman in the world.

'"I have had a child," she said simply.

'He recoiled from her — a slow movement, a very slow movement — as though he had come suddenly, yet in time, on something horrible and unbelievable. Then he said just one word, —

'"*You!*"

'It seemed a long time before he spoke; a long time that she stood there. When he put his next question it was that of a man, and full, as a man's questions are, of curiosity and jealousy.

'"And the man? You were in love with him?"

'She shook her head again, and he recoiled from her a very little bit more.

'It seemed again a long time. When he spoke his voice was that of a man who has passed through the worst of sorrow, the voice of a man not sorrowful but indignant; indignant not only with one woman, but with all womankind.

'"Do you know, loose woman, what you have shattered? All my belief, all of it! Through everything, everything, when every ideal was failing me, when I myself was not pure, — and could count on no one, — I said, "But Marie, Marie is pure!" The painted women of the boulevard, one expects not more of them. One would not have them otherwise. They were not meant to be more than puppets to play with; never to be the mother of men's children. But you, you—!" He paused, and began again. "Do you know what it is to rob a man like that? Do you know what you steal, you women? *Bah!*" He turned away, unable to go on.

'She just stood there, Marie did, with one hand on her breast. She made no defense, — none at all.

'I cannot recall, now, how it all happened. I only know that by-and-by Jean Marie was gone. I heard the gate click after him. I only know that by-and-by I saw Marie enter the house.

'Then, despite all these numbing blows that had fallen, my brain began to work again. I think I have a good brain. Something must be done.

'I rose and laid the child down quickly, on the floor of the arbor, — than I ran — ran through the night.

'By cutting across the little path and across the little patch of grass, one comes to the field and across that to the road, beyond the bend. If I ran I could get there before Jean Marie. I felt the dew wet on my shoes and I ran on. I fell once flat on my two hands in the little ditch, but I got up and ran on. I was *étourdie* — lost in my mind, perhaps. Presently, I found I had gone too much to the right and had come to the wall, where, instead, I should have come to the opening. I ran along beside the wall; but I was losing time. I could hear the horse's hoofs coming, coming, coming at a great gallop. Beyond the poplars I could see the road still at a little distance. I almost fell. I recovered myself and ran. I came at last to the opening and stumbled through it. Jean Marie was coming rapidly toward me. I ran forward, holding up my hands; but I was only a shadow in the darkness, no doubt. I would have called, but my voice was gone. If only I could be near when he passed by! I stumbled at last into the very ditch close by the road. His horse's hoofs almost touched me. They thundered past. The dust flew in my face. I was within two feet of Jean Marie, within two feet of him. Had I been tall instead of bent, I could even have snatched at his bridle.

'He did not note. The last hope I had was riding with him away from me, swiftly away from me, in a fury, and with a beating of hoofs. Then, with a great effort, I raised myself in the ditch, flung my hands in the air, and cried, "Jean Marie! Jean Marie! Come back!"

'It may be that the beat of the hoofs drowned the sound. I do not know. It may be that he thought it was Marie, and would not turn. I called again, but the horse galloped on. The galloping of the horse grew fainter. It was beginning to be a long way off. Then, presently, in a little while more, it was gone, lost in the night.

'I do not know, rightly, how I got back to the house. I do not know, rightly, how any of the moments happened after that — except that by-and-by I entered the arbor and took up the child again, as one takes up a burden. It was the first time in the world that she had felt heavy to me. She slept soundly. I carried her upstairs and placed her in my room as I often did. Marie must have been already in bed, I thought. Her light was out and her door partly open, as she always left it. Far into the night it seemed to me that I must go to her and talk to her of this

fearful thing. I got up softly. When I got to my door — I looked across the hall. Her door was closed. It was enough — neither she nor God wished to talk about this thing. I returned to my bed. I had the child I had wished for, by my side. So we remained all that night.

'No, mademoiselle. I have never spoken to her about it, have never told her that I know. You see, it is this way: I have thought much and deeply, and I know that life is bearable so long as one is serving others, and above all so long as one is serving them better than they suspect. It is that that puts some little glory into life, — to give to those we love always a little more than is required; to serve them covertly better than they guess.

'If I told Marie that I knew about the coming-back of Jean Marie, it would be like robbing her of something more. As it is she can watch me often, with the child in my arms, and she can think, "It was for Zephine's happiness that all this was suffered. If she is happy it is worth while. She must never, never know that I suffer." And so, you see, she will have a new service to render and to make life worth the living. I shall be like another child, for whom she has suffered pangs of the flesh and spirit.

Even when she sits at dusk, near the larkspurs, thinking of Jean Marie, this thought will give her strength. She will see me coming down the path with the child, and she will be glad at sight of me. For it is not those who sacrifice themselves for us that we most love, but always, always, those for whom we sacrifice ourselves. That is the true motherhood, and it is Marie who has it. You see I have not sacrificed myself; not at all. I am no true mother, and that is as God intended it, — but she is; she is.'

'Your own silence is a sacrifice, too, perhaps,' I ventured.

She shook her head and smiled.

'Some day, I want you to tell her; that is, if I should die first. In that case I want her to know. But if she goes first I shall leave it to God: He will take a moment aside some time to explain it to her. He could do it in a few words. As it is, she sits often at night there by the larkspur, with the candle-light from within falling in a patch across the flowers as it did that night, — and I know that she sees Jean Marie's face and remembers the kisses that he gave her in the starlight; but she says nothing.

'Not long ago I saw her take out the white dress and the white silk stockings and the blue ribbon. She wrapped them in a sheet and put them all away, up in the attic, in a trunk containing things that belong to my dead mother — a trunk that we never open.'

LETTERS OF A DOWN-AND-OUT

The following letters, written without thought of publication, are selected from a correspondence which still continues. The author is a young man who, soon after leaving Harvard College, started life with excellent prospects, and early in his career achieved marked material success. While still in the earliest thirties, he was making an income of $25,000 a year in a wholesale commission business; he was married, apparently happy, the father of two children, and, in the current phrase, 'fixed for life.' Then misfortunes came. He lost his position and his money, and at thirty-five, stripped of everything he possessed, he went, without money, friends, or references, to try a new start in the West. The following letters, practically unchanged except for the alteration and omission of names, take up his story at this point. — THE EDITORS.

COSMOPOLIS, WASHINGTON,
March 28, 1912.

DEAR ——:

I landed in Seattle with three dollars and a half, thoroughly dirty, and without any baggage except a tin box of cigarettes. As the cheapest lodging in sight, I spent about a week in a Turkish Bath (basement of Tourist Hotel), my shirt studs and cuff buttons bought food for a while, while the hot room made a most excellent drying room after I had done my washing, — underclothes and socks. I never before wore one shirt for so many days, but as I did n't have any money I could not buy another.

During this time I did my best to get something to do in the coal business, in which I have had experience, but with one exception, the S. & W. Co., who run a mine at Renton, some eight miles from Seattle, and the Pacific Coal Company (a subsidiary of the Harriman system), I did not get any sort of a bite. Both of these will not materialize until fall at the earliest. I went to every concern in the business, but no one seemed to desire my undoubtedly very valuable services. Also I went to every wholesale concern in Seattle, handling machinery, etc., but from these I did not get a smell. I presume my appearance was somewhat against me as my suit of clothes looked pretty tough.

I tried everything I could think of, but all I could find was one night's work as a stevedore on S.S. Governor. Even that work is very hard to obtain. I went night after night; from 400 to 500 men would be on hand and only from 60 to 75 would be taken. I tried all the concerns dealing in fish, but discovered they take no one excepting Swedes or Finns.

I went to every Alaskan concern that has a Seattle office, all with no success.

The nights in the Turkish Bath were interesting, had I the power of description. A bunch of prize fighters boxed and were rubbed down there. Two of them were pretty decent sort of chaps. I acted as second for one in a fight that he won. If anybody in the crowd spotted me in the towel-waving second, he kept quiet.

I lived at the Turkish Bath until I ran into a chap named Jones, that I used to know at home. He ran a hotel in Springfield and one in Greenfield. He, I found, was almost as destitute as I, but he did have four dollars, that looked like a small fortune. He had been working as a deckhand on a tugboat but he got in a row with the Swede

mate and was fired. We moved from the Bath to a dump called the Hotel Rainer, one of those places that have (to me) the most disagreeable smell in the world: that of poverty. We stayed there for about a week, paying 75 cents a day for the room. We answered newspaper advertisements and followed up every clue we could think of to get work. I always thought I had sufficient brain to earn my living with it, but it was n't possible to get anything to do in Seattle. So, in desperation, Jones and I went to an employment office and signed on for a job in the lumber mill of Grey's Harbor Commercial Co., located at Cosmopolis, which is about 100 miles south of Seattle.

Being entirely without proper clothes for a colder place, I went to a chap named Weeks that B—— had written would give me help as a last resort, and from him obtained the following:—

One dress-suit case	$ .85
One flannel shirt	.89
One pair underdrawers	.39
Last night Hotel Rainer	.75
Fee, employment agency	2.00
Cash	1.00
	$5.88

The object of the dress-suit case (you can imagine what kind it is for 85 cents) was that to get your fare advanced from Seattle to Cosmopolis one had to have *baggage*. As Jones's belongings consisted of a comb, one extra pair of shoes, and a second union suit, the dress-suit case really was quite important. To get this large sum out of Mr. Weeks was like pulling teeth, although B—— had written me that he (Weeks) would advance me what funds I needed. Weeks was about as bloodless as a turnip.

However, we left Seattle a week ago at five P.M. and arrived at Cosmopolis at ten-fifteen. A man met us at the station and led us to a boarding-house. Being very tired, I went to bed at once, where I stayed for perhaps thirty minutes, then I arose and spent the balance of the night on the ground outside of the house. *Bed-bugs*. The mill whistle blew at six and we went to the mess-house for breakfast. The food was and is surprisingly good. Of course, as they feed over 400 at once, they throw it at you, but the place is clean and not at all bad, excepting the coffee, which is awful. Then we went to work.

If you work with your hands from 7 to 12 and from 1 to 6, handling 4×8s, three things happen: plenty of splinters in your fingers, a very, very lame back, and a devil of an appetite. I did this sort of work Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. In the mean time I discovered the remuneration was $26 a month and food; from this you have to subtract $5 a month for a room and $1 for the doctor: so, as the employment agency in Seattle had advanced the railroad fare, from March 19 to April 19 I stood as follows (also Jones):—

March 19 to April 19		$26.00
Carfare	$3.95	
Room	5.00	
Doctor	1.00	9.95
		$16.05

In the mean time, what the night at stevedoring had not done to my clothes, the three days in the mill here had (*en passant*, the Company keep your baggage until you have earned the price of the railroad fare). So at *four, Thursday afternoon*, I was really fairly blue, and then the first glimmer of sunshine, since I left Boston, came to the front. Kelley, the boss, came to me, *in a hurry*, and said, 'The I. W. W. are outside; are you willing to take a chance?' As far as I can figure, the I. W. W. or, as they call themselves, The Industrial Workers of the World, is a labor organization that has no standing whatsoever in the eastern and central *American* Unions. (I under-

scored American, because in the entire outfit there is not one in ten who can speak English.)

PRINCE RUPERT, B. C., *April* 4.

Being a jump of 650 miles north of Cosmopolis, which I will explain later.

I was so damn tired of the lumber business I was willing to take a chance at anything, so I said, 'Yes,' and we beat it to the outside of the mill. There were about 300 I. W. W.'s just across the track, and after hooting and jeering, about twenty started to run across the track and into the mill grounds. The manager, who was lined up with about 15 other brave defenders, yelled, 'Stab them.' Allen, the sub-foreman, made a beautiful tackle on the extreme end of the enemy's line and I followed suit. My I. W. W.'s head struck the inside rail and after he hit he lay still. It had been so long since I'd played football I was considerable shook up myself, but some one hopped up and tried to kick me in the head; this made me sore, so, arising, I biffed a man in the left eye and he my right. Then the enemy retreated, and until the whistle blew at six, spent their time in yelling and making speeches. These were somewhat difficult to understand as the spouters used very indifferent English, but the purport was that $26 per month, less deductions, was too little. To this I thoroughly agreed, but when the sheriff came around and offered me $5 a day to act as a guard, I decided it was plenty. Jones also became a night defender, so for a week we walked the streets and through the mill, when it was decided we were no longer required. Then I agreed with the strikers once again, and we decided to quit.

We had just money enough to get here; which was on Wednesday the 3d. Our landing was not particularly cheerful: snowing very hard and our total cash resources just one American penny. I had walked the streets of Cosmopolis so vigorously that I wore a hole completely through my right shoe and the snow was wet. In fact, as I write, both feet are as wet as they can be. The steamship agents in Seattle told us we would secure work within five minutes of getting off the boat, but we did n't and have n't yet, though we have a half promise of being shipped Saturday noon to the most eastern construction camp of the Grand Trunk Pacific, a matter of 190 miles.

A remark many men have made to me I remember well: 'Any man who really desires employment can readily obtain it.' Well, if anybody ever says such a thing to you, please reply that I say, 'It's a Damn Lie.' I went yesterday and to-day to 28 offices, stores and docks, and asked for any kind of work, and could n't get it, and Jones did the same. Also we went 26 hours without food, and you take it from me it's a mighty unpleasant thing to do. This morning I walked up to a perfect stranger and said, 'Give me a dollar.' (I did n't say, I want to borrow, but Give.) He gave. Jones and I had a drink apiece, 25 cents' worth of food, and now at this writing have exactly ten cents for coffee and doughnuts for breakfast. In other words, just 50 cents' worth of food in a day and a half. We have a bed, but remuneration for the hotel man is extremely hazy.

Now as to your letter. I also will never forget the fishing trips which, while not very productive of fish, were certainly most enjoyable occasions. It 's curious how certain unimportant occurrences stick in one's memory while later much more important ones are entirely forgotten. I remember distinctly the first two years I fished with your father that I was greatly distressed to see how little interest you showed in the game. That first year,

my son, was just twenty-five years ago. A good deal has happened since then.

With the rest of your letter I don't agree. I guess it 's true that they don't come back, and I guess I'm down-and-out for all time. I'm a sight, trousers torn and a week or ten days of beard which, I regret to say, is turning quite gray, giving me the appearance of a venerable old bum. I don't know when you will receive this effusion because I don't know when I will be able to buy envelope and stamp, but when I do I'll mail it. It seems hardly possible for one to seriously speak of the cost of a postage stamp, but I'm in dead earnest. Some drop for one who has held the rather important positions that I did, such a short time ago.

If it was n't for that confounded will I guess I'd try the long swim to China. It's months since I heard whether my kiddies were dead or alive.

Well, Old Fellow, if later there is anything to communicate I'll send it along.

CAMP 59, GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC,
April 8, 1912.

To resume the story of my life: Shortly after I stopped writing you on Thursday last, I received a telephone message from the head stevedore of G. T. P. to report at midnight to discharge coal on S.S. Princess Ena. This was unexpected luck as Jones and I had seen him every time a ship was due. She actually docked at one in the morning, and when her aft-hold hatch-covers were taken off I immediately knew why the regular crew of stevedores had shied on the job. *Hot coal.* You would not know what you were up against, but it was an old story to me. Ten of us went into the lower hold and started loading the tubs. At two, an hour after we started, Jones fell over, and about twenty minutes later two others. Gas from the coal. Three of us stuck it out to the end, ten-thirty Friday morning, whereupon I created quite a scene. On calling for our pay, $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours at 35 cents an hour, we were told by the paymaster to call between three and four in the afternoon: I fainted and fell flat on my face in the snow. The fact was I was awfully hungry, my last meal having been on Thursday noon. The ten cents I mentioned I gave to Jones when he keeled over. Besides I was pretty dizzy from the fumes. I felt like a damn fool when I got up, and got out of sight as quickly as possible.

When I reached our dump, I found Jones in bed, but he had saved my ten cents, only having spent his own; so I had coffee and doughnuts and went to bed. I ached so that I did n't sleep much, and also I strained my back, but we were at the paymaster's at three, and Jones collected 35 cents and I $3.35. Whereupon we were reckless, — we ate $1.10 worth of steak and coffee.

Saturday morning we were much cast down when the shipping agent (for men), who had half promised us a job, said no. We followed him around all morning (so did about 75 others), and finally he turned to a chap called Mac and said, 'Can you use the lads?' Mac looked us over and allowed he could. So at one we started and arrived at our destination at five. Four hours going 59 miles, hardly fast and furious. A firm of contractors are putting in a steel bridge with concrete piers, abutments, etc., about 200 men on the job. After supper in the mess-house we approached the office guiltily. We knew we should have brought blankets with us, but after handing the Prince Rupert landlord the entire privy purse we still owed him $1.

After Jones had almost cried, the storeman handed each a perfectly good cotton blanket at $3.25 each, and we

went to the bridge bunk-house. (Five in all, with different names.)

This house has only white men. (Whites evidently means Canadians, Americans, Englishmen, and Germans.) No bugs, thank God! and straw mattresses.

I hope, if yesterday was fine, that you and your wife walked from Massachusetts Avenue to Arlington Street, via Commonwealth Avenue. If so you probably saw some stunning sights. Boston, with the exception of Philadelphia and Los Angeles, has, I think, the best-looking women on the continent.

But though I worked the entire day with pick and shovel, I certainly saw a more stunning. We are on the Skeena River, a sizable stream, mountains on both sides as bold as I ever saw and infinitely more beautiful than the Rockies. Of course, this effect may have been heightened by a beautiful day, bright sun, and no wind. We are engaged in bridging the second perfect-looking fly-fishing stream I have ever seen (the other being Grand Lake Stream, in Maine), though I presume that when the snow begins to melt it will be a torrent.

This morning the same old snow and rain. Wet to the skin, of course. How I would like a pair of shoes, sweater, and oil-coat. If I had those then I would get a fly-rod and get some trout. (They look very much like landlocked salmon.) But as the prices they charge in the store are frightful (at least 100 per cent extra), it will be a week before I can get even the boots.

It was so wet this noon the company stopped work. This I did not like, as I could n't have been wetter if in the river, and you are charged with your meals whether you work or not. The remuneration is as follows. Wages $3 for 10-hour day, less 90 cents for meals, $1 per month for doctor and $1 for hospital.

I hope that this very lengthy epistle will not bore you; it has at least helped me to pass some weary moments. Also I hope you can read it (the Camp 59 part). I am in my bunk (only one table, used by card-players) using the celebrated Weeks Dress-Suit Case for a back.

The surroundings are not at all bad. Forty-odd men listening to a phonograph. If they were not so afraid of poisonous fresh air and would n't spit every second on the floor, I would be satisfied.

As our present job will probably last not over two weeks,

Address,

Prince Rupert, B. C.

H. D. P.

CAMP No. 59,
GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RY. BRITISH COLUMBIA,
April 15, 1912.

MY DEAR ——:

For some days I have meant to write you, but the present life I am leading makes it difficult to do anything except work and sleep.

I am with the pick-and-shovel gang, which work, I take it, takes the least intelligence of any known. We are called at six, breakfast at six-thirty, work at seven until noon, then again from one until six. The bunk-house I sleep in is so dimly lighted it is almost impossible to see to use a pencil, the one table being used nightly by four confirmed whist-players.

The work is not over-hard, but it is fearfully monotonous and uninteresting, but I must say the workman's view of life is novel and gives one quite a different idea of the world. Somewhere about two hundred men are on this job, putting in concrete piers for a bridge, and also somewhat turning the course of the Skeena River (a stream about the size of the Kennebec). We have a babel of language, Canadians,

Americans, Russians, Finns, Poles, Italians, etc., etc. The food is good and so far our bunk-house is free from vermin, but the one next to us is infested with both bed-bugs and lice, and we expect a visitation any day

Wages in this country are a good deal of a delusion and a snare; I am receiving three dollars a day which is, of course, nearly double what I would get in the East for similar work, but living is very expensive. Twenty-five cents for a ten-cent tin of Lucky Strike, nine dollars for a pair of shoes not worth over four, two dollars and a half for dollar overalls, etc., etc. For food, the contractors, Johnson, Carey, and Helmars, charge 90 cents a day, which, of course, one pays whether one works or not; and, of course, there is no Sunday here, as the work goes on seven days a week.

I object, as a workman, to a ten-hour day; it is too long, as a man should have a little daylight in which to shave, wash his clothes, etc. In fact, I believe if the work stopped here at five in the afternoon, or a nine-hour day, as much would be accomplished, as the last hour distinctly drags, and every man is hoping for the whistle every minute.

I am really writing this letter on account of my son John. When you receive it, I will be thirty-six years old, working with my hands, with no prospect of improving my condition. Of course, there are chances for the man with a little money. I think with a thousand dollars one who knew the retail coal business could build up a very pretty tonnage in Prince Rupert, which bids fair to grow as fast as Vancouver, as it will be the western terminus of this railway. Without exception it has the finest harbor I ever saw, eight miles of landlocked water surrounded by high mountains, a hundred feet in depth right up to the shore. Then the fish are here in almost inconceivable numbers, also great mineral wealth and much timber; but all this is for the capitalist and not for the working-man.

There is, however, a demand for skilled labor. For instance, carpenters receive 45 cents an hour and engineers (donkeys) 50 cents. As I in all probability will never see John again, I suggest you confer with my wife, with the view of letting John put in a few weeks in the summer learning some trade, so that if the worst comes to worst he would have something to fall back upon, and not find himself in the predicament I am in at present.

The chance to write this letter came through rather a nasty accident. The anchor-line on one of the bridge derricks broke about eleven this morning and the whole shooting-match pretty nearly went in the river. After dinner two other chaps and myself climbed out on the end (about forty feet above ground) to pass a line, when the leg fell. Both my companions were killed, one instantly, the other dying in about an hour. The bodies are lying at my feet, covered up with some meal-sacks. A good horse is worth $500, but a man nothing, in this country. When I felt the timbers going I jumped outwards and landed in the river, reaching shore some two hundred yards downstream in an eddy. As all the clothes I have were on my back, and I have no credit at the store, I am taking the afternoon off to dry out.

If any one dies or any new ones arrive in the family I would like to be advised. As the work I am on will not last over ten days at the outside, General Delivery, Prince Rupert, British Columbia, is my surest address. Will you please mail this letter to —— ——, as he seems to take some interest in my wanderings.

Yours,

H. D. P.

PRINCE RUPERT, B. C. *April* 19, 1912.

DEAR ——,

I am here as a witness in the Coroner's inquest, held to determine the cause of the death of the two men who were killed. No new news. I've been pressing my nose against the 'Gent's Furnishing Stores,' wishing I had the price of an $18 suit.

Have called on all the Civil and Mining engineers, with the hope of getting on some surveying party, but without success.

The future does not look very rosy as I write.

As ever,

H. D. P.

P.S. The harbor here is the most wonderful I ever saw or dreamed of.

SEELEY, B. C., G. T. P. R., *May* 7, 1912.

DEAR ——,

After the Coroner's inquest I went back to camp. There I stayed until yesterday morning, working on rock and gravel, and only left on account of the vermin, which were something awful. I got covered with lice and fleas, and, as they were general in the bunk-house, bathing was only a temporary relief. I begged the superintendent for sufficient lumber to build a shack of my own, but was answered by, 'Stay in the bunk-house or get out'; so I got. Follows a diary of my days.

Monday, May 6. — Started up river at eight this A.M. Followed the grade of the new road (steam) as it seemed to be better hiking than on the wagon road, which was very wet. Passed twenty or twenty-five Italian laborers who seemed to be rather poor walkers, and then caught up to a more nondescript bunch. Four of them in all, one a Dominion Government policeman whose chief duties, apparently, are to stop the sale of liquor to the Indians; another a railroad contractor by the name of Corrigan, an Irishman who looked fifty, and who told me he was seventy-three years old. He said he had spent the past winter in Southern California and that he had been drunk for four months. As he was feeling exceedingly feeble, I guess, perhaps, he had. The third was a prospector, a man of fifty-five, who has spent twenty-five years in this country or north. I envied him his ability in carrying stuff on his back. His pack weighed about a hundred pounds, yet he only stopped to rest three times on our morning journey, a distance of fourteen miles. My own, which only weighs forty pounds, seemed fearfully heavy when we reached Seeley at noon. The fourth chap was a youngster who was looking for a chance to get on some survey.

After dinner I hiked on alone for New Hazelton, which is the headquarters of Messrs. Farrington, Weeks, and Stone, the contractors, who are building the railroad through B. C. for G. T. P. Arrived at four-thirty, pretty well played-out. Had a sponge bath in a hand-basin and changed my underclothes and socks. Then went out and bought a pair of trousers and a shirt. Hated like the devil to spend the money, but it seemed rather necessary. Had no trousers, having worn out the only ones I owned, and my second flannel shirt disappeared a week ago. If I could get my hands on the man that stole it there would be a near murder. On reading the last sentence over it might appear that I went almost naked, while as a matter of fact I have a pair of overalls.

Went to bed at seven-thirty, and, at once, I was reminded of an illustration in an old edition of Mark Twain's *Roughing It.* The cut depicted Brigham Young's bedroom, seventy beds for his wives. Mark goes on to say the bedroom was a failure because all the wives breathed in and out at the

same time, and the pressure blew the walls down. My bedroom was an unfinished loft with some thirty-odd cots in it. I woke in the night and the snoring was strenuous.

Tuesday, May 7. — Twelve years ago to-day I left Boston for Washington to be married. My prospects at that time seemed to be bright and secure, but as the late lamented Dan Daly used to say, 'Now look at the damn thing.'

Went to F. W. & S. offices at nine, and to my disgust found that Mr. Stratton, the general superintendent, had left a short time before for Seeley, and as he was the man I must see to secure any sort of a position, I packed up and hiked back to Seeley. Arrived at Seeley at twelve, had a bite and caught Mr. S., a gruff and short Irishman of fifty, on the steamer. He listened to me for five minutes and then said, 'You see Pat Maloney and say I said to take you on.' On inquiry I found that Mr. Maloney is chief auditor of the company; nobody seems to know his whereabouts, but he is somewhere up the line, — he may be here to-morrow and may not be for a week. I hope it's to-morrow as the exchequer is running extremely low. As I write I have a pay check for $4.70, and $4.50 in cash. Meals are 50 cents each, and a bed $1.

Seeley is the last landing-place on the Skeena River for the G. T. P., as the river goes directly north from here, while the railroad is to go east. Supplies, of course, are very expensive. They come from Vancouver to Prince Rupert by water, Prince Rupert to Van Arsdal by rail, and from Van Arsdal to Seeley by river steamers which are stern-wheelers and small copies of the freighters one sees on the Mississippi.

These towns are amusing: Seeley has eleven board buildings and about twenty tents, and New Hazelton perhaps thirty frame buildings and as many tents, yet if you look at the real-estate advertisements in the Vancouver newspapers you might imagine both places were about ready for street cars. New Hazelton, however, boasts of a branch of the Union Bank of Canada, which is at least picturesque, as it is a very fine log cabin.

In time a good deal of silver will come out of this country, but up to the present the lack of transportation has precluded any shipments of ore. Mineral wealth, timber, and magnificent scenery complete the entire resources of the region, and the scenery is n't much of a help to the working-man.

Here endeth the present writing.

[The remaining 'Letters of a Down-and-Out' will be published in March.]

THE MACHINE-TRAINERS

BY GERALD STANLEY LEE

I

I WENT to the Durbar the other night (in kinemacolor) and saw the King and Queen through India. I had found my way, with hundreds of others, into a gallery of the Scala Theatre, and, out of that big, still rim of watchful darkness where I sat, I saw — there must have been thousands of them — crowds of camels running.

And crowds of elephants went swinging past. I watched them like a boy; like a boy standing on the edge of a thousand years and looking off at a world. It was stately and strange and like far music to sit quite still and watch civilizations swinging past.

Then, suddenly, it became near and human, the spirit of playgrounds and of shouting and boyish laughter ran through it. And we watched the elephants naked and untrimmed, lolling down to the lake, and lying down to be scrubbed in it, with comfortable, low snortings and slow rolling in the water, and the men standing by, all the while, like little play nurses, and tending them — their big bungling babies at the bath. A few minutes later we watched the same elephants, hundreds of them, their mighty toilets made, pacing slowly past, swinging their gorgeous trappings in our eyes, rolling their huge hoodahs at us, and, all the time, still those little funny dots of men beside them, moving them silently, moving them invisibly, as by a spirit, as by a kind of awful wireless — those great engines of the flesh! I shall never forget it or live without it, that slow pantomime of those mighty, silent Eastern nations; their religions, their philosophies, their wills, their souls, moving their elephants past; the long panorama of it, of their little, awful, human wills; all those little black, helpless looking slits of Human Will astride those mighty necks!

I have the same feeling when I see Count Zeppelin with his air-ship, or Grahame-White at Hendon, riding his vast cosmic pigeon up the sky; and it is the same feeling I have with the locomotives — those unconscious, forbidding, coldly obedient, terrible fellows! Have I not lain awake and listened to them storming through the night, heard them out there, ahead, working our wills on the blackness, on the thick night, on the stars, on space, and on time, while we slept?

My main feeling at the Durbar, while I watched those splendid beasts, the crowds of camels, the crowds of elephants, all being driven along by the little faint, dreamy, sleepy-looking people, was, 'Why don't their elephants turn around on them and chase them?'

I kept thinking at first that they would, almost any minute.

Our elephants chase us, most of us. Who has not seen locomotives come quietly out of their round-houses in New York and begin chasing people; chasing whole towns, tearing along with them, making everybody hurry whether or no; speeding up and ordering around by the clock great cities,

everybody alike, the rich and the poor, the just and the unjust, for hundreds of miles around? In the same way I have seen, hundreds of times, motor-cars turning around on their owners and chasing them, chasing them fairly out of their lives. And hundreds of thousands of little wood and rubber Things with nickel bells whirring may be seen ordering around people — who pay them for it — in any city of our modern world.

Now and then one comes on a man who keeps a telephone who is a gentleman with it, and who keeps it in its place, but not often.

There are certain questions to be asked, and to be settled, in any civilization that would be called great.

First. Do the elephants chase the men in it? Second. And if — as in our western civilization — the men have made their own elephants, why should they be chased by them?

There are some of us who have wondered a little at the comparative inferiority of organ music. We have come to the conclusion that, perhaps, organ music is inferior because it has been largely composed by organists, by men who sit at organ machines many hours a day, and who have let their organ machines, with all their stops and pedals, and with all their stop-and-pedal mindedness, select out of their minds the tones that organs can do best — the music that machines like.

Wagner has come to be recognized as a great and original composer for a machine age, because he would not let his imagination be cowed by the mere technical limitations, the narrowmindedness of brass horns, wooden flutes, and catgut; he made up his mind that he would not sing violins. He made violins sing him.

Perhaps this is the whole secret of art in a machine civilization. Perhaps a machine civilization is capable of a greater art than has ever been dreamed of in the world before, the moment it stops being chased by its elephants. The question of letting the crowd be beautiful in our world of machines and crowds, to-day, turns on our producing Machine-Trainers.

Men possessed by watches in their vest pockets cannot be inspired; men possessed by churches or by religion-machines, cannot be prophets; men possessed by school-machines cannot be educators.

The reason that we find the poet, or at least the minor poet, discouraged in a machine age, probably is because there is nothing a minor poet can do in it. Why should nightingales, poppies, and dells expect, in a main trial of strength, to compete with machines? And why should human beings running for their souls in a race with locomotives expect to keep very long from losing them?

The reason that most people are discouraged about machinery to-day is because this is what they think a machine civilization is. They whine at the machines. They blame the locomotive.

A better way for a man to do would be to stop blaming the locomotive and stop running along out of breath beside it, and get up into the cab.

This is the whole issue of art in our modern civilization — getting up into the cab.

First come the Machine-Trainers, or poets who can tame engines. Then the other poets. In the mean time, the less we hear about nightingales and poppies and dells and love and above, the better. Poetry must make a few iron-handed, gentle-hearted, mighty men next. It is because we demand and expect the beautiful that we say that poetry must make men next.

The elephants have been running around in the garden long enough.

II

There are people who say that machines cannot be beautiful and cannot make for beauty because machines are dead.

I would agree with them if I thought that machines were dead.

I have watched in spirit, hundreds of years, the machines grow out of Man like nails, like vast antennæ, a kind of enormous, more unconscious sub-body. They are apparently of less lively and less sensitive tissue than tongues or eyes or flesh; and, like all bones, they do not renew, of course, as often or as rapidly as flesh. But the difference between live and dead machines is quite as grave and quite as important as the difference between live and dead men. The generally accepted idea of a live thing is that it is a thing that keeps dying and being born again every minute; it is seen to be alive by its responsiveness to the spirit, to the intelligence that created it, and that keeps re-creating it. I have known thousands of factories, and every factory I have known that is really strong or efficient has scales like a snake, and casts off its old self. All the people in it, and all the iron and wood in it, month by month, are being renewed and shedding themselves. Any live factory can always be seen moulting year after year. A live spirit goes all through the machinery, a kind of nervous tissue of invention, of thought.

We already speak of live and dead iron, of live and dead engines or half-dead and half-sick engines, and we have learned that there is such a thing as tired steel. What people do to steel makes a difference to it. Steel is sensitive to people. My human spirit grows my arm and moves it and guides it and expresses itself in it; keeps re-creating it and destroying it; and daily my soul keeps rubbing out and writing in new lines upon my face; and in the same way my typewriter, in a slow, more stolid fashion, responds to my spirit, too. Two men changing typewriters or motor-cars are, though more subtly, like two men changing boots. Sewing-machines, pianos, and fiddles grow intimate with the people who use them, and they come to express those particular people, and the ways in which they are different from others. A brown-eyed typewriter makes her machine move differently every day from a blue-eyed one. Typewriting machines never like to have their people take the liberty of lending them. Steel bars and wooden levers all have little mannerisms, little expressions, small souls of their own, habits of people that they have lived with, which have grasped the little wood and iron levers of their wills, and made them what they are.

It is somewhere in the region of this fact that we are going to discover the great determining secret of modern life, of the mastery of man over his machines. Man at the present moment, with all his new machines about him, is engaged in becoming as self-controlled, as self-expressive, with his new machines, with his wireless telegraph arms, and his railway legs, as he is with his flesh-and-blood ones. The force in man that is doing this is the spiritual genius in him that created the machine, the genius of imperious and implacable self-expression, of glorious self-assertion in matter, the genius for being human, for being spiritual, and for overflowing everything he touches, and everything he uses, with his own will, and with the ideals and desires of his soul. The Dutchman has expressed himself in Dutch architecture and in Dutch art, the American has expressed himself in the motor-car, the Englishman has expressed himself, has carved his will and his poetry, upon the hills, and made his landscape a masterpiece

by a great nation. He has made his walls and winding roads, his rivers, his very tree-tops, express his deep, silent joy in the earth. So the great, fresh, young nations to-day, with a kind of new stern gladness, implacableness, and hope, have appointed to their souls expression through machinery. Our engines and our radium shall cry to God. Our wheels sing in the sun!

Machinery is our new art-form. A man expresses himself first in his hands and feet, then in his clothes, and then in his rooms or in his house, and then on the ground about him; the very hills grow like him, and the ground in the fields becomes his countenance, and now, last and furthest of all, requiring the liveliest and noblest grasp of his soul, the finest circulation of will, of all, he begins expressing himself in the vast machines, in his three-thousand-mile railways, his vast, cold-looking looms, and dull steel hammers. With telescopes for Mars-eyes for his spirit, he walks up the skies; he expresses his soul in deep and dark mines, and in mighty foundries melting and remoulding the world. He is making these things intimate, sensitive and colossal expressions of his soul. They have become the subconscious body, the abysmal, semi-infinite body of the man, sacred as the body of the man is sacred, and as full of light or darkness.

So I have seen the machines go swinging through the world. Like archangels, like demons, they mount up our desires on the mountains. We do as we will with them. We build Winchester Cathedral all over again, on water. We dive down with our steel wheels and nose for knowledge, like a great fish, along the bottom of the sea. We beat up our wills through the air. We fling up, with our religion, with our faith, our bodies on the clouds. We fly reverently and strangely, our hearts all still and happy, in the face of God!

III

The whole process of machine-invention is itself the most colossal spiritual achievement of history. The bare idea we have had of unraveling all creation, and of doing it up again to express our own souls, — the idea of subduing matter, of making our ideals get their way with matter, with radium, ether, antiseptics, — is itself a religion, a poetry, a ritual, a cry to heaven. The supreme spiritual adventure of the world has become this task that man has set himself, of breaking down and casting away forever the idea that there is such a thing as matter belonging to Matter — matter that keeps on in a dead, stupid way, just being matter. The idea that matter is not all alive with our souls, with our desires and prayers, with hope, terror, worship, with the little terrible wills of men, and the spirit of God, is already irreligious to us. Is not every cubic inch of iron (the coldest blooded scientist admits it) like a kind of little temple, its million million little atoms in it going round and round and round, dancing before the Lord?

And why should an Oxford man be afraid of a cubic inch of iron, or afraid of becoming like it?

I daily thank God that I have been allowed to belong to this generation. I have looked at last a little cubic inch of iron out of countenance! I can sit and watch it, the little cubic inch of iron, in its still coldness, in all its little funny play-deadness, and laugh! I know that to a telescope or a god, or to me, to us, the little cubic inch of iron is all alive inside; that it is whirling with will, that it is sensitive in a rather dead-looking, but lively, cosmic way, sensitive like another kind of more slowly quivering flesh, sensitive to moons and to stars and to heat and cold, to time and space, and to human

souls. It is singing every minute, low and strange, night and day, in its little grim blackness, of the glory of things. I am filled with the same feeling, the same sense of kinship, of triumphant companionship, when I go out among them, and watch the majestic family of the machines, of the engines, those mighty Innocents, those new, awful sons of God, going abroad through all the world, looking back at us when we have made them, unblinking and without sin!

Like rain and sunshine, like chemicals, and like all the other innocent, godlike things, and like waves of water and waves of air, rainbows, starlight, they say what we make them say. They are alive with the life that is in us.

The first element of power in a man — in getting control of his life in our modern era — is the having spirit enough to know what matter is like.

The Machine-Trainer is the man who sees what the machines are like. He is the man who conceives of iron and wood machines, in his daily habit of thought, as alive. He has discovered ways in which he can produce an impression upon iron and wood with his desires, and with his will. He goes about making iron and wood machines do live things.

It is never the machines that are dead.

It is only mechanical-minded men that are dead.

IV

The fate of civilization is not going to be determined by people who are morbidly like machines, on the one hand, or by people who are morbidly unmechanical, on the other.

People in a machine civilization who try to live without being automatic and mechanical-minded part of the time, and in some things, — people who try to make everything they do artistic and self-expressive and hand-made, who attend to all their own thoughts and finish off all their actions by hand themselves, soon wish they were dead.

People who do everything they do mechanically, or by machinery, are dead already.

It is bad enough for those of us who are trying to live our lives ourselves, real true hand-made individual lives, to have to fight all these machines about us trying daily to roar and roll us down into humdrum and nothingness, without having to fight besides all these dear people we have about us, too, who have turned machines, even one's own flesh and blood. Does not one see them, — see them everywhere, — one's own flesh and blood, going about like stone-crushers, road-rollers, lifts, and lawn-mowers?

Between the morbidly mechanical people and the morbidly unmechanical people, modern civilization hangs in the balance.

There must be some way of being just mechanical enough, and at the right time and right place, and of being just unmechanical enough, at the right time and right place. And there must be some way in which men can be mechanical and unmechanical at will.

The fate of civilization turns on men who recognize the nature of machinery, who make machines serve them, who add the machines to their souls, like telephones and wireless telegraph, or to their bodies, like radium and railroads, and who know when and when not, and how and how not, to use them — who are so used to using machines quietly, powerfully, that they do not let the machines outwit them and unman them.

Who are these men?

How do they do it?

They are the Machine-Trainers.

They are the men who understand people-machines, who understand iron-machines, and who understand how to make people-machines and iron-machines run softly together.

V

There was a time, once, in the old, simple, individual days, when dry-goods stores could be human. They expressed in a quiet, easy way the souls of the people who owned them.

When machinery was invented, and when organization was invented, machines of people — dry-goods stores — became vast selling-machines.

We then faced the problem of making a dry-goods store with twenty-five hundred clerks in it as human as a dry-goods store with fifteen.

This problem has been essentially, and in principle, solved. At least we know it is about to be solved. We are ready to admit — most of us — that it is practicable for a department store to be human. Everything the man at the top does expresses his human nature and his personality — to his clerks. His clerks become twenty-five hundred more of him in miniature. What is more, the very stuff in which the clerks in department stores work — the thing that passes through their hands — is human, and everything about it is human, or can be made human; and all the while vast currents of human beings, huge Mississippis of human feeling, flow past the clerks — thousands and thousands of souls a day — and pour over their souls, making them and keeping them human. The stream clears itself.

But what can we say about human beings in a mine, about the practicability of keeping human twenty-five hundred men in a hole in the ground? And how can a mine-owner reach down to the men in the hole, make himself felt, as a human being, on the bottom floor of the hole in the ground?

In a department store, the employer expresses himself and his clerks through every one of the other twenty-five hundred; they mingle, and stir their souls and hopes and fears together, and he expresses himself to all of them through them all. But in a mine — two men work all alone down in a dark hole in the ground. Thousands of other men, all in dark holes, are near by, with nothing but the dull sound of picks to come between. In thousands of other holes men work, each man with his helper, all alone. The utmost the helper can do is to grow like the man he works with or like his own pick — or like the coal he chips out or like the black hole. The utmost the man he works with can do, in the way of being human, is with his helper.

In a factory, for the most part, the only way, during working hours, that an employer can express himself and his humanness to his workman, is through the steel machine the workman works with — through its being a new, good, fair machine, or a poor one. He can only smile and frown at him with steel, be good to him in wheels and levers, or now and then, perhaps, through a foreman pacing down the aisles.

The question the modern business man in a factory has to face is very largely this: 'I have acres of machines all roaring my will at my men. I have leather belts, printed rules, white steam, pistons, roar, air, water, and fire, and silence, to express myself to my workmen in. I have long, monotonous swings and sweeps of cold steel, buckets of melted iron, strips of wood; bells, whistles, clocks — to express myself, to express my human spirit to my men. Is there any possible way in which my factory, with its machines, can be made as human and expressive of the human as a department store?

This is the question that our machine civilization has set itself to answer.

All the men with good, honest, working imaginations — the geniuses and freemen of the world — are setting themselves the task of answering it.

Some say, machines are on the necks of the men. We will take the machines away.

Others say, we will make our men as good as our machines. We will make our inventions in men catch up with our inventions in machines.

We naturally turn to the employer first, as having the first chance. What is there an employer can do, to draw out the latent force in the men — evoke the divine, incalculable passion sleeping beneath — in the machine-walled minds, the padlocked wills, the dull, unmined desires of men? How can he touch and wake the solar-plexus of labor?

If an employer desires to get into the inner substance of the most common type of workman, — be an artist with him, express himself with him, and change the nature of that substance, give it a different color or light or movement, so that he will work three times as fast, ten times as cheerfully and healthfully, and with his whole body, soul, and spirit, — how is he going to do it?

Most employers wish they could do this. If they could persuade their men to believe in them, to begin to be willing to work with them instead of against them, they would do it.

What form of language is there — whether of words or actions — that an employer can use to make the men who work nine hours a day for him, and to whom he has to express himself across acres of machines, believe in him and understand him?

The modern employer finds himself set sternly face to face, every day of his life, with this question. All civilization seems crowding up, day by day; seems standing outside his office door as he goes in and as he goes out, and asking him, now with despair, now with a kind of grim, implacable hope, 'Do you believe, or do you not believe, that a factory can be made as human as a department store?'

This question is going to be answered first by men who know what iron machines really are, and what they are really for, and how they work; who know what people-machines really are, and what they are really for, and how they work. They will base all they do upon certain resemblances and certain differences between people and machines.

They will work the machines of iron according to the laws of iron.

They will work the machines of men according to the laws of human nature.

There are certain human feelings, enthusiasms, and general principles, concerning the natural working relation between men and machines, that it may be well to consider as a basis for a possible solution.

What are our machines, after all? How are the machines like us? And on what theory of their relation can machines and men expect in a world like this to work softly together? These are the questions that men are going to answer next. In the mean time I venture to believe that no man who is morose to-day about the machines, or who is afraid of machines in our civilization, — because they are machines, — is likely to be able to do much to save the men in it.

VI

Every man has, according to the scientists, a place in the small of his back which might be called roughly, perhaps, the soul of his body. All the little streets of the senses or avenues of knowledge, the spiritual conduits

through which he lives in this world, meet in this little mighty brain in the small of a man's back.

About nine hundred millions of his grandfathers apparently make their headquarters in this little place in the small of his back.

It is in this one little modest unnoticed place that he is supposed to keep his race-consciousness, his subconscious memory of a whole human race; and it is here that the desires and the delights and labors of thousands of years of other people are turned off and turned on in him. This is the brain that has been given to every man for the heavy, everyday hard work of living. The other brain, the one with which he does his thinking, and which is kept in an honored place up in the cupola of his being, is a comparatively light-working organ, merely his own private personal brain, a conscious, small, and supposably controllable affair. He holds on to his own particular identity with it. The great lower brain in the small of his back is merely lent to him, as it were, out of eternity — while he goes by.

It is like a great engine, which he has been allowed the use of as long as he can keep it connected up properly with his cerebral arrangements.

This appears to be mainly what the cerebral brain is for, this keeping the man connected up. It acts as a kind of stop-cock for one's infinity, for screwing on or screwing off one's vast race-consciousness, one's all-humanityness, all those unsounded deeps or reservoirs of human energy, of hope and memory, of love, of passionate thought, of earthly and heavenly desire, that are lent to each of us, as we slip softly by for seventy years or so, by a whole human race.

A human being is a kind of factory. The engine and the works and all the various machines are kept in the basement, and he sends down orders to them from time to time, and they do the work which has been conceived up in headquarters. He expects the works down below to keep on doing these things without his taking any particular notice of them, while he occupies his mind, as the competent head of a factory should, with the things that are new and different and special, and that his mind alone can do; the things which, at least in their present initial formative or creative stage, no machines as yet have been developed to do, and which can only be worked out by the man up in the headquarters, himself, personally, by the handiwork of his own thought.

The more a human being develops, the more delicate, sensitive, strong, and efficient, the more spirit-informed, once for all, the machines in the basement are. As he grows, the various subconscious arrangements for discriminating, assimilating, classifying material, for pumping up power, light, and heat to headquarters, all of which can be turned on at will, grow more masterful every year. They are found all slaving away for him, dimly, down in the dark, while he sleeps. They hand him up, in his very dreams, new and strange powers to live and to know with.

The men who have been most developed of all, in this regard, civilization has always selected and set aside from the others. It calls these men, in their generation, men of genius.

Ordinary men do not try to compete with men of genius.

The reason that people set the genius to one side, and do not try to compete with him, is that he has more and better machinery than they have. It is always the first thing one notices about a man of genius — the incredible number of things that he manages to get done for him; apparently, the things

that he never takes any time off, like the rest of us, to do himself. The subconscious, automatic, mechanical equipment of his senses; the extraordinary intelligence and refinement of his body; the way his senses keep his spirit informed automatically and convey outer knowledge to him; the power he has, in return, of informing this outer knowledge with his spirit, with his will, with his choices, once for all, so that he is always able afterwards to rely on his senses to work out things beautifully for him, quite by themselves, and to hand up to him, when he wants them, rare, deep, unconscious knowledge, — all the things he wants to use for what his soul is doing at the moment, — it is these that make the man of genius what he is. He has a larger and better factory than others, and has developed a huge subconscious service in mind and body. Having all these things done for him he is naturally more free than others, and has more vision and more originality, his spirit is swung free to build new worlds, to take walks with God, until at last we come to look upon him — upon the man of genius — a little superstitiously. We look up every little while from doing the things that he gets done for him by his subconscious machinery, and we wonder at him; we wonder at the strange, the mighty feats he does, at his thousand-league boots, at his apparent everywhereness. His songs and joys, sometimes his very sorrows, look miraculous.

And yet it is all merely because he has a factory, a great automatic equipment, a thousand-employee sense-perception, down in the basement of his being, doing things for him that the rest of us do, or think we are obliged to do, ourselves, and give up all of our time to. He is not held back as we are; he moves freely. So he dives under the sea familiarly, or takes peeps at the farther side of the stars; or he flies in the air, or he builds unspeakable railroads, or thinks out ships or sea-cities, or he builds books, or he builds little, new, still undreamed-of worlds out of chemistry; or he unravels history out of rocks, or plants new cities and mighty states without seeming to try; or, perhaps, he proceeds quietly to be interested in men, in all these little funny dots of men about him; and out of the earth and sky, out of the same old earth and sky that everybody else has had, he makes new kinds and new sizes of men with a thought, like some mighty, serene child playing with dolls.

It is generally supposed that the man of genius rules history and dictates the ideals and activities of the next generation; writes out the specifications for the joys and sorrows of a world, and lays the ground-plan of nations, because he has an inspired mind. It is really because he has an inspired body, a body that has received its orders once for all from his spirit. We should never wonder that everything a genius does has that vivid and strange reality if we realized what his body is doing for him, how he has a body which is at work automatically drinking up the earth into everything he thinks, drinking up practicability, art, and technique for him into everything he sees, and everything he hopes and desires. And every year he keeps on adding a new body; keeps on handing down to his basement new sets, every day, of finer and yet finer things to do automatically.

The great spiritual genius becomes great by economizing his consciousness in one direction, and letting it fare forth in another. He converts his old inspirations into his new machines. He converts heat into power and power into light, and comes to live at last — as almost any man of genius can be partly seen living — in a kind

of transfigured or lighted-up body. The poet transmutes his subconscious or machine-body into words, and the artist transmutes his into color or sound, or into carved stone. The engineer transmutes his subconscious body into long buildings, into aisles of windows, into stories of thoughtful machines. Every great spiritual and imaginative genius is seen — sooner or later — to be the transmuted genius of some man's body. The things in Leonardo da Vinci that his unconscious, high-spirited, automatic senses gathered together for him, piled up in his mind for him and handed over to him for the use of his soul, would have made a genius out of anybody. It is not as if he had to work out every day all the old details of being a genius, himself.

The miracles he seems to work are all made possible to him because of his thousand-man-power, his deep subconscious body, his tremendous factory of sensuous machinery. It is as if he had practically a thousand men all working for him, for dear life, down in his basement, and the things that he can get these men to attend to for him give him a start with which none of the rest of us could ever hope to compete. We call him inspired, because he is more mechanical than we are, and because his real spiritual life begins where our lives leave off.

So the poets who have filled the world with glory and beauty, have been free to do it because they have had more perfect, more healthful, and improved subconscious senses handing up wonder to them than the rest of us have.

And so the engineers, living as they always live, with that fierce, silent, implacable curiosity of theirs, woven through their bodies and through their senses and through their souls, have tagged the Creator's footsteps under the earth, and along the sky, every now and then throwing up new little worlds to Him like his worlds, saying, 'Look, O God, look at *this!*' — the engineers whose poetry is too deep to look poetic have all done what they have done because the unconscious and automatic gifts of their senses, of the powers of their observation, have swung their souls free, have given them long, still reaches of thought, and vast new orbits of desire, like gods.

All the great men of the world have always had machinery.

Now everybody is having it. The power to get little things, innumerable, omnipresent, forever-and-ever things, tiny just-so things, done for us automatically, so that we can go on to our inspirations, is no longer to-day the special prerogative of men of genius. It is for all of us. Machinery is the stored-up spirit, the old saved-up inspiration of the world turned on for every man. And as the greatness of a man lies in his command over machinery, in his power to free his soul by making his body work for him, the greatness of a civilization lies in its getting machines to do its work. The more of our living we can learn to do to-day automatically, the more inspired and creative and godlike and unmechanical our civilization becomes.

Machinery is the subconscious mind of the world.

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

[In the late sixties of the last century, Joshua Van Cleve, a well-to-do Ohio business man, died, leaving a widow with three grown children, two daughters and a son, and a handsome fortune. Shortly afterwards the daughters married, becoming, respectively, Mrs. Kendrick and Mrs. Lucas; and each had a child. One of these latter was a boy, Van Cleve Kendrick. Van Cleve's parents both died when he was a baby; and by the time he grew up, his grandfather's estate had been almost entirely dissipated, so that, at eighteen years of age, the young fellow found himself practically the only support of the family, which now consisted of his grandmother, his aunt, who was a widow, with her daughter Evelyn, and his uncle, Major Stanton Van Cleve, a broken-down ex-officer of the Civil War. Van Cleve accordingly went to work, and after sundry experiences, secured a position with the National Loan and Savings Bank of Cincinnati, Ohio.

It was at this time, that is, as nearly as I recollect, about 1892 or 1893, that I first met Van Cleve and his people, who had just come to Cincinnati to live. Van must have been twenty-one or so. They had friends here who introduced them, Professor Gilbert of our university and his family. There were two young Gilberts, a boy and girl of Van Cleve's own age. Bob Gilbert had not had a very promising career so far; he was rather wild at college, and got to drinking and into other bad habits, after he came home. At this time he had a position with a firm of brokers where a college chum of his, a Mr. Cortwright, was also employed. Nobody knew much about Phil Cortwright, who was not a native Cincinnatian; he was a very good-looking young man, inclined to be fast, we understood, and in the habit of making love violently to every girl he met. He was beginning now to be quite devoted to Lorrie Gilbert; and Van Cleve Kendrick disliked him heartily — from which we drew our own conclusions.]

CHAPTER VII

THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE

'THE rolling stone gathers no moss,' and 'The setting hen never gets fat,' are two worthy old proverbs not less true, it would seem, for being diametrically contradictory; and liable, like most proverbs, to excite the retort that everything depends on the individual. For instance, there was Van Cleve Kendrick, after some five years at the bank, as solid a fixture as its marble steps or safe-deposit vaults, the very reverse of a rolling stone; yet no supine and starveling setting hen, for all that. On the contrary, the young fellow was considered unusually active, shrewd, self-reliant, and capable; his integrity was above question; his ability such as to put him 'right in line for promotion,' according to what people heard. Indeed, the president of the National Loan, Mr. Gebhardt himself, was the original source of this rumor. He was an enthusiastic man, a big, blond, fine-looking man with the heavy beard and roving, distant blue eyes of a Viking, and when he came out with one of his strong encomiums about 'my young friendt Van Cleef Kendrick,' in his deep and melodious bass voice, with the faint German accent which he always betrayed in moments of earnestness or excitement, the effect was very impressive and convincing.

At twenty-seven years of age, Mr. Kendrick held eight shares in the National, on which he had paid a third of what he had borrowed to buy them; he had six hundred dollars laid by; he was drawing a salary of twenty-

three hundred a year, and making a little 'on the side,' in the management of various small savings and bits of real estate for half a dozen or more of those same honest hucksters, seamstresses, dairymen, and so on, whom he had used to watch coming in with their deposits Saturday nights; he had put his cousin Evelyn through the Art School, and given her an extra twelvemonth of study in New York; he had been supporting a family for years, if not in luxury, certainly in ordinary comfort.

At twenty-seven, also, Van's hair was thinning a little on the temples, there was a hard line at the corner of his flat, straight mouth, another between his eyebrows. Since he began to work, he had seldom had, and never asked for, a vacation, even of a week, even of a day. There he stuck at his desk, or at and about kindred desks and offices, cool, steady, briefly civil, ageing before his time, an edifying example of American thrift and industry — yet I know one person, at least, to whom there was something not far from pathetic in the spectacle. Youth's a stuff that can't endure; and what was Van Cleve doing with his? What was he doing with these beautiful, unreturning days, and what, *what* would he be doing at sixty or seventy-five? He was providing against that very time! 'It's a bad thing to be old,' he used to say in his dry and cold way. His manner may have inspired confidence and respect, but it was never gracious. 'It's a bad thing to be old,' said Joshua Van Cleve's grandson; 'but it's the worst thing that can happen to be *poor* and old!'

The young man, with all his harshness, took care not to betray any such opinion to his family, all of whom, setting aside Evelyn, were well under way in years; if old age would not find them in poverty, that was owing solely to Van Cleve's own efforts, — a fact, however, of which he never would have dreamed of reminding them, even if he himself had fully realized it. He was of the temper to work hard and direct his affairs with economy and prudence, without any need or incentive whatever; and it was with a kind of satirical patience that he received, or rather endured, the devotion and admiration of his domestic circle. 'Why, Grandma, you've got me down fine, have n't you? And of course you're a pretty good judge of men at your time of life and with all your experience!' he would say, in reply to the old lady's half-tearful eulogies; 'I'm a hero and a saint, and the biggest thing on top of the ground. You say so, and you ought to know. My services to the bank are invaluable; I don't believe they could find more than forty or fifty bright young men to fill my place, in case —'

'Oh, don't talk that way, Van!' cried his Aunt Myra, aghast at this suggestion; 'if you should lose your position —!' Her eyes roved wildly over the pretty, comfortable room; in a trice she saw it a garret, a hovel, an almshouse, and herself and Evelyn starving in rags!

'You — you don't think they're going to discharge you, *do* you, Van Cleve?' she said, trembling.

'Why, not that I know of. I guess I'll stay with the job a while yet,' said Van, amused, reading her easily, perhaps somewhat contemptuously. He knew his aunt to be a sincerely good woman, and he supposed that all good women contrived to be not at all self-indulgent, yet thoroughly selfish, after her fashion. 'Don't fly off the handle that way,' he said; 'I'll always manage to take care of you somehow or other, Aunt Myra.'

'Well, I hope *I* count for *something*,' interposed Evelyn, haughtily; 'I expect to do *something* with my brush. I

think I've shown there's *something* in me already, for that matter, getting a picture in the Women's Art League Exhibit with that awfully critical jury that refused some of the most *famous* artists in Ohio —'

'All right, Rosa Bonheur, you get busy "with your brush" and stave off the poor house when the time comes, will you? In the meanwhile I may as well keep on working,' said Van Cleve, cutting her short with the good-humored indifference his cousin found so exasperating. Many a genius has suffered thus from a lack of appreciation in the family; and I fear Evelyn was no fonder of Van Cleve because he had contributed to her artistic education with unhesitating liberality, perhaps at the cost of some scrimping and self-denial; nor did she like him any the better for having forgotten all about these sacrifices, or for holding them of no moment. Yet she was not ungrateful; all that she wanted was for him to take her seriously — and he refused to take her seriously. It was obvious that he left her and her talents and her achievements out of his reckoning altogether.

'All you think about is *money*, Van Cleve Kendrick!' she burst out angrily; 'that's the only *standard* you've got. If I sold a picture for seventy-five or a hundred dollars, you'd believe I could paint — you'd think I was *worth while!*'

'You bet I would!' Van Cleve agreed heartily, if somewhat absently; he had got out his fountain-pen and, sitting at the little old-fashioned black-walnut desk in the corner of the dining-room, was running over the monthly bills which Mrs. Lucas always collected and bestowed in a certain old Japanese lacquer box, to await pay-day. 'Ought n't there to be a bill here from Doctor McCrea?' said Van, looking up; 'he generally sends it at the half year.'

No one answered immediately; and to his surprise Van Cleve detected a conscious glance pass among the three women. His grandmother spoke at last. 'Evelyn has arranged about that bill,' she said proudly and, at the same time, rather timidly; 'it was forty-five dollars, and Evelyn went to see the doctor and arranged to pay it herself.'

Van Cleve turned his light gray eyes on the girl. 'How?' he asked. 'How are you going to pay it?' He looked interested. 'Did you save it up yourself Evie? By George, that's pretty good!'

'Never mind, Van dearest, we did n't want to bother you with it; we were n't going to say a word to you about it,' his aunt cried out, in a hectic excitement. 'You're always so splendid and honorable, we knew you'd pay the doctor and go without a new spring suit — and you *ought* to have a spring suit, you said so yourself the other day. And we could n't bear to have you disappointed; it's a perfect shame the way you deny yourself all the time, and you have all of us hanging around your neck like millstones.' Her eyes filled up; she almost sobbed the next words. 'So Evelyn thought out a p-plan, and she went to see the doctor, and — *you* tell him, Evie — Oh, Van, she is the *noblest* girl!'

'I simply suggested that I could pay him with a picture, Van,' said Evelyn, not without complacency. 'I told him that I had three that had been exhibited and very highly spoken of, and he could have his choice. You know any one of them is worth ever so much more than his bill, Van,' said Evelyn, earnestly; 'but of course I did n't tell him that in so many words. Only I thought it was n't any harm to let him know that they were very valuable, and that he was n't getting cheated. He said he did n't know much about pictures. So I just told him in a general sort of way, you know, what I would

ask for these, and I could see he was perfectly astonished and very much impressed. I'm going to send the pictures over to-morrow for him to pick out. It's that View of Paradise Park by Moonlight, and Over the Rhine, and that lovely Bend in the River, Fort Thomas —'

'Have you got his bill?' interrupted the other; and, the document being produced, Van Cleve silently folded it away in his letter-case, alongside the rest, with an expression that somehow disconcerted the little assembly.

'I think you'd better give up this — this arrangement, Evelyn,' he said unemotionally. 'I'll send the doctor a check to-day. I'd rather you did n't pay any bills that way.'

'Why, Van, why not?' Evelyn protested; 'oh, of course, I *see!* You think my paintings are n't worth forty-five dollars. You think they are n't worth anything. You don't realize that my pictures are just the same as money.'

'Maybe so. You could n't pay the butcher with 'em,' said Van Cleve — a remark that momentarily silenced argument. He rose, the three women staring at him, hurt, angry, bewildered. 'Now look here, Evelyn,' he said, not unkindly, 'you're not to do anything like this again, you understand me? I'm not saying anything against your pictures; they may be worth all you claim. But they are n't the same as money, not by a long sight. I look after a little piece of property for a man that's a marble-cutter over here on Gilbert Avenue; what would you think if he offered to pay me with a statue of Psyche, hey? Now I know you want to help me, but that's not the way to do it — to go and bunko somebody into taking one of your pictures in return for his work that he's trying to make his living by. Sell your picture first, and do what you want with the money —'

'*Stop*, Van Cleve! Don't you see you're breaking her heart!' Mrs. Lucas screamed, starting to her feet and rushing to throw her arms around her daughter; both of them were sobbing vehemently. 'How *can* you talk so? How *can* you be so brutal?' She faced him in tragic indignation. 'If it had been any other man, anybody but you, Van Cleve, I'd say he ought to be *horsewhipped!*'

'Don't, Mother darling, don't! Now she'll have one of her heart attacks — Van, how *could* you —!' proclaimed Evelyn in her turn. Mrs. Van Cleve ran for the smelling-salts; the maid whirled in from the kitchen; there was a terrifying to-do; in the midst of it, the young man, who was not unfamiliar with this sort of scene, made his escape. He was so little moved by the distress he left behind that he even grinned to himself as he took his way down town, thinking, 'I'd like to have seen McCrea's face when Evie handed him that gold brick!' Apart from performances of this nature, which were likely to be annoying, Mr. Van Cleve attached scarcely any importance to what women said and did; all women, he supposed, were hysterical fools — ahem! — well, not that exactly, but ill-balanced and excitable and reasonless — all but one, that is. Van had seen enough of Lorrie Gilbert to know that she, at least, could control herself, and act to good purpose when need arose.

He thought about Lorrie a good deal these days, tried to put her out of his mind, and found it returning to her again and again with a commingled pain and pleasure which he now at last understood. As usual he was ruthlessly clear-eyed and clear-headed about it, ruthlessly plain-spoken with himself. He knew that he was nothing to Lorrie; she had never encouraged him; if Van Cleve had ever assumed a defi-

nitely lover-like attitude, she would have denied him with real distress and regretted keenly the lost friend; and, besides, she was credibly reported engaged to another man. Van worked harder than this other man, and he made as much money; if not so ornamental to the community, he was a deal more useful; he was the good apprentice and the worthy steward; but *he* could not marry. Even had Lorrie been as much in love with him as he with her, he could not have asked her to marry him. His sense of duty and his hard pride would have restrained him.

'I'm not going to ask any girl to live with my family — I'm not going to put that on her, and I'm not going to ask her to "wait for me," either,' was his idea; 'I don't want anybody taking a chance on *me*. What would that be, anyhow, but hinting to her to hang on till some of my people died off and left me a little freer? Not for me! When I'm making ten thousand a year will be time enough for marrying. Lorrie'll be a grandmother by that time, most likely! Oh, well!' he sometimes finished with a touch of his harsh fun. Mr. Kendrick did not lack a gift of philosophy; and it was equally characteristic that he never for an instant doubted he would some day make that ten thousand a year and much more.

In the meanwhile, life was not uninteresting even to a hopeless lover — a lover, that is, with as hard a head and as stanch a digestion as this hero's. This very day, when Van caught the next down-going car, he found its crowded passengers reading the latest news from the insurrection in that neighboring West Indian island of which we were beginning to hear so much in those days, and conclamantly airing their views on the subject. 'Doom of Havana Sealed! General Gomez Captures the Waterworks!' one man read out of the paper. 'That settles it, boys!' he announced with much solemnity; 'the Spanish'll have to give up now. They can't get any washing done!' And everybody laughed, and another remarked that he had never understood the Spanish were very strong on laundry-work, anyhow. Van Cleve, clinging to his strap, listened inattentively; this kind of talk was rife that winter — had been going the rounds, indeed, for the past year. Maceo — Weyler — McKinley — concentration camps — filibusters — the 'Commodore' expedition — do we not all of us remember it?

Mr. Kendrick was among those who were against intervention — when he thought about Cuba's troubles at all, which was seldom. Of late he had been giving a stricter attention than ever, if that were possible, to the National Loan's affairs. He thought they were in danger of 'going to sleep' at that institution, to use his own words, notwithstanding the fact that to outsiders, at least, it seemed to be prospering greatly. The simple old building itself had recently been remodeled at a handsome cost; you might see the plain citizens who were its patrons surveying with awe the new marble stairs, the figures of 'Commerce' and 'Industry' in the triangular brow above the doors, and the bronze tablets set into the corner-stone with the mystifying legend A.D. MDCCCXCVI. Van Cleve did not wholly approve of the changes, being by nature severely opposed to any sort of show; but he could not deny that the bank took in a number of fresh accounts about that time which may have been due in large part to the increased majesty and solidity of its appearance. Still Van was critical; he had not been with the Loan and Savings all these years for nothing, and he had gone a long way since his

early days in the office, when he had felt an unquestioning respect for his elders and a readiness to learn of them.

'This bank is Julius Gebhardt,' he used to say to himself shrewdly; 'he is the National Loan and Savings, body and bones, hide, horns, and tallow. Every one of the directors is a back number. They keep on electing themselves over and over again, and when they come trailing in here Monday mornings it looks like an overflow meeting from the Old Men's Home. I'll bet they do just what Gebhardt says, and half the time they don't know what he's saying. Of course he's used to it, but it's a pretty big responsibility for one man. He knows the banking business as well as the next man, I suppose, but nobody's infallible.' If he had owned a few more shares, say twenty instead of eight, Van was confident *he* would be on the board, and what was more, would probably be cashier in place of Schlactman, who was in ill health, and talked of moving to Colorado. In fact, Mr. Gebhardt had hinted as much, in his big, warm-hearted, almost fatherly, way. He liked Van Cleve and did not hesitate to show it. The cashier's salary was three thousand. 'I'd have a use for it,' Van thought, with a grim smile.

The family had lately been showing signs of their perennially recurrent restlessness, which Van recognized from ancient acquaintance. Once in a long while it crossed Van Cleve's mind that he might some day surprise them by putting his foot down on all this foolishness; but the time never came. He always had too much to do, and too many things on his mind, to burden himself further by futile attempts at argument with his household; it was easier and infinitely more peaceful to let them have their own way. As for discussing his plans and prospects with them, or confiding to them all that about the bank and the president and his methods, and Van's own opinions, the young man never dreamed of such a thing. They could not have understood a word of it; they were devoted to him heart and soul, but they could not speak his language, or live in his world. The Office and the Street were his real home, and under his own roof he had companions, but no companionship.

He had forgotten all about the morning's disturbance by dinner-time, when he reached home; and was only reminded of it by finding the house as yet unlighted, in a kind of symbolic gloom, and everybody tiptoeing about in an impressive anxiety. 'Mother has been *very* ill, Van Cleve,' Evelyn told him with a species of reproachful resignation; 'it has been an unusually sharp seizure. Doctor McCrea could n't understand this attack at all, and kept saying she must have had some *nervous shock*. But of course we did n't tell him about this morning,' said Evelyn, magnanimously. 'It does n't make any difference about *me*, Van, but I hope you won't be so cruel again to poor Mother, who only wanted to help you and give you a pleasure.'

'Well, that's so; I'm sorry about that,' said Van, troubled; 'I forgot how easy Aunt Myra gets sick. But you know, Evelyn, I can't have you doing things like that, if only for the looks of the thing. These doctors all keep a pretty good line on who can pay them and who can't; they've *got* to. Doctor McCrea knew I could afford that bill; it was n't exorbitant —'

'Doctor McCrea was *very much disappointed!*' his cousin interrupted triumphantly. 'I explained to him in a tactful way, so as not to put you in a bad light, and he said, "Oh, don't I get any picture, then?" and I could see he *did n't like it at all*, though he

gave a kind of queer laugh. *I* could n't say anything, of course.'

Van Cleve grunted, but was otherwise silent, after the exasperating fashion he had of allowing Evelyn the last word, and the peculiar barrenness of victory.

'And there's something else, Van — something you ought to know. The doctor says that Mother —' She was beginning importantly; but was checked by a look from her grandmother.

'Dinner's ready, and we'd better wait till afterward to tell Van Cleve about that,' interrupted the old lady, hastily, remembering other days and the late Joshua. It was always advisable to feed a man first. And accordingly after the meal, during which everybody was painstakingly amiable and lively, she herself reintroduced the subject.

'The doctor thinks that your Aunt Myra ought to be in a different climate, Van Cleve. I have been thinking it myself for some time, and when I spoke of it this morning, he said at once that I was right, and that a change was good for everybody. He said if she could go away for a while, it would undoubtedly make her feel better —'

'Then I explained with *perfect frankness*, because that is always *best*,' Evelyn interrupted; 'that we could n't take trips South and all that sort of thing, which I could see he was about to suggest. "Oh, Doctor McCrea," I said, "*we* can't be running off on jaunts that way just for pleasure. We have to make a *permanent* move. And, besides, we've been here for seven years now, and I think Mother ought to get out of it for good. The Ohio Valley climate never has agreed with her, and now she is fairly *saturated* with it, and you can see she 's losing ground every day." He said, "Oh, I think you exaggerate"; but of course, you know, he said that just to soothe me and keep me from being frightened —'

'You mean to say you want to get up and leave here — you want me to quit my job, and look for another somewhere else,' said Van Cleve, unmoved as usual.

'But if it's a question of Mother's *health*, Van Cleve —'

'You can always get something to do — you're not appreciated in the bank, anyhow. You could get Mr. Gebhardt to transfer you to some other bank; they do things like that all the time, don't they? Mr. Gebhardt thinks so highly of you, he'd do *anything* for you, Van— you could go anywhere on his recommendation,' cried Mrs. Van Cleve.

'Where d' ye want to go now?' said Van Cleve, coming to the point with his disconcerting directness.

Evelyn began eagerly, 'Why, I thought at once of New York. I could look after Mother, and still go on with my professional career. It would be an ideal arrangement —'

'I never heard New York talked up much for a health resort,' said Van Cleve.

'Well, a *health resort* is n't what she needs, you know. It's the complete change that would be so beneficial. Doctor McCrea was *enthusiastic;* he said it could n't possibly do her any harm, and would probably be just as good for her as anywhere. And you know New York is so *interesting*, Van. I *loved* it when I was studying there. I have such clever, *stimulating*, exceptional friends. The change in the *social atmosphere* alone would brace Mother right up, I *know* —'

'New York *is* a wonderful city,' said Major Van Cleve; 'I remember General Grant making that very remark to me once when we were walking up Fifth Avenue; we were both of us just

back from the War, but it was before he had been elected to the Presidency. He turned to me and said, "Well, Mage," — that was his nickname for me, —"New York is a marvelous place, is n't it?" Rather odd that he should have died and been buried there afterward, I always thought.'

Van Cleve let them talk; he was not angry or out of patience; he was only sourly amused. This was Van's day — a fair sample of all his days. People who happened to be pretty well acquainted with the family used to repeat around a saying of Bob Gilbert's that always brought a laugh from the men, whatever the women thought of it. I suppose it was really dreadfully coarse. ''S shame!' says Bob, who was about three parts drunk, with tearful vehemence; ''s shame zose Van Cleves. Kept Van's nose grindstone years — *always* will keep it — 's shame. Know what they all need? Spankin' — *hic* — ol' lady an' all of 'em — need spankin' — reiterated Bob with dark and frowning emphasis. '*Goo*' spankin'!'

CHAPTER VIII

IN WHICH WE GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME

I DO not remember whether it is recorded that the Industrious Apprentice ever took the Idle Apprentice aside, and pointed out to him the folly of his ways, scolded him heartily, and pleaded with him to reform. A man must have a tolerably good conceit of himself who will undertake to direct another man how to live, even though this other may be as notoriously in need of direction as was Robert Gilbert. Van Cleve hesitated and shrank before the task. He told himself that he had too stiff a job doing his own duty, to be qualified to preach theirs to other people. Was he his brother's keeper, anyhow? It was impatience and indignation that roused him to hunt Bob out and lecture him, at last. Van thought the world was too kind, too stupidly kind, to this culprit; it liked him too well; it was ruinously soft-hearted; it kept on giving him a chance when it should have brought him up with a round turn! And all this in the face of the strange fact that Robert himself asked no quarter; he never offered any excuses; he was the most amiably unashamed and unrepentant sinner on earth, and the most incurably sanguine. 'Never mind, Van old man, don't worry yourself so over me. I hate to see you so worried!' he said affectionately, when the sober Mr. Kendrick had painfully got through with his exhortations. 'I'm going to come out all right, you see if I don't. I'll get out even, don't you worry.'

'You're always saying that, Bob,' said Van Cleve, glumly; 'you know very well you can't keep up this gait and come out anywhere but behind. You're ruining your health, and spoiling your chances, and making your people unhappy. You've got plenty of sense, Bob, and I can't see why —'

'Well, I'm glad you'll allow me that much, anyhow!' said Bob, with the utmost good temper. He met his friend's severe gaze with one full of amusement, insuperable nonchalance, honest affection. 'You're not much of a preacher, Van; your heart's not in it. You don't really want to reform the bad little boy and make him a good little boy, and have him sign the pledge and all that, in the interest of virtue and respectability — not a bit of it, you time-serving old utilitarian, you! You only —'

'Oh, *good*, *bad* — that's not what I'm talking about!' interrupted Van Cleve, with a movement of irritation; 'I don't want you to make an everlasting fool of yourself, that's all! All this drinking and having a good time with

the boys, what does it amount to? Can't you see there's nothing in it? You can't keep on with *that* all your life. Why, why — damn it, Bob, there's *nothing in it!* Can't you *see* that?'

'There! Did n't I say that was the way you felt!' Bob stated, grinning. He made an extravagant display of surprise. 'Why, Van Cleve, it looks to me as if you were trying to get me to settle down and *work* like yourself! And I used to think you had a sense of humor! Now Phil Cortwright says —'

'Oh, cut it out!' said Van, scowling.

'All right, just as you say,' the other retorted tolerantly.

'I'm only talking because I — because I — I think a lot of you, you know, Bob,' said Van Cleve, looking down, chewing hard at the end of his cigar, mortally abashed by this sentimental admission.

The sight moved Bob as no amount of arguing or hectoring could have done. 'Why, of course I know that, Van!' he cried. The moisture sprang into his eyes; he wiped them unaffectedly. 'Why, I know that, my dear old fellow! *You're* all right — everything you say is pretty near right, I guess,' he said incoherently. He pulled himself together and went on with more steadiness, even earnestness — for him. 'You see, Van Cleve, I've got a different way of looking at it from you. I believe in — in — well, I believe a man's life's his own to do what he wants with, so long as he does n't harm anybody else. Well, then *I* don't harm anybody else, do I? Suppose I *do* — well — lush some off and on, and — and all that, you know — all the other things you say — why, it does n't hurt anybody but me, does it? If I'm willing to take the consequences, why, it does n't need to worry *you* any. I don't ask anybody to suffer for it but myself. Then where's the harm? I'm not responsible for any one else, and nobody else needs to feel responsible for me. That's the way I look at it.'

'Do the family look at it that way, too?' Van Cleve asked.

'The family? Oh, well, they — of course they think more or less as you do, and the rest of the representative citizens,' said Bob, smiling, but for the first time a little restive under his friend's eye. 'Hang it, you goody-good people don't know how funny and inconsistent you are!' he burst out in a sort of good-natured impatience. 'There 're plenty of respectable old skinflints walking around town this minute that gouge and grind and pile up the dollars and do more mischief in a day than I can in a year, and because they pass the plate in church, and go home to bed with the chickens, and never drink anything stronger than cold tea, you hold 'em up to me for models —'

'I was n't holding up any models. You're dodging, Bob,' said the other, gloomily.

But Bob had returned to his thesis. 'Of course I don't mean to keep it up all my life, as you were saying. I can stop whenever I want to — when I get tired of it. In the meanwhile I'm not hurting anybody but myself, and I'm not hurting myself anything to speak of. And I'll pay that score myself,' he repeated, rather grandiloquently.

'I don't know whether a man can do that or not,' said Van Cleve; 'pay for himself, I mean. Looks to me sometimes as if everybody got assessed for him all around.'

Robert had left Messrs. Steinberger & Hirsch some while before this date, those gentlemen having, in fact, intimated that his services were no longer required. Even their not unduly exalted standards were too high for the young man, it seemed.

The next news was that young Gil-

bert had got a berth on the *Record-World*, which was a penny sheet that used to come out in six or eight successive editions of an afternoon, with detonating head-lines, every smallest event decorated with the most lurid purple patch conceivable. For a while the young man was quite faithful to his duties, perhaps finding in the haste and tension of the work almost enough of the false excitement he seemed to crave. As invariably happened, everybody in this new world liked him; they liked him even after they, too, had begun to shake their heads over him — even when they, too, had to 'speak to' him. In the end, like all the rest of the friends he was constantly making and constantly disappointing, they also acknowledged that Bob was indeed 'no good.' He had some fine, warm-blooded virtues; he was loyal, generous, and humane; he was curiously clean-minded and simple with all his gross self-indulgence. But — they agreed sorrowfully — he was not over-clever; he could not be depended on for half an hour; he did not know the meaning of duty and ambition; put him to the test, in short, and you would find Bob Gilbert pretty nearly worthless.

The family accepted the unhappy fact with a plain and prosaic dignity, as do almost all families. No doubt they got used to it in the course of time; and, of course, the Professor and his wife had realized the truth from the first, even when Lorrie was doing her best to shield them from it. Van Cleve told her so in his hard, matter-of-fact way. 'It's no use, Lorrie,' he said; 'you can't keep this thing about Bob dark. Your mother's probably known all along. I should n't wonder if she thought she was keeping it from you all the while you thought you were keeping it from her. I don't know why women make believe that way. It does n't do any good. Might as well look at things square in the face.'

'You don't understand — men *can't* understand,' said Lorrie, sadly; 'why, Mother and I can't talk about it, even now, to each other. We keep on pretending. Why, you yourself have never talked about it like this before, and yet you knew, you *must* have known about Bob for two or three years, even if you did n't know before that. Is that why you have n't — you have n't been with him so much?'

'Well, Bob's never around where I am, you know,' said Van Cleve, a little lamely; it was not easy to explain his position to Bob's sister. 'I'm busy — I have n't any time to hunt him up. I'm sorry, but —'

'But you'll have to let Bob go?' Lorrie finished for him, unable to keep the bitterness out of her voice. 'I'm sorry, too, Van. You're one of the people that can do the most with him — that he pays the most attention to. If his own friends give him up — But I dare say you are right. You can't sacrifice your own interests — you have yourself to think about and your own future, and you can't be burdened with Bob.'

'Yes, I've got to think about myself — I'm always thinking about myself,' Van Cleve agreed with her dryly. Her words stung him to the quick; he was conscious of a certain truth underlying their unkindness and unfairness. He *was* constantly thinking about Van Cleve Kendrick's affairs and prospects — he *was* thinking about himself, but surely, surely not wholly *for* himself! That very morning Evelyn and his aunt had begun again with their New York plan. They had written to a dozen friends and fellow students, wonderfully able, astute persons, and got all manner of reports, figures, and estimates pointing unanimously to the fact that it was incalculably cheaper

and healthier to live in New York than anywhere else on the face of this globe! Two hundred would move them beautifully — 'You know we're very good managers, Van dearest.' 'Two hundred, hey? You must think I get my money from the pump!' he had said in vain jocularity. Now a sudden melancholy invaded the young man; what was he but a money-making machine? he thought dispiritedly. Even Lorrie believed that that was all he cared for — even Lorrie!

As for Lorrie herself, did she know how she hurt him? She was a tender-hearted, good woman, and shrank from inflicting pain on anybody; but even a tender-hearted, good woman may sometimes take advantage of her position to visit some of her own unhappiness on another's head. And Lorrie would have been more than a mortal girl not to have suspected her power over the young fellow. At any rate, swift contrition and a desire to make amends took hold of her.

'That sounded horrid, but I did n't mean it *that* way, you know,' she said hastily and penitently; 'it's only that I *do* wish — you have such an influence over Bob — if he was only out of that — that atmosphere he's got into — if he was with people like you —'

'Oh, *influence!*' Van broke in harshly; 'I tell you, Lorrie, this talk about "unfortunate surroundings" and "bad influence" and "good influence" makes me very tired. Any fellow that 's too weak-kneed to resist "evil influence" is too weak-kneed to be bolstered up much by good ones. Not you nor I nor the Almighty can make a man go crooked any more than we can make him go straight; he's got to do it himself. "I got into bad company" — "I was n't directed right" — "Nobody looked after me." — Pooh! that's the old eternal incessant yawp of folly and feebleness and guilt — you don't want to begin excusing Bob that way. Of course, I know you will forgive him, and keep on forgiving him, no matter what he does —'

'And what kind of a sister would I be, if I did n't?' cried Lorrie with a great deal of spirit. 'I don't at all believe what you say, Van. People are different. We can't all be pillars of strength. Mr. Cortwright says —' She stopped short. '*Well?*' she said sharply; for Mr. Kendrick's countenance had assumed an extremely forbidding and unpleasant expression at the sound of that name.

'Bob started quoting Cortwright at me, too,' he said acridly. 'That's where he's got his precious theories about irresponsibility, and all the rest of it. I recognized the brand.'

'Oh! Then you don't think Mr. Cortwright is the proper sort of friend for Bob to have, is that it?' said Lorrie, in an ominous calm.

'Well, I don't, Lorrie, since you ask me. I think that association has been the worst thing in the world for a fellow of Bob's disposition,' said Van Cleve; and he was honest and disinterested in saying it. 'I believe Cortwright's influence —'

'I thought you said just now that influence had nothing to do with it,' said Lorrie. And Van Cleve had no answer, alas! His own words confounded him. He was sure he was right — right in his theory, right about the facts; but no juggling would fit the two together!

The interview ended rather stiffly on both sides. Lorrie went upstairs after the young man had left, with a fire-red spot on each cheek. 'The idea of his hinting *that* about Philip!' she thought with an anger no criticism of herself could have aroused; 'Phil never says a word about *him*. And he's tried and *tried*, and done his best for Bob. What did Van Cleve Kendrick ever do, I'd

like to know? He's ashamed of the way he's abandoned Bob, that's all — he's ashamed and — and jealous, that's what made him talk that way!'

And that was all Mr. Kendrick got for his interference. It would have darkened his skies enough to know that he had offended Lorrie or hurt her; but not long after a piece of news descended upon him like another blight — news which, by the way, was already common property, and seemed to have traveled around to everybody before reaching him, who was secretly the most concerned. It had a paragraph all to itself in next Sunday morning's *Society Jottings:* 'The engagement is announced of Miss Laura Gilbert, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Gilbert, who has been a great favorite ever since she made her bow to society, two or three seasons ago, to Mr. Philip Cortwright. Mr. Cortwright is a Eureka College man, a member of the old Cortwright family of Kentucky,' etcetera, etcetera.

Van Cleve heard the announcement silently, with as indifferent a face as he could manage. 'I chose a good time to tell her I did n't approve of Cortwright — tactful and opportune in me, was n't it?' he remarked inwardly, with savage irony. The next time he saw her there were others about, and a good deal of joking allusion going on, and it would undoubtedly have been the proper moment for Mr. Kendrick to tender his compliments on the happy event; but, in point of fact, he did nothing of the kind; he kept silence — and it may be Miss Gilbert liked him just as well for saying nothing and looking morose; she was only human, after all.

In truth, Lorrie was human enough to be very happy these days, in spite of the skeleton in the family closet. It would be hard for a girl yet in her twenties, engaged to be married to a very handsome, devoted, popular (or, at least, well-known) young fellow, with whom she is quite openly and genuinely in love — it would be a hard matter, I say, for any girl to be seriously unhappy in these circumstances. Of course, they were not to be married for a while yet — Philip's business. It was understood that perhaps next year — her mother's wedding-day had been the tenth of June; if Lorrie should be married next year, the tenth of June, eighteen-ninety-nine, it would be thirty years to the day, after her mother — remarkable fact! That would be the last year of the century, too — another remarkable fact!

'No, it won't be the last year. Nineteen hundred's the last year,' said Cortwright, laughing. He recited the hundred-pennies-in-a-dollar argument which people were making use of to convince one another on this often disputed point. 'Why, you wise, practical little person, who would have thought you would have had to have that explained to you?' he said fondly. It pleased him singularly to catch her tripping; he liked to feel even so trivial a superiority, for there were many moments, when, secure as he was in his own conceit, he was a little afraid, a little abashed, in the presence of this girl whom he was to marry; sometimes he wished uncomfortably that Lorrie were not quite so *good!* 'Why won't you let me kiss you?' he once said to her aggrievedly, in the first hours of their betrothal. 'You belong to me now. I would n't be a man if I did n't want to. Most girls like it — I mean I always supposed they did — I always understood so. How can you be so — so cold?' He put an arm around her, at once masterful and beseeching. 'Please, Lorrie! You know you really like — want me to —' he murmured with lips very close.

'You can kiss me, but not — not my neck, that way,' said Lorrie, backing

off, turning scarlet, troubled rather than angry. 'I — I don't like to have you kiss my neck —' for indeed it was some such intimate caress which he had already attempted that had led to this scene. The young woman shrank from it undefinably; she shrank from the act and from the look in her lover's eyes.

Cortwright obeyed, resenting what he called inwardly her prudery, even while clearly conscious that it was precisely that quality about her which most strongly attracted him. *She* was n't cheap, he thought, with an exultant thrill; and naturally coveted her the more.

This news of Lorrie Gilbert's engagement created only a mild stir socially, having been expected any time these two or three years. Lorrie might have done better, doubtless — she had never lacked attention from men, some of whom had been better off in the worldly way, and perhaps more 'settled' than Mr. Cortwright. But it looked as if he was very much in love with Lorrie, and certainly she was over head and ears in love with him. People in general were glad to hear anything pleasant connected with the poor Gilberts, who had had so much that was sad and discreditable to endure from that ne'er-do-well, Robert. It had got to the pass that their friends seldom even mentioned Robert nowadays. The girls whom he used to know, who came to see Lorrie and gave her engagement luncheons and engagement presents of little silver candlesticks and ornamental spoons and after-dinner coffee-cups, who were already planning linen-showers, and chattering to her about the lovely four-room suites in the new apartment buildings, those girls never asked after Bob. They never invited him to their homes any more; they contrived not to see him on the street. How could they? He had got to looking so seedy and run-down and *dissipated*, they said. Nobody would want to be seen with him — nobody could afford to be seen with him! It was a universal taboo, excepting on the part of Miss Paula Jameson, whom Bob continued to visit in his ostracism more often than ever before. At the moment, however, he was deprived even of that resource, for Paula went to Palm Beach with her mother in March; conceivably, Robert was the only person who missed her. The young lady had never counted at all, socially; she had no friends, and heard from and wrote to nobody, not even Lorrie. 'She's got such *hotel* manners!' was a criticism I once overheard from some other young lady; 'and the way she simply fastened herself on to Lorrie Gilbert! I suppose she found she could n't *get in*, after all, because she does n't stick to Lorrie so much now, but it used to be, really —!'

CHAPTER IX

REMEMBER THE MAINE!

That winter all the world of our town, as of a hundred other towns all over the country, went about its business and pleasure as usual without the slightest suspicion that a tremendous national event was going to take place, though this will doubtless seem to our descendants to have been abundantly foreshadowed. The world was bringing its daughters 'out' at dances and dinners and teas, and going to its clubs and Symphony concerts, and complaining about its servants and the high cost of living, even as it does to-day. Every morning the world got up and read in its newspaper about Zola and Dreyfus with a kind of indignant amusement; it read about the last murder, the last divorce, the last serum discovery and Edison invention; and,

perhaps, wondered indifferently if these mechanical piano-players and motor-vehicles they were experimenting with would ever be of any practical value! It also read that the Spanish minister, whose name it considered unpronounceable and therefore outlandish, had resigned, following some unpleasantness at Washington, — 'Dŭpuy de Lome, gone home, no more to roam!' the comic editor facetiously chanted, — and that a bomb had exploded in the Hotel Inglaterra in the city of Havana, and another bomb in the mayor's office; and that one of our big battleships had been sent down there to protect American interests.

Then came the morning of the 16th of February with some appalling news. Bob Gilbert's paper, being an afternoon one, did not get that 'scoop'; but it made a gallant effort and came out at noon with mighty head-lines and exclamation points, with columns of information or misinformation, with pictures of the unfortunate vessel, her captain and officers, and complete details about the Maine's size, 'displacement,' 'armament,' cost, and previous career. Bob himself fell into the wildest state of excitement; it kept him sober for a week! To be sure, he was not the only one who lost his head and fumed and fretted and girded at the Administration, and denounced the investigations as cowardly and farcical delays. Within a week of the disaster there were militia companies drilling furiously all over the State, and all over every other state in the Union; there were fiery speeches on the floor of every legislature; and at a big public banquet, while the temper of the Administration still seemed to be for peace, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy got up and made a speech of such strength and significance that everybody present nudged his neighbor, and one gentleman went so far as to say to the presiding genius of the gathering, 'Mr. Hanna, may we please fight Spain now?' So, at any rate, the newspapers reported.

Mr. Van Cleve Kendrick, so far as was known, made but one comment on the situation. 'I guess we can't get out of it without a fight; and if we *do* have war, wheat ought to jump some,' he said; and studied the market reports and gave closer attention to business than ever, these days. The news that troops of the regular army had actually been ordered to Key West, that some millions of dollars had been voted for 'defense,' that the Oregon had started for Cape Horn and Atlantic waters, that the Vizcaya had anchored off Manhattan Island (to the terror of the unprotected Manhattanese!); the talk about the Philippines, with consequent searchings of the map, and about the Pacific Squadron; the withdrawal of the United States consul from Havana, and of Mr. Woodford from the Embassy at Madrid — all this news and all the heroic excitement of the times affected Van Cleve not in the least.

The young man was not unpatriotic; he had as much pride and spirit as any of his fellows, and, it cannot be doubted, heard the songs and speeches, and saw the massed soldiery under the banner of his country, with an honorable stirring of the heart. But whatever befell, — and, like the rest of us, he had a hearty belief in the power of our arms and an unshakable expectation of success, — Van must still stay at home and make a living for himself and those dependent on him. He was in odd contrast to that time-honored warrior, Major Stanton, who, if his age and state of health had not prohibited it, as he was careful to assure everybody, would have been the first to offer himself to the Cause. 'It's hard for us — hard! We old fellows that went out

for the Union in sixty-one — hard to be shelved now!' he would say with a magnificent break in his voice, and wagging the grizzled whiskers sadly. It was an impressive spectacle, and Major Van Cleve was very popular on all political-military occasions, where, indeed, he cut an admirable figure, and exercised handsomely his fine gift of eloquence.

Van Cleve's family, by the way, were going to New York to live. The news created an interest in their set of acquaintances hardly second to that roused by the international complications. They had a dozen reasons for going, any one of them unanswerable: Mrs. Lucas's health, the possibility of *much greater economy* in living, a wider sphere for Evelyn, and a thoroughly artistic atmosphere — they recited all these arguments with their customary fervor and certainty. It developed that Van Cleve was not intending to move with them; they explained that he could n't give up his position here, of course; but equally, of course, they would n't be so selfish as to walk off and leave him without knowing that he was perfectly comfortable; and accordingly a wonderful, ideal, Elysian boarding-house had been discovered where they kept *such* a table, and he would have *such* a room, so large, light, and sunny!

Van had made no comment on these arrangements; the women, indeed, wondered and were aggrieved at his unsympathetic silence; it was true that he gave them ungrudgingly whatever money they asked for, — and in fairness it must be said they asked for as little as possible, — but he paid no heed to their explanations, he took no interest in the plans they made either for themselves or for his own comfort. He would not even go to look at the matchless boarding-house. 'Why, I suppose it's all right, if you say so — it'll be just as good as home,' he said, cheerfully indifferent.

'*Van Cleve*, how *can* you say such a thing? As if any place could be the same as your own *home!*' they exclaimed in reproachful chorus; nor could they at all understand why he laughed. They said to each other that Van Cleve was getting more and more wrapped up in his affairs — it would end by making him hard and selfish — he might even become miserly!

It is strange to think that such small doings as these can go on side by side with the great stirring business of the nation on the edge of war, and receive within their own circle quite as much attention. People did not cease to be interested in spring wardrobes and summer trips, in weddings and new houses and house-cleaning and the Musical Festival; everybody, I repeat, thought and talked as much as ever about these things that month of April, as if nothing of moment had been going forward. And on there at Washington, the debate about arbitration and intervention rumbled on, and the Senate recognized Cuba, and the President called out the troops, and the Ultimatum was issued and forestalled; and that energetic Assistant Secretary of the Navy resigned and set about forming his regiment of Rough Riders. The last did really touch us closer, for here and there we heard of some prospective recruit or aspirant for that body, — somebody's cousin or brother, some young fellow at Harvard or ranching it out West. One of the rumors credited that young Cortwright, — Phil Cortwright that was with Steinberger & Hirsch, — Lorrie Gilbert's Mr. Cortwright, with ambitions in that direction. Nobody was surprised to hear it; he was a dashing sort of fellow and would make a first-rate cavalryman — any man that came out of Kentucky could ride and shoot, for

that matter. Cortwright could probably get a commission with ease; at any rate, he was going to Washington to make a try for it, everybody presently understood.

Lorrie, looking a little pale, but sweetly resolute and cheerful, confirmed the report. 'Yes. He's going. He thinks he ought to; he wants to do his duty,' she said, with a beautiful pride in her hero; she had no conception of the tinsel and spot-light allurements this martial drama held out for him, as for nine tenths of the other young fellows; and, for the matter of that, when this brave, eager, self-centred restlessness overtakes a man, is there a woman on earth who can hold him? 'I'd go myself — with the Red Cross, you know — if Mother thought she could get along without me. But she wants me here, and there will be plenty of women that *can* go,' said Lorrie, who never had to explain to anybody that she wanted to do *her* duty. 'Bob's going, too — not with the army — his paper's sending him. He's quite wild about it,' she told people. They were liable to remark to one another afterwards that Bob would be no great loss whatever became of him, but the way those things generally turned out, a fellow like Bob came through it all scot-free without a scratch or a day's sickness, while any number of fine, useful men succumbed to the hardships or the enemies' bullets!

Robert, however, showed a disposition to straighten up, under all the excitement, queerly enough; he took himself with gratifying seriousness in the capacity of war-correspondent to the *Record-World*, and was too absorbed in preparations for the campaigning to spare any time to his former disreputable company and diversions. In the beginning, with some idea of enlisting, he had gone and got himself examined at the recruiting station for the regular army. 'Those are the fellows that are sure to go, you know,' he said cannily; and he came away a little chopfallen at being rejected by the doctor and sergeant. 'Said my teeth were defective! Did you ever hear of anything so fine-drawn as that?' he told Van Cleve in a comical indignation.

'Teeth, hey?' said Van Cleve, looking the other over with his shrewd, hard, gray eyes; 'they must make a pretty searching examination.'

'Oh, yes, you have to strip, of course. They measure you and test your lungs, and you have to come up to some standard they've got. The doctor said I was a little too light — too thin for my height, you know; but I don't think that would have made any trouble. I told him I'd make it my business to get heavier, and he kind of laughed. He asked me how long I'd had this cough, too — it's nothing but a cold I've had off and on this winter — and I noticed him thumping around my chest; that shows you how particular they are. That's all right, too; I'm not kicking about *that*. They've got to have sound men physically in the army. But *teeth* — piffle!' Robert ejaculated disgustedly. 'Well, as long as I'm going, anyhow, for the paper, I've got the laugh on 'em. But to be with the army itself would be more fun.'

Van Cleve listened to him with an extraordinary inward movement of affection and pity; there were times when he felt old enough to be Bob's father. 'Well, you want to fatten up and — and get rid of your cold so as to be in first-class shape, because it's bound to be a good deal like hard work part of the time, anyhow,' he advised Robert. But when they had parted, he shook his head over the teeth episode. 'I should n't wonder if they said that

to every poor devil they reject, rather than tell him right out what the matter is with him,' he opined sagely; and wondered if the humanity of doctors was not sometimes ill-judged. It did not need a doctor's experience to see at a glance what sort of a fellow Bob was: the pace he went was beginning to tell on him; and even if he behaved himself, he was not of the type wanted in the United States Army.

Bob's mother and sister, who had awaited the verdict in terror, were too much relieved to sympathize with him; his position was likely to be exciting and hazardous enough, anyhow, they thought. Mrs. Gilbert was never seen to shed a tear, or heard to utter a word in opposition; but she used to follow him to the door whenever he left the house, and watch him every step of the road, if he went no farther than the corner or across the street. When he was at home, she would be forever visiting his room on slight errands, even slipping in like a small, gentle, noiseless ghost at any hour of the night to look at him while he slept, as she had when he was a little boy in his crib, years ago. All the things he liked to eat were constantly on the table; and the mother even went so far as to rout out a photograph of Paula Jameson in a striking pose, like a variety actress, a photograph that Mrs. Gilbert cordially detested, and restore it to the place on Bob's bureau whence she had removed it in a temper six months before. 'I want him to remember everything pleasantly,' she said to Lorrie.

Robert himself was quite unconscious or unobservant of these efforts, though he was kind after his fashion. 'Don't you worry, Moms, correspondents never get hurt. They don't have to stand up to be fired at, you know — they can run like rabbits, when they get scared, and nobody blames 'em,' he said, in a laughing but sincere attempt to reassure her. 'There's no Roman soldier, nor boy-stood-on-the-burning-deck about *me*. I'll bet the first volley I hear I'll establish a new world's record for the running high jump. I'll land somewhere in the next county, and I won't get back till New Year's!'

'No, you won't run, Bob; you'd never run away in the wide world!' cried his mother, flushing all over her pretty, faded face; and though she joined in the laugh against herself, the flush remained. The Virginia woman remembered the Shenandoah and the guns of Chancellorsville. It was with faces of resolute calm that she and his sister kissed the young man good-by the morning he started for Tampa and 'the front'; his father wrung his hand; the little boys of the neighborhood hung around, and scrabbled for the honor of carrying his suit-case; Mrs. Gilbert watched him down the street for the last time; and he swung on to the rear platform of the trolley-car, and his figure lessened in the distance, waving his new Panama hat. Down at the Louisville and Nashville station, here was Van Cleve Kendrick, that stoic and cynic and temperance lecturer, with a box of cigars and some kind of wonderful confection in leather and nickel-plate, combining a knife, fork, spoon, cup, flask, and goodness knows what else, for camp use! He thrust the gifts confusedly upon Bob while they bade each other good-by. — 'Well, so long, Van!' — 'Here's luck, Bob!' — It was a simple ceremony.

The train-shed was crowded with a great rush of arriving and departing travelers, not a few military-looking gentlemen with military-looking luggage among them, for these were war-times. On Bob's own train, there were a score of newspaper men bent on similar business — jolly fellows all; his kind, gay, boyish face shone on Van Cleve from the midst of them; the

train pulled out; and Van walked off to the office, perhaps envying them a little.

In the meanwhile, Lorrie's Mr. Cortwright got his appointment, according to his confident expectation, and came back to her in high spirits. He had seen and had interviews with the President and the Secretary of War; he was to 'report for duty' at such and such a place, on such and such a date; he was planning his baggage; he had his photograph taken in uniform for Lorrie; the girls used to see it standing on her dressing-table, looking more than ever reckless and handsome, and said to one another that it was a pity he had n't always been in the army, it seemed to suit him so well somehow, he appeared to so much advantage as a military man. Some of her friends may have even envied Lorrie her romantic position; and, in truth, I am not sure that, in spite of her miserable moments of apprehension for him, these last few weeks may not have been the happiest Lorrie had ever spent with her lover.

He had never been so devoted, so thoughtful and tender; and when the dreaded time of parting came, spoke to her in a fashion that became him well, gravely and manfully. 'You're a deal too good for me, my dear; it makes me ashamed to see you care so much,' he said, with real humility; the depth of her feeling, for the first time revealed, surprised and touched and a little awed Philip. 'I — I almost wish you did n't care so much,' he stammered nervously; and he did not offer to kiss her neck now, but, instead, took her hand and laid it against his lips with something like reverence. 'I wish — I *wish* —!' He was silent, looking down in a swift, passing, useless pain and shame and regret. After all, he told himself, he was n't much worse than the next man — men could n't *help* some things — and anyhow that life was all over and done with forever for him now — no use bewailing the spilled milk — the thing was to live straight from this on, and be worthy of this splendid girl. Lorrie and he would be married — they would have children —! He kissed her and held her close in honest pride and tenderness.

'I'm not going to be silly any more — I did n't mean to be silly at all — only I c-could n't quite help it,' said Lorrie, bravely, swallowing the rest of her sobs, and raising her head from his shoulder. 'And you may not be in any battles, anyway!' she added, so naïvely hopeful that Cortwright laughed aloud.

'That's right, little woman. I'm going to come back all right,' he said gayly; 'but when it's over, I believe I'll stay in the army; I could get into the regulars, I think. A lot of the volunteer officers did after the Civil War, did n't they? I'll stay in the army and end up a major-general. That'll be better than pegging along with old Leo Hirsch, hey? Give me one more kiss, Mrs. Major-General!'

He went off buoyantly, with his head up and a free step, in his familiar, carelessly graceful style; and Lorrie, standing on the steps, looked after him, strained her eyes after him, as every woman has looked and strained her eyes some time in her life after some man since this world began its journey through the stars. It happened to be a Sunday morning, the first of May, very leafy, green, fresh, and warm; people were coming home from church, and children skipping on the pavements. Lorrie thought she would remember it to her last hour.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORIAM

Leo: A Yellow Cat

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

If, to your twilight land of dream, —
Persephone, Persephone,
Drifting with all your shadow host, —
Dim sunlight comes with sudden gleam,
And you lift veilèd eyes to see
Slip past a little golden ghost,
That wakes a sense of springing flowers,
Of nesting birds, and lambs new-born,
Of spring astir in quickening hours,
And young blades of Demeter's corn;
For joy of that sweet glimpse of sun,
O goddess of unnumbered dead,
Give one soft touch, — if only one, —
To that uplifted, pleading head!
Whisper some kindly word, to bless
A wistful soul who understands
That life is but one long caress
Of gentle words and gentle hands.

THE SOCIAL ORDER IN AN AMERICAN TOWN

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

An American town, large enough to contain a fairly complete representation of the different classes and types of people and social organizations, and yet not so large that individualities are submerged in the general mass, or the lines between the classes blurred and made indistinct, is a real epitome of American life. And the best and most typical qualities are to be found in suburban towns. In a town situated near a large city where it can draw nourishment from the city's life and constantly react to it, and yet having a history and tradition of its own so that it does not become a mere colorless reflection of that other, one gets the real flavor of American life, and an insight into the way in which its fabric is woven.

If a modern writer wishes to win an imperishable name as a historian, he has only to write an exhaustive monograph on the life of such a town, — what kind of people live there, how they make their living, what are the social cliques, what the children are being taught in the schools, what the preachers are preaching from the pulpit, what the local political issues are, who form the ruling class, and how the local political machine is made up, what the newspapers and the leaders and the different classes think about things, what magazines and books the people read, how the people amuse themselves, even how they dress and what their houses look like, — in short, all those obvious things that we never think of mentioning; things that we would give much to know about our ancestors, but that we get only by the most laborious research, and then only in unsatisfactory fragments.

The writer who did this would not only have produced a complete sketch of American civilization in this year of 1913, but he would have given his contemporaries something serious and important to think about. We should then see ourselves for the first time in the glass, not in the touched-up portraits or hideous caricatures which now pass muster for what we know of ourselves. I shall not be foolish enough to attempt any such broad survey as this; but certain of the more obvious features of the social life of a suburban town where I used to spend my summers have tempted me to try to unravel its social psychology, and study the classes of people who live there and the influences and ideals that sway them as classes, — in short, the way they are typical of American life.

The 'lure of the city' is a fact familiar enough in our social introspections, but its dramatic quality never grows stale. This contest between the city and the country that has been going on for fifty years has left the country moribund, and made the city chaotic. The country has been stripped of its traditions, and the city has grown so fast that it has not had time to form any. The suburban town is a sort of last stronghold of Americanism. It is the only place, at least in the East, where life has a real richness and depth. But it is on the firing-line; it has to struggle valiantly for its soul. The

city cuts a wider and wider swath, and the suburbs are stretching in an ever-widening circle from all our cities. The vortex of the city, even the smaller city, is so powerful that it sucks in the hardiest and sometimes the most distant towns, and strips them of all their individuality and personal charm. The city swamps its neighbors, turns them into mere aggregations of expressionless streets lined with box-like houses or shanties of stores, and degrades their pleasant meadows into parks and sites. These suburban annexes cease to have a life of their own, and become simply sleeping-places for commuters. The populations are so transient that the towns seem almost to be rebuilt and repopulated every ten years. And the only alternative to this state of affairs seems to be oblivion, stagnation, and slow decay.

When one does come, therefore, into a town which is near enough to a city to be stimulated by it, and yet which has been able to retain its old houses and streets, its old families, its old green, and its stone church, its meadow-land still stretching long fingers straight into the heart of the town, one breathes a new air. Here is America,—what it used to be, and what one wants to keep it. One strikes root in such a place, gets connected with something vital, begins to blot out the feeling of homelessness and sordidness that one has after a protracted journey through the dreary city outskirts and ramshackle towns and unkempt country that make up so much of our Eastern scenery.

In the East, between the pull of the city and the inundation of foreign immigration, we feel the slipping-away of the American ways more keenly. An Eastern town must be unusually tenacious to maintain itself against the currents, but it is for that reason all the more worthy of intensive study; for the forces and divisions and outlines in its social life are seen with the greater distinctness. Class lines that in other parts of the country, although very real, are softened and blurred, are seen here in clearer light. All the colors are much brighter and, for that very reason, the picture can be plainly seen and understood.

One cannot live long in a town like the one of which I speak, without feeling that the people are graded into very distinct social levels. It is a common enough saying that there are no classes in America, and this, of course, is true if by 'class' is meant some rigid caste based on arbitrary distinctions of race or birth or wealth. But if all that is meant by class is a grading of social and economic superiority and inferiority, with definite groupings and levels of social favor, then such a town has classes, and America has classes. And these distinctions are important; for they influence the actions and ideas and ideals of the people in countless ways and form a necessary background for any real understanding of their life.

Lowest in the social scale is, of course, the factory class. The town has long been an important manufacturing centre, and it is possible to see here almost a history of industrialism in America. There is the old type of mill, now rapidly dying out, and only preserved in favored industries by a beneficent tariff. There is a woolen mill which is the most beautiful example of paternal feudalism that can be found. The present owner inherited it from his father, who had inherited it from his. He lives in a big house overlooking the mill-pond, and personally visits the office every day. The mill employs hundreds of men, women, and children, and one would say that they were fortunate to be so singularly free from absentee capitalism. The owner is one of the most

respected men in the community, head of the board of education, president of the local bank. And yet to an outsider it does not seem as if his employees are one whit better off than if they were working for a soulless corporation. The hours are the maximum allowed by law, the ages of the children the minimum, and there is much night work.

One who has had ideas of the solution of social problems by the developing of more brotherhood between employer and employee is rudely undeceived by the most cursory glance at an institution such as this. The employees of the mill are typical. There are little, dried-up men who have worked there for fifty years, — their sons and daughters joining them as fast as they grew up, — steady, self-respecting men who have perhaps saved enough to buy a little cottage near the mill. Then there are the younger men and women, mostly drifters, who stay in a factory until they are 'laid off' in a season of depression, and then move about until they find work somewhere else. Lastly there is the horde of Italian and Polish boys and girls, begrimed, chattering children who pour out of the mill-gates at night when the whistle blows, and whom one hears running past again in the morning before seven, always hurrying, always chattering.

The town can already boast a Polish quarter and an Italian quarter, the former somehow infinitely the superior in prosperity and attractiveness, and apparently possessing a vigorous community life of its own. The Italian quarter is typical enough of the struggles of too many of our immigrants. It can hardly be possible that these people have left anything worse in the old country than this collection of indescribable hovels, most of them built by the owners, this network of unpaved streets and small gardens and ashes and filth; and the suffering in that mild native climate of theirs must have been far less than it is here. The town has given them a school and a chapel, but their fearful squalor, apparent to every man who walks about the town, has not seemed to distress their American neighbors in the least. The attitude of the latter is typical. They are filled with an almost childlike faith in the temporary nature of this misery. These people are in America now, you are told, and will soon be making money and building themselves comfortable homes. Meanwhile all that can be done is to surround them with the amenities of civilization, and wait.

The most impressive thing about the working class, on the whole, is the profound oblivion of the rest of the population to them. They form a very considerable proportion of the population, and yet it would be difficult to find any way in which they really count in the life of the town. The other classes have definite social institutions which bind them together, and give them not only recreation but influence. This working class has nothing of the kind. For amusements in their hours of leisure they go to the neighboring city; an occasional employees' ball and a small Socialist local make up practically all of the institutional life of the people. The town thus seems to have a whole class living in it, but not of it, quite apart and detached from the currents of its life.

The psychology of this working class is different from that of the other classes. The prevailing tone is apathy. There is no discontent or envy of the well-to-do, but neither is there that restless eagerness to better their position, and that confidence in their ultimate prosperity, which the American spirit is supposed to instil into a

man. Men in the trades seem to have this spirit, but it is noticeably absent from the factory class. Even the immigrants seem quickly to lose that flush of hope and ambition with which they arrive in this country. The factory routine seems to get into their very souls, so that their whole life settles down to a monotonous drudgery without a look forward or backward. They are chiefly concerned in holding their jobs, and escaping the horrors of unemployment — in making both ends meet. Beyond this there is little horizon for day-dreaming and ambition. Life to them is a constant facing of naked realities, and an actual 'economy,' or management, of resources, not an effort to impress themselves on their neighbors, and to conform to the ways of those about them. This deep-seated divergence in standards and interests from the rest of American life may or may not be important, for the factory class is thus far politically negligible; but it is interesting, and well calculated to suggest many unpleasant things to American minds.

The rest of the people, while they comprise two distinct classes, are much more homogeneous. They touch each other at all points that make for the broader life of the town, and diverge only on aspects of manners and social qualifications. There is first the ruling class, in this case really hereditary, consisting of the direct descendants of the early settlers, and of the men who built the old church in 1789. The old church has been the stronghold of their power; it preceded the town, and gave the old families a political preëminence which, until very recently, has never been seriously questioned. These families still own much of the land of the town, and their power and influence shows itself in a thousand ways. Their members are elders and trustees of the old church, officers of the banks, honorary members of committees for patriotic celebrations. No local enterprise can be started without their assent and approbation. They are not all rich men, by any means, but they are all surrounded by the indefinable glamour of prestige. They are the town, one somehow feels. They rule as all aristocracies do, by divine right. They are the safe men, the responsible men. Their opinions of people and things percolate down through the rest of the people. Their frown is sufficient to choke off a local enterprise; a word from them will quench the strongest of enthusiasms for a new idea or programme or project. It is their interest that determines town policy in the last resort. New schools, parks, fire-houses, municipal ownership, — all these questions are settled finally according to the effect they will have on the pockets and interests of this ruling class.

And yet, strange to say, their activity is seldom direct. They work rather through that great indispensable middle class that makes up the third division of the townspeople. It is hard to define what separates these from the ruling class. Many of the families have lived in the town for many years; many of them are wealthy; many of them have profitable businesses. And yet it is true that in most of the affairs of the town, this class seems to act as the agents of the ruling class. The members of this class are the real backbone of the town's life. They organize the board of trade, "boom" the town, inaugurate and carry through the celebrations, do the political campaigning and organizing, and in general keep the civic machinery running. But little of what they do seems to be carried through on their own prestige. It is always with the advice and consent of the bigger men. This is the curious irony of aristocracies the world over, — that they can wield the ultimate

power without bearing any of the responsibility, or doing any of the actual work. The ruling class in this town no longer assumes even political responsibility. The town committee is composed of members of the middle class, and all the political workers and henchmen throughout the town are equally plebeian. Those good people who lament that politics are corrupt because the 'best men' will not enter public life, forget that this ruling class is behind everything that is done, and is getting its political work done at an extremely cheap rate. If the real rulers had any serious objection to the way things are run, they would soon enough be in politics. They remain out because their interests are well taken care of; another class bears for them all the burden and strife of the day.

The difference between the ruling class and the middle class in our community, though apparently so intangible, shows itself in a dozen different ways. There is a distinct line of cleavage in social matters, in church matters, in recreation and business. 'Society,' of course, in the community is synonymous with the ruling class. An infallible instinct guides the managers of receptions and balls, and the lines are as jealously guarded as if there were actual barriers of nobility erected. The ladies have their literary clubs, where quiet, but none the less effective, campaigns are waged against the admission of undesirable plebeians. The young people ape their elders in everything. The epithet used by 'society' for those who are excluded from its privileges is 'ordinary' or 'common'; the term is at once an explanation and an excuse for the exclusion.

The middle class, on their part, have their own society, and their own exclusions. Their social functions, however, have the virtue of being less formal and less secular. The nucleus of their social life is the church, and it is curious to observe how closely church lines follow these social lines. The aristocracy is centred in the old church, stanchly Presbyterian. Its temporal and spiritual affairs are in these aristocratic hands as absolutely as they were in the hands of the great-grandfathers who built the church. There is, of course, a strong admixture of the middle class, but little can zeal and hard work do to win for them a seat at the councils. Their strongholds are the Baptist and Methodist churches, and it is the few members of the ruling class who happen to belong to those confessions who are the governed and disfranchised. The church means much more to these middle-class people than it does to the aristocracy. The services are conducted with greater ardor, and attended with much more regularity. The class of 'ordinary' people that support them have not reached the degree of sophistication that makes them ashamed of the hearty church-going of their ancestors. There is a Catholic church, but it confines its ministrations strictly to the working class. Nothing is known of it by the members of the other classes, and any entrance of its priest into public affairs is looked upon with the deepest suspicion.

In business matters the line between the two classes is equally sharp. The members of the ruling class hold, as a rule, business positions of considerable importance in the neighboring city, while the middle class is largely engaged in local trade, or in smaller positions in the city. There is a certain slight social stigma that attaches itself to a young man who takes up work in town, and the city is thus the goal of all the socially ambitious. There is a distinct prejudice, also, on the part of the ruling class against anything that savors of mechanical labor, and this is

another point of divergence from the middle class, who are less squeamish. It would be unjust to imply that the ruling class is not industrious. There are no idle rich in the town, and the differences between the classes are differences of taste and business position, and not in the least of industry and ability.

Lastly, the two classes diverge in the way they amuse themselves. To the outsider it looks as if the middle class contrived to have a better time of it than the aristocracy. The most striking institution of the former is the lodge, — Masons and Odd Fellows and Elks and Woodmen. The class membership of these fraternal organizations is very evident. Of all the institutions of the town, the lodge is the most definitely middle-class. No member of the ruling class or the factory class can be found within the ranks. On the other hand, inclusion in the 'Assembly' dances is the badge of aristocracy. The ruling class has only a near-by country club to compensate it for its exclusion from the lodges, and its native conservatism and thrift permit its giving to this club only a grudging and half-hearted patronage. In comparison with the busy social, political, and church life of the middle class, that of the aristocracy appears almost tame and uninteresting. Their natural caution, prudence, and reserve, and the constant sense of their position in the community, have kept them almost as poorly provided with social institutions as the factory class itself.

Thus these two classes live side by side in the town, strangely alike, yet strangely different, constantly reacting upon each other, each incomplete without the other. The ruling class is much more dependent, of course, on the middle class than the middle class is on it. For it draws its sustenance only from the inferiority of the middle class. Without that middle class, the spice and joy of aristocracy would be absent. The factory class is too utterly alien, indeed is hardly aware of the existence of an aristocracy, and could not, at its best, even serve and fortify and supplement the ruling class as does that class which the latter affects to despise as 'ordinary.'

In quiet times the two classes seem almost merged into one, but let some knotty local issue arise, and the divergence is clearly seen. There is a certain amount of class jealousy exhibited at such times, and while it rarely affects the political field, it is apt to play havoc in the affairs of a church. That is why church politics are so carefully shunned; they have such fearful potentialities of trouble, and trouble that does not confine itself to the church, but reaches out into every aspect of town life. Religion is a very real thing in an American town, and a middle class that will take dictation in political matters from the 'best men' of the community will bitterly resent any attempt to force its church into action of which it does not approve, or which it is afraid it will not be able to lead. Proposals for church union, for civic organizations of men's clubs, or for organized charity societies are fruitful causes of hard feelings and jealousies. It is hard to preach Christian unity in a town where a church is not only a religious body but the stronghold of a social class. The classes must evidently be merged before the churches can be.

Politically there is not this sensitiveness between the two classes. It is the presence of a foreign element that creates local issues, or it is the injection of religious personalities into a campaign. In suburban towns the dramatic political contests are not between the settled classes in the town, but between the old residents and the new, between the natives and the commuters. And since

the commuter is simply an aggravated type of the modern nomadic American, the political fight in this town that I am speaking of may be fairly typical of a struggle that is going on with more or less virulence all over the land. In some ways the commuter is the most assimilable of all Americans. He is indeed far more fortunate than he deserves to be, for it is he who destroys the personality of a town. Passing lightly from suburb to suburb, sinking no roots, and moving his household gods without a trace of compunction and regret, this aimless drifter is the deadliest foe to the cultivation of that ripening love of surroundings that gives quality to a place, and quality, too, to the individual life. This element of the population depersonalizes American life by not giving it a chance to take root and grow. When it becomes strong enough it begins to play havoc with the politics of a town. For the commuters have permeated all the classes, and when they begin to take an interest in the local issues, party and class lines are slashed into pieces. It is the perennially dramatic contest between the old and the new, and it makes an issue that is really momentous for the future of the town. For the shifting of power means the decay of a tradition, and however self-centred and destitute of real public spirit may have been the rule of the aristocracy, no lover of his town wishes to see things turned over to a loose herd of temporary residents.

In the towns surrounding our town, political control has long since passed out of the hands of the old leaders into those of the commuters, and the communities have paid the penalty in the loss of their distinctive note and charm. In my town, also, it looks as if the fate of the ruling class were irretrievably sealed. They have recently alienated their middle-class following by a proposal to annex the town to the neighboring city, the argument being that annexation must come some time, and that it might as well be now, before all is lost. But this measure has called out all the latent patriotism of the people, and it will undoubtedly be defeated at the polls.

These later developments have brought out much that is typical of American life, for this contest has betrayed the incorrigible un-social-mindedness of the ruling class, the most thoroughly American of all. In spite of their pride in their station in the community, these men, living on the lands of their great-great-grandfathers, with ancestries stretching back to the early settlements, seem to have no sentiment for their community as a community. There is plenty of sentiment for their own class and their own lands, but none for the town. Since they are no longer at the helm, the town is to them almost as if it were not. They are sincerely puzzled and pained at the indignant outcry against the merging of the town with a corrupt, machine-ridden city. They say it will be good for the town to be known as a part of the city. It will raise the value of real estate, and they cannot see the exquisite naïveté which is lent to this argument by the fact that they themselves own most of the real estate in the town. This argument seems to have had weight, however, for the patriotic pride which the average landless American feels in the increase in real-estate values in his community seems to be quite undisturbed by any consideration of the increased tribute that he must pay for the indulgence of that sentiment.

The social spirit of this ruling class seems to consist in the delusion that its own personal interests are identical with those of the community at large. Some such philosophy animates, I suppose,

many of the large corporate and financial American bodies to-day.

The direct result of this annexation contest in my town has been a disillusionment of the middle class. The hearty admiration for the 'best men' has turned into disgust at the meagreness of their local patriotism. The ruling class could keep its power only so long as nothing came to try it. But the heart of the people is in the right place; they admire the great ones of the ruling class because they attribute to them virtues which they do not possess; they admire the successful man because they think he is brave and generous and big, when really he may be only mean and grasping. They are beginning to remind one another that the leading men have never done anything for the town. Any one of half a dozen could endow a Young Men's Christian Association, or some similar institution, which the town needs. Only recently did the town obtain a library, and then not through any exertion of the citizens, but as a windfall from an industrial princeling who had been born in the town, but had never lived there since his childhood.

There is something in the old notables of a town like this that wins almost a grudging admiration. Their self-respect is so stolid, their individualism so incorrigible, their lack of sensitiveness to the social appeal so overwhelming. In command of the board of education, they kept school facilities at the lowest possible point for years, until an iconoclastic superintendent aroused public sentiment and forced the erection of new buildings. The ruling class in command of the old church does nothing to extend its work beyond the traditional services and societies, although there is crying need for social work among the foreign population of the town. And since this ruling class exercises all the spiritual initiative of the town, none of the other churches or societies stir out of the beaten paths or try any hazardous reforms or risky innovations.

This spiritual initiative is not a thing that is lightly lost. I have not meant to imply that the disillusionment of the middle class was likely to be permanent. On the contrary, even if political control does pass out of the hands of both classes into those of newcomers, the latter will soon be brought under the spell. Wealth and social position will still lead the town. Even though discontent puts political power completely into the hands of the newcomers, they will find themselves unable to make headway against the ideals and prejudices of the ruling class. The neighboring towns have lost their personality because they have lost their ruling class, or because the ruling class has been in too hopeless a minority to maintain its influence. Where it can retain its hold on property and in church affairs, it will continue, though defeated, to be the salt of the earth; its tone will permeate the life of the town. That prevailing tone is, of course, conservative.

The town has been, as I have said, on the firing-line, in constant danger from capture by the commuter element, and consequently the ruling class has been thrown even more strongly on the defensive than is usual. This has shown itself in a distrust of the younger men; their entrance into church and political life has been deprecated, through fear that hot-headedness and an impatience with dilatory methods might lead them to take rash steps that would betray the whole class to the enemy.

Another of the prevailing ideas (typically American) is that the ruling class is *ipso facto* competent to lead in every department of the town's life. A wealthy manufacturer is elected head

of the board of education, a coal-merchant is chairman of the library committee, and so forth. There is no specialization of functions in the ruling class. And this comprehensive scope of activities is acquiesced in by the middle class; indeed is regarded almost as axiomatic. The expert has no opportunity of influencing his fellow-citizens. What can he know in comparison with a man who has lived all his life along the town green and who owns forty houses?

The third dominant ideal is Puritanism. It must be confessed that among the ruling class this is more of an ideal than a rule of life. The town is so near the city that it catches a good deal of the sophistication of the latter. In the ruling class, Puritanism is kept more for public use than for private. Yet it is always correct, even though it is a little uneasy at times, as if it were half ashamed of itself. A candidate for office must have exceptional qualifications if he is to counterbalance the disadvantages of not being a church-goer and a Protestant. It is necessary to 'keep the Sabbath' with considerable strictness. Dances and parties on Saturday night must end promptly at twelve. If Sunday golf and tennis-playing occur among the ruling class, they are discreetly hidden from public gaze. The Presbyterian and Episcopalian ministers direct their philippics against these forms of vice. In the churches of the middle class, the world, the flesh, and the devil appear in the guise of dances and the theatres of the neighboring city. Both classes think very highly, however, of punctilious behavior. The need of maintaining the tone of the community, therefore, prevents the urban sophistication from sinking in very deep.

The most striking form in which Puritanism asserts itself is in the annual contest with the saloon. The subject of licenses is a thorny question in local politics, and much good casuistry is expended in explaining the position of the ruling class in the matter. Religiously the saloon is anathema, but practically it is an established institution, and therefore entitled to all that respect which our ruling class pays to what is. Prohibition is unthinkable; diminution of the number of licenses is an attack on property rights. Moral sentiment can only be rightfully expended, therefore, on the maintenance of the existing number. It is surprising what a wave of moral fervor will sweep over the town at such a crisis. The existence of eighteen saloons seems to every one, churchman and infidel alike, as tolerable and natural: the presence of nineteen would constitute an inexpiable communal sin against the Almighty. The pulpits thunder, the town committee is besieged with letters and beset with 'personal influence,' petitions are drawn up, a mass-meeting is held, the moral crisis spoken of, and all good men are called upon to rally to preserve the civic righteousness of the community.

This perennial moral excitement and indulgence illustrate excellently well the American zest for 'moral issues.' Philosophers tell us that an emphasis on strictly moral solutions of political and economic problems argues a relatively primitive state of civilization, — in other words, that the only valid solution of a problem is a scientific solution. But even to the wisest of the ruling class of the town it seems never to have occurred that the saloons might be regulated on some basis of a minimum legitimate demand, and of their being situated in those sections of the town where they will be least troublesome.

This Puritanism of the ruling class, then, supported and even forced by the middle class, is not a reasonable ideal,

but simply an hereditary one. A ruling class follows the line of smallest resistance. The prestige of the 'man of property' gives him an oracular validity that nothing can shake. The efforts of the other classes will only be against the current. The middle class gets carried along with the aristocracy, furnishing power, but no initiative, while the factory class sleeps out its dreamless sleep, untouched, and without influence. The latter class is certainly not touched by the Puritanism of the town; it is little touched by the education.

The High School is practically a class institution; a very small percentage of the school children continue their education so far. Neither is the culture of the town, as a whole, particularly impressive. The university man may well feel that he has been wandering about among the moonbeams, so few of the modern points of view and interests have seeped down into the intellectual life of the town. The annual course of lectures, managed by representatives of the ruling class, carefully side-tracks all the deeper questions of the time; ministers on patriotic subjects, naturalists and travelers, readers of popular plays, make up the list of speakers. The library caters to an overwhelming demand for recent fiction. A woman's club discusses unfatiguing literary subjects. A quiet censorship is exercised over the public library. Anything that suggests the revolutionary or the obscene is sternly banned. It is considered better to err on the side of prudence. To an outsider the culture of the town seems at times to evince an almost unnecessary anxiety to avoid the controversial and the stimulating. So long as life is smooth and unperturbed, the people do not care whether it is particularly deep or not. And they are content to leave all controversial questions in the hands of their 'best men.'

Shall we be un-American enough to criticize them? Is our national attitude toward our ruling class very different from the attitude in this little town? Just as the ruling class in the town is the converging point for all the currents in town life, so is the ruling class in America the converging point for our national life. Only by understanding it and all its workings, shall we understand our country. One can begin by understanding that little cross-section of American life, the suburban town.

VICARIOUS

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELEES

THERE were three professors — associate and full — in the Department of Modern History. There was also an office-boy. His printed title was Department Assistant, but his duties were less dignified than his title.

Each of the professors had his private office opening from the main office. The assistant had a desk in the main office with the telephone close beside it. He answered the telephone and took messages over it, he assorted roll-cards and made out class-books and hunted through the files for records of former students. In the intervals of his occupation he crammed sedulously from ill-printed source-books, in preparation for the work of various advanced courses in history. And now and then, between the two kinds of labor, he lifted down the receiver of the telephone from its hook and, very softly, held over it converse quite unrelated to historical research.

It was, unfortunately, the bachelor professor who first discovered the reason for this diversion. He took his information straight to the head of department and launched it in the form of a question.

'It was Hawke of Illinois who recommended Barker to us, was n't it?'

'Not Hawke; Holland. He said that he had found him so earnest —'

'Did he say he'd found him married?' asked the bachelor professor.

He answered the question himself. 'Very likely Holland did n't know. It may have come off this summer. What do we pay him, by the way?'

'It amounts to about forty-five dollars a month,' the head of department calculated. 'Are you sure, McFarland? I supposed he'd be engaged, — all graduate students are, — but for anything more than that —'

'I met the lady in the office just now, looking for her husband. Well, of course he has private means or he could n't have done it.'

'Ought n't to have done it,' the head of department corrected him. 'You can get a marriage license, McFarland, for considerably less than forty-five dollars.'

'And pay your bills with it afterwards?' the bachelor professor retorted.

He went out across the main office to his own quarters. The assistant had not yet come in. The bachelor professor stopped for an instant beside his desk and went on, laughing. Among the litter of papers at the back of the desk was visible the head of a purple pansy.

He saw the pansy later in the assistant's buttonhole and commented on it. The assistant reddened to his crisp, fair forelock.

'My — Mrs. Barker left it for me. We've a bed of them at the house where we have our rooms.'

'And said it without shame,' the bachelor professor reported to his colleagues. 'Seemed to expect me to take an interest in her.'

'I do not know that it would have compromised you to take an interest,' commented the head of department. He spoke with irritation. 'It was out-

side of my province but I — I questioned Mr. Barker. It seems he has a little money laid up from working in summer. And with that and the hope of holding his position here till such time as he gets his degree —'

'So *that 's* why he's so abominably conscientious,' the bachelor professor interpolated. 'Well, commend me to wives! Next time I see her, I shall congratulate her.'

Next time he saw her, however, he only bowed and hurried through the office with a distinct and amused sensation of being in the way. It was at the end of a working-day, and the assistant and his wife were departing on some evidently planned expedition, an obtrusive box bespeaking lunch, a bundle of wraps promising late return.

'And on forty-five a month!' the bachelor professor wondered. He stopped to chat beside the assistant's desk next day, with a real humility of spirit, to obscure his curiosity.

But the assistant was not shy of gratifying curiosity. All the office knew presently of his expedients; how he earned the rental of their two rooms by taking care of furnace and lawn — 'No more than I'd do if I lived in a house of my own'; how he had engaged to sell books in the Christmas vacation.

'Much as my room-mate used to plan,' the bachelor professor admitted. 'He worked his way through college. But to do it handicapped by a wife!'

They had occasional glimpses of the wife for a time. Then no more glimpses, but still the chance appearance of purple pansies on the assistant's desk. He wore one daily, too. The bachelor professor found himself wondering whether the giver raised them in pots, to have a constant supply; or whether, on an assistant's stipend, she dared to patronize hot-houses.

'She'll get over it, either way,' he prophesied to himself. 'It 's all very well for a year or two. After that, I notice they don't pay much attention to æsthetics.'

As the frosts came on, he was consciously observant of the symbolic flower. There came a day in December when it was visibly drooping; then a second day when only a dead wisp of it hung limply to the thread of his coat.

'I thought they'd get down to a bread-and-butter basis,' the bachelor professor rejoiced to the head of department. 'I tell you, Callend, it's a justification of bachelorhood. If the pansies won't outlast the first winter —'

'It's a justification of poor work, apparently,' said the head of department. 'He's forgotten my syllabus sheets.' He opened the door. 'There was to be a syllabus from the typewriter this morning, Mr. Barker. If you have it there —'

'I — I forgot to stop for it,' said the assistant. He reached for his hat. 'It won't take me ten minutes to get it. Only — if the telephone should ring —' He was turning the hat round and round between his fingers. The set crease of his smile was like a scar across his face. 'I'm expecting a message. That is, — we — The doctor said —'

'Not — sick?' said the bachelor professor under his breath.

But the head of department was himself a man of family. He had the assistant by the shoulders.

'Go home, man!' he was commanding. 'Go home, and don't come back till it's a week old!'

He must have followed his command with inquiries, with further injunctions, for for five days the assistant disappeared from his desk. In the interval three professors of modern his-

tory carried their own syllabus sheets, kept their own roll-books — two of them self-consciously, with an air of furtive understanding, the third with irritation and obvious injury.

'I never asked any man to discommode himself for me,' the manner of the bachelor professor announced aggressively as he made his occasional journeys to the neglected telephone. He was careful to evince no undue interest when the assistant returned, but he could not ignore the little hum of felicitation which filled the outer office. 'A boy,' he learned through the medium of the Professor of the Far East. 'Weighed eight pounds.'

The Professor of the Far East had himself a son, — a late addition to his married happiness, — and had become since its arrival, so the bachelor professor noted, 'a regular old woman.' He stopped often beside the assistant's desk to compare notes on unmanly topics, his wife called on the assistant's wife, and there was an interchange of advices between them.

It was through the medium of the wives that there filtered into general department knowledge certain facts concerning the assistant's household — that Mrs. Barker was 'no manager,' that the baby was inclined to be delicate, that the assistant himself had duties not included in the curriculum.

'Though he does not neglect his work,' the head of department pointed out. 'Sometimes I almost wish he would. When I recollect how a child breaks into your time —'

'And he ought to know,' the bachelor professor reminded himself. 'Mrs. Callend would give him chance enough to find out.' He went over to the assistant's desk. 'If you're crowded, Mr. Barker,' he suggested, 'don't trouble with that list of references for next week. If you want to let them go over till after Commencement —'

'Why, thank you, Dr. McFarland,' said the assistant, gratefully. He looked up with a smile so brilliant that it was obviously false. 'I shall have time enough, I think. In fact, I was just telling Professor Helmer that I'm rather looking for something to fill in my evenings — typewriting or tutoring or something of the kind. If you should hear of anything —'

'Idiot!' said the bachelor professor, inside his own office. 'Idiot! And yet you can't offer to help him out — not while he keeps up a front like that!'

He was surer than ever of the impossibility when, next day, the assistant knocked at his office door. If the assistant's smile had been brilliant the day before, it was glittering tinsel now. His bearing was almost offensively jaunty.

'May I trouble you a moment, Dr. McFarland? About those references, if you are quite sure it would n't inconvenience you — You see, I was interrupted last night —'

'Something wrong at home?' said the bachelor professor.

The smile wavered, came back reinforced.

'The boy was n't quite himself. He seemed to have a little cold — '

The telephone rang and he hurried to answer it. All the office could hear his quick replies — an anguish of monosyllables.

'Yes? What? Yes. Two degrees? Yes, I'll be *right* home.'

He was back at his post in the afternoon. The Professor of the Far East clapped him jocularly on the shoulder and spoke of *his* baby's first cold.

'Called a doctor every time he sneezed. Two hundred and thirty dollars I paid out last winter for a baby that never was sick at all.'

'Mine's sick,' said the assistant, with his haunted smile. 'He's got fever.'

He was late in his arrival next morning. The bachelor professor, stopping with an inquiry, was answered before he spoke by the elaborate indifference of the father's manner.

'No; I don't know that I can call him better. Some little thing wrong about his teeth. They're going to operate —'

'*What!*' cried the bachelor professor.

'— Going to operate this afternoon. They're to telegraph me —'

The bachelor professor crossed the room to the office of the head of department. He stopped beside the desk as he had stopped beside the assistant's desk, and scowled down at its occupant.

'Callend, young Barker's no business to be here to-day. His baby —'

'I spoke with Mr. Barker as I came in,' said the head of department. He looked up under gray brows. 'There seems to be nothing he could do if he were at the hospital. I did not suggest his going. You see, McFarland, you've never been under a strain of this kind —'

'No; thank the Lord!' said the bachelor professor.

'And, perhaps, you underestimate the value of occupation. One thing, though. If you could somehow suggest to Helmer that he talk less to Mr. Barker about *his* baby —'

'He'll be dumb, then,' commented the colleague of Helmer sourly.

Matters grew worse as the morning went on. The bachelor professor had an engagement for luncheon. He telephoned his regrets at eleven; returning from the telephone to his own quarters, he was fiercely irritated to observe that the head of department was still in his office.

'And with his door open,' he noted.

He shut his own door with unnecessary emphasis.

But the assistant seemed to observe neither the closed door nor the open one. He went about his duties, smiling valiantly — smiling while he distributed History 9 syllabus sheets to the class in History 7; smiling while his unsteady fingers shook ink over the bachelor professor's immaculate roll-book. Just after noon the Professor of the Far East burst in on his colleagues.

'Find an errand for him somewhere,' he demanded. 'I can't work while he's around. I keep on thinking all the while, "What if it were my boy?"'

'What if it were, indeed!' said the head of department, a little flatly. He gathered up some loose sheets off his desk. 'Mr. Barker, will you take these over to the typewriter? Don't hurry; if you want to stay out in the air —'

The assistant rose unreadily. 'Thank you. I'll be right back, though. If there should be any word —'

He was gone before the sentence was finished.

From the head of department's window they watched him hurry across the lawn.

'He'll be back, certainly, if he keeps up that pace,' the bachelor professor commented. 'But whatever is to happen will happen while he's gone, none the less.'

He wandered about the room, plucking at the books and papers. Presently, at a sound, he stopped and looked into the outer office. 'See there?' he demanded, with a kind of triumph.

A small boy stood in the office. He held a yellow envelope between his fingers. For an instant all three waited, staring at him; then the head of department went forward, took the envelope, and signed the necessary receipt. He came back, balancing it.

'I don't know — There's hardly time to send it after him.'

'Lay it on his desk,' the Professor of the Far East suggested.

'And for decency's sake, shut the door. Don't let him feel we're spying on him,' the bachelor professor insisted.

But the head of department hesitated, his hand on the knob.

'I think I'll leave it open, McFarland. If it should be — the worst news — However, there 's no need for three of us. If you two have other things on hand —'

'You've a one-thirty class yourself, have n't you?' the bachelor professor inquired. He resumed his pacing.

They heard the assistant on the stairs presently. They heard him hurry into the room; stop; drag his way toward the desk. There was a noise of tearing paper, the crackle of the sheet spread large; then, unmistakably, a sob.

'Oh, my God, if it was Harold!' said the Professor of the Far East, under his breath.

It was a long minute before the assistant stirred. When he did, he came toward the threshold, and the head of department went forward to meet him — haltingly.

'Mr. Barker — there's not much I can say. My own oldest boy —'

'I just heard,' said the assistant.

He held out the paper.

The bachelor professor leaned forward and plucked the yellow sheet from his fingers. There were four words in the message. He took them in at a glance.

'Tooth through. Temperature normal.'

'Callend,' said the bachelor professor gently, 'you've still time to make that one-thirty class if you wish to make it. I think I'll get back to work myself, too.'

Inside his own quarters he stood still, looking down at the paper.

'And when they're sick,' he analyzed, 'when they're sick, you're in torment. And when they're well, you dare n't rejoice for fear they'll fall sick again. And yet you could n't persuade any one of them it was n't worth while — not even on forty-five dollars a month. There's something — something I miss — Well, thank the Lord, the Department of Modern History at least can resume operations. The assistant's baby has safely cut a tooth.'

THE SECOND DEATH

BY JOSIAH ROYCE

In Matthew Arnold's essay on 'St. Paul and Protestanism,' there is a well-known passage from which I may quote a few words to serve as a text for the present essay. These words express what many would call a typical modern view of an ancient problem.

I

In this essay, just before the words which I shall quote, Matthew Arnold has been speaking of the relation between Paul's moral experiences and their religious interpretation, as the Apostle formulates it in the Epistle to the Romans. Referring to a somewhat earlier stage of his own argument, Arnold here says, 'We left Paul in collision with a fact of human nature, but in itself a sterile fact, a fact upon which it is possible to dwell too long, although Puritanism, thinking this impossible, has remained intensely absorbed in the contemplation of it, and, indeed, has never properly got beyond it, — the sense of sin. Sin,' continues Matthew Arnold, 'is not a monster to be mused on, but an impotence to be got rid of. All thinking about it, beyond what is indispensable for the firm effort to get rid of it, is waste of energy and waste of time. We then enter that element of morbid and subjective brooding, in which so many have perished. This sense of sin, however, it is also possible to have not strongly enough to beget the firm effort to get rid of it; and the Greeks, with all their great gifts, had this sense not strongly enough; its strength in the Hebrew people is one of this people's mainsprings. And no Hebrew prophet or psalmist felt what sin was more powerfully than Paul.' In the sequel, Arnold shows how Paul's experience of the spiritual influence of Jesus enabled the Apostle to solve his own problem of sin without falling into that dangerous brooding which Arnold attributes to the typical Puritan spirit. As a result, Arnold identifies his own view of sin with that of Paul, and counsels us to judge the whole matter in the same way.

We have here nothing to do with the correctness of Matthew Arnold's criticism of Protestantism; and also nothing to say, at the present moment, about the adequacy of Arnold's interpretation either of Paul or of Jesus. But we are concerned with that characteristically modern view of the problem of sin which Arnold so clearly states in the words just quoted. What constitutes the moral burden of the individual man — what holds him back from salvation — may be described in terms of his natural heritage, — his inborn defect of character, — or in terms of his training, — or, finally, in terms of whatever he has voluntarily done which has been knowingly unrighteous.

In the present essay I am not intending to deal with man's original defects of moral nature, nor yet with the faults which his training, through its social vicissitudes, may have bred in him. I am to consider that which we call, in the stricter sense, sin. Whether

correctly or incorrectly, a man often views certain of his deeds as in some specially intimate sense his own, and may also believe that, among these his own deeds, some have been willfully counter to what he believes to be right. Such wrongful deeds a man may regard as his own sins. He may decline to plead ignorance, or bad training, or uncontrollable defect of temper, or overwhelming temptation, as the ground and excuse for just these deeds. Before the forum of his own conscience he may say, 'That deed was the result of my own moral choice, and was my sin.'

For the time being I shall not presuppose, for the purpose of this argument, any philosophical theory about free will. I shall not assert that, as a fact, there is any genuinely free will whatever. At the moment, I shall provisionally accept only so much of the verdict of common sense as any man accepts when he says, 'That was my own voluntary deed, and was knowingly and willfully sinful.' Hereupon I shall ask: Is Matthew Arnold's opinion correct with regard to the way in which the fact and the sense of sin ought to be viewed by a man who believes that he has, by what he calls his own 'free act and deed,' sinned? Is Arnold's opinion sound and adequate, when he says, 'Sin is not a monster to be mused on, but an impotence to be got rid of. All thinking about it, beyond what is indispensable for the firm effort to get rid of it, is waste of energy and waste of time — a brooding in which so many have perished.' Arnold praises Paul for having taken sin seriously enough to get rid of it, but also praises him for not having brooded over sin except to the degree that was 'indispensable to the effort to get rid of it.' Excessive brooding over sin is, in Arnold's opinion, an evil characteristic of Puritanism. Is Arnold right in his definition of what constitutes excess in thinking about sin? Is he right when he says, 'Sin is an impotence to be got rid of'?

'Get rid of your sin,' says Matthew Arnold. Paul did so. He did so through what he called a loving union with the spirit of Christ. As he expressed the matter, he 'died' to sin. He 'lived' henceforth to the righteousness of his Master and of the Christian community. So far as sin is concerned, is not this version heartily acceptable to the modern mind? Is it not sensible, simple, and in spirit strictly normal, as well as moral and religious? Does it not dispose, once for all, both of the religious and of the practical aspect of the problem of sin?

I cannot better state the task of this essay than by taking the opportunity, which Arnold's clearness of speech gives me, to begin the study of our question in the light of so favorite a modern opinion.

II

It would not be useful for us to consider any further, in this place, Paul's own actual doctrine about such sin as an individual thinks to have been due to his own voluntary and personal deed. Paul's view regarding the nature of original sin involves other questions than the one which is at present before us. We speak here not of original sin, but of knowing and voluntary evildoing. Paul's idea of salvation from original sin through grace and through loving union with the spirit of the Master, is inseparable from his special opinions regarding the church as the body of Christ, and regarding the supernatural existence of the risen Christ as the spirit of the church. These matters also are not now before us. The same may be said of Paul's views concerning the forgiveness of our voluntary sins. For, in Paul's mind, the whole doctrine of the sins which the

individual has knowingly and willfully committed, is further complicated by the Apostle's teachings about predestination. And for an inquiry into those teachings there is, in this essay, neither space nor motive. Manifold and impressive though Paul's dealings with the problem of sin are, we shall therefore do well, upon this occasion, to approach the doctrine of the voluntary sins of the individual from another side than the one which Paul most emphasizes. Let us turn to aspects of the Christian tradition about willful sin for which Paul is not mainly responsible.

We all know, in any case, that Arnold's own views about the sense and the thought of sin are not the views which have been prevalent in the past history of Christianity. And Arnold's hostility to the Puritan spirit carries him too far when he seems to attribute to Puritanism the principal responsibility for having made the fact and the sense of sin so prominent as it has been in Christian thought. Long before Puritanism, mediæval Christianity had its own meditations concerning sin. Others than Puritans have brooded too much over their sins. And not all Puritans have cultivated the thought of sin with a morbid intensity.

I have no space for a history of the Christian doctrine of willful sin. But, by way of preparation for my principal argument, I shall next call to mind a few of the more familiar Christian beliefs concerning the perils and the results of voluntary sin, without caring at the moment whether these beliefs are mediæval, or Puritan, or not. Thereafter, I shall try to translate the sense of these traditional beliefs into terms which seem to me to be worthy of the serious consideration of the modern man. After this restatement and interpretation of the Christian doctrine, — not of original sin, but of the voluntary sin of the individual, — we shall have new means of seeing whether Arnold is justified in declaring that no thought about sin is wise except such thought as is indispensable for arousing the effort 'to get rid of sin.'

III

Countless efforts have been made to sum up in a few words the spirit of the ethical teaching of Jesus. I make no new effort, I contribute no novel word or insight, when I now venture to say, simply in passing, that the religion of the founder, as preserved in the sayings, is a religion of Whole-Heartedness. The voluntary good deed is one which, whatever its outward expression may be, carries with it the whole heart of love, both to God and to the neighbor. The special act — whether it be giving the cup of cold water, or whether it be the martyr's heroism in confessing the name of Jesus in presence of the persecutor — matters less than the inward spirit. The Master gives no elaborate code to be applied to each new situation. The whole heart devoted to the cause of the Kingdom of Heaven, — this is what is needed.

On the other hand, whatever willful deed does not spring from love of God and man, and especially whatever deed breaks with the instinctive dictates of whole-hearted love, is sin. And sin means alienation from the Kingdom and from the Father; and hence, in the end, means destruction. Here the august severity of the teaching is fully manifested. But from this destruction there is indeed an escape. It is the escape by the road of repentance. That is the only road which is emphatically and repeatedly insisted upon in the sayings of Jesus, as we have them. But this repentance must include a whole-hearted willingness to forgive those who trespass against us. Thus

repentance means a return both to the Father and to the whole-hearted life of love. Another name for this whole-heartedness, in action as well as in repentance, is faith. For the true lover of God instinctively believes the word of the Son of Man who teaches these things, and is sure that the Kingdom of God will come.

But, like the rest of the reported sayings of Jesus, this simple and august doctrine of the peril of sin, and of the way of escape through repentance, comes to us with many indications that some further and fuller revelation of its meaning is yet to follow. Jesus appears in the Gospel reports as himself formally announcing to individuals that their sins are forgiven. The escape from sin is therefore not always wholly due to the repentant sinner's own initiative. Assistance is needed. And Jesus appears in the records as assisting. He assists, not only as the teacher who announces the Kingdom, but as the one who has 'power to forgive sins.' Here again I simply follow the well-known records. I am no judge as to what sayings are authentic.

I am sure, however, that it was but an inevitable development of the original teaching of the founder, and of these early reports about his authority to forgive, when the Christian community later conceived that salvation from personal and voluntary sin had become possible through the work which the departed Lord had done while on earth. *How* Christ saved from sin became, hereupon, a problem. But *that* he saved from sin, and that he somehow did so through what he won for men by his death, became a central constituent of the later Christian tradition.

A corollary of this central teaching was a further opinion which tradition also emphasized, and, for centuries, emphasized the more, the further the Apostolic age receded into the past. This further opinion was, that the willful sinner is powerless to return to a whole-hearted union with God through any deed of his own. He could not 'get rid of sin,' either by means of repentance or otherwise, unless the work of Christ had prepared the way. This, in sum, was long the common tradition of the Christian world. How the saving work of Christ became, or could be made, efficacious for obtaining the forgiveness of the willful sin of an individual, — this question, as we well know, received momentous and conflicting answers as the Christian Church grew, differentiated, and went through its various experiences of heresy, of schism, and of the learned interpretation of its faith. Here, again, the details of the history of dogma, and the practice of the church and of its sects in dealing with the forgiveness of sins, concern us not at all.

We need, however, to remind ourselves, at this point, of one further aspect of the tradition about willful sin. That sin, if unforgiven, leads to 'death,' was a thought which Judaism had inherited from the religion of the prophets of Israel. It was a grave thought, simple in its origin, essential to the ethical development of the faith of Israel, and capable of vast development in the light both of experience and of imagination. Because of the later growth of the doctrine of the future life, the word 'death' came to mean, for the Christian mind, what it could not yet have meant for the early prophets of Israel. And, in consequence, Christian tradition gradually developed a teaching that the divinely ordained penalty of unforgiven sin — the doom of the willful sinner — is a 'second death,' an essentially endless penalty. The Apocalypse imaginatively pictures this doom. When the church came to define its faith as to

the future life, it developed a well-known group of opinions concerning this endless penalty of sin. In its outlines this group of opinions is familiar even to all children who have learned anything of the faith of the fathers. An essentially analogous group of opinions is found in various religions that are not Christian. In its origin this group of opinions goes back to the very beginnings of those forms of ethical religion whose history is at all closely parallel to the history of Judaism or of Christianity. The motives which are here in question lie deeply rooted in human nature; but I have no right and no space to attempt to analyze them here. It is enough for my purpose to state that the idea of the endless penalty of unforgiven sin is by no means peculiar to Puritanism; and that it is certainly an idea which, for those who accept it with any hearty faith, very easily leads to many thoughts about sin which tend to exceed the strictly artistic measure which Matthew Arnold assigns as the only fitting one for all such thoughts.

To think of a supposed 'endless penalty' as a certain doom for all unforgiven sin, may not lead to morbid brooding. For the man who begins such thoughts may be sedately sure that he is no sinner. Or again, although he confesses himself a sinner, he may be pleasantly convinced that forgiveness is readily and surely attainable, at least for himself. And, as we shall soon see, there are still other reasons why no morbid thought need be connected with the idea of endless penalty. But no doubt such a doctrine of endless penalty tends to awaken thoughts which have a less modern seeming, and which involve a less sure confidence in one's personal power to 'get rid of sin' than Matthew Arnold's words, as we have cited them, convey. If, without any attempt to dwell further, either upon the history or the complications of the traditional Christian doctrine of the willful sin of the individual, we reduce that doctrine to its simplest terms, it consists of two theses, both of which have had a vast and tragic influence upon the fortunes of Christian civilization. The theses are these. First: By no deed of his own, unaided by the supernatural consequences of the work of Christ, can the willful sinner win forgiveness. Second: The penalty of unforgiven sin is the endless second death.

IV

The contrast between these two traditional theses and the modern spirit seems manifest enough, even if we do not make use of Matthew Arnold's definition of the reasonable attitude toward sin. The old faith held that the very essence of its revelation concerning righteousness was bound up with its conception of the consequences of unforgiven sin. On the other hand, if the education of the human race has taught us any coherent lesson, it has taught us to respect the right of a rational being to be judged by moral standards which he himself can see to be reasonable. Hence the moral dignity of the modern idea of man seems to depend upon declining to regard as just and righteous any penalty which is supposed to be inflicted by the merely arbitrary will of any supernatural power. The just penalty of sin, to the modern mind, must therefore be the penalty, whatever it is, which the enlightened sinner, if fully awake to the nature of his deed, and rational in his estimate of his deed, would voluntarily inflict upon himself. And how can one better express that penalty than by following the spirit of Matthew Arnold's advice: 'Get rid of your sin'? This advice, to be sure, has its own deliberate sternness. For 'the firm effort

to get rid of sin,' may involve long labor and deep grief. But 'endless penalty,' a 'second death,'—what ethically tolerable meaning can a modern mind attach to these words?

Is not, then, the chasm between the modern ethical view and the ancient faith, at this point, simply impassable? Have the two not parted company altogether, both in letter and, still more, in their inmost spirit?

To this question some representatives of modern liberal Christianity would at once reply that, as I have already pointed out, the early Gospel tradition does not attribute to Jesus himself the more hopeless aspects of the doctrine of sin, as the later tradition was led to define them. Jesus, according to the reports of his teaching in the Gospels, does indeed more than once use a doctrine of the endless penalty of unforgiven sin,—a doctrine with which a portion of the Judaism of his day was more or less familiar. In well-known parables he speaks of the torments of another world. And, in general, he deals with willful sin unsparingly. But he seems to leave the door of repentance always open. The Father waits for the Prodigal Son's return. And the Prodigal Son returns of his own will. We hear nothing in the parables about his being unable effectively to repent unless some supernatural plan of salvation has first been worked out for him. Is it not possible, then, to reconcile the Christian spirit and the modern man by simply returning to the Christianity of the parables? So, in our day, many assert.

I do not believe that the parables, in the form in which we possess them, present to us any complete view of the essence of the Christian doctrine of sin, or of the sinner's way of escape. I do not believe that they were intended by the Master to do so. Our reports of the founder's teachings about sin indicate that these teachings were intended to receive a further interpretation and supplement. Our real problem is whether the interpretation and supplement which later Christian tradition gave, through its doctrine of sin, and of the endless penalty of sin, was, despite its tragedy, its mythical setting, and its arbitrariness, a teaching whose ethical spirit we can still accept or, at least, understand. Is the later teaching, in any sense, a just development of the underlying meaning of the parables? Does any deeper idea inform the traditional doctrine that the willful sinner is powerless to save himself from a just and endless penalty through any repentance, or through any new deed, of his own?

As I undertake to answer these questions, let me ask the reader to bear in mind one general historical consideration. Christianity, even in its most imaginative and in its most tragic teachings, has always been under the influence of very profound ethical motives,—the motives which already inspired the prophets of Israel. The founder's doctrine of the Kingdom, as we now possess that doctrine, was an outline of an ethical religion. It was also a prologue to a religion that was yet to be more fully revealed, or at least explained. This, as I suppose, was the founder's personal intention.

When the early church sought to express its own spirit, it was never knowingly false, it was often most fluently, yet faithfully, true, to the deeper meaning of the founder. Its expressions were borrowed from many sources. Its imagination was constructive of many novelties. Only its deeper spirit was marvelously steadfast. Even when, in its darker moods, its imagination dwelt upon the problem of sin, it saw far more than it was able to express in acceptable formulas. Its imagery was often of local, or of

heathen, or even of primitive, origin. But the truth is that the imagery, rendered edifying and teachable, often bears, and invites, an interpretation whose message is neither local nor primitive. Such an interpretation, I believe, to be possible in case of the doctrine of sin and of its penalty; and to my own interpretation I must now invite attention.

V

There is one not infrequent thought about sin upon which Matthew Arnold's rule would surely permit us to dwell; for it is a thought which helps us, if not wholly 'to get rid of sin,' still, in advance of decisive action, to forestall some temptations to sin which we might otherwise find too insistent for our safety. It is the thought which many a man expresses when he says, of some imagined act, If I were to do that, I should be false to all that I hold most dear; I should throw away my honor; I should violate the fidelity that is to me the very essence of my moral interest in my existence. The thought thus expressed may be sometimes merely conventional; but it may also be very earnest and heartfelt. Every man who has a moral code which he accepts, not merely as the customary and, to him, opaque or senseless verdict of his tribe or of his caste, but as his own chosen, personal ideal of life, has the power to formulate what for him would seem (to borrow the religious phraseology) his 'sin against the Holy Ghost,' — his own morally 'impossible' choice, so far as he can now predetermine what he really means to do. Different men, no doubt, have different exemplary sins in mind when they use such words. Their various codes may be expressions of quite different and largely accidental social traditions; their diverse examples of what, for each of them, would be his own instance of the unpardonable sin, may be the outcome of the *tabus* of whatever social order you please. I care for the moment not at all for the objective ethical correctness of any one man's definition of his own moral code. And I am certainly here formulating no ethical code of my own. I am simply pointing out that, when a man becomes conscious of his own rule of life, of his own ideal of what makes his voluntary life worth while, he tends to arrange his ideas of right and wrong acts so that, for him at least, *some* acts, when he contemplates the bare possibility of doing them himself, appear to him to be acts such that they would involve for him a kind of moral suicide, — a deliberate wrecking of what makes life, for himself, morally worth while.

One common-sense way of expressing such an individual judgment upon these extreme acts of wrongdoing, is to say, If I were to do that of my own free will, I could thereafter never forgive myself.

Now, in case a man thinks of his own possible actions in this way, he need not be morbidly brooding over sins of which it is well not to think too much. He *may* be simply surveying his plan of life in a resolute way, and deciding, as well as he can, where he stands, what his leading ideas are, and what makes his voluntary life, from his own point of view, worth living. Such thoughts tend to clear our moral air, if only we think them in terms of our own personal ideals, and do not, as is too often the case, apply them solely to render more dramatic our judgments about our neighbors.

VI

In order to be able to formulate such thoughts, one must have an 'ideal,' even if one cannot state it in an abstract form. One must think of one's voluntary life in terms of fidelity

to some such 'ideal,' or set of ideals. One must regard one's self as a creature with a purpose in living. One must have what they call a 'mission' in one's own world. And so, whether one uses philosophical theories or religious beliefs, or does not use them, one must, when one speaks thus, actually have some sort of spiritual realm in which, as one believes, one's moral life is lived, a realm to whose *total* order, as one supposes, one could be false if one chose.

One's mission, one's business, must ideally extend, in some fashion, to the very boundaries of this spiritual realm, so that, if one actually chose to commit one's supposed unpardonable sin, one could exist in this entire realm only as, in some sense and degree, an outcast, — estranged, so far as that one unpardonable fault estranged one, from one's own chosen moral hearth and fireside. At least this is how one resolves, in advance of decisive action, to view the matter, in case one has the precious privilege of being able to make such resolves. And I say that so to find one's self resolving, is to find *not* weakness and brooding, but resoluteness and clearness. Life seems simply blurred and dim if one can nowhere find in it such sharp moral outlines. And if one becomes conscious of such sharp outlines, one is not saying, Behold me, the infallible judge of moral values for all mankind. Behold me with the absolute moral code precisely worked out. For one is so far making no laws for one's neighbors. One is accepting no merely traditional tabus. One is simply making up one's mind so as to give a more coherent sense to one's choices. The penalty of *not* being able to make such resolves regarding what would be one's own unpardonable sin, is simply the penalty of flabbiness and irresoluteness. To remain unaware of what we propose to do, never helps us to live. To be aware of our coherent plan, to have a moral world and a business that, in ideal, extends to the very boundaries of this world, and to view one's life, or any part of it, as an expression of one's own personal will, is to assert one's genuine freedom, and is not to accept any external bondage. But it is also to bind one's self, in all the clearness of a calm resolve. It is to view certain at least abstractly possible deeds as moral catastrophes, as creators of chaos, as deeds whereby the self, *if* it chose them, would, at least in so far, banish itself from its own country.

To be able to view life in this way, to resolve thus deliberately what genuine and thorough-going sin would mean for one's own vision, requires a certain maturity. Not all ordinary misdeeds are in question when one thinks of the unpardonable sin. Blunders of all sorts fill one's childhood and youth. What Paul conceived as our original sin may have expressed itself for years in deeds that our social order condemns, and that our later life deeply deplores. And yet, in all this maze of past evil-doing and of folly, we may have been, so far, either helpless victims of our nature and of our training, or blind followers of false gods. What Paul calls sin may have 'abounded.' And yet, as we look back, we may now judge that all this was merely a means whereby, henceforth, 'grace may more abound.' We may have learned to say, — it may be wise, and even our actual duty to say, — I will not brood over these which were either my ignorant or my helpless sins. I will henceforth firmly and simply resolve 'to get rid of them.' That is for me the best. Bygones are bygones. Remorse is a waste of time. These 'confusions of a wasted youth,' must be henceforth simply ignored. That is the way of cheer. It is also the way of true righteousness. I can live wisely

only in case I forget my former follies, except in so far as a memory of these follies helps me not to repeat them.

One may only the more insist upon this cheering doctrine of Lethe and forgiveness for the past, and of 'grace abounding' for the future, when there come into one's life those happenings which Paul viewed as a new birth, and as a 'dying to sin.' These 'workings of grace,' if they occur to us, may transform our 'old man' of inherited defect, of social waywardness, of contentiousness, and of narrow hatred for our neighbors and for 'the law,' into the 'new life.' It is a new life to us because we now seem to have found our own cause, and have learned to love our sense of intimate companionship with the universe. Now, for the first time, we have found a life that seems to us to have transparent sense, unity of aim, and an abiding and sustaining inspiration about it.

If this result has taken place, then, whatever our cause, or our moral opinions, or our religion, may be, we shall tend to rejoice with Paul that we have now 'died' to the old life of ignorance and of evil-working distractions. Hereupon we may be ready to say, with him, and joyously, 'There is no condemnation' for us who are ready to walk after what we now take to be 'the spirit.' The past is dead. Grace has served us. Forgiveness covers the evil deeds that were gone. For those deeds, as we now see, were *not* done by our awakened selves. They were not our own 'free acts' at all. They were the workings of what Paul called 'the flesh.' 'Grace' has blotted them out.

I am still speaking not of any one faith about the grace that saves, or about the ideal of life. Let a man find his salvation as it may happen to him to find it. But the main point that I have further to insist upon is this: Whenever and however we have become morally mature enough to get life all colored through and through by what seems to us a genuinely illuminating moral faith, so that it seems to us as if, in every deed, we could serve, despite our weakness, our one highest cause, and be faithful to all our moral world at every moment, — then this inspiration has to be paid for. The abundance of grace means, henceforth, a new gravity of life. For we have now to face the further fact that, if we have thus won vast ideals, and a will that is now inspired to serve them, we can imagine ourselves becoming false to this our own will, to this which gives our life its genuine value. We can imagine ourselves breaking faith with our own world-wide cause and inspiration. One who has found his cause, if he has a will of his own, can become a conscious and deliberate traitor. One who has found his loyalty is indeed, at first, under the obsession of the new spirit of grace. But if, henceforth, he lives with a will of his own, he can, by a willful closing of his eyes to the light, *become* disloyal. Our actual voluntary life does not bear out any theory as to the fatally predestined perseverance of the saints. For our voluntary life seems to us as if it were free either to persevere or not to persevere. The more precious the light that has seemed to come to me, the deeper is the disgrace to which, in my own eyes, I can condemn myself, if I voluntarily become false to this light. Now, it is indeed not well to brood over such chances of falsity. But it is manly to face the fact that they are present.

In all this statement, I have presupposed no philosophical theory of free-will, and have not assumed the truth of any one ethical code or doctrine. I have been speaking simply in terms of moral experience, and have been pointing out how the world seems to a man

who reaches sufficient moral maturity to possess, even if but for a season, a pervasive and practically coherent ideal of life, and to value himself as a possible servant of his cause, but a servant whose freedom to choose is still his own.

What I point out is that, if a man has won practically a free and conscious view of what his honor requires of him, the reverse side of this view is also present. This reverse side takes the form of knowing what, for this man himself, it would mean to be willfully false to his honor. One who knows that he freely serves his cause, knows that he could, if he chose, become a traitor. And if indeed he freely serves his cause, he knows whether or no he could forgive himself if he willfully became a traitor. Whoever, through grace, has found the beloved of his life, and now freely lives the life of love, knows that he could, if he chose, betray his beloved. And he knows what estimate his own free choice now requires him to put upon such betrayal. Choose your cause, your beloved, and your moral ideal, as you please. What I now point out is that so to choose is to imply your power to define what, for you, would be the unpardonable sin if you committed it. This unpardonable sin would be betrayal.

VII

So far I have discussed the moral possibility of treason. We seem to be free. Therefore, it seems to us as if treason were possible. But now, *do* any of us ever actually thus betray our own chosen cause? Do we ever actually turn traitor to our own flag, — to the flag that we have sworn to serve, — after taking our oath, not as unto men, but as unto ourselves and our cause? Do any of us ever really commit that which, in our own eyes, is the unpardonable sin?

Here, again, let every one of us judge for himself. And let him also judge rather himself than his neighbor. For we are here considering not customary codes, or outward seeming, but how a man who knows his ideal and knows his own will finds that his inward deed appears to himself. Still, apart from all evil-speaking, the common experience of mankind *seems* to show that such actual and deliberate sin against the light, such conscious and willful treason, occasionally takes place. So far as we know of such treason at all, or reasonably believe in its existence, it appears to us to be, on the whole, the worst evil with which man afflicts his fellows and his social order in this distracted world of human doings. The blindness and the naïve cruelty of crude passion, the strife and hatred with which the natural social order is filled, often seem to us mild when we compare them with the spiritual harm that follows the intentional betrayal of great causes once fully accepted, but then willfully forsaken, by those to whom they have been intrusted. 'If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.' This is the word which seems especially fitted for the traitor's own case; for he has seen the great light. The realm of the spirit has been graciously opened to him. He has willingly entered. He has chosen to serve. And then he has closed his eyes; and, by his own free choice, a darkness, far worse than that of man's primal savagery, has come upon him. And the social world, the unity of brotherhood, the beloved life which he has betrayed, — how desolate he has left what was fairest in it! He has brought back again to its primal chaos the fair order of those who trusted and who lived and loved together in one spirit.

But we are here little concerned with what others think of the traitor, if such

traitor there be. We are interested in what (if the light against which he has sinned returns to him) the traitor is henceforth to think of himself. Arnold would say, Let him think of his sin, — that is, in this case, of his treason, — only in so far as is indispensable to the 'firm resolve to get rid of it.' We ask whether Arnold's rule seems any longer quite adequate to meet the situation. Of course I am not venturing to assign to the supposed traitor any penalties *except* those which his own will really intends to assign to him. I am not acting in the least as his providence. I am leaving him quite free to decide his own fate. I am certainly not counseling him to feel any particular kind or degree of the mere emotion called remorse. For all that I now shall say, he is quite free, if that is his desire, to forget his treason once for all, and to begin business afresh with a new moral ideal, or with no ideal at all, as he may choose.

What I ask is simply this: *If* he resumes his former position of knowing and choosing an ideal, if he also remembers what ideal he formerly chose, and what and how and how deliberately he betrayed, and knows himself for what he is, what does he judge regarding the now inevitable and endless consequences of his deed? And what answer will he now make to Matthew Arnold's kind advice, 'Get rid of your sin'? He need not answer in a brooding way. He need be no Puritan. He may remain as cheerful in his passing feelings as you please. He may quite calmly rehearse the facts. He may decline to shed any tear, either of repentance or of terror. My only hypothesis is that he sees the facts as they are and confesses, however coolly and dispassionately, the moral value which, as a matter of simple coherence of view and opinion, he now assigns to himself.

VIII

He will answer Matthew Arnold's advice, as I think, thus: Get rid of my sin? How can I get rid of it? It is done. It is past. It is as irrevocable as the Archæan geological period, or as the collision of stellar masses, the light of whose result we saw here on earth a few years ago, in the constellation Perseus. I am the one who, at such a time, with such a light of the spirit shining before me, with my eyes thus and thus open to my business and to the moral universe, first, so far as I could freely act at all, freely closed my eyes, and then committed what my own will had already defined to be my unpardonable sin. So far as in me lay, in all my weakness, but yet with all the wit and the strength that just then were mine, I was a traitor. That fact, that event, that deed, is irrevocable. The fact that I am the one who then did thus and so, not ignorantly, but knowingly, — that fact will outlast the ages. That fact is as endless as time. And, in so far as I continue to value myself as a being whose life is coherent in its meaning, this fact that then and there I was a traitor, will always constitute a genuine penalty, — my own penalty, a penalty that no god assigns to me, but that I, simply because I am myself, and take an interest in knowing myself, assign to myself, precisely in so far as, and whenever, I am awake to the meaning of my own life. I can never undo that deed. If I ever say, I have undone that deed, I shall be both a fool and a liar. Counsel me, if you will, to forget that deed. Counsel me to do good deeds without number to set over against that treason. Counsel me to be cheerful, and to despise Puritanism. Counsel me to plunge into Lethe. All such counsel may be, in its way and time, good. Only do not counsel me 'to get rid of' just that sin. That, so

far as the real facts are concerned, cannot be done. For I am, and to the end of endless time shall remain, the doer of that willfully traitorous deed. Whatever other value I may get, that value I retain forever. My guilt is as enduring as time.

But hereupon a bystander will naturally invite our supposed traitor to repent, and to repent thoroughly, of his treason. The traitor, now cool and reasonable once more, can only apply to his own case Fitzgerald's word in the stanza from Omar Khayyam:—

> The moving finger writes, and having writ,
> Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
> Can lure it back to cancel half a line
> Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

These very familiar lines are sometimes viewed as oriental fatalism. But they are, in fact, fully applicable to the freest of deeds when once that deed is done.

We need not further pursue any supposed colloquy between the traitor and those who comment upon the situation. The simple fact is that each deed is *ipso facto* irrevocable; that our hypothetical traitor, in his own deed, has been false to whatever light he then and there had, and to whatever ideal he then viewed as his highest good. Hereupon, no new deed, however good or however faithful, and however much of worthy consequences it introduces into the future life of the traitor, or of his world, can annul the fact that the one traitorous deed was actually done. No question as to whether the traitor, when he first chose the cause which he later betrayed, was then ethically correct in his choice, aids us to estimate just the one matter which is here in question, — namely, the value of the traitor as the doer of that one traitorous deed. For his treason consists not in his blunders in the choice of his cause, but in his sinning against such light as he then and there had. The question is, furthermore, not one as to his general moral character, apart from this one act of treason. To condemn at one stroke the whole man for the one deed is, of course, absurd. But it is the one deed which is now in question.

This man may *also* be the doer of countless good deeds. But our present question is solely as to his value as the doer of that one traitorous deed. This value he has through his own irrevocable choice. Whatever other values his other deeds may give him, this one value remains, never to be removed. By no deed of his own can he ever escape from that penalty which consists in his having introduced into the moral world the one evil which was, at the time, as great an evil as he could, then, of his own will, introduce.

In brief, by his own deed of treason, the traitor has consigned himself — not indeed his *whole* self, but his self as the doer of this deed — to what one may call the *hell of the irrevocable*. *All* deeds are indeed irrevocable. But only the traitorous sin against the light is such that, in advance, the traitor's own free acceptance of a cause has stamped it with the character of being what his own will had defined as his own unpardonable sin. Whatever else the traitor may hereafter do, — however much he may later become, and remain, through his life, in this or any other world, a saint, the fact will remain: there was a moment when he freely did whatever he could to wreck the cause that he had sworn to serve. The traitor can henceforth do nothing that will give to himself, precisely in so far as he was the doer of that one deed, any character which is essentially different from the one determined by his treason.

The hell of the irrevocable: all of us know what it is to come to the border of it when we contemplate our own past mistakes or mischances. But we

can enter it and dwell there only when the fact, 'This deed is irrevocable,' is combined with the further fact, 'This deed is one that, unless I call treason my good, and moral suicide my life, I cannot forgive myself for having done.'

Now to use these expressions is not to condemn the traitor, or any one else, to endless emotional horrors of remorse, or to any sensuous pangs of penalty or grief, or to any one set of emotions whatever. It is simply to say, If I morally value myself at all, it remains for me a genuine and irrevocable evil in my world, that ever I was, even if for but that one moment, and in that one deed, with all my mind and my soul and my heart and my strength, a traitor. And if I ever had any cause, and then betrayed it, — such an evil not only was my deed, but such an evil forever remains, so far as that one deed was done, the *only* value that I can attribute to myself precisely *as* the doer of that deed at that time.

What the pungency of the odors, what the remorseful griefs, of the hell of the irrevocable may be, for a given individual, we need not attempt to determine, and I have not the least right or desire to imagine. Certainly remorse is a poor companion for an active life; and I do not counsel any one, traitor or not traitor, to cultivate remorse. Our question is not one about one's feelings, but about one's genuine value as a moral agent. Certainly forgetfulness is often useful when one looks forward to new deeds. I do not counsel any one uselessly to dwell upon the past. Still the fact remains, that the more I come to the large and coherent views of my life and of its meaning, the more will the fact that, by my own traitorous deed, I have banished myself to the hell of the irrevocable, appear to me both a vast and a grave fact in my world. I shall learn, if I wisely grow into new life, neither to be crushed by any sort of facing of that fact, nor to brood unduly over its everlasting presence as a fact in my life. But so long as I remain awake to the real values of my life, and to the coherence of my meaning, I shall know that while no god shuts me, or could possibly shut me, if he would, into this hell, it is my own will to say that, for this treason, just in so far as I willfully and knowingly committed this treason, I shall permit none of the gods to forgive me. For it is my precious privilege to assert my own reasonable will, by freely accepting my place in the hell of the irrevocable, and by never forgiving myself for this sin against the light.

If any new deed can assign to just that one traitorous deed of mine any essentially novel and reconciling meaning, that new deed will in any case certainly *not* be mine. I can do good deeds in future; but I cannot revoke my individual past deed. If it ever comes to appear as anything but what I myself then and there made it, that change will be due to no deed of mine. Nothing that I myself can do will ever really reconcile me to my own deed, so far as it was that treason.

This, then, as I suppose, is the essential meaning which underlies the traditional doctrine of the endless penalty of willful sin. This deeper meaning is that, quite apart from the judgment of any of the gods, and wholly in accordance with the true rational will of the one who has done the deed of betrayal, the guilt of a free act of betrayal is as enduring as time. This doctrine so interpreted is, I insist, *not* cheerless. It is simply resolute. It is the word of one who is ready to say to himself, Such was my deed, and I did it. No repentance, no pardoning power can deprive us of the duty and — as I repeat — the precious privilege of saying that of our own deed.

'THE REST IS SILENCE'

BY MABEL EARLE

(*Horatio speaks.*)

Beyond these ancient walls of Elsinore
A shrouding mist is folded on the snow.
(Here by the battlements he leans no more,
Watching the guard below.)

League after league along the cliff the gray
Wide water darkens with the darkening west.
(O troubled soul, by what uncharted way
Hast thou gone forth to rest?)

Within, the shadows creep across the walls,
Through the long corridors as dusk grows dim.
(The echoing vastness of the vaulted halls
To-night is full of him.)

A gust of wind steals shuddering down the floor
Where once he paced his hours of heart-wrung watch.
(It may be that his foot is at the door,
His hand upon the latch.)

'The rest is silence.' — Ah, my liege, my prince!
Though storm-winds sweep the seas, and cannon roar,
Silence is on thy lips, and ever since
Silence in Elsinore!

ALICE AND EDUCATION

BY F. B. R. HELLEMS

I

"'If there's no meaning in it, that saves a world of trouble, as we need n't try to find any.'" Unfortunately this sage declaration of the King of Hearts, uttered when he was examining the cryptic anonymous document introduced at the historic trial, represents only too accurately the attitude of most readers of Lewis Carroll. They prefer to follow the fantastic adventures and marvelous wanderings of Alice in a mood of otiose enjoyment, untroubled by any glimmer of wonder whether the careless and happy feet of childhood might not lead them to some glorious kingdom. But the true spirit, in which we ought to read, breathes in the peremptory monarch's later declaration. '"And yet I don't know," he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee and looking at them with one eye. "I seem to see some meaning in them after all."' Then he proceeds with laudable energy to search for reliable evidence beneath the meaningless surface.

This inspiring example has been constantly before me in the preparation of the present paper, which is the outcome of a long and painstaking examination of the two masterpieces pervaded by the personality of Alice, undertaken in the belief that under the winsome mask of delicious mockery would be found many serious and abiding truths. And I may state forthwith that my study soon led irresistibly to the conclusion that these apparently frivolous fables were really an allegory of education.

Of a general tendency to symbolic presentation we have very definite and unescapable examples in many of Professor Dodgson's recognized works. *The Hunting of the Snark*, published in 1876, is accepted by every intelligent commentator as an allegory. It is true that the poem is rather bewildering, and students are not all agreed as to the exact hidden meaning, although there is a preponderance of opinion that 'The Pursuit of Fame' is the real subject cloaked by this whimsical verse. Again, both parts of *Sylvie and Bruno* give unmistakable evidence of this same tendency; for beneath all the drollery is a manifest effort to communicate profound theological dogma. Moreover, his inherent incapacity to separate the serious from the lighter vein is seen most strikingly in *Euclid and His Modern Rivals* (1879). Herein Professor Dodgson made a profound and valuable contribution to Euclidean geometry; but it was thrown into dramatic form, and, despite the advice of all his friends, contained so much apparent levity, so many clutching jokes, that most readers refused to take it seriously.

Space forbids my adducing further arguments of this type; but I am sure that with the foregoing I may count upon the sympathetic toleration of my readers, if not upon their unhesitating acquiescence. For their complete conviction I must await the ineluctable conclusiveness of specific passages and

interpretations to which we shall turn in a moment.

I have no desire to blink the fact that Professor Dodgson formally denies that our two books are anything more than they appear on the surface. But no carefully trained investigator will be deceived by this threadbare device, which is as old as literature itself, and was particularly in vogue about the time these volumes were given to the world. The example of Kingsley is enough. *Water-Babies* appeared in 1863, two years before *Alice in Wonderland;* and the reverend author goes out of his way to declare that the tale has no moral whatsoever. But nobody is deceived. We all know that Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid represents the old dispensation, and Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby the new, while tiny Tom is nothing less than the human soul.

But in whatever sense we take Tom (I always find pleasure in thinking that he and Alice might have been playmates), it is clear that

> The dream-child moving through a land
> Of wonders wild and new,

is simply the human race in its search, ever eager and ever puzzled, for education and educational methods.

II

With this unavoidable clearing of the ground, I feel that we may now turn to a few of the anticipations that impart to these allegories their real value. In my more ambitious study, which I plan to make as nearly exhaustive as the nature of the subject will permit, I hope to expound Professor Dodgson's system as a unified and philosophic whole, and to place him in a niche of honor a little below Plato, but well above such pedagogical celebrities as Comenius and Herbert Spencer. In the mean time, I must limit myself to a few of those esoteric cogitations that are obviously relevant to the stage of educational evolution represented by the twentieth century, which William Morris prophesied might well prove to be the Century of Education.

From the many tempting themes we may select first, 'The Play Element in the Development of the Child.'

We all know the history of the movement. Long prior to the proud and grand doctrine of onto-phylogenetic parallelism, and to the invaluable Teutonic researches on the play of beast and man, we find Rousseau hinting that we must employ the superabundant energy of childhood. From Rousseau it was but a step to the epoch-making conclusion of Froebel, who fixed upon the restlessness of children as the most potent utilizable factor in their education. From this seed sprang the kindergarten. If their restless activity was to be turned to account, the children would have to play; and from the kindergarten the play-element spread upward and outward until we have reached our present superb devotion to a theory which declares that the child must never do what he dislikes or does not understand, and that whatever is hard is to be shunned. We must not only utilize the play-impulse, but magnify it.

This stage was clearly anticipated by the chapter on the Lobster Quadrille. In order to emphasize the importance attached thereto by Professor Dodgson I would point out not only that it occupies *one fourteenth* of the whole *Wonderland* volume, but also that the author employs a very effective device to quicken our attention; for in the preceding chapter, just as our interest in the subject of lessons was keyed to the highest pitch, the Gryphon *interrupted in a very decided tone* with instructions to the Mock Turtle to 'tell her something about the games.'

The Lobster Quadrille itself is evidently intended to represent a kindergarten game that shall entertain the child, improve his knowledge of living creatures, develop the imagination, and bring him to unity with himself, — quite as Froebel demanded. As a matter of pedagogical method, one observes instantly that the Mock Turtle, after vividly describing a part of the dance, proposed that he and the Gryphon should do the first figure. No mere verbal presentation for him. Then, just as in a well-regulated kindergarten, the two creatures executed the interesting movements, while one of them sang, and both waved their forearms to mark the time.

With reference to the song itself, which begins, '"Will you walk a little faster," said a whiting to a snail,' and could be quoted by any of my readers, I would merely point out that the rhythm is strongly marked, so as to be caught easily by the childish ear; that there is enough repetition to avoid fatiguing the delicate organisms; and that, while many of the thoughts are familiar, there is just enough novelty to stimulate curiosity and thereby insure mental growth. It may be confidently asserted that the most captious of my readers will feel the superiority of this poetry — for it is poetry — to such favorite songs as, 'My heart is God's little garden,' or, 'The grasshopper green had a game of tag with some crickets that lived near by.'

In passing, we should not neglect the reference to the doctrine of immortality, the comforting assurance of a life hereafter, not formally obtruded, but gently and graciously intimated in that always attractive phrase, 'the other shore.' The sterling moralist in Professor Dodgson is never thrust upon our notice; but he is never quite absent.

At the conclusion of the song, the Gryphon and Mock Turtle skillfully utilized the interest and curiosity now aroused to impart some valuable information as to marine life. I must not quote the passage, but everybody will remember how the Gryphon explained to Alice that the whiting was so-called because it did the boots and shoes under the sea, where they obviously must be done with whiting; and that the shoes were made of soles and eels.

Later on, still with due attention to method, Alice was herself made to repeat a verse, but, like some children, being dimly and half-resentfully aware that she was being taught, she became so confused that the voice of the sluggard turned into the voice of the lobster. (It has always been suspected that the prominence of the lobster throughout the chapter has some special meaning.) Eventually she sat down with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would ever happen in a natural way again.

If it should appear to any teacher that Professor Dodgson goes rather far in the importance assigned to play and the principles of ease and pleasantness in juvenile training, I would suggest that he represents a natural reaction from the formalism then in vogue; and that in particular he is striving to refute a passage in *Water-Babies*, which had appeared two years before, and was being widely quoted with strong approval. Tom had been playing with lobsters (again that symbolic crustacean) and other aquatic creatures, and had asked to go home with Ellie on Sunday. To his request, the fairy, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, replies, 'Those who go there, must go first where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they do not like.' It is no wonder that such a progressive intellect and tender heart as Professor Dodgson was driven to an extreme in his protests against this benighted and barbarous mediæ-

valism. It is no wonder that we still follow in his gentle footsteps.

From a consideration of the play-element, we have a natural transition to Nature Study. The *Alice* books not only advocate this pursuit, but breathe about it the charming aura of novelty. I have not been able to determine how directly Professor Dodgson is indebted to Pestalozzi; for, as a matter of fact, even later students have failed to attach due importance to that educator's substantial service in this field, when he was working at Stanz. But without Pestalozzi, or any other one thinker, this beneficent step of pedagogical evolution was bound to be taken. We could not see children confined forever in mud-walled prisons. Liberation was inevitable. And who can fail to recognize the tremendous gain when, as one of Mr. Punch's young men has felicitously voiced the change, —

> We gave up Euclid and rule of three
> And nature-studied the bumble-bee.

It was only to be expected that our educational Lynceus should grasp the uttermost possibilities of this emancipating movement. It is no accident that one of the first stopping-places of Alice after passing through the looking-glass, was the 'Garden of Live Flowers.' Nor is it merely by hap that she enters into such close communion with these children of Proserpina that she can actually share their thoughts. Would that every child in America might learn the lesson!

'"O Tiger-lily," said Alice, "I wish you could talk."

'"We can talk," said the Tiger-lily, "when there's anybody worth talking to."'

There is the secret. Furthermore, like all really profound teachers, as distinguished from those who merely seem profound, he shuns the sentimental fallacy of over-idealizing. The flowers have personalities; they are not merely uniform entities of angelic temperament. The regal Rose and the lowly Daisy alike will have their joke, declaring that the tree will take care of them, for it says 'Bough-wough,' and can bark in time of danger. The imperial Tiger-lily loses her temper at the garrulous smaller flowers; while the Violet and the Rose are distinctly rude to Alice, the former snarling out in a severe tone, 'It 's my opinion you never think at all,' and the latter exclaiming, with even more startling asperity, 'I never saw anybody that looked stupider.' This same insistence on the unfriendly possibilities of nature may be marked in the scene in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, where the trees are represented as frankly hostile to mankind. And both teachers are right in refusing to darken knowledge with half-truths.

Even more inspiring than the wonderful live flowers are the looking-glass insects. We must learn the fauna as well as the flora. Beginning with the Horse-fly we pass to the Rocking-horse-fly; and the importance of drawing for children is driven home by Sir John Tenniel's copy from life of that domestic insect, to which I have often compared the curious stick-insects of Ceylon. The Snapdragon-fly, with the Bread-and-butter-fly, must likewise appeal to the budding sense of childhood, if only the opportunity is given. But here again our teacher will not have us neglect the final, bitter truth. If the Bread-and-butter-fly cannot find its proper food it must die. '"But that must happen often," remarked Alice thoughtfully.' (Children will think if we only let them.) '"It always happens," said the Gnat.' Nature, that is the universal creator, is also the universal destroyer.

Just a little later comes a real difficulty. The Gnat, you will remember, having made a very silly pun, 'sighed

deeply, while two large tears came rolling down its cheeks.' '"You shouldn't make jokes," Alice said, "if it makes you so unhappy."' One of my Parisian correspondents will have it that the Gnat was unhappy simply because the pun was so bad; but I am inclined to believe, with a fellow investigator at Berlin, that the incident is hinting once more at the idea that all living things feel joy and grief, even as mankind. Life is one. From the lowest forms of protozoa to the godlike genius who passes beyond the flaming battlements of the world to storm their secrets from the stars, life is one.

However, from this tangle, we are carried to the idyllic scene where Alice and the Fawn converse together. They have forgotten their different worlds, have forgotten their very selves, in this moment of complete understanding. I could quote passage after passage dealing with the theme of nature-study, but here, I think, is the supreme lesson; and I prefer to bid farewell to this subject with the picture of our gentle heroine gazing wistfully into the great soulful eyes of this creature of the wild. It is the burgeoning genius of the race learning to read, with love, the manuscript of God.

But the more advanced educational thought of to-day is so completely in accord with the above deductions from my master's teaching, that there is no occasion to carry the discussion further.

I had planned to continue this part of my paper with a number of other anticipations of our modern theories and practice, including: The Abuse of Memory (*cf.* Alice and the White Queen and King); Shortening the Period of Formal Study (*cf.* the Gryphon's explanation of lesson as that which lessens from day to day); Self-Expression and Vocational Activity (*cf.* the Cook); Methods in Education (*cf.* Tweedledum and Tweedledee); Developing the Imagination (*passim*); The Emotions in Education (*cf.* The Walrus and the Carpenter); and many others. Then, with the light shed by these general discussions, I had hoped to consider the curricula of primary and secondary schools, and to move from them to the college and university.

III

However, I must omit all the intervening stages in order to take up one or two of his anticipations of the problems of higher education; for herein, I think, we shall find some of his most pointed and pertinent reflections. Among these fundamental questions are The Elective System and Original Research; and inasmuch as the former offers an instance of our author's passing even beyond our position at the beginning of the twentieth century, we may give it prior consideration.

Nobody has failed to observe the triumphant progress of the elective system. It came to many as a glorious ennobling emancipation from the old hide-bound curriculum. To others it seemed to offer the possibility of developing breadth of horizon without exacting depth of thought. It increased the number of students in many institutions, thereby encouraging state legislatures or generous private benefactors to open the flood-gates of the golden life-giving stream. It evoked reams of debate, always earnest, and often bitter. But somehow the controversy has been softened, until even the most earnest partisan ought to be able to read with keen enjoyment Professor Dodgson's inimitable description of the elective system, under the guise of the Caucus Race. If a few of my readers have hitherto questioned my interpretations, I look for their instant agreement on this point. If our author was not writing of the elective

system, he was writing of nothing serious whatever. On this I am willing to stake my exegetical reputation.

It will be remembered that they formed a damp and queer-looking party on the bank of the pool. 'There was a Duck, and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures.' The Lory, with his assumption of superiority, and the Mouse, with his technical aridity, may well represent the older curriculum. They have nothing to offer that promises immediate results. But the Dodo proceeds to move for the adoption of more energetic remedies, and, notwithstanding the protests against his long words, he carries the day. His solution comes in the proposal for a Caucus race; and with truly commendable pedagogical instinct he declares that the best way to explain it is to do it.

'First it marked out a race-course, in a sort of circle ("the exact shape does n't matter," it said), and then all the party were placed along the course, here and there. There was no "One, two, three, and away," but they began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over. However, when they had been running half-an-hour or so, and were quite dry again, the Dodo suddenly called out, "The race is over!" and they all crowded round it, panting, and asking, "But who has won?"

'This question the Dodo could not answer without a great deal of thought, and it sat for a long time with one finger pressed upon its forehead (the position in which you usually see Shakespeare, in the pictures of him), while the rest waited in silence. At last the Dodo said, "Everybody has won, and all must have prizes."

'"But who is to give the prizes?" quite a chorus of voices asked.

'"Why, she, of course," said the Dodo, pointing to Alice with one finger; and the whole party at once crowded round her, calling out in a confused way, "Prizes! Prizes!"'

So the colleges and universities, like Alice, having no idea what to do, put their hands in their pockets and took out a number of diplomas. These, after being tied with the beautiful and sentimental college colors, were distributed as prizes, and it always 'turned out that there was one apiece all round.'

There can be no doubt, however, that my revered teacher disapproved of the elective system. His own training had been quite the reverse; and he explicitly states that, 'Alice thought the whole thing very absurd; but they all looked so grave that she did not dare to laugh.' Accordingly, despite the eminence of the most distinguished sponsor of the elective system, despite the brilliance and number of its advocates, I can only declare in favor of a group system. *Malo errare cum Platone quam cum istis vera sentire.*

'There is nothing more beautiful than a key, as long as we do not know what it opens.' Readers of Maeterlinck will recognize the suggestive avowal of Aglavaine, which I have borrowed to apply to the thrill of the student when he is introduced by the professor to original research. Only a master symbolist, like Maeterlinck, has a right to attempt to utter in prose our profound emotion, when

> We felt a grand and beautiful fear,
> For we knew a marvelous thought drew near.

Organized work in original investigation by students in our American universities may be said to date from the foundation of Johns Hopkins. Before that event, research was largely a matter of individual initiative and pursuit, while facilities for the publication of original articles were inadequate. In an article on 'Three Decades of the

American University,' I have already paid generous tribute to the solid, pioneer services rendered by that institution. In the last forty years, however, the spirit of investigation has poured through a million channels. It has been of incalculable benefit; but by its side there has spread a keenness of contention for the recognition of the investigator's service that is dangerously near to being unphilosophical. Indeed, the proverbial *odium theologicum* could scarcely exhibit greater acerbity than the rivalry of fellow specialists about priority of discovery, accuracy of observation, or interpretation of minutiæ. The struggle never ends; but occasionally a truce is patched up, with public assurances of good-will and private confidence of complete victory on both sides. Inevitably there has sprung up a certain distrust on the part of the more aggressive Philistines, although the world at large is generally content with a smiling, tolerant, more or less disdainful, aloofness. All of these phases were manifestly before Professor Dodgson's mind when he was composing under the caption, 'It's my own Invention.'

Turning first to inventive originality and investigation, we are attracted at once by the eager, active persistence of the White Knight. This chevalier of education has the unusual spirit that can delight in discovery or invention purely for its own sake, without despising practical results. To word the thought in Huxley's matchless phraseology, he can enjoy a sail over the illimitable ocean of the unknowable, without begrudging to applied science its utilization of the flotsam and jetsam.

As examples of the utilitarian aspect, we have his painful elaboration of the beehive and the mouse-trap, which he has hung to his saddle, in case any bees or mice should come near; and the anklets round the horse's feet, to guard against the biting of sharks. Equally humane and practical are some of the other results of his investigations, such as the plan for preventing one's hair from falling out, or the discovery that the great art of riding is to keep your balance properly. Nor should we fail to note that his heart is never daunted by the skepticism of Alice.

But even finer, more professorial, more like Thales, is the unsullied, oblivious, self-effacing devotion to unrewarded research, the final joy of the seeker.

'"How can you go on talking so quietly, head downwards?" Alice asked, as she dragged him out by his feet, and laid him in a heap on the bank.

'"What does it matter where my body happens to be?" he said. "My mind goes on working all the same."'

Then he described his invention of a new pudding, and Alice, like the distrustful Philistine, raised the query as to its practicability. This evokes the superb rejoinder, uttered with bowed head and lowered voice, —

'"I don't believe that pudding ever was cooked. In fact, I don't believe that pudding ever will be cooked. And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent."'

The famous retort of Pasteur to the shoddy French nobility, when he declared that the spirit of science was above thoughts of personal gain, was no finer than this hushed self-revelation, coming straight from the heart.

Herewith, the remaining points of this topic may be promptly dismissed. We have seen that the comments of Alice represent both the carping Philistine and the uncomprehending public. It only remains for us to notice that the bickerings of researchful enthusiasts are depicted both by the quarrel between the two White Knights

over the ownership of the helmet, and by the bout between the Red Knight and the first White Knight when they come upon Alice. Indeed, the choice of knights for the leading personæ of this instructive drama hints at the same tendency, although it is doubtless intended also to suggest the chivalrous devotion of the true investigator.

The next question would naturally have been The Study of the Classics in our Colleges, to which a new interest has been given by the agitation at Amherst. Both sides of the controversy are represented in our volume, an excellent starting-point being offered by the different impressions of the Classical Master we receive from the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle. The former maintained that he was an old crab, whereas the latter asserted that he taught Laughing and Grief. Assuredly the Turtle's phrase has in mind the strong humanistic tendency of classical studies, while the Gryphon's vigorous but contemptuous designation intimates a belief that such studies lead to 'progress backwards,' if I may become indebted to Mr. Cable's lovable schoolmaster.

Omitting this and many other topics, I may tarry a moment on Professor Dodgson's surprising references to philosophy; and it must not be taken as an admission either of slothfulness or incapacity, if I confess that a few details are not quite clear to me. Despite the fact that a Kantian discussion of time is placed on the lips of the Mad Hatter; despite the fact that the same problem, together with the non-existence of space and the unsubstantiality of matter, is suggested by the cake that must be served first and cut afterwards, I am nevertheless convinced that the household of the Duchess must represent the penetralia containing the ultimate arcana.

That noble personage herself probably symbolizes the older, more purely metaphysical schools. This is indicated by her dignified vocabulary and stately copious presentation, as well as by her contempt for lower mathematics, and for mere human affections.

The latter aspects are perceived at once in the dialogue following Alice's uncertainty whether the period required for the earth to revolve on its axis might be twenty-four hours or twelve; for the Duchess exclaims impatiently that she never could abide figures, and begins that most unfeeling of all lullabies: 'Speak roughly to your little boy and beat him when he sneezes.' Furthermore, that titled lady's subsequent treatment of her offspring corresponds very closely to what is recorded of two or three famous representatives of the metaphysical school. This behavior of hers cannot be explained, much less justified, on any other basis.

The former aspects, the characteristic vocabulary and presentation, are so unmistakably set forth in the following passage that I merely transcribe it.

'"It's a mineral, I think," said Alice, in support of her contention that mustard was not a bird.

'"Of course it is," said the Duchess, "there's a large mustard-mine near here. And the moral of that is — 'The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours.'"

'"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Alice, who had not attended to this last remark. "It's a vegetable. It does n't look like one, but it is."

'"I quite agree with you," said the Duchess; "and the moral of that is — 'Be what you would seem to be' — or, if you'd like it put more simply — 'Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than

what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.'"

'"I think I should understand that better," Alice said very politely, "if I had it written down; but I can't quite follow it as you say it."

'"That's nothing to what I could say if I chose," the Duchess replied, in a pleased tone.'

The Cheshire Cat, on the other hand, most probably anticipates the more optimistic development of pragmatism; and I hope I may be forgiven the personal intrusion, if I point out that I was the first writer to emphasize the lightly mentioned fact that *the cat is part of the household of the Duchess and, therefore, must be interpreted philosophically.*

That it pictures optimism in some form is incontrovertible. The insistence that the comfort-giving grin appears before the body of the animal, and remains after the latter's vanishing, can only be explained by reference to a philosophy that will have all well with the world regardless of disharmonies and defects in the system of things; a philosophy, as is suggested by a clever French litterateur, that strives to erect a world temple with such a beautiful façade that it shall hide the bitter disappointment of mankind within the sanctum. And if we are dealing with some form of optimism, I can only conclude that it is the more hopeful and vigorous phase of pragmatism.

The most pertinent, I might almost say, the most unanswerable, passage in favor of this pragmatic interpretation is the following: —

'"Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"

'"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

'"I don't much care where —" said Alice.

'"Then it doesn't much matter which way you go," said the Cat.

'" — so long as I get somewhere," Alice added as an explanation.

'"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."'

None of my readers can fail to recognize the essentials of pragmatism in this passage. There is the crucial recognition that philosophy must be connected with actual needs; that it must deal with actual conditions; that it must appreciate human limitations. Indications of the same trend are to be seen in the Cat's vivid interest in the baby that turned into a pig, as well as in his friendly converse with Alice at the croquet party.

One argument, suggested to me by a conservative, philosophical friend, I shrink from introducing; but, inasmuch as he insists that it is finally conclusive, I indulge his fancy. You will remember that when the King and Queen order the beheading of the Cat, there springs up an argument as to whether you can cut off a head when there is no body to cut it off from. Then, at the critical moment of the inquisition, the Cat's head begins to fade away and soon entirely disappears. My colleague maintains most stoutly that this can only represent pragmatism before a searching examination at the hands of an expert dialectician. If he is right, I could set down as final the explanation I have proposed. But in any event the evidence is very strong, and until some other student shall propose a more satisfactory theory, we may continue to regard the Cheshire Cat as a symbol of the more optimistic phases of pragmatism.

IV

Topic after topic crowds upon me like imprisoned birds fluttering toward the door of their cage; but I must leave

them all unreleased save one. In both volumes the master leaves the supreme lesson until the end, and in both volumes the lesson is the same. He would have us remember in all education that human creatures are the one thing really important. We spin our theories and weave them into the fabric of a system; but the child and the man are above systems and theories. Bergson has rendered a genuine service by his insistence that life is self-developing and self-comprehending. On ultimate metaphysical analysis, life is the universe discovering itself and creating itself; it is at once *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*. Ever and ever it works and plays with the visible and invisible world, to find its highest expression in man. And for this highest manifestation, who shall make a final system of education? But our puny systematizers will have at least a day for their schematic panaceas, not realizing how soon they must cease to be, when mankind, half-smiling, half-angry, bids them go. And this truth, the eternal lesson, the final message, is delivered to us in redoubled clarity. At the close of the *Wonderland* volume our heroine declares, '"Who cares for you? You are nothing but a pack of cards."' Likewise, at the climax of the *Looking-Glass* allegory, she breaks up the fantastic banquet: 'One good pull, and plates, dishes, guests, and candles come crashing down together in a heap on the floor.'

So has it fared, so will it ever fare with all systems and theories of education that place their faith in methods or mechanism, and would raise themselves above human nature. Eventually the children of men will eat bread and butter instead of dream-cakes; will shake the Red Queen into a companionable kitten; will come back from Wonderland to the simple natural life of healthful human beings.

V

Here, with reluctance and no little difficulty, I check my eager pen. As I review the paper, I am painfully aware that it is both incomplete and fragmentary. I can only pray that my readers will view the *disjecta membra* with mercy, and wait with patience for my authoritative and exhaustive treatment. Howbeit, even this popular presentation in simple form may have served to establish the contention with which I began. Nor can I quite resign the hope that, as a result of my efforts, many lovers of Professor Dodgson will read him with enlarged understanding as well as with enhanced pleasure.

If it shall appear to the more practical-minded critics of my paper that I have occasionally discovered a hidden meaning where none existed, I can only point out that in such recondite matters, making constant demands on the creative imagination, a pioneer is bound to go astray at times. But he must persist in his task, strengthening himself with the encouragement of mighty souls like Schiller, whose words seem almost prophetic in the closeness of their application: *Wage du zu irren und zu träumen: Hoher Sinn liegt oft in kind'schem Spiel.* My sole aim has been the discovery of the truth; and if I have ever doubted that under some astounding detail of this childish allegory there lay an ultimate lesson, I have always been saved from disheartenment by the comforting assurance of our author himself: —

'"I can't tell you now what the moral of that is," said the metaphysical Duchess, "but I shall remember presently."

'"Perhaps it has n't one," Alice ventured to remark.

'"Tut, tut, child," said thé Duchess, "everything's got a moral, if only you can find it."'

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS[1]

BY JOHN MUIR

I LEARNED arithmetic in Scotland without understanding any of it, although I had the rules by heart. But when I was about fifteen or sixteen years of age I began to grow hungry for real knowledge, and persuaded father, who was willing enough to have me study provided my farm work was kept up, to buy me a higher arithmetic. Beginning at the beginning, in one summer I easily finished it, without assistance, in the short intervals between the end of dinner and the afternoon start for the harvest and hay-fields, accomplishing more without a teacher in a few scraps of time, than in years in school before my mind was ready for such work. Then in succession I took up algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and made some little progress in each, and reviewed grammar. I was fond of reading, but father brought only a few religious books from Scotland.

Fortunately, several of our neighbors brought a dozen or two of all sorts of books, which I borrowed and read, keeping all of them except the religious ones carefully hidden from father's eye. Among these were Scott's novels, which, like all other novels, were strictly forbidden, but devoured with glorious pleasure in secret. Father was easily persuaded to buy Josephus's *Wars of the Jews*, and D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*, and I tried hard to get him to buy Plutarch's *Lives*, which, as I told him, everybody, even religious people, praised as a grand good book; but he would have nothing to do with the old pagan until the graham bread and anti-flesh doctrines came suddenly into our backwoods neighborhood, making a stir something like phrenology and spirit-rappings, which were mysterious in their attacks as influenza. He then thought it possible that Plutarch might be turned to account on the food question by revealing what those old Greeks and Romans ate to make them strong; so at last we gained our glorious Plutarch.

Dick's *Christian Philosophy*, which I borrowed from a neighbor, I thought I might venture to read in the open, trusting that the word 'Christian' would be proof against its cautious condemnation. But father balked at the word 'Philosophy,' and quoted from the Bible a verse which spoke of 'philosophy falsely so-called.' I then ventured to speak in defense of the book, arguing that we could not do without at least a little of the most useful kinds of philosophy.

'Yes, we can,' he said, with enthusiasm, 'the Bible is the only book human beings can possible require throughout all the journey from earth to heaven.'

'But how,' I contended, 'can we find the way to heaven without the Bible, and how after we grow old can we read the Bible without a little helpful science? Just think, father, you cannot read your Bible without spectacles, and millions of others are in the same fix; and spectacles cannot be made

[1] Former chapters from John Muir's life have appeared in the past three issues of the *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

without some knowledge of the science of optics.'

'Oh,' he replied, perceiving the drift of the argument, 'there will always be plenty of worldly people to make spectacles.'

To this I stubbornly replied with a quotation from the Bible with reference to the time coming when 'all shall know the Lord from the least even to the greatest,' and then who will make the spectacles? But he still objected to my reading that book, called me a contumacious quibbler too fond of disputation, and ordered me to return it to the accommodating owner. I managed, however, to read it later.

On the food question father insisted that those who argued for a vegetable diet were in the right, because our teeth showed plainly that they were made with reference to fruit and grain, and not for flesh like those of dogs and wolves and tigers. He therefore promptly adopted a vegetable diet, and requested mother to make the bread from graham flour instead of bolted flour. Mother put both kinds on the table, and meat also, to let all the family take their choice; and while father was insisting on the foolishness of eating flesh, I came to her help by calling his attention to the passage in the Bible which told the story of Elijah the Prophet, who, when he was pursued by enemies who wanted to take his life, was hidden by the Lord by the brook Cherith, and fed by ravens; and surely the Lord knew what was good to eat, whether bread or meat. And on what, I asked, did the Lord feed Elijah? On vegetables or graham bread? No, he directed the ravens to feed his prophet on flesh. The Bible being the sole rule, father at once acknowledged that he was mistaken. The Lord never would have sent flesh to Elijah by the ravens if graham bread were better.

I remember as a great and sudden discovery that the poetry of the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton was a source of inspiring, exhilarating, uplifting pleasure and I became anxious to know all the poets, and saved up small sums to buy as many of their books as possible. Within three or four years I was the proud possessor of parts of Shakespeare's, Milton's, Cowper's, Henry Kirk White's, Campbell's, and Akenside's works, and quite a number of others seldom read nowadays. I think it was in my fifteenth year that I began to relish good literature with enthusiasm, and smack my lips over favorite lines; but there was desperately little time for reading, even in the winter evenings — only a few stolen minutes now and then.

Father's strict rule was, straight to bed immediately after family worship, which in winter was usually over by eight o'clock. I was in the habit of lingering in the kitchen with a book and candle after the rest of the family had retired, and considered myself fortunate if I got five minutes reading before father noticed the light and ordered me to bed; an order that, of course, I immediately obeyed. But night after night I tried to steal minutes in the same lingering way; and how keenly precious those minutes were, few nowadays can know. Father failed, perhaps, two or three times in a whole winter to notice my light for nearly ten minutes, magnificent golden blocks of time, long to be remembered like holidays or geological periods. One evening when I was reading Church History father was particularly irritable and called out with hope-killing emphasis, '*John, go to bed!* Must I give you a separate order every night to get you to go to bed? Now, I will have no irregularity in the family; you *must* go when the rest go, and without my having to tell you.' Then, as an afterthought, as if judging that his words

and tone of voice were too severe for so pardonable an offense, he unwarily added, 'If you *will* read, get up in the morning and read. You may get up in the morning as early as you like.'

That night I went to bed wishing with all my heart and soul that somebody or something might call me out of sleep to avail myself of this wonderful indulgence; and next morning, to my joyful surprise, I awoke before father called me. A boy sleeps soundly after working all day in the snowy woods, but that frosty morning I sprang out of bed as if called by a trumpet blast, rushed downstairs scarce feeling my chilblains, enormously eager to see how much time I had won; and, when I held up my candle to a little clock that stood on a bracket in the kitchen, I found that it was only one o'clock. I had gained five hours, almost half a day! 'Five hours to myself!' I said, 'five huge, solid hours!' I can hardly think of any other event in my life, any discovery I ever made that gave birth to joy so transportingly glorious as the possession of these five frosty hours.

In the glad tumultuous excitement of so much suddenly acquired time-wealth I hardly knew what to do with it. I first thought of going on with my reading, but the zero weather would make a fire necessary, and it occurred to me that father might object to the cost of firewood that took time to chop. Therefore I prudently decided to go down cellar, where I at least would find a tolerable temperature very little below the freezing point, for the walls were banked up in the fall to keep the potatoes from freezing. There were a few tools in a corner of the cellar, a vise, a few files, a hammer, and so forth, that father had brought from Scotland, but no saw excepting a coarse, crooked one that was unfit for sawing dry hickory or oak. So I made a fine-tooth saw suitable for my work out of a strip of steel that had formed part of an old-fashioned corset, that cut the hardest wood smoothly. I also made my own brad-awls and punches, a pair of compasses, and so forth, out of wire and old files, and went to work on a model of a self-setting sawmill I had invented.

Next morning I managed joyfully to get up at the same gloriously early hour. My cellar workshop was immediately under father's bed and the filing and tapping in making cog-wheels, journals, cams, and so forth, must no doubt have annoyed him; but with the permission he had granted, in his mind, and doubtless hoping that I would soon tire of getting up at one o'clock, he impatiently waited about two weeks before saying a word. I did not vary more than five minutes from one o'clock all winter, nor did I feel any bad effects whatever, nor did I think at all about the subject as to whether so little sleep might be in any way injurious; it was a grand triumph of will power over cold and common comfort and work-weariness in abruptly cutting down my ten hours' allowance of sleep to five. I simply felt that I was rich beyond anything I could have dreamed of or hoped for. I was far more than happy. Like Tam-o'-Shanter, I was 'glorious, O'er a' the ills of life victorious.'

Father, as was customary in Scotland, gave thanks and asked a blessing before meals, not merely as a matter of form and decent Christian manners, for he regarded food as a gift derived directly from the hands of the Father in heaven. Therefore every meal was to him a sacrament requiring conduct and attitude of mind not unlike that befitting the Lord's supper. No idle word was allowed to be spoken at our table, much less any laughing or fun or story-telling. When we were at the breakfast-table, about two weeks after the great

golden time-discovery, father cleared his throat, preliminary, as we all knew, to saying something considered important. I feared that it was to be on the subject of my early rising, and dreaded the withdrawal of the permission he had granted on account of the noise I made, but still hoping that, as he had given his word that I might get up as early as I wished, he would as a Scotchman stand to it, even though it was given in an unguarded moment and taken in a sense unreasonably far-reaching. The solemn sacramental silence was broken by the dreaded question, —

'John, what time is it when you get up in the morning?'

'About one o'clock,' I replied in a low, meek, guilty tone of voice.

'And what kind of a time is that, getting up in the middle of the night and disturbing the whole family?'

I simply reminded him of the permission he had freely granted me to get up as early as I wished.

'I *know* it,' he said, in an almost agonizing tone of voice; 'I *know* I gave you that miserable permission, but I never imagined that you would get up in the middle of the night.'

To this I cautiously made no reply, but continued to listen for the heavenly one-o'clock call, and it never failed.

After completing my self-setting sawmill I dammed one of the streams in the meadow and put the mill in operation. This invention was speedily followed by a lot of others, — water-wheels, curious door-locks and latches, thermometers, hygrometers, pyrometers, clocks, a barometer, an automatic contrivance for feeding the horses at any required hour, a lamp-lighter and fire-lighter, an early-or-late-rising machine, and so forth.

After the sawmill was proved and discharged from my mind, I happened to think it would be a fine thing to make a timekeeper which would tell the day of the week and the day of the month, as well as strike like a common clock and point out the hours; also to have an attachment whereby it could be connected with a bedstead to set me on my feet at any hour in the morning; also to start fires, light lamps, and so forth. I had learned the time laws of the pendulum from a book, but with this exception I knew nothing of timekeepers, for I had never seen the inside of any sort of clock or watch. After long brooding, the novel clock was at length completed in my mind, and was tried and found to be durable, and to work well and look well, before I had begun to build it in wood. I carried small parts of it in my pocket to whittle at when I was out at work on the farm, using every spare or stolen moment within reach without father's knowing anything about it.

In the middle of summer, when harvesting was in progress, the novel time-machine was nearly completed. It was hidden upstairs in a spare bedroom where some tools were kept. I did the making and mending on the farm; but one day at noon, when I happened to be away, father went upstairs for a hammer or something and discovered the mysterious machine back of the bedstead. My sister Margaret saw him on his knees examining it, and at the first opportunity whispered in my ear, 'John, fayther saw that thing you're making upstairs.' None of the family knew what I was doing, but they knew very well that all such work was frowned on by father, and kindly warned me of any danger that threatened my plans. The fine invention seemed doomed to destruction before its time-ticking commenced, although I had carried it so long in my mind that I thought it handsome, and like the nest of Burns's wee mousie it had cost me mony a weary whittling

nibble. When we were at dinner several days after the sad discovery, father began to clear his throat, and I feared the doom of martyrdom was about to be pronounced on my grand clock.

'John,' he inquired, 'what is that thing you are making upstairs?'

I replied in desperation that I did n't know what to call it.

'What! You mean to say you don't know what you are trying to do?'

'Oh, yes,' I said, 'I know very well what I am doing.'

'What then is the thing for?'

'It's for a lot of things,' I replied, 'but getting people up early in the morning is one of the main things it is intended for; therefore, it might perhaps be called an early-rising machine.'

After getting up so extravagantly early, to make a machine for getting up perhaps still earlier seemed so ridiculous that he very nearly laughed. But after controlling himself, and getting command of a sufficiently solemn face and voice, he said severely, 'Do you not think it is very wrong to waste your time on such nonsense?'

'No,' I said meekly, 'I don't think I'm doing any wrong.'

'Well,' he replied, 'I assure you I do; and if you were only half as zealous in the study of religion as you are in contriving and whittling these useless, nonsensical things, it would be infinitely better for you. I want you to be like Paul, who said that he desired to know nothing among men but Christ and Him crucified.'

To this I made no reply, gloomily believing my fine machine was to be burned, but still taking what comfort I could in realizing that anyhow I had enjoyed inventing and making it.

After a few days, finding that nothing more was to be said, and that father, after all, had not had the heart to destroy it, all necessity for secrecy being ended, I finished it in the half-hours that we had at noon, and set it in the parlor between two chairs, hung moraine boulders, that had come from the direction of Lake Superior, on it for weights, and set it running. We were then hauling grain into the barn. Father at this period devoted himself entirely to the Bible and did no farm work whatever. The clock had a good loud tick and when he heard it strike, one of my sisters told me that he left his study, went to the parlor, got down on his knees, and carefully examined the machinery, which was all in plain sight, not being inclosed in a case. This he did repeatedly, and evidently seemed a little proud of my ability to invent and whittle such a thing, though careful to give no encouragement for anything more of the kind in future.

But somehow it seemed impossible to stop. Inventing and whittling faster than ever, I made another hickory clock, shaped like a scythe to symbolize the scythe of Father Time. The pendulum is a bunch of arrows symbolizing the flight of time. It hangs on a leafless mossy oak snag showing the effect of time, and on the snath is written, 'All flesh is grass.' This, especially the inscription, rather pleased father, and of course mother and all my sisters and brothers admired it. Like the first, it indicates the days of the week and month, starts fires and beds at any given hour and minute, and though made more than fifty years ago, is still a good timekeeper.

My mind still running on clocks, I invented a big one like a town clock, with four dials, with the time figures so large they could be read by all our immediate neighbors as well as ourselves when at work in the fields, and on the side next the house the days of the week and month were indicated. It was to be placed on the peak of the barn roof. But just as it was all but

finished father stopped me, saying that it would bring too many people around the barn. I then asked permission to put it on the top of a black oak tree near the house. Studying the larger main branches I thought I could secure a sufficiently rigid foundation for it, while the trimmed sprays and leaves would conceal the angles of the cabin required to shelter the works from the weather, and the two-second pendulum, fourteen feet long, could be snugly incased on the side of the trunk. Nothing about the grand, useful timekeeper, I argued, would disfigure the tree, for it would look something like a big hawk's nest. 'But that,' he objected, 'would draw still bigger, bothersome trampling crowds about the place, for who ever heard of anything so queer as a big clock on the top of a tree.' So I had to lay aside its big wheels and cams and rest content with the pleasure of inventing it, and looking at it in my mind and listening to the deep, solemn throbbing of its long two-second pendulum, with its two old axes back to back for the bob.

One of my inventions was a large thermometer made of an iron rod, about three feet long and five-eighths of an inch in diameter, that had formed part of a wagon-box. The expansion and contraction of this rod was multiplied by a series of levers made of strips of hoop-iron. The pressure of the rod against the levers was kept constant by a small counterweight, so that the slightest change in the length of the rod was instantly shown on a dial about three feet wide, multiplied about thirty-two thousand times. The zero point was gained by packing the rod in wet snow. The scale was so large that the big black hand on the white painted dial could be seen distinctly, and the temperature read, while we were ploughing in the field below the house. The extremes of heat and cold caused the hand to make several revolutions. The number of these revolutions was indicated on a small dial marked on the larger one. This thermometer was fastened on the side of the house, and was so sensitive that when any one approached it within four or five feet the heat radiated from the observer's body caused the hand of the dial to move so fast that the motion was plainly visible, and when he stepped back, the hand moved slowly back to its normal position. It was regarded as a great wonder by the neighbors, and even by my own all-Bible father.

Talking over plans with me one day, a friendly neighbor said, 'Now, John, if you wish to get into a machine-shop, just take some of your inventions to the state fair, and you may be sure that as soon as they are seen they will open the door of any shop in the country for you. You will be welcomed everywhere.' And when I doubtingly asked if people would care to look at things made of wood, he said, 'Made of wood! Made of wood! What does it matter what they're made of when they are so out-and-out original. There's nothing else like them in the world. That is what will attract attention, and besides they're mighty handsome things anyway to come from the backwoods.' So I was encouraged to leave home and go at his direction to the state fair when it was being held in Madison.

When I told father that I was about to leave home, and inquired whether, if I should happen to be in need of money, he would send me a little, he said, 'No. Depend entirely on yourself.' Good advice, I suppose, but surely needlessly severe for a bashful home-loving boy who had worked so hard. I had the gold sovereign that my grandfather had given me when I left Scotland, and a few dollars, perhaps ten,

that I had made by raising a few bushels of grain on a little patch of sandy, abandoned ground. So when I left home to try the world I had only fifteen dollars in my pocket.

Strange to say, father carefully taught us to consider ourselves very poor worms of the dust, conceived in sin, and so forth, and devoutly believed that quenching every spark of pride and self-confidence was a sacred duty, without realizing that in so doing he might, at the same time, be quenching everything else. Praise he considered most venomous, and tried to assure me that when I was fairly out in the wicked world, making my own way, I would soon learn that, although I might have thought him a hard taskmaster at times, strangers were far harder. On the contrary, I found no lack of kindness and sympathy. All the baggage I carried was a package made up of the two clocks and a small thermometer made of a piece of old washboard, all three tied together, with no covering or case of any sort, the whole looking like one very complicated machine.

The aching parting from mother and my sisters was of course hard to bear. Father let David drive me down to Pardeeville, a place I had never before seen, though it is only nine miles south of the Hickory Hill farm. When we arrived at the village tavern it seemed deserted. Not a single person was in sight. I set my clock baggage on the rickety platform. David said good-bye and started for home, leaving me alone in the world. The grinding noise made by the wagon in turning short brought out the landlord, and the first thing that caught his eye was my strange bundle. Then he looked at me and said, 'Hello, young man, what's this?'

'Machines,' I said, 'for keeping time and getting up in the morning, and so forth.'

'Well! Well! That's a mighty queer get-up. You must be a Down-East Yankee. Where did you get the pattern for such a thing?'

'In my head,' I said.

Some one down the street happened to notice the landlord looking intently at something and came up to see what it was. Three or four people in that little village formed an attractive crowd, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the greater part of the population of Pardeeville stood gazing in a circle around my strange hickory belongings. I kept outside of the circle to avoid being seen, and had the advantage of hearing the remarks without being embarrassed.

I stayed overnight at this little tavern, waiting for a train. In the morning I went to the station, and set my bundle on the platform. Along came the thundering train, a glorious sight; the first train I had ever waited for. When the conductor saw my queer baggage, he cried, 'Hello! What have we here?'

'Inventions for keeping time, early rising, and so forth. May I take them into the car with me?'

'You can take them where you like,' he replied, 'but you had better give them to the baggage-master. If you take them into the car they will draw a crowd and might get broken.'

So I gave them to the baggage-master, and made haste to ask the conductor whether I might ride on the engine. He good-naturedly said, 'Yes, it's the right place for you. Run ahead, and tell the engineer what I say.' But the engineer bluntly refused to let me on, saying, 'It don't matter what the conductor told you. *I* say you can't ride on my engine.'

By this time the conductor, standing ready to start his train, was watching to see what luck I had, and when he saw me returning came ahead to meet me.

'The engineer won't let me on,' I reported.

'Won't he?' said the kind conductor. 'Oh, I guess he will. You come down with me.' And so he actually took the time and patience to walk the length of that long train to get me on to the engine.

'Charlie,' said he, addressing the engineer, 'don't you ever take a passenger?'

'Very seldom,' he replied.

'Anyhow, I wish you would take this young man on. He has the strangest machines in the baggage car I ever saw in my life. I believe he could make a locomotive. He wants to see the engine running. Let him on.' Then, in a low whisper, he told me to jump on, which I did gladly, the engineer offering neither encouragement nor objection.

As soon as the train was started the engineer asked what the 'strange thing' the conductor spoke of really was.

'Only inventions for keeping time, getting folks up in the morning, and so forth,' I hastily replied; and before he could ask any more questions I asked permission to go outside of the cab to see the machinery. This he kindly granted, adding, 'Be careful not to fall off, and when you hear me whistling for a station you come back, because if it is reported against me to the superintendent that I allow boys to run all over my engine, I might lose my job.'

Assuring him that I would come back promptly, I went out and walked along the footboard on the side of the boiler, watching the magnificent machine rushing through the landscape as if glorying in its strength like a living creature. While seated on the cow-catcher platform I seemed to be fairly flying, and the wonderful display of power and motion was enchanting. This was the first time I had ever been on a train, much less a locomotive, since I had left Scotland. When I got to Madison I thanked the kind conductor and engineer for my glorious ride, inquired the way to the fair, shouldered my inventions, and walked to the fair-ground.

When I applied for an admission ticket at a window by the gate I told the agent that I had something to exhibit.

'What is it?' he inquired.

'Well, here it is. Look at it.'

When he craned his neck through the window and got a glimpse of my bundle he cried excitedly, 'Oh! *you* don't need a ticket — come right in.'

When I inquired of the agent where such things as mine should be exhibited, he said, 'You see that building up on the hill with a big flag on it? That's the Fine Arts Hall and it's just the place for your wonderful invention.'

So I went up to the Fine Arts Hall and looked in, wondering if they would allow wooden things in so fine a place.

I was met at the door by a dignified gentleman who greeted me kindly and said, 'Young man, what have we got here?'

'Two clocks and a thermometer,' I replied.

'Did you make these? They look wonderfully beautiful and novel and must I think prove the most interesting feature of the fair.'

'Where shall I place them?' I inquired.

'Just look around, young man, and choose the place you like best, whether it is occupied or not. You can have your pick of all the building, and a carpenter to make the necessary shelving and assist you in every way possible!'

So I quickly had a shelf made large enough for all of them, went out on the hill and picked up some glacial boulders of the right size for weights, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the clocks were

running. They seemed to attract more attention than anything else in the hall. I got lots of praise from the crowd and the newspaper reporters. The local press reports were copied into the Eastern papers. It was considered wonderful that a boy on a farm had been able to invent and make such things, and almost every spectator foretold good fortune. But I had been so lectured by my father to avoid praise, above all things, that I was afraid to read those kind newspaper notices, and never clipped out or preserved any of them, just glanced at them, and turned away my eyes from beholding vanity, and so forth. They gave me a prize of ten or fifteen dollars, and a diploma for wonderful things not down in the list of exhibits.

Many years later, after I had written articles and books, I received a letter from the gentleman who had charge of the Fine Arts Hall. He proved to have been the Professor of English Literature in the University of Wisconsin at this fair-time, and long afterward he sent me clippings of reports of his lectures. He had a lecture on me, discussing style, and so forth, and telling how well he remembered my arrival at the hall in my shirt sleeves with those mechanical wonders on my shoulder, and so forth, and so forth. These inventions, though of little importance, opened all doors for me, and made marks that have lasted many years, simply because they were original and promising.

I was looking around in the mean time to find out where I should go to seek my fortune. An inventor at the fair, by the name of Wiard, was exhibiting an ice-boat he had invented to run on the upper Mississippi from Prairie du Chien to St. Paul during the winter months, explaining how useful it would be thus to make a highway of the river while it was closed to ordinary navigation by ice. After he saw my inventions, he offered me a place in his foundry and machine-shop in Prairie du Chien, and promised to assist me all he could. So I made up my mind to accept his offer and rode with him to Prairie du Chien in his ice-boat, which was mounted on a flat car. I soon found, however, that he was seldom at home, and that I was not likely to learn much at his small shop. I found a place where I could work for my board and devote my spare hours to mechanical drawing, geometry, and physics. Making but little headway, however, although the Pelton family for whom I worked were very kind, I made up my mind after a few months' stay in Prairie du Chien to return to Madison, hoping that in some way I might be able to gain an education.

At Madison I raised a few dollars by making and selling a few of those bedsteads that set the sleepers on their feet in the morning — inserting in the footboard the works of an ordinary clock that could be bought for a dollar. I also made a few dollars addressing circulars in an insurance office, while at the same time I was paying my board by taking care of a pair of horses and going errands. This is of no great interest except that I was thus earning my bread while hoping that something might turn up that would enable me to make money enough to enter the state university. This was my ambition, and it never wavered, no matter what I was doing. No university it seemed to me could be more admirably situated, and as I sauntered about it, charmed with its fine lawns and trees and beautiful lakes, and saw the students going and coming with their books, and occasionally practicing with a theodolite in measuring distances, I thought that if I could only join them it would be the greatest joy of life. I was desperately hungry and thirsty for knowledge and willing to endure anything to get it.

One day I chanced to meet a student who had noticed my inventions at the fair and now recognized me. And when I said, 'You are fortunate fellows to be allowed to study in this beautiful place; I wish I could join you,' — 'Well, why don't you?' he asked. 'I have n't money enough,' I said. 'Oh, as to money,' he reassuringly explained, 'very little is required. I presume you're able to enter the Freshman class, and you can board yourself, as quite a number of us do, at a cost of about a dollar a week. The baker and milkman come every day. You can live on bread and milk.' 'Well,' I thought, 'maybe I have money enough for at least one beginning term.' Anyhow I could n't help trying.

With fear and trembling, overladen with ignorance, I called on Professor Stirling, the dean of the faculty, who was then acting president, presented my case, told him how far I had got on with my studies at home, and that I had n't been to school since leaving Scotland at the age of eleven years (excepting one short term of a couple of months at a district school), because I could not be spared from the farm work. After hearing my story the kind professor welcomed me to the glorious university — next, it seemed to me, to the Kingdom of Heaven. After a few weeks in the preparatory department, I entered the Freshman class. In Latin I found that one of the books in use I had already studied in Scotland. So after an interruption of a dozen years I began my Latin over again where I had left off; and strange to say, most of it came back to me, especially the grammar which I had committed to memory at the Dunbar Grammar School.

During the four years that I was in the university I earned enough in the harvest-fields during the long summer vacations to carry me through the balance of each year, working very hard, cutting with a cradle four acres of wheat a day, and helping to put it in the shock. But having to buy books and paying I think thirty-two dollars a year for instruction, and occasionally buying acids and retorts, glass tubing, bell-glasses, flasks, and so forth, I had to cut down expenses for board now and then to half a dollar a week.

One winter I taught school ten miles north of Madison, earning much-needed money at the rate of twenty dollars a month, 'boarding round,' and keeping up my university work by studying at night. As I was not then well enough off to own a watch, I used one of my hickory clocks, not only for keeping time, but for starting the school-fire in the cold mornings, and regulating class times. I carried it out on my shoulder to the old log schoolhouse, and set it to work on a little shelf nailed to one of the knotty, bulging logs. The winter was very cold, and I had to go to the schoolhouse and start the fire about eight o'clock, to warm it before the arrival of the scholars. This was a rather trying job, and one that my clock might easily be made to do. Therefore, after supper one evening, I told the head of the family with whom I was boarding that if he would give me a candle I would go back to the schoolhouse and make arrangements for lighting the fire at eight o'clock, without my having to be present until time to open the school at nine. He said, 'Oh, young man, you have some curious things in the school-room, but I don't think you can do that.' I said, 'Oh, yes! It's easy'; and in hardly more than an hour the simple job was completed.

I had only to place a teaspoonful of powdered chlorate of potash and sugar on the stove hearth near a few shavings and kindlings, and at the required time make the clock, through a simple arrangement, touch the inflam-

mable mixture with a drop of sulphuric acid. Every evening after school was dismissed I shoveled out what was left of the fire into the snow, put in a little kindling, filled up the big box-stove with heavy oak wood, placed the lighting arrangement on the hearth, and set the clock to drop the acid at the hour of eight; all this requiring only a few minutes.

The first morning after I had made this simple arrangement I invited the doubting farmer to watch the old squat schoolhouse from a window that overlooked it, to see if a good smoke did not rise from the stovepipe. Sure enough, on the minute, he saw a tall column curling gracefully up through the frosty air; but, instead of congratulating me on my success, he solemnly shook his head and said in a hollow, lugubrious voice, 'Young man, you will be setting fire to the schoolhouse.' All winter long that faithful clock-fire never failed, and by the time I got to the schoolhouse the stove was usually red-hot.

At the beginning of the long summer vacations I returned to the Hickory Hill farm to earn the means in the harvest-fields to continue my university course, walking all the way to save railroad fares. And although I cradled four acres of wheat a day, I made the long hard sweaty day's work still longer and harder by keeping up my study of plants. At the noon hour I collected a large handful, put them in water to keep them fresh, and after supper got to work on them, and sat up till after midnight, analyzing and classifying, thus leaving only four hours for sleep; and by the end of the first year after taking up botany I knew the principal flowering plants of the region.

I received my first lesson in botany from a student by the name of Griswold who is now county judge of the county of Waukesha, Wisconsin. In the university he was often laughed at on account of his anxiety to instruct others, and his frequently saying with fine emphasis, 'Imparting instruction is my greatest enjoyment.'

Nevertheless I still indulged my love of mechanical inventions. I invented a desk in which the books I had to study were arranged in order at the beginning of each term. I also made a bed which set me on my feet every morning at the hour determined on, and in dark winter mornings just as the bed set me on the floor it lighted a lamp. Then, after the minutes allowed for dressing had elapsed, a click was heard and the first book to be studied was pushed up from a rack below the top of the desk, thrown open, and allowed to remain there the number of minutes required. Then the machinery closed the book and allowed it to drop back into its stall; then moved the rack forward and threw up the next in order, and so on, all the day being divided according to the times of recitation, and the time required and allotted to each study. Besides this, I thought it would be a fine thing in the summer-time when the sun rose early, to dispense with the clock-controlled bed-machinery, and make use of sunbeams instead. This I did simply by taking a lens out of my small spy-glass, fixing it on a frame on the sill of my bedroom window, and pointing it to the sunrise; the sunbeams focused on a thread burned it through, allowing the bed-machinery to put me on my feet. When I wished to get up at any given time after sunrise I had only to turn the pivoted frame that held the lens the requisite number of degrees or minutes. Thus I took Emerson's advice and hitched my dumping-wagon bed to a star.

Although I was four years at the university, I did not take the regular course of studies, but instead picked

out what I thought would be most useful to me, particularly chemistry, which opened a new world, and mathematics and physics, a little Greek and Latin, botany and geology. I was far from satisfied with what I had learned, and should have stayed longer. Anyhow I wandered away on a glorious botanical and geological excursion, which has lasted nearly fifty years and is not yet completed, always happy and free, poor and rich, without thought of a diploma or of making a name, urged on and on through endless inspiring Godful beauty.

From the top of a hill on the north side of Lake Mendota I gained a last wistful lingering view of the beautiful university grounds and buildings where I had spent so many hungry and happy and hopeful days. There with streaming eyes I bade my blessed Alma Mater farewell. But I was only leaving one university for another, the Wisconsin University for the University of the Wilderness.

(*The End.*)

ENTERTAINING THE CANDIDATE

BY KATHARINE BAKER

Bag in hand, brother stops in for fifteen minutes, from campaigning, to get some clean shirts. He says the candidate will be in town day after to-morrow. Do we want him to come here, or shall he go to a hotel?

We want him, of course. But we deprecate the brevity of this notice. Also the cook and chambermaid are new, and remarkably inexpert. Brother, however, declines to feel any concern. His confidence in our power to cope with emergencies is flattering if exasperating.

There is nothing in the markets at this time of year. Guests have a malignant facility in choosing such times. We scour the country for forty miles in search of green vegetables. We confide in the fishmonger, who grieves sympathetically over the 'phone, because all crabs are now cold-storage, and he'd be deceiving us if he said otherwise.

Still we are determined to have luncheon prepared in the house. Last time the august judge dined with us we summoned a caterer from a hundred miles away, and though the caterer's food was good, it was late. We love promptness, and we are going to have it. Ladies knew all about efficiency long before Mr. Frederick Taylor. Only they could n't teach it to servants, and he would find he could n't either. But every mistress of a house knows how to make short cuts, and is expert at 'record production' in emergencies.

The casual brother says there will be one or two dozen people at luncheon. He will telephone us fifteen minutes before they arrive. Yes, really, that's the best he can do.

So we prepare for one or two dozen

people, and they must sit down to luncheon because men hate a buffet meal. We struggle with the problem, how many chickens are required for twelve or twenty-four people? The answer, however, is really obvious. Enough for twenty-four will be enough for twelve.

Day after to-morrow arrives. The gardener comes in to lay hearth-fires and carry tables. We get out china and silver. We make salad and rolls, fruit-cup and cake. We guide the cook's faltering steps over the critical moments of soup and chicken. We do the oysters in our own particular way, which we fancy inimitable. We arrange bushels of flowers in bowls, vases, and baskets, and set them on mantels, tables, book-cases, everywhere that a flower can find a footing. The chauffeur comes in proudly with the flower-holder from the limousine, and we fill it in honor of the distinguished guest.

Then we go outside to see that the approach to the house is satisfactory. The bland old gardener points to the ivy-covered wall, and says with innocent joy, '— — it, ain't that ivory the prettiest thing you ever saw in your life?' And we can't deny that the lawn looks well, with ivy, and cosmos, and innumerable chrysanthemums.

The cook and chambermaid will have to help wait on the table. The chambermaid, who is what the butler contemptuously calls 'an educated nigger,' and so knows nothing useful, announces that she has no white uniform. All she has is a cold in her head. We give her a blouse and skirt, wondering why Providence does n't eliminate the unfit.

We run upstairs to put on our costliest shoes and stockings, and our most perishable gown. The leisurely brother gets us on the wire to say that there will be twenty guests in ten minutes.

Descending, we reset the tables to seat twenty guests, light the wood-fires, toss together twenty mint-juleps, and a few over for luck, repeat our clear instructions to the goggling chambermaid, desperately implore the butler to see that she keeps on the job, drop a last touch of flavoring in the soup, and are sitting by the fire with an air of childish gayety and carelessness when the train of motor-cars draws up to the door.

Here is the judge, courteous and authoritative. Here is his assiduous suite. The room fills with faces well known in every country that an illustrated newspaper can penetrate. From the Golden Gate and the Rio Grande, from New York and Alabama, these men have come together, intent on wresting to themselves the control of the Western Hemisphere. Now they are a sort of highly respectable guerillas. To-morrow, very likely, they will be awe-inspiring magnates.

Theoretically we are impressed. Actually they have mannerisms, and some of them wear spectacles. We reflect that the triumvirs very likely had mannerisms, too, and Antony himself might have been glad to own spectacles. We try to feel reverence for the high calling of these men. We hope they'll like our luncheon.

The butler brings in the juleps and we maintain a detached look, as though those juleps were just a happy thought of the butler himself, and we were as much surprised as anybody. The judge won't have one, but most everybody else will. The newspaper men look love and gratitude at the butler.

That earnest youth is the judge's secretary. The huge, iron-gray man expects to be a governor after November fifth, if dreams come true. The amiable old gentleman who never leaves the judge's side, has come two thousand miles out of pure political enthusiasm, to protect the candidate

from assassins. He can do it, too, we conclude, when we look past his smiling mouth into his steely eyes.

Here is the campaign manager, business man and man-of-the-world.

This pretty little newspaper-woman from Utah implores us to get an utterance on suffrage from the judge. Just a word. It will save him thousands of votes. Well, she's a dear little thing, but we can't take advantage of our guest.

Luncheon is announced. Brother, slightly apologetic, murmurs that there are twenty-three. Entirely unforeseen. He babbles incoherently.

But it's all right. We women won't come to the table. Voting and eating and things like that are better left to the men anyway. Why should women want to do either, when they have fathers and brothers to do it for them? We can sit in the gallery and watch. It's very nice for us. And exclusive. Nothing promiscuous. Yes, go on. We'll wait.

Whoever is listening to our conversation professes heartbreak at our decision, and edges toward the rapidly filling dining-room.

We sit down to play lady of leisure, in various affected attitudes. We are not going near the kitchen again. The luncheon is simple. Everything is perfectly arranged. The servants can do it all. It's mere machine work.

From afar we observe the soup vanishing. Then one by one we stammer, — 'The mayonnaise —' — 'I wonder if the rolls are hot —' — 'Cook's coffee is impossible,' — fade silently up the front stair, and scurry down the kitchen-way.

We cover the perishable gown with a huge white apron, we send up a fervent prayer for the costly shoes, and go where we are needed most.

We save the day for good coffee. With the precision of a juggler we rescue plates from the chambermaid, who is overcome by this introduction to the great world and dawdles contemplatively through the pantry door. Charmed with our proficiency, she stands by our side, and watches us clear a shelf of china in the twinkling of an eye. If she could find a stool, she would sit at our feet, making motion studies. But she could n't find it if it were already there. She could n't find anything. We order her back to the dining-room, where she takes up a strategic position by the window, from which she can idly survey the mob outside, and the hungry men within.

The last coffee-cup has passed through the doorway. Cigars and matches are circulating in the butler's capable hands. No more need for us.

We shed the enveloping aprons, disappear from the kitchen, and materialize again, elegantly useless, in the drawing-room. Nobody can say that luncheon was n't hot and promptly served.

Chairs begin to clatter. They are rising from the table. A brass band outside bursts into being.

Brother had foretold that band to us, and we had expressed vivid doubts. He said it would cost eighty dollars. Now eighty dollars in itself is a respectable sum, a sum capable even of exerting some mild fascination, but eighty dollars viewed in relation to a band becomes merely ludicrous.

We said an eighty-dollar band was a thing innately impossible, like free-trade, or a dachshund. Brother attested that the next best grade of band would demand eight hundred. We justly caviled at eight hundred. We inquired, Why any band? Brother claimed that it would make a cheerful noise, and we yielded.

So at this moment the band begins to make a noise. We perceive at once that the price was accurately gauged.

It is unquestionably an eighty-dollar band. We begin to believe in dachshunds.

To these supposedly cheerful strains the gentlemen stream into the drawing-room. They beam repletely. They tell us what a fine luncheon it was. They are eloquent about it. All the conditions of their entertainment were ideal, they would have us believe. They imply that we are mighty lucky, in that our men can provide us with such a luxurious existence. They smile with majestic benignity at these fair, but frivolous, pensioners on masculine bounty. American women are petted, helpless dolls, anyway. Foreigners have said so. They clasp our useless hands in fervent farewells. They proceed in state to the waiting cars. They hope we will follow them to the meeting. Oh, yes, we will come, though incapable of apprehending the high problems of government.

Led by the honest band, surrounded by flags, followed by cheers, they disappear in magnificent procession. Now we may straggle to the dining-room and eat cold though matchless oysters, tepid chicken, and in general whatever there is any left of.

The chambermaid has broken a lovely old Minton plate. We are glad we did n't use the coffee-cups that were made in France for Dolly Madison. She would have enjoyed wrecking those.

We hurry, because we don't want to miss the meeting altogether. We think enviously of the men. In our secret souls, we'd like to campaign. We love to talk better than anything else in the world, and we could make nice speeches, too. But we must do the oysters and the odd jobs, and keep the hearth-fires going, like responsible vestal virgins. It's woman's sphere. Man gave it to her because he did n't want it himself.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON ADOPTING ONE'S PARENTS

It is strange how persistently one is dogged and tracked down by one's dreams. A dream is the toughest of living things. I myself have been hounded through life by an ideal. As an infant I burned with a spirit of adoption, expansive, indiscriminate, impersonal; while I was still of years to be myself coddled and kissed, curled, cribbed, scoured, and spanked, I imaged myself the mother of an orphan asylum. Still uncertain in speech, I lisped lullabies to armfuls of babies, of every size, sex, and condition. The babies were delivered at my door by packet, singly and by the dozen, in all degrees of filth, abuse, and emaciation. Vigorously I tubbed them, fed them, bedded them, patted them, or paddywhacked them, just as my maternal conscience demanded. Oh, it was a brave institution, that orphan asylum of mine; it solaced my waking hours, and at night I fell asleep sucking the thumb of philanthropy.

The orphan asylum lasted into my teens, and then it contracted, restricted itself in the sex and number to be admitted; but the spirit of things was much the same; for he was to be lonely

and abused, world-worn and weary, and twenty-nine or thirty perhaps. Gladly would he seek refuge for his battered head on the wise and wifely bosom of sixteen. But he did n't. The brisk little years came trudging along, and they carried him and my sixteenth birthday far and far away, but still the world, for all of me, was unadopted. Then the orphan asylum came sneaking back again, but this time it was only one, — one baby. Why could not I, I asked myself, when the days of my spinsterhood should be grown less busy, pick up a bit of a boy- or girl-thing, and run off with it, and have it for my own, somewhere in the house where Joy lives?

Then, while I dreamed of these things, I heard a little noise outside, and there at my door sat two waifs and strays whom fate and fortune had tossed and buffeted until they were forespent. I lifted up the hat of the one, and I undid the blessed bonnet-strings of the other, and lo, it was my parents; and here was my orphan asylum at last, fallen on my very doorstep!

Only consider how much better fortune had done for me than I should have done for myself! How much better than adopting an unlimited orphan asylum, a stray foundling, or a spouse 'so outwearied, so foredone,' as the one previously mentioned, was it to find myself in a twinkling the proud possessor of a lusty brace of parents between whom and the world I stand as natural protector! Here is adoption enough for me. My orphan asylum, my foundling, my husband, might have been to me for shame and undoing. The asylum might have gone on a mutiny; the foundling might have broken out all over in hereditary tendencies; for the choice flowers of English speech in which I should have sought to instruct its infant tongue, the vicious suckling might have returned me profanity and spontaneous billingsgate; it might too have been vulgar, tending to sneak into corners and chew gum. These are not things I have reason to expect of my parents. As for a man, — a living, eating, smoking man, — I need not enlarge on the temerity of a woman who would voluntarily adopt into a well-regulated heart a totally unexplored husband.

No; if a woman will adopt, parents are the best material for the purpose. They will not be insubordinate; from the days when from the vantage of my high chair I clamored sharply with my spoon for attention, and received it, have they not been carefully trained in the docility befitting all good American parents? Nor, being in their safe and sober sixties, are they likely to blossom into naughtinesses, large or small, so that the folk will shoot out their lorgnettes at me, sneering, 'Pray is this the best you can do in the way of imparting a bringing-up?' — And how much better than an adopted husband are an adopted father and mother! They will not go about tapping cigar ashes over my maidenly prejudices; they will tread gingerly and not make a horrid mess of my very best emotions. Yes; to all ladies about to adopt, I recommend parents.

I warn you, however, that you must go about your adopting pretty cautiously. It is never the desire of the genuinely adoptive to inspire awe, still less gratitude. The parent becomes shy under adoption; at first he recoiled from my fire that warmed him, and she held back from my board that fed her. They flagrantly declared that they wanted to go home, — their own home, the home that was n't there. But I held on to them, affirming that I had caught them, fair prey in a fair chase, and never, never would I let them escape into any little old den in a great waste world that they might have

the bad taste to prefer. At this they sulked, courteously, resignedly. Worst of all, they looked at me with the strange eyes with which one regards that alien to all men, a benefactor. The adopter must be patient, — waiting, showing slowly how shabby it is of parents, when their children give them bread, to give them in return that stone, gratitude.

Thus, after a while, the parents will find themselves growing warm and well-fed and cosy and comfortable, and they will begin to put forth little shoots of sprightliness and glee. Instead of concealing their shabby feet under petticoats and desks and tables, out will come the tattered seam and worn sole, and, 'Shoe me, child!' the parent will cry. Or, when one goes tripping and comes home again, the parents will come swarming about one's pockets and one's portmanteau demanding, 'What have you brought me, daughter?' These are the things the adopter was waiting and watching for, and wanting.

Thus my dreams have come true, my ideal has found me. In the streets and on the trolleys of the world I am no longer a stranger. 'Allow me, sir, my turn at the car-strap, none of your airs with me, if you please; despite petticoats, I, too, am a family man. I am none of your lonely ones; I, also, belong to a latch-key, have mouths to feed, have little ones at home.' At the sound of my key they will fly down the stairs, fall upon and welcome me in to my hearth and my slippers, and together in the fire-glow, the parents and I shall have our glorious topsy-turvy Children's Hour.

You, sir, who elbow me going businessward, are you plotting surprises for birthdays and Christmas Days and holidays and other days? So, too, I. Sometimes a pretty little check comes in, not too small nor yet so big as to be serious. Then I scamper over the house until I find him. The rascal knows what's coming. We regard the check right-side up first, then over I flip it on its face and write, 'Pay to the order of ——,' and by that time down he is and deep he is, among those precious book-catalogues previously annotated, noting wantonly, like the prodigal father heaven made him.

Do you, sir, in your pride and fatness, marshal your brood to the theatre? So I, mine. And do the eyes of your brood, that is young, glow and brighten, twinkle or grow dim, as you watch, half so prettily as do those of my brood, that is old? Can you, you commonplace, sober-going fathers and mothers of families obtained by the ordinary conventions of nature, know the fine, aromatic flavor of my fun?

What exhilaration have you known like my pride of saying, 'Whist you, there, parents out in the cold world, in here quick, where it is warm, where I am! in, away from that bogey, Old Age, who will catch you if he can, — and who will catch me, too, before the time, if I don't have you to be young for!'

WHAT WOULD JANE SAY?

Was it not Jane Austen, most scrupulous and also most aristocratic of artists, who dared to reply to the Prince Regent's request for an historical novel, that she did not feel it possible to undertake work outside the limits of her own observation? Disloyal, and yet most loyal, Jane! who said much of forms and respect, whose heads of families are 'looked up to' by circle upon circle of kinsmen and neighbors, who said less than little of Art and Structure and Theme, but who could, upon occasion, daintily and distinctly make her choice between deferences, and follow the voice of her artistic con-

science. Why is there not more of Jane with us? with us who make and buy many editions of her and write essays upon her, deliver lectures upon her, construct synopses of her, and wring the withers of the undergraduate by sternly bidding him note that, at his age, Miss Austen had finished *Pride and Prejudice*.

It is good for criticism that it be personal and intimate. Why, for instance, when even I wish to go over to the majority and write a short story, why do not I overhaul my bedside copy of Jane and make note of that one most golden precept, to remain within the limits of my own observation? Suffice that I do not. *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*. I rise from a diet of Italian vermicelli and cold Slav, or from long observation of those patient jewelers whom Thackeray unconsciously immortalized as Messrs. Howell and James of Bond Street, and I go out in search of a situation. Or rather, I combine shop-worn bits in that literary bargain-counter, my mind. And I picture to myself a man, a man of some forty years, pacing his bachelor chambers, looking out ever and anon into a dull, wintry, London street, and returning toward his bookcases by a desk littered with the pads, the proof-sheets, the marked volumes of the professional writer. He sits down and draws to him paper and the letter he has to answer, which, with the privilege of my class, I read over his shoulder. From a woman, of course, and a woman of dignity, though loving. 'Do not,' she writes, 'make the unavoidable harder for us both. We have both seen it clearly, planned for it. Father's need does not grow less, and we must still put away the thought of futures.'

And now, nothing being further from me than the male mind, or the male mind working under such circumstances, I have decided that a short story can be constructed out of his answer. For would not the manufacture of that answer enable me to display Method, Subtlety, Technique? could not I, by taking much thought, create for posterity the picture of a very mean mind of literary ability trying to wound a woman's heart? Could not I, by showing the various stages of that letter, the evolutions of the brain contriving it, succeed in ingeniously building up, by implication, two human characters and their mutual past? By implication only, — no vulgar direct narrative.

Opportunity is here abundant for the management of that much-prized thing, to be spoken of only with respectful capitals,—Suggestive Detail. My hero, my subject rather, reaches a point in his composition where the chill fear strikes him that a dexterous turn of phrase, colored rich with reminiscence of some older artist, and yet his own, which flows from his pen, has been used by him recently. Accursed human trick of repetition! He searches his memory for evidence to convict or clear himself. Unfortunately the rough draft of that other letter was not kept as usual, and a temporary illness had prevented its harvesting into the note-book. But the matter is serious, since the two women are friends. Women, one knows, are not of stern stuff; the stricter masculine code of honor does not prevail among them. Letters have been shown, letters may yet be shown.— Thus would I suggest, subtly, as one perceives, and stiffening the too-fluid movement of my narrative by allusion and echo from older literature. And my final phrase, that was long ago decided upon. The letter dispatched, the door closing upon the silent servant, who goes out into the storm with the perfected work in his hand, the writer should fling himself with a sigh of satisfaction upon the fireside couch, and

take down a volume of Meredith with a sense of intellectual kinship.

What would Jane say? I think I hear an echo, — 'outside the limits of my own observation.' And yet, indignant, I demand, What would Jane write about in my place? Would Jane go out into the kitchen and gather the romantic material which flourishes there hot and hot while I do rechauffés in the study? The cook is thirty-five, short-tempered but sunshiny; she has been divorced, and her one child lies buried far away in a prairie state; her husband, after drunken threats and wearisome prayers for forgiveness, has at length gone his solitary road; the absurdly opportune 'lover of my childhood,' with no money saved in the past, no prospect of work in the future, and a very large black cigar in his mouth in the present, has appeared. And my cook, regardless of these many tenses, is trustfully featherstitching her middle-aged trousseau without heed to the angry contempt of all the old ladies in the neighborhood. It is a Mary Wilkins idyl of New England fidelity, an Esther Waters of Chicago.

And yet again, — What would Jane say? Are these my observations? Because my cook lives in my kitchen, is she therefore my raw material? Do not I see, alas! that in thinking of her I put her in her literary class, that I have an obsession of literature and no experiences? Who shall cleanse me from these masses of vicarious and superincumbent knowledge and give me to find myself?

Well may I guess that no word of reply would be Jane's. In whatever nook she sits sewing, she only smiles.

FROM CONCORD TO SYRIA

What have I brought with me from the Paradise of the New World, you ask. What have I gained in the country of gold and iron, of freedom and trusts? How much have I accumulated in the land of plenty and profusion — how big a draft do I present at the Imperial Ottoman Bank? Ah, yes! These are pertinent questions, my neighbor. I went to America with a lean purse; I came back, alas! not purseful but purseless. Do not conclude from this, however, that I am poor. On the contrary, I deposit in many banks, including the Bank of Wisdom; and my credit is good in many kingdoms, including the Kingdom of the Soul. And of a truth, the more I draw on my accounts, no matter how big the sum, the bigger my balance becomes. This is, indeed, a miracle of the Soul — a paradox not defined or described in the illustrated catalogues of marketmen.

> His best companions, innocence and health:
> And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

I come back to my native country with no ulterior political or maleficent purpose. I am not here to undermine the tottering throne of his Eminence the Patriarch; nor to rival his Excellency the Pasha in his political jobbery and his *éclat;* nor to supersede any decorated *chic* Bey in office; nor to erect a filature near that of my rich neighbor; nor to apply for a franchise to establish a trolley-car system in the Lebanons. 'Blameless and harmless, the sons of God.' And I share with them at least the last attribute, Excellencies, and worthy Signiors. I return to my native mountains on a little — er — private business, — only, perhaps, to see the cyclamens of the season again. And I have brought with me from the Eldorado across the Atlantic a pair of walking shoes and three books published respectively in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. The good Gray Poet, the Sage of Concord, and the Recluse of Walden are my only companions in this *grand congé.* Whitman and

Emerson and Thoreau are come to pay you a visit, my beloved Syria.

But who are these strangers? I am asked. Why do they come so late? What is their mission to Syria, that is to say, their design upon her? Ah, dear Mother, my companions are neither missionaries, nor travelers, nor philanthropists. They come not to shed tears with you — like the paid mourners of antiquity; they come not to gaze at your ruins and rob you of the remnants of your temples and your gods; they come not to pity your poverty and trim the sacred ragged edges of the garment of your glory. My companions knew and loved you long before you became the helpless victim of cormorant hierarchs and decorated obscurants and rogues. Not that they ever visited you in the flesh; but clothed in the supernal and eternal mystery of genius, they continue to live and journey in the world of the human spirit, even like your ancient cedars, even like your sacred legends.

With a little digression I shall endeavor to make my companions better known to you. The elecampane, that most peculiar of perennial herbs, is not a stranger to your roads and fields. Its odor is strong, acrid, penetrating; the slightest touch of it has an immediate and enduring effect. When you approach it, you must, willy-nilly, carry away with you some token of its love. And one of its idiosyncrasies is that it only blooms when the hills and fields are shorn of every other variety of flower. It is the message of spring to autumn — the *billet doux*, as it were, of May to September. It bursts with beautiful yellow flowers, to console the almost flowerless season. And when all the bushes and herbs of the Lebanon coppices and fields are glorying in their fragrance and beauty, the elecampane waves its mucilaginous and wilted branches in perfect self-satisfaction. But when Nature withholds her favors from these wild daughters of spring, the flowering of the elecampane begins in good earnest. Ay, the life beautiful is not denied even this bold and ungainly plant, which is ubiquitous in these hills. On the waysides, in the fields, on the high ridges, in the pine forests, over terraces and under grapevines, it grows and glories in its abundance, and in its pungent generosity. Ah, how it fans and flatters the thistle; how it nestles round the lilies in the valley; how it spreads itself beneath the grapevines; how it waves its pennant of self-satisfaction on yonder height! Here, beneath an oak or a pine, it stands erect in its arrogance; there, it is bending over the humble crocus, or sheltering the delicate and graceful cyclamen.

Whitman is the elecampane in the field of poetry.

The furze, on the other hand, is the idol of your heaths and copses. This plant, of course, is not without its thorn. But its smooth and tender stem, its frail and fragrant yellow blossoms, — those soft, wee shells of amber, — the profusion and the symmetry of its bushes, the delicacy of its tone of mystery, all tend to emphasize its attractive and inviting charms. A furze-bush in full bloom is the crowning glory of your heaths and copses, thickly overgrown. In the *wadis* below one seldom meets with the furze; it only abounds on the hill-tops, among gray cliffs and crannied rocks and boulders, where even the ferns and poppies feel at home. And a little rest on one of these smooth, fern-spread rock-couches, under the cool and shady arbor of furze-bushes, in their delicate fragrance of mystery, is ineffable delight to a pilgrim soul. Here, indeed, is a happy image of Transcendentalism. Here is Emerson for me, — a furze-bush in full bloom.

Now let me go down the valley to introduce to you the third of my companions, the stern and unique Thoreau. You are no doubt acquainted with the terebinth and the nenuphar. They are very rare in your valleys and forests. The terebinth is mantled in a vague and mystic charm; its little heart-shaped pods, filled with gum and incense, bespeak an esoteric beauty. Not that Thoreau ever dealt in incense. What he had of it, he kept for his own beatific self.

Yes, the terebinth is a symbol of the moralist in Thoreau. And the nenuphar, with its delicate and cream-colored blossoms, — the choicest in your dells and dales, — is a symbol of the poet. The first represents for me the vigorous and ruthless thinker; the second, the singer, sweet and quaint. For does not the terebinth stand alone in a pine grove, or beneath some mighty ridge, or over some high and terribly abrupt precipice? And so, too, the nenuphar. The terebinth, moreover, can bear fruits of poetry. Graft upon it a pistachio and it will give forth those delicious and æsthetic nuts, — those little emeralds in golden shells, — so rare outside of Asia.

These, then, are my companions, dear Mother. The terebinth and the nenuphar of your valleys — Thoreau. The flowering furze-bush on your hill-tops with a smooth and mighty boulder for its throne — Emerson. The acrid elecampane in your fields, on your wayssides, in your vineyards — Whitman.

And if the symbol does not fit the subject, or the subject is not at ease in the symbol, the fault is not mine; for my American walking shoes are new, and my Oriental eyes are old. But those who slip on the way, believe me, often see deeper than those who do not.

THE AMERICAN WAGE-EARNER AGAIN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

November 14, 1912.

To the Editor of The Atlantic.

Sir, — In the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there was an article by W. Jett Lauck, headed 'A Real Myth.'

Mr. Lauck is well-informed about immigration matters and the various nationalities employed in the textile and other mills.

It is true that the native American wage-earner has largely disappeared from the textile and other mills, and that his place has been taken by foreigners of various nationalities. The American has not been driven out, and is not non-existent. He is in demand, and employed on railroads and in many other occupations.

Mr. Lauck says: 'It is apparent that our wage-earners are not getting their proper share of tariff benefits, and that their compensation might be greatly increased without any serious injury to profits or to industry. The rates paid to workers in the iron and steel, paper and news-print, and the cotton, woolen, and worsted goods industries, for example, might be doubled, and still leave large profits to be divided by

the manufacturer and the wholesale and retail merchants.'

This statement is entirely erroneous as regards the textile industries. I know this perfectly well from my connection with various textile manufacturing mills. Doubling wages would not only destroy all profits, but would make a large annual deficit. The foreign wage-earners in these mills are certainly securing their share of protection from the tariff, and the wages received, low, perhaps, compared with some of the more arduous and skilled employments, suffice to draw thousands of them to this country from Europe, where the wages are very much less, while they are such here as enable them to send large amounts of money abroad annually. Their method of living in many cases is very objectionable, but it is not under the control of the corporations employing them, and is either such as they are used to abroad or is adopted as a means of saving money for remittance home.

It is not true that the recent mechanical inventions have rendered skilled operatives unnecessary. Neither is it true that the labor unions have been disrupted, or that they are not in a position to demand advance in wages.

The Tariff Board secured costs of goods made in American mills, as their books and accounts were freely shown, but they had much less opportunity for getting the actual wages paid in England, and still less on the continent of Europe. It was not very important that they should get the actual costs on foreign goods, because the determining cause of competitive importations is the *price* of the goods in foreign markets. The cost of American goods, as stated by the Tariff Board, was the cost at the mill, and did not take into account heavy charges for depreciation, taxes, interest, general expenses, and selling-costs. The high rate of duty on worsted goods is largely caused by exorbitant duties on raw wool, a charge from which all manufacturing nations of Europe are free.

Mr. Lauck also says the tariff protects the manufacturer by imposing restrictions upon commodities, and thus enables him to *control* local markets and prices. This is certainly not a correct statement, and in all textile industries there is most intense competition.

Yours very truly,

ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

December 11, 1912.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC.

Sir, — My comment upon Mr. Lyman's letter is as follows: —

1. Mr. Lyman states that the American wage-earner has been displaced in textile establishments but that he has gone into better occupations. There is no evidence to support this statement, and, although numerous attempts have been made to follow out these race-substitutions, none have been successful. The native American may have gone into more highly remunerative work, but all the data which I have been able to obtain indicate that Americans have not found more lucrative employment. My contention is, however, that, if immigration had been restricted, the original employees in textile establishments would have remained, and would have had their wages greatly increased without interfering with the profits of the mill-owner, provided, of course, the protective tariff remained in force.

2. Mr. Lyman's contention that textile workers in New England are now receiving their share of protection from the tariff is erroneous. By comparing the British Board of Trade Reports on Cost of Living in American Cities with the Tariff Board Reports on Wages, Mr. Lyman will find that

the English cotton-mill operatives' real wages exceed those of the cotton-mill operatives in New England. Any one who is acquainted with living conditions among the operatives in Lancashire, England, will, I think, freely admit that they are much better than those prevailing among the operatives in Fall River, Lowell, Lawrence, and Manchester. The English woolen and worsted workers in Yorkshire are relatively in a worse condition because of the lack of organization among these classes of operatives in England.

3. Mr. Lyman's claim that immigrant workers send money to their home countries is true. They are enabled to do this, however, not because of any benefits which they receive from the tariff, but because of their exceedingly low standards of living, which enable them to save.

4. It is true, in general, as Mr. Lyman states, that textile manufacturers are not responsible for the presence of the immigrant in New England, and his bad living conditions. It seems to me equally true, however, that it is sham and hypocrisy for the manufacturers, who know these conditions, to make an appeal for protective tariff legislation in the name of the American wage-earner, who appears in the ratio of about 1 to 10 among their employees.

5. Mr. Lyman's contention that recent immigration has not disrupted trade unions is erroneous. Until the past year, there were no active labor organizations in any of the mill centres in New England except Fall River, and there were only four weak unions there. Recently there has been activity in organizing in an attempt to offset the Industrial Workers of the World.

6. Of course, I did not mean to say that mechanical inventions had made skilled operatives 'absolutely unnecessary,' but, as compared with former years, 'unnecessary.' This proposition seems to me to be self-evident. Mr. Lyman's acknowledgment of the class of operatives in New England is a demonstration of this fact.

7. Mr. Lyman states that wages and prices were not ascertained by the Tariff Board in England. It so happened that I represented the Tariff Board in England and, along with another agent of the Board, for several months collected prices and labor and other cost *in detail*. These costs and prices were published in the Board's report in a form arranged for comparison with American costs and prices. They constitute unanswerable proof that the New England textile operative is not receiving benefits to correspond with our present customs-duties.

8. Mr. Lyman objects strongly to my statement that wages could be 'doubled' in the textile industries without injuring profits. My contention was based on the assumption that the manufacturer secured the tariff bounty. In cotton-goods manufacturing, the jobber and converter probably secure the benefit from the tariff, and the mill profits would not permit a radical increase in wages. In woolens and worsteds, conditions are similar, but wages could more easily be raised, because a large combination controls the selling, as well as the manufacturing, of a considerable number of cloths. If any mill or mills control the domestic output for a given fabric, or should combine to do so, my contention would hold good. In any event, the benefits of the tariff are not being received by the operatives, and, if the object of the protective system is to help the wage-earner, and if this purpose was carried out, the wages of the operatives could still be greatly increased, and reasonable profits would remain to the manufacturer and the jobber.

Faithfully yours,

W. Jett Lauck.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1913

THE PRESIDENT

THERE have been twenty-seven Presidents before him, but no one of them has brought to the White House so rounded an achievement of ambition as Mr. Wilson. Some have sought power with a more passionate eagerness; others have been as covetous of opportunity; others still have been more eager to enforce their creeds of morals and of politics. No one but Mr. Wilson has felt that the Presidency marked for him the perfecting of a personal ideal. For, before his eyes, there has steadily remained a single goal toward which the serious man should strain if he would reach the fullness of his powers — the ideal of the student merged into the man of great affairs. To be scholar and statesman, too, is indeed to achieve the whole of education.

Men shrug their shoulders and say that Mr. Wilson is ambitious. It is a patent charge. Mr. Wilson is passionately ambitious. Yet why should we be hypercritical, in men, of that essential quality we so ardently instill into our boys? Ambition is not the thing, but what lies behind it; and, as his critics do not realize, it is not to possess, but to become, that has been Mr. Wilson's dearest hope. To him his election is the symbol that the scholar has attained his largest opportunity.

I press the point because it will be found, I think, a key to Mr. Wilson's whole career. From boyhood his mind was scholarly, but while his childhood's friends were bent on growing up to be carpenters or generalissimos, this boy dreamed steadily of a political career. From the first printing-press he ever owned or borrowed, he struck off his cards: 'Thomas Woodrow Wilson, United States Senator from Virginia'; and when the proprieties of advancing years constrained him to a more impersonal expression of his ambition, he continually wrote and taught that he was the most sagacious scholar who oftenest left his study for the market-place, and that the wisest politician was he whose hours were oftenest passed in studious places.

Apt scholars find great teachers. Early in life Mr. Wilson chose his with the confidence of natural kinship. All alike were scholars and all men of affairs — a noble roster to which he refers with esteem and gratitude. There were John Stuart Mill, who had hammered out his theories in the House of Commons; Morley, famous in statecraft, and prince of biographers in our time; De Tocqueville, who learned his wisdom among men; the worldly-wise authors of the *Federalist;* the inimitable Bagehot, who drew his knowledge from the counting-house and the working machine of the British Constitution; and 'an arrow's flight beyond them all,' Burke, who ploughed his philosophy with experience and reaped experience from his philosophy. A different school is theirs from the closet

theories of Montesquieu, of Spencer, of Rousseau, and of Hume, differing by half a world; and at this school, where theory is squared to the unbending practices of men, Mr. Wilson has been a life-long student.

If a man means to be a scholar and a politician, too, he had best begin by being a scholar. With Mr. Wilson this was the natural road. He became a professor by virtue of inheritance, a strong intellectual bent, and a certain elusive reticence, even now discernible in him, which made retirement congenial. He enjoyed the life. An insatiate reader, he loved to teach young men and to light their torches from his own. There is about him a kind of austere enthusiasm which warmed young dry-as-dusts into life, and gave to their more elegant contemporaries a first taste for serious things. It was solely to raise the intellectual standard of the students that President Wilson first introduced into Princeton those thoroughgoing reforms in education which, by a kind of fatalistic stride, led him far beyond his earlier purpose and brought the college to the brink of democratic revolution.

Is it not Sir Walter Scott who says that, even from a chapter of the Good Book, he could scarcely learn more of life and living than from the talk of a chance driver, in the breezy companionship of the box-seat? This is the sentiment of one who dearly loves his fellow men. A like passion for acquaintance often stirs Mr. Wilson. Yet it is not the 'touch of nature' which lures him on, but the steady, eager search for some unhackneyed point of view, some fresh check or stimulus to his own social and political creed, some new opportunity of putting theories to the test. 'If you know what you are looking for,' he says in a characteristic passage, 'and are not expecting to find it advertised in the newspapers, but lying somewhere beneath the surface of things, the dullest fool may often help you to its discovery.'

This same thought has evidently lodged in Mr. Wilson's mind throughout the presidential campaign. To a hundred audiences he has preached the strange doctrine that wisdom lies in a multitude of counselors. While he is President, he declares, the bankers shall not dictate the regulation of the currency, nor shall the manufacturers prescribe the tariff, but he will ask the opinion of men of all sorts and all conditions. So far as he is humanly able, an entire people, through him, shall have access to their government.

It is an old idea of democracy this, that the chief should be the personal representative of each member of the tribe. It is so old that it has become fresh and new again. Whether the idea can be practically carried out, on the vast stage of the United States, can only be surmised. In the smaller field of New Jersey, however, it has been surprisingly successful. There, for two years, Governor Wilson has sat, with doors wide open. There he has welcomed all men; only none might have an audience beyond the range of other ears. In such a chamber the whisperings of the agents of 'business government' echo terribly; only matters which bear to be uttered in the presence of witnesses can be transacted there.

In England, where the university is the training school of public life, Mr. Wilson's career might seem natural enough. Here in the United States one may say with confidence that it would have been impossible even a dozen years ago. A democracy must be disciplined before the expert is tolerated. It has been the American custom to select as a presidential candidate some state governor, more on account of the advertisement the position has given him than for the sake of the training which it implies. The amateur,

not the professional, is the habitual choice of universal suffrage. No great lawyer, if we except Lincoln (selected for very different reasons), has ever been elected President. Taft, the trained administrator, was elected on another man's record. Indeed, if we pass over Grant, the soldier, no man truly eminent in a profession has been elected, from the earliest days of the Republic, until this teacher of boys was called to teach men. In a nation whose creed it has been till very lately that a 'smart' man may turn his hand to anything, the other name for professional is 'theorist'; and old men can remember no campaign in which the cry of 'theorist' has not been as deadly a weapon as the arsenal affords. Those who desired change because they had knowledge were sometimes called 'visionaries,' sometimes 'dreamers,' but 'theorists' was the good old constant word. Civil-Service reformers were 'benevolent' theorists, tariff reformers 'pernicious' ones. The most practical President of our generation found it necessary to back each measure of reform with the emphatic assurance that he was no theorist. And of all theorists the most theoretic is the college professor.

Mr. Wilson himself tells a story characteristic of the position of learning in a democracy. Two men sat in his audience, and it seemed they liked his speech. 'Smart man,' said one. 'He talks sense.' — 'Sounds so,' said the other; 'but what gets me is how a sensible man can stay cooped up in a college for twenty-five years.' There is little exaggeration here. Most people thought thus until little more than a decade ago. Then trouble taught them just as it had taught them in the grim days of the sixties. There was a stir of discontent in the land. America was no longer an easy place to live in. Her vast resources began to contract before the mighty increase of population. It often took more than a strong body to make a living. Strikes and lockouts grew in frequency. Socialism, looked upon as a senile disease of the old world, began its ominous spread. Big business was hiring its political partners in the open market. Clearly government was a more difficult art than people thought. Criticism from abroad we came to accept with unheard-of meekness. Vocational training sprang up in the schools. Specialization became a familiar word, and 'Jack-of-all-Trades' ceased to be an ideal for boys to live up to. American medicine began to work miracles of discovery which touched the national imagination with a sense of the infinite value of scientific methods. The universities, under the leadership of Wisconsin, began to supply experts for public service. Longer terms of office in governmental positions set new standards of efficiency. The digging of the Canal at Panama was a gigantic advertisement for the expert way of doing things. And now the final tribute of democracy to the professional ideal is the election of a Professor of Politics to the Presidency of the United States.

Mr. Wilson has schooled himself to a wide knowledge of affairs. But an expert in business, using the word in the narrower sense, he can never be. Like violin-playing and domestic economy, the ways of business must be learned when one is young. Moreover, in the United States, the business of making money has become so highly specialized a pursuit that all Mr. Wilson's prejudice against the exclusive and ungenerous in mind has been roused against it. The myopia of business makes him distrustful of its wisdom. Constantly, as he endeavors to orient his theories to the facts, his speculative cast of mind, though it may enable him to grasp the broad principles of business, suffers the methods to elude

him. Moreover, Mr. Wilson, as his father before him, has always been a poor man, and in his household, success has never been reckoned at a cash value. With lack of interest, aptitude, and experience, it is small wonder that Mr. Wilson does not gauge the closeness of the bond between a nation's business and its contentment. No man of business inclination could have sat for years on the Carnegie board, awarding pensions according to fixed methods, and then have himself applied for a pension obviously at variance with the rules. It is an odd gap in Mr. Wilson's equipment, and one which he seems unconscious of. There is no phrase he more often uses than the practical refrain, 'Now let's to business.'

Mr. Wilson was born a Presbyterian. His father was a Presbyterian minister, and the Woodrows, his mother's people, were Presbyterian to the core. He himself is an elder of the church, and the Scotch in him accentuates that seemliness which is so salient a characteristic. His devotion to the church is not conventional. Intellectually, he respects it as the central pillar of an orderly world. Spiritually, he enjoys its silent conduits of communion with his fellows, and the opportunity it gives for serious reflection. It was natural for him to join, at Princeton, the poorer Second Church instead of swelling the assured success of the First. Where he was needed, there he went.

The Kirk has made more of the stuff we call character than many of her gentler sisters; and although beneath her moulding hand that stuff often takes angular and ungracious shapes, we have learned to admire and respect it. Mr. Wilson is not without the *dour* in his composition. There is about him that rigidity, part diffidence, part dignity, which, though it prove a barrier to intimacy and death to good-fellowship, may yet be the salvation of a President. He is not an agreeable man to ask favors of. He has not the solid companionableness of Mr. Cleveland. He lacks the persuasive charm of Mr. McKinley, and the pleasant chuckle of Mr. Taft. His wit is a less human substitute for humor. He is too impersonal for sentiment except for deep things, and too self-conscious to find the straight path to another's heart.

All this is very far from saying that Mr. Wilson is unattractive. On the contrary, the fine air of distinction sits naturally upon him. Excepting Jefferson and Lincoln, we have not had another President who, by some right, human or divine, is, like Mr. Wilson, an artist. He knows that form, and form only, can give immortality to truth. 'Be an artist,' so he wrote some years ago, 'or prepare for oblivion'; and this duty of being an artist has been a main business of his life. How excellent is his attainment! His History, written under compulsion and in haste, does him scant justice. But his *Congressional Government*, his essays, best of all, his speeches, show his full powers. His language, unmindful of the effort it has cost, flows with easy freedom to the very outline of his thought. And that thought is never obvious. In argument he never storms an adversary's position, but enfilades it. He makes diversions in the rear, or advances from some unexpected quarter. He has not the sententious solemnity of Mr. Cleveland's periods, or the *propterea quods* of Mr. Taft's foolscapped phrase. Still less has he in common with the pitchforkings of Mr. Roosevelt's utterance. He has more temper in his steel than any of them; but his blade is delicate, and there is rough work to be done.

Much faith comes from listening to Mr. Wilson. He talks quietly, as becomes a professor, but he talks earnestly and with a beautiful accuracy.

His argument is clear. He has no tricks of manner or of gesture, but at times his voice sinks as he speaks of some principle of democracy as of a holy thing. There is in his speech no venom of personal allusion, no veneer of smartness, no line spoken for applause, and very few diversions to relieve the strain of thought. I have heard him remark that he should talk for an hour; then, taking his cue from the last speaker, start on his impromptu speech; pass in review the prime issues of the campaign, and, precisely as the minute-hand regained the hour, close the argument by leading logically to his starting-point. I have heard him quote Burke as his master, and discourse on high levels of the philosophy of Democratic Government; and looking at the workingmen round about me, I have seen them listening with undeviating attention as they wrinkled their foreheads in some supreme intellectual effort, and I have gone away saying to myself, 'The story of Athens may be true after all. Such things are possible in a democracy.'

There are other elements besides mastery of speech which enter into Mr. Wilson's power over his audiences. For those audiences, as representative of the great mass of people, he feels a natural sympathy and liking, powerfully reinforced by his reasoned conviction of the wisdom of government by the people. The orderliness of his mental processes makes one imagine him a kind of intellectual mechanism, working according to some preconceived plan. The reality is widely different. Mr. Wilson is a very human person, detached from his fellows partly by shyness, partly by a native austerity, partly by a dutiful conception of life alien to most of us; a man who, seldom able to chat intimately with a friend, thanks God for one friend, at least, who will always chat intimately with him, and goes off cycling by himself with *Elia* crammed into his pocket; a punctilious man, who finds in the conventions a refuge from current intimacies of speech and manner; a soberly ambitious man, disliking the superfluities of intercourse; a man devoted to the cultivation of his talents and to the expansion of his energies, fitting himself unceasingly to be the instrument of effective service.

A man who wears this habit leads a lonely life. Mr. Wilson makes few confidences, finding on the platform a privacy which would be denied him in the drawing-room or the club. Unwilling to spend himself in the commerce of friendship, he wins men's affections more rarely than their admiration or esteem. In dealing with others it is to the head rather than to the heart that he appeals, forgetting that to the heart the broader channel runs. Likewise, his judgment of men takes most account of their mental abilities. He likes men because they are able; but, unlike more than one of his predecessors, he does not think them able because he likes them. In ordinary conversation there is, perhaps, too strong a savor of logic in his discourse. 'Avoid disputation,' advised the solidest of Americans; but this maxim Mr. Wilson has never learned. Dialectics he loves. An unruly pride of opinion makes him overprize their worth, and often follow his advantage to the bitter end. It is sometimes wiser to lose an argument and win a friend.

I have said that Mr. Wilson likes the people. In the narrower sense, too, he is a Democrat. Virginian born, the winds of Monticello rocked his cradle. His *credo* has elements of the historic Democratic faith; yet by virtue of his speculative imagination and his sensitiveness of the wide drift of affairs, he is not in any true sense a partisan. With him the bonds of party form no

such nexus as that which Mr. Roosevelt hated so passionately to sever. A shrewd leader, high in Democratic councils, said to me during the campaign: 'Mr. Wilson's speeches are all right, but the reason we party spellbinders have to work nights and Sundays, is because the Governor forgets there are other folks besides the Independents who are going to vote for him. Our duty is to call nightly on the names of Andy Jackson and the "Historic Party."'

This is sound criticism. Mr. Wilson believes in party government, but in party government as a means to a larger end. Years ago, when he was fighting the Second Battle of Princeton, he made a famous Declaration of the faith which he has carried through the halls of the university into the wider campus of the United States.

'The great voice of America,' he said, 'does not come from the seats of learning. It comes in a murmur from the hills and woods and farms and factories and the mills, rolling and gaining volume until it comes to us from the homes of common men. Do these murmurs echo in the corridors of the universities? I have not heard them. The universities would make men forget their common origins, forget their universal sympathies, and join a class — and no class can ever serve America. I have dedicated every power there is within me to bring the colleges that I have anything to do with to an absolutely democratic regeneration in spirit, and I shall not be satisfied until America shall know that the men in the colleges are saturated with the same thought, the same sympathy, that pulses through the whole great body politic.' This is a larger faith than the Democracy has yet dared to confess.

If, in the calendar of virtue, there is one special Presidential excellence, it is courage, and Mr. Wilson is courageous. Cautious and considered as his manner is, there is within him that flash of insight by whose light he can leap through the dark to his decision. Fresh in our remembrance are the early days of the Convention in Baltimore. It was the tip in every buzzing circle that Mr. Bryan's active support was dynamite. With every regard to the proprieties he was to be decently, deferentially, definitively interred in political oblivion. It was then that Mr. Bryan addressed to each candidate a telegram demanding his attitude in regard to the support of Wall Street. It was a ticklish question, and, except one, every answer was equivocal. On his own initiative, without time for reflection, Mr. Wilson replied with uncompromising frankness; and thanks to the satiric twist which makes Fate's actions interesting, it was this telegram which made Mr. Wilson, rather than his more prudent rivals, a candidate for the Presidency.

This courage of Mr. Wilson is deserving of still greater credit because his armor against the world has more than one weak joint. He is a sensitive man, with none of the toughened fibre of the veteran politician, nor that exuberant joy of living which makes each blow received lend zest to the buffet given in return. Not that he lacks fighting blood (there is too much of the Covenanter in him for that), or obstinacy, prime heritage of the Scots; but to him fighting, like the rest of life, is a serious thing. It is stuff to try the soul's strength on, not to enjoy as a fillip to good digestion. He is wary of entrance to a quarrel, and sometimes in his newspaper interviews one is sensible of a tactful answer when a blunt one would have served his purpose with finality. Yet, well within the warrant of the facts, Mr. Wilson's biographer can say that since Mr. Cleveland's time no other man in public life has, on occasion, spoken his full mind

with a rounder accent or a sublimer disregard of obvious consequence.

At the beginning of this paper I set forth Mr. Wilson's aversion from theory as theory unsquared with the world. It is this very distrust of abstraction which makes him so deliberate about coming to a decision. A philosopher and not a scientist, his approach to a problem is from the general to the specific. To him, rightness of attitude toward a question is far more significant than the method of treating the question itself. Last summer the public was surprised at his Letter of Acceptance. To many it seemed evasive, to most of us it was indefinite; but because it outlined so neatly his state of mind, it seemed to Mr. Wilson precise almost to the point of particularity. The public was wrong, and Mr. Wilson was right. The important thing for the public was to know the quality of the candidate's mind, and his attitude toward the trend of the times. The important thing for the candidate was that the public should trust his judgment, that it should extort few promises, and let him come, hands free, to his great opportunity.

And now Mr. Wilson's opportunity is here. Even those of us who cannot discern a 'crisis' in every campaign, or — when our friends think differently — call every issue 'moral,' feel that this is a time of hesitation in the affairs of the Republic. The ship of state has turbine engines, but the rules she sails under were drawn for clipper ships. The conservative dreads change because it is change, and by the same token the radical loves it. Between the two is a vast multitude of puzzled, earnest men, each out of step with the next. It is a national misfortune that, in the last campaign, the shadow of a great personality fell athwart an impressive movement of protest, and hid it from the sight of men who would have liked to judge it fairly. Nor must we forget that a substantial, perhaps an overwhelming, majority of Americans believe that among the hodge-podge of suggestions heaped high on the Progressive platform (that curious blending of autocracy and brotherly love, of tariff bounty and Christian charity), are to be found the aspirations of a race. As to whether these aspirations can be attained through politics, people differ; but the influence of the President to make men think and, when they think, to shape their thoughts and lead them a little further on the illimitable road cannot be doubted.

Is it fanciful to believe that at a time when politics is coming more nearly to express the moral purpose of a nation, the people may have faith in a man whose deepest purpose has been stirred by poetry? Never, perhaps, has Mr. Wilson held a friend so near his heart as he has held Wordsworth, and it was Wordsworth who called poetry 'the impassioned expression which is the countenance of all science.' 'It is,' he said, 'the breath of the finer spirit of knowledge.' 'Poets,' said Shelley, 'are the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.' More than this, through the ages, poetry has been the defender and inspirer of liberty, the resolute believer that men can perform the impossible. Who shall say that Gladstone owed nothing to the poetry of the Testament, or Lincoln to his much-thumbed Shakespeare? In the companionship of poets, Mr. Wilson has learned to think high thoughts. Will he write them on golden tables in the poetry of deeds well done?

Rise, ladies and gentlemen, Democrats, Republicans, Progressives. The *Atlantic* gives you 'The President of the United States.'

E. S.

THE PASSING OF A DYNASTY

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

To the mind of one whose boyish interest in politics began with the first national campaign in which the Republican party of our day took part, and who saw President Taft renominated last June, the approach of the fourth of March, 1913, brings food for reflection. It marks the passing of a dynasty divided into five reigns or epochs, which, for convenience, we may designate the moral, the martial, the financial, the economic, and the political stages in the history of the party now about to enter the shadows. It was a long procession from the daring Pathfinder of 1856 to the Law's High Priest of 1912; but the rulers who came between, each preparing the way for his successor, were types of the ever-changing spirit of the times; and the melting of one phase of that spirit into another, though moving the country one degree further on the dial of a great revolution, was so gradual that few observers realized its significance when it occurred.

With two brief interruptions, the Republican party has maintained its supremacy for fifty-two years. This period has compassed two actual and several potential wars; the liberation of four million bondmen; the opening of an inland empire to development and home-building; the establishment of domestic industries on a scale of which preceding generations had never dreamed; the crystallization of a union of mutually jealous states into a superb national unit, the master-force of a whole hemisphere; the elevation of the government's credit from, perhaps, the poorest to the proudest place on the international scale. In every change thus wrought, the Republican party has been the party of advance. It has been more effectively organized and more ably led than any other. Substantially everything it has set its hand to do it has done, including the prompt suppression of minor mutinies in its own ranks. We may not soon look upon its like again.

I

The story of every party of progress in the United States has been the same. Borne into power by a wave of popular enthusiasm for a noble ideal, it has fulfilled its special mission, and then, presuming too far upon its strength, has discovered that its vital essence has been spent and cannot be recalled. This was the case with the Federalist party, to which we owe the Constitution. It came into being in response to a general demand for a stronger central authority than the Confederation afforded. Having equipped the young republic with the complete machinery of government and an efficient body of law, the party fell into temptation, and turned its thoughts to the perpetuation of its own power. Its ill-judged measures proved that it had lost touch with public sentiment, and its leaders made matters worse by quarreling among themselves. Hence its collapse, after thirty years of great activity, was neither unexpected nor deplored.

Meanwhile, a new aspiration had taken shadowy shape in the minds of a multitude of citizens — an ideal of nationalism. The Federalist party had built up a government; now the Whigs set to work to build up a people. They undertook to make the rest of the world recognize the distinctive character of everything American; to bind our whole body politic together for the promotion of the general welfare demanded in the preamble to the Constitution; to raise an impost tariff wall for the protection of domestic industries against foreign competition; and to initiate a system of internal improvements which should make this country independent of all others. In spite of their radical programme, their methods were conciliatory. Needing help from the South, they not only kept their hands, as a party, off Negro slavery, but tried to spread the notion that, when everybody could be induced to ignore that question, it would settle itself. Such a half-hearted policy satisfied no one; and, as the Federalist party had been killed by overreaching, so the Whig party, in its turn, was killed by cowardice.

Inheriting all that was progressive in the Federalist and Whig parties, and warned by the blunders of both, the Republican party came to the fore. The more aggressive foes of slavery, banding together under Birney or Giddings, Hale or Smith, according to the angle from which each had studied the 'peculiar institution,' had played a conspicuous part in three Presidential campaigns. They had defeated Clay in 1844, dictated terms to Van Buren in 1848, and dealt the Whig party its death-blow in 1852. They represented a public sentiment which, by the time the crisis was reached in the Kansas-Nebraska controversy, could be satisfied with nothing short of a new party all its own. Accordingly, in 1856, they effected a formal organization and nominated a Republican presidential ticket, on a platform whose central plank proclaimed the right and duty of the Federal government to prohibit slavery everywhere in its jurisdiction; while the supporting planks — demands for a government-aided transcontinental railroad and a scheme of river and harbor improvements at the expense of the whole people — were carefully adjusted so as to throw all the emphasis on this. A project for a protective tariff, though appealing strongly to many of the founders, was passed over for the time being, as conveying a suggestion of private advantage which might seem discordant with the larger ideals of the party.

There was nothing cocksure in their prognostications; some of the sturdiest of the anti-slavery champions, like Seward and Chase, while believing in the ultimate triumph of their cause, had so little faith in the preparedness of their generation that they refused to let themselves be considered as candidates. Of the political commitments of Frémont, whose name was placed at the head of the ticket, not much was known to the great body of delegates. They recognized him as, in the better sense, a soldier of fortune, with his favorite home in the saddle, a love of adventure in his heart, unswerving devotion to the religion of human freedom, and genuinely patriotic instincts. He had traversed parts of the West which others had pronounced impenetrable; he had been largely instrumental in saving California to the Union; and he had been driven out of the army by official tyranny. Could any candidate have been more fitting for a party which claimed God as the author of its mission, and which needed a leader with the genius and the courage to hew a path for it through a hostile political thicket?

Frémont's failure at the polls was not disheartening. His 114 electoral votes made a creditable showing against the 174 of Buchanan, who had not only the whole South to draw on, but next to the largest state in the Union for his home; and the new party opened its second National Convention, in 1860, full of life and hope. The Democrats of both the Douglas and the Breckinridge wings, and the Constitutional Union party, had made their bids for popular favor, with variants of the theory that to do nothing was to do right. The Republican platform boldly denounced any attempts to extend slavery as unconstitutional; rebuked all threats of disunion as treason; and insisted on homestead and naturalization laws which it knew would increase the Free-Soil vote. It also repeated the call of four years before, for river and harbor improvements and a transcontinental railroad, and proposed such an adjustment of the revenue duties on imports 'as to encourage the industrial development of the whole country.' Electing Abraham Lincoln with this programme, the party entered on the first stage of its half-century's rule.

It was not till the Civil War was half over that Lincoln saw his way clear, as a measure of military necessity, to proclaim the freedom of the slaves. Meanwhile, though even loyal Democrats in the North were supporting him, as 'administration men,' the extremist wing of his own party had been trying to stir up trouble for him because he was too slow and gentle in his methods. Their agitation bore fruit in a National Convention which nominated Frémont as a Radical Republican to oppose his reëlection in 1864. But Frémont soon discovered that the movement was ill-timed, and withdrew in the midst of the campaign; and thus ended the first Republican mutiny.

The Democrats having mounted a war candidate on a peace platform, Lincoln carried all but three of the loyal states. His victory took much of the heart out of the secession movement, and with spring came the surrender at Appomattox and the end of active hostilities, leading up to the tragic climax of the assassination. In the three years which followed, the Republican party again split into factions; and the impeachment trial of Johnson, with its margin of one vote for acquittal, exposed a situation which, had the Democrats been shrewd enough to take advantage of it, might have turned the tide of history. But they blundered again, and allowed the reigning dynasty to suppress another mutiny and enter upon the second stage of its career.

The Republican party had broken the slave power at the cost of a great war. What was more natural, then, than that it should select for its candidate in 1868 the man most closely identified with the success of the Union arms? In the field, Grant had overcome all resistance by his firmness and persistency; yet these traits, on the strength of which he was elected, drew upon him most of the criticism to which he was subjected as President, when he brought them into play for the support of the carpet-bag governments in the Southern States. His effort to annex Santo Domingo aroused the ire of Sumner, Greeley, Schurz, and several other Republican leaders, who resolved that he must be prevented from serving a second term, even if his defeat meant the destruction of their party.

The malcontent element put up a Liberal Republican ticket with Greeley at its head, on a platform devoted chiefly to denunciation of the administration. The Democrats, believing that, with so wide a split in the Re-

publican ranks, they had more to hope from finesse than from any independent appeal to time-worn prejudices, adopted Greeley and his platform bodily. But the war-spirit which had pervaded the Republican campaign of 1868 came out even stronger, if possible, in that of 1872. Parades of Union veterans were an impressive feature, and a favorite device of the cartoonists was to depict Grant in the uniform of a soldier, defending the Constitution against a new rebellion. Greeley and his Liberal associates were held up to obloquy as Northern men who, after urging the expenditure of blood and treasure without stint to free the slaves, crush treason, and save the Union, now proposed tossing the fruits of all this sacrifice into the laps of the conspirators who had made it necessary. It was soon obvious that, though secession was dead, the martial sentiment of the North was not. Grant carried all but six states, and Greeley died of a broken heart soon after his defeat.

Interpreting his reëlection as an expression of unqualified approval, Grant intensified, in his second term, some of the characteristics which, in his first, had driven the Liberals to revolt. His administration became more and more like a monarchical reign. The Credit Mobilier and Whiskey Ring scandals were coincident with a money stringency, caused partly by the emergency financiering of the war-times, and partly by a later spurt in railroad building; and the elections of 1874 threw the House of Representatives into Democratic control for the first time since 1860.

Not only were the people tiring of the 'mailed hand' at Washington, but a new problem had risen with which it appeared that a civilian in touch with the business world would be best able to cope. This was the question of protecting the public credit. The greenback, which, early in the war era, had driven gold and silver into hiding and placed a premium on them, was the only money the people handled in their daily exchanges. Wages of labor were measured in the depreciated currency; even the pensions of the Union veterans were paid in it. The holders of government bonds, however, were receiving their semi-annual interest in gold, and this disparity caused wide complaint. A Greenback party was organized, headed by demagogues and doctrinaires who clamored for an unlimited issue of paper currency by the government, the abolition of bank-notes as incidental thereto, and the payment of the national debt, principal and interest, in paper. The obligation to redeem the bonds in gold was purely moral, but every educated citizen knew that the credit of the government would fall to zero if, having demanded gold for its bonds in a crisis when gold must be had at any cost, it should resort to a technicality to escape buying them back in the same medium. Grant had killed one vicious inflation measure with his veto, and had signed an act, sponsored by John Sherman, promising to redeem greenbacks in coin on and after the first of January, 1879. All these conditions combined to bring about the nomination, in 1876, of Sherman's candidate, Hayes.

Whether the process by which Hayes was seated had any constitutional warrant, does not concern us here. Suffice it that a specially created tribunal awarded the Presidency to him, and that he had the courage to take it in the face of a great crisis. Realizing the part his administration must play as a bridge between two epochs, he had announced his purpose to serve only four years. Although he had been a volunteer officer in the Civil

War, he was committed to the subordination of the military to the civil authority in time of peace, and one of his first acts as President was to withdraw the troops from the Southern capitals where they had been bolstering up the carpet-bag governments. He made Sherman his Secretary of the Treasury, and gave him a free hand in battling with the forces of financial dishonor. Between them, the pair repulsed every attempt to repeal the provision for specie payments, and carried it into successful operation; but neither dissuasion nor veto availed to prevent the enactment of the Bland silver law, which was destined to injure American credit seriously, notwithstanding the general faith of the world in the aims and judgment of the Administration.

In the Congressional elections of 1878, the issue everywhere was between honest money and some cheap makeshift proposed by the Democrats or Greenbackers. The result at the polls, largely due to the splendid work of Garfield on the stump, did not restore Republican supremacy in Congress, but made sure the inability of the inflationists to force any repudiatory legislation into the statute-book. This was why, after wasting thirty-five ballots on two avowed and stubborn candidates, the Republican National Convention of 1880 turned so readily to Garfield as a 'dark horse' on the thirty-sixth. The Democrats repeated their error of 1864 by nominating a soldier candidate who was personally above criticism, but was wholly out of sympathy with the tendencies of their party.

Both Garfield and Hancock had served as general officers in the Union army, so the war issue had lost its vitality. The Southern States were reconstructed. The Greenback issue had been smothered by the resumption of specie payments. For a slogan to move the popular heart and swell the campaign fund, therefore, the Republicans had to fall back upon the protective tariff. The Democrats furnished the needed ammunition, their platform demanding a tariff for revenue only, and their candidate pronouncing the tariff question a mere 'local issue.' For three months the Republicans rent the air with warnings of the disasters sure to follow if the pillars of the protection temple were pulled from under it; and the great producing interests which they did not lay under contribution before election day might have been counted on the fingers of one hand. They won by an insignificant plurality of the popular vote, but carried enough states to save the Presidency. And thus the party entered upon the fourth, or economic, stage of its history.

Garfield's career as President was cut short by assassination, and through most of the term for which he was chosen, Vice-President Arthur filled his place. The Republicans, admonished by the narrowness of their margin at the polls, began to suspect that there might be a real demand for some modification of the tariff, and did a little feeble revising on their own account. But, weakened by fresh factional quarrels, they lost the House of Representatives again in 1882, and the Presidency in 1884.

Cleveland's inauguration opened the first interregnum. But the Democratic majority in the House divided on the tariff, the radical wing insisting on a more arbitrary cut in duties than the conservative wing was willing to concede. The President compelled a truce between them by devoting his third annual message exclusively to the tariff, and making recommendations which, while terrifying to the timid members, left the party, as a whole,

no alternative but to support him; the House passed a bill embodying his views, and the National Convention of 1888 nominated him for a second term. The Republicans nominated Harrison as a strict protectionist, and the campaign was fought through on the tariff issue alone. For the third time in the history of the republic, a Democratic candidate who had received a larger popular vote than his chief competitor was defeated on the electoral ballot. Broadly interpreted, this meant that, albeit more voters were friendly than unfriendly to tariff reform, the protective policy was still well intrenched in the rich manufacturing states.

The first session of Congress after Harrison's inauguration passed the McKinley Tariff. Again the Republicans discovered that they had traded too heavily on past successes, for the elections immediately following swept them out of power in the House. The National Conventions of 1892 renominated Harrison and Cleveland respectively, and once more the tariff issue came uppermost. The Democrats won, and the new Congress passed the Wilson-Gorman Tariff Act, which the President refused to sign because it belied the promises on which the party had been restored to power. It became a law without his signature, and proved more unpopular than the McKinley Tariff. Meanwhile, a financial panic had occurred, for which each party blamed the other, but whose political consequences were visited on the Democrats, pursuant to the rule which holds the party in power accountable for everything that goes wrong. All this, together with Cleveland's unyielding hostility to silver inflation in every form, stirred up the radicals in his own party, and encouraged their union with the People's party, an organization born of the tariff and currency controversies, which had gathered into its platforms all the economic heresies, and into its personnel all the human driftwood, that could find lodgment nowhere else.

At the Democratic National Convention of 1896, the extremists routed the conservatives and nominated Bryan for President, on a platform defiantly demanding the free and unlimited coinage of silver. The Republicans took up the challenge by nominating McKinley and declaring for the 'existing gold standard.' Both parties had something to say of the tariff, but that topic was hardly heard of in the campaign, so intense was the feeling in business circles about the threatened debasement of the coinage. McKinley came out of the contest with a clear majority over all, and the silver ghost was laid, apparently forever. The Dingley Tariff promptly superseded the Wilson-Gorman Tariff; and the Spanish War, which came on immediately afterward, aroused enough patriotic fervor to assure the reëlection of the President who had directed it. His assassination threw the responsibilities of the Presidency upon Vice-President Roosevelt, whose administration for the unexpired term led to his election as President in his own right by the unprecedented plurality of two and one-half million votes. There had been no conspicuous issue in the campaign of 1900 other than the question of letting well enough alone; and in 1904 the personalities of the respective candidates — Roosevelt's having captured the popular imagination, while Parker's was rather colorless — drove every other consideration into the background. It was during this period that the last, or political, epoch of the Republican dynasty was ushered in.

It was plain, as the year 1908 approached, that the chief thought of the Republican party, like that of the Federalist party in 1816, and of the Whig

party in 1848, was self-perpetuation. No such clear, vital issues were in sight as the abolition of slavery, a civil war, reconstruction, the public credit, or a permanent economic policy. The generation of strong men who had built up the party, and the generation directly following who loved it for their fathers' sake, had left the centre of the stage. To the mass of the voters Republicanism was only a name, and an era of deliberation was everywhere giving place to an era of hurry. Roosevelt, throwing the whole weight of his own popularity into the scale, succeeded in electing Taft to the Presidency, on a platform largely given to glorifying the party for its past achievements, but vastly more explicit than that of 1904 in pointing out the methods whereby its work would continue to be carried on. The swing from a platform of historic review to one of specific pledges was proof of the party's realization that its vitality was on the wane. It also, in a way, tied the Taft administration fast to plans which it had had no actual hand in framing.

The record of that administration is still too fresh to need more than the most general rehearsal. President Taft, with an interpretative conscience trained on the bench, undertook to carry out literally the promises made in his behalf. Against the advice of every skilled politician in his circle he called Congress together at once to revise the tariff, and procured a law which, however unsatisfactory, was the best he could wrest from a body elected by the same people that had made him President. Later, when the Democrats had obtained control of the House, he vetoed tariff act after tariff act passed in disregard of the protective standard fixed by his platform. He recommended currency legislation after the Monetary Commission had made its report, and had his trouble for his pains. In the face of a storm of angry abuse, he enforced the anti-trust law to the letter. He negotiated arbitration treaties, only to have them rendered nugatory by the Senate. Whithersoever he turned, his efforts to carry out the pledges of his platform were baffled or crippled by forces beyond his control, yet he was held by his critics to as strict account as if he had ignored the people's mandate instead of strictly obeying it. When he stood for reëlection, he was met with insult in the campaign, and was defeated at the polls by a heavy vote.

Half the commentators set this down as a personal rebuke to President Taft. Why? Because he had followed instructions too literally? Yet had he treated them less seriously he would have been assailed for negligence. In truth, he was between the upper and the nether mill-stones: the voting public, impatient of delays in changes it had vaguely expected, resolved to empty the high places and fill them with new men, and Taft was made a scapegoat only because he chanced to be the most conspicuous figure in the party in power. Doubtless any other man in his position would have met a like fate when the time was ripe for an upheaval; for the swing of the political pendulum is as inexorable as the order of economic evolution, even though we may not always recognize the signs that precede it.

II

Will the dynasty just driven into exile ever be restored? The reader who has followed me thus far will understand why my judgment answers, No. The dynasties which preceded it went to pieces when they had reached the stage which the Republican dynasty reached during the last ten years. The attempt last autumn to rally its ebbing strength by raising the Protection war-

cry of thirty years ago was a pathetic confession that its course had been run. The sequel bore out the symptom: the result at the polls was not a mere repulse, it was a collapse. The party had started as a product of the times. It had maintained its supremacy by keeping abreast of the times. Now the party and the times had parted company; the times were forging ahead, the party had dropped back a whole generation. Its platform of 1912, though strong enough as measured by the standards of 1880 or 1892, was weak as compared with its corresponding utterance in 1908, for the adverse elections intervening had frightened its programme-framers.

It is the fashion, in some quarters, to attribute the fate of the Republican party to the tyranny of 'the bosses.' The outcry against bosses is entirely natural; but to charge to them all the ills which befall a party is to confound cause and phenomena. Bossism is to a party what gout is to a human being, an outgrowth of undue self-indulgence. Until a party becomes highly prosperous it does not suffer from bossism, for there is no surfeit of the food on which bosses grow great. With prosperity, moreover, comes a lethargic condition of mind and conscience; the ordinary members of a party, after its early struggles are past and repeated victories have made it over-confident, fall into a habit of thinking that Providence is going to look after everything pretty well, whether the individual voter pays any attention to it or not; and thus not only is the way made easy for the bosses, but power is practically thrust upon them.

No party can be killed by the bosses without the tacit coöperation of the bulk of its membership. If it could be, the Republican party would have died many years ago, when its Conklings and its Blaines, its Camerons and its Chandlers, were ruling their baronies, writing their decrees into national platforms, and combining on candidates or dividing spoil. Yet, by common consent, that was the golden age of the Republican dynasty, and the overthrow of these chieftains left the party a prey to its enemies. The fact is that no important battle, where the contending forces are at all well-matched, is ever won by an army in which every soldier fights as he pleases. Compact organization, direction from some central point, and discipline in the ranks, are essential to successful action by large bodies. When a party is young, its chief man is known as a leader; when the leader, instead of advising, assumes to command, he is hailed as a general; but when the general undertakes to enforce his commands by rewards and penalties, he becomes a boss. It is a graduated transition from one extreme to the other, not a leap; and nobody notices it till some restless subaltern, punished for mutiny, shouts out his protests.

Is the Democratic party in power for a long period? That seems improbable. Peril lurks in its unwieldy strength. With both the executive and the legislative branches of the government in its hands, it alone will be held responsible for the conduct of public business; and the proceedings of the Baltimore Convention revealed the existence of factional divisions which can hardly be healed by any form of compromise. Another peril lies in the commitment of the party to the one-term idea, for it notifies all the fellow partisans of a president, who competed with him for the nomination, that they must begin at once to cultivate popularity even at the expense of quarreling with him, if they would try for better luck in the next convention. For example, President Cleveland's first administration, though abounding in mistakes due to

his own and his party's inexperience, led naturally up to his renomination in 1888 and 1892; but, once seated for what was known to be his final term, all the vials of personal envy and factional malice were poured upon him. His party was broken in twain; and the larger fragment, usurping leadership in the next campaign, went down in a disaster whose effects it has taken sixteen years to repair.

Whether history is soon to repeat itself, depends less on Mr. Wilson's attitude than on the willingness of all his Democratic rivals to work unselfishly with him for the larger good of the whole party. But human nature is — human nature.

And as to the Progressive party? With those observers who believe its remarkable record at the polls due entirely to its magnetic leader, I cannot agree. All men of very positive traits inspire intense enmities as well as devoted friendships; and, unique figure as he is, wide and enthusiastic as is his following, Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy appears to have repelled about as many wavering votes as it attracted. The party he founded, with its catch-all creed and its energetic combing of highways and hedges for recruits, might have fared as well under some other leader of high repute and winning personality. Its demands, whether wise or unwise, plain or indefinite in detail, recognized the era of unrest through which the world is passing, and catered boldly to the spirit thereof. It did not win, partly because, while promising all things to all men, it allowed the What utterly to obscure the How. Still, we must not make too much of that: a like complaint was lodged by many of the Abolitionists against the Republican party at its beginning. Probably not half the delegates who nominated Frémont were able to forecast the means whereby the slave power was to be overcome. They had to wait until a greater than Frémont had appeared and taken command, and the passions of their opponents had provided an opening; for even Lincoln, had there been no Civil War, might not have found a way.

The early steps of the mother party, and those of her offspring, suggest some parallels, but quite as many contrasts. Both parties were heralded as expressing the highest hopes of humanity in things political. Both were baptized in a flood of quasi-religious zeal, with a free paraphrasing of Holy Writ and a loud voicing of the emotions of the hour in outbursts of prayer and praise. Both welcomed into their infant circle all sorts and conditions of men. A Cameron and a Hoar foregathered in 1856 with much enthusiasm; and in 1912 the stalwart bass of a Flinn and the gentle treble of an Addams blended in the militant war-song, 'Onward, Christian soldiers!' But the Republican party owed its origin to no accident of politics. It was not organized for the special purpose of beating somebody it did n't like; its chief component was not a branch of the Whig party which had been worsted in a contest for control; it did not adopt its leader first and its chart of action later. It was a union of elements which, after years of patient argument, stirring appeal and earnest deliberation, had concluded that an independent movement offered them their only hope of achieving the aims they had cherished so long. The leader was naturally evolved from the movement, whose chief promoters had other men in mind when they began their work. Above all, the Republican platform of 1856 was a model of dignified simplicity, in vivid contrast with the omnium-gatherum quality of the Progressive platform of 1912, and, indeed, with the overloaded and diffuse platforms on which the older party has

placed some of its candidates in recent years.

Still, whatever faults we may find in the Progressive party's first activities, and whatever weaknesses we may suspect in its structure or its doctrines, let us not forget that every movement which stirs men's hearts, though it may not accomplish a tithe of what was expected of it, leaves its mark as a leavener of its age. Luther did not drive the Pope to recant, nor did Hahnemann revolutionize the medical practice of the world; but each accomplished a modification of existing conditions of which posterity is reaping the benefit. Even the People's party, over whose turbulent but brief career we sometimes laugh good-naturedly, left our conceptions of statecraft a little different from what they had been, as witness a Republican President's recent interest in a land-loan plan which will do for the farm something akin to the service the national banks are doing for the factory.

III

It may still be too early to make such forecasts, but the omens now visible seem to me to point toward a reunion between the more active remnant of the Republican party and the Progressive seceders. Mr. Taft is no longer an issue between them, and out with him have gone a number of prominent Republicans who stood by him for their party's sake. Most of these men are too old to recover their former eminence, even if they wished to and if the way were otherwise clear. History shows that third parties cannot hold a permanent place in our political arena; hence, one or the other of the two parties of Republican ancestry, now separated by about a half-million votes in an aggregate of seven millions, must presently absorb its rival and become the recognized antagonist of the Democratic party. Which will it be? What has each to offer as a basis of combination? The Republican remnant has the prestige of a long-honored name; the seceding body has the modern ideals, the vigorous blood, and the eloquent testimony of the election returns to its ability to quicken the popular pulse. All the accepting of new projects must be done by the Republicans; the most that can be asked of the Progressives is that they shall hold in abeyance a few of the most radical features of their programme, and make some of the others more explicit. In any attempt at reunion, therefore, the greater advantage lies on the side of the Progressives, even though they might be compelled to advertise their parentage by attaching the family name to their own and calling the union the Progressive-Republican party.

Whatever title may be chosen, the Progressives are bound to insist on so complete a reconstruction of personnel and policies that the Republican party under which our generation has grown up will be known no more among men. The dynasty whose long and brilliant rule transformed the country, took its start in a revolt against the subordination of human rights to statute law. The evolutionary cycle traced in these pages has brought around a situation which, to the minds of an ever-increasing body of people, must ere long be faced in the same way. The question of 'industrial justice,' whether it be a live moral issue or only an emotional fad, is, from the Progressive point of view, as vital as was that of Negro slavery a half-century ago. At any rate, it is one which will never be disposed of by mere bulls or by blinking. The popular interest it is exciting must be either satisfied by concessions or dispelled by a successful campaign of economic education.

To the argument that most of the suffering in the world is due to those inequalities in natural human equipment for which there is no cure short of destroying our present race and founding a new one, the answer is patent, What cannot be cured can at least be ameliorated. To the argument that the Federal power, under the Constitution, does not extend to such matters, the prompt response is, If the 'general-welfare' clause of the Preamble can be stretched to cover our protective system; if we are able to maintain a Federal quarantine in spite of local political boundaries; if the freedom of interstate commerce can be used to nullify the police powers of a state respecting the liquor traffic, or to split aggregations of private capital into fragments with an anti-trust statute; if any product of human labor, from a box of phosphorus matches to a state bank note, can be taxed out of existence at the option of Congress, why must we assume that 'constructive statesmanship' may not yet evolve, and judicial 'interpretations' ratify, a mode of readjusting some of the relations of employer and employed in our industries generally? If this cannot be done under the Constitution as it reads to-day, what is to prevent such an amendment of the Constitution as has been undertaken with regard to an income tax, which few conservatives were willing, twenty years ago, to accept as among the possibilities?

An individualist by inheritance and training, and a believer in human competition as the salt of civilization, I have no purpose of pleading the insurgent cause; but neither can I be blind to what is going on about me. Philosophic sympathy and prophetic common sense are as little related as cant and logic. It seems to me that the problem before the temperate-minded people of this country is, whether the spirit of the times, now moving straight toward a socialistic system, can be harnessed and controlled so as to accomplish the ends demanded without wrecking the republic. Its solution may depend largely on whether we have among us, unrecognized as yet, another Lincoln, true of heart, clear of vision, calm of judgment, and as firm of hand when it is necessary to curb a passing madness as when the forces of reason must be helped to conquer fresh ground.

PUBLIC UTILITIES AND PUBLIC POLICY

BY THEODORE N. VAIL

THERE are so many points common to all utilities and service companies that it is difficult to differentiate their relations to the public. The understanding of the relations, or mutual obligations, toward each other, and of the mutual dependence upon each other, of the public and the corporation, has so radically changed within the recent past, that any discussion which did not also take into consideration the causes influencing and underlying these changes would be futile. We shall first try to establish a few fundamental principles common to all.

I

1. There are but few utilities which have no alternative or substitute. The alternative or substitute will generally have been less convenient, comfortable, or efficacious, and, consequently, less desirable to the user or consumer; but, in the absence of a better, it answered the purpose and was cheaper, and at the time was regarded as the ultimate possibility in the way of comfort, convenience, and luxury. An instance is lighting: electric light has gas as an alternative, gas has burning oils, burning oils have candles. While, for a given amount of light, the alternative may be more expensive, yet as it was used there was large economy and it was entirely satisfactory.

2. No utility can sell its service or its commodity at a price greater than its value, in comfort or convenience, if not in actual money, to the purchaser or consumer; and the price and quality of service or commodity must be so regulated that enough can be sold to produce net revenue sufficient to pay a fair return upon the cost of the plant, and of the organization and establishing of the business.

3. Net revenue can be produced in two ways; by a large percentage of profit on a small business, or a small percentage of profit on a large business. Population, potential business, social and business conditions, generally decide which course will be followed; but with a large population with large potentialities, the experience of all industrial and utility enterprises has been that it adds to the permanency and undisturbed enjoyment of a business, as well as to the profits, if the prices are put at such a point as will create a maximum consumption at a small percentage of profit.

4. Uniform rates for public service must lead to a combination covering a large and diversified territory. No utility is so situated that the same unit of service can be delivered at the same cost over all sections, nor are there in the same system of utilities any two sections in which service can be produced or delivered at the same cost, if each section is charged with its proportion of all costs.

Uniform rates are based on average costs and must be as excessive and unreasonable under certain conditions as they are inadequate and ridiculous under other conditions. When both sets of conditions are under one operation

or in one combination, the average applies, and it is a benefit in that it gives equal facilities to all at reasonable prices. When, however, one utility or combination has all the favorable conditions while the other has all the unfavorable, — or if a so-called competitor should be allowed to supply under the favorable conditions and avoid the unfavorable ones, — rank injustice is done in the one case, while undue benefits are granted in the other. In the one case there are great profits and large dividends; in the other bankruptcy and receiverships, for which the only remedy would be rates for service varied according to conditions, or a combination of all conditions under one operating combination. As an instance, — a gas company could furnish gas to a limited part of the community it serves at a price which would not pay cost of distribution in other sections.

A trunk line of railroad, if it did not have to support its distributing and collecting branches, could be run at a profit at rates which would not pay the crews of the trains on the branch lines. There are, to-day, railroad systems, through rich, well-settled, highly developed sections, which are enormously profitable, while others in less prosperous, or less fully developed, sections of the same states are in a receiver's hands because of uniform rates. The average cost of one system is less than the uniform rate, while the average cost of the other system is higher. A uniform rate is an advantage to the community as a whole, in that it gives to all equal facilities, as near as may be, at a uniform cost; it is equitable in that the highly developed centres are dependent on the country as a whole, and, therefore, should contribute toward this policy of equal facilities at uniform cost; but it is inequitable if, without remedy, any utility is obliged to furnish service below cost at uniform rates established on an average cost which includes utilities more favorably located.

The inevitable conclusion is, therefore, that if uniform rates are to prevail in any utility system, that system must tend to combination and to a single system or monopoly, if you please, if a highly developed, highly efficient, and progressive utility is to be maintained.

5. Where competition in any field is carried on at a reasonable profit it may be the result of agreement expressed or implied, or it may be that observation or experience of the cost, and destruction of aggressive competition, lead to the exercise of a reasonable restraint in the method and efforts of all to increase business and maintain profits. So long as business is above normal or is even normal, it is easy for competitors to maintain prices or to observe agreements; but when business is sub-normal and hard to obtain, while at the same time expenses are constant, charges are continuous, and business at or below cost is better than none, no agreement or understanding, expressed or implied, without penalty, will be long observed.

6. Competition, so-called, in any enterprises carried on at unreasonable profits is, without question, always the result of some understanding or agreement implied or expressed. Unreasonable profits are bound sooner or later to introduce new conditions and new competitors in any field, whether stationary or growing. It is this that has given rise to the belief in the great virtues of competition.

Competition is induced by many causes: by a desire to meet and share an increasing demand for, or consumption of, any commodity or service at normal profits; or to obtain a share of a business in which profits are very attractive and tempting; or to

share in an increasing business with excessive profits. The object may be to create a permanent, continuing, and profitable business, and to obtain, at reasonable prices, a fair share of the going or growing business; or to create by destructive and aggressive tactics such a situation as will force a settlement by purchase, combination, or an understanding of some kind, with an established business; or to promote a business upon the reputation and success of others and sell it to innocent investors upon misleading statements, either willful or mistaken.

The vicious acts associated with aggressive competition are responsible for much, if not all, of the present antagonism in the public mind to business, particularly to large business. These vices are the necessary accompaniment of the methods of destructive competition. The reason for the public's encouragement of such competition lies in the belief that from it they will derive some benefit. In the long run, however, the public as a whole has never benefited by destructive competition.

No business can be conducted permanently without some margin over and above the operating expenses, which must include ample maintenance of its plant at the highest 'going-concern' standard; while any business can be conducted for an indefinite period, at an apparent profit, at the cost of its plant or its capital depreciation, so long as they last, and after that for some time on receivers' certificates. There may be a temporary benefit to the consumer from unprofitable prices, but in the end prices must necessarily be restored or increased to recoup the losses of the cut prices, and to pay the charges on capital invested in unnecessary duplication, if such capital is not to be absolutely lost to the investor.

It must not be forgotten that, in competition of this kind, whether in the field of industrials or of utilities, the start is with small business and between small businesses; the big combination or the big business is a combination for offensive and defensive purposes, and is to be likened to the survival of the strongest, if not the fittest. Business and production must be on a large scale commensurate with the consumption and the new methods of production, which to produce at all must produce by the thousands. Large business or large production means a large aggregate profit from a small percentage of profit, while small business or small production must mean large percentage of profit or small and unsatisfactory compensation to the producer, or both. There is not one act, good or bad, wrong or right, that is charged to big business, that did not originate with, and does not still exist, in small business; while big business has one weakness inherent in its condition which small business has not, and that is notoriety and publicity. Big business is in the glare of sunlight while the smaller business is more or less in the shade. Big business is more impersonal as to its proprietorship or its ownership, or is centred about a few of those prominently connected with it; while its widespread body of small proprietors or partners — that is, the shareholders — have no association with it in the minds of the public, and, as a rule, are indifferent to all that is going on so long as dividends are maintained.

The settlements of competitive wars always affect the public unfavorably, not only toward the ones engaged, but toward all other industrial or utility enterprises. When prices are restored, even to a normal and reasonable basis, they are in constant contrast with the cut price of competitive war, and the consumer is constantly reminded of the differences and resents them; why, it is

hard to say, for there is no reason why the public should suspect that some individuals of the public engage in this aggressive competition for any other than a selfish purpose, or for any other benefit than their own; nor is there any reason why it should be expected that these disastrous competitions would be carried on beyond the point which the competitors believed best for their own interests, or beyond the point where the purpose of the competition has been accomplished.

When those engaged in the competitive warfare end it with profit, that profit is more or less flaunted in the faces of the public and is a constant offense; on the other hand, the losses made in the unsuccessful competitions are soon forgotten. If the losses of the unsuccessful promoters of enterprises, worthy and unworthy, or of competitive wars, or the losses made by speculators and gamblers, were as much talked about and as well known, or as much in evidence, as the occasional gains, the speculator or undesirable promoter would find fewer contributors or followers, and competition would be confined to rational and commendable ends, and governed by a decent self-restraint; or, if those who did benefit temporarily by aggressive competition also felt the resultant losses, there would be less encouragement of that kind of competition, and a better feeling on the part of the public toward those industries or utilities which were trying to operate a business in a legitimate manner and at a reasonable profit.

Another popular belief is that it is due to competition that prices and charges have been permanently reduced. Competition may have been a slight stimulant, but permanently reduced prices are brought about by the protection which encourages the inventor to create and develop labor-and-time-saving machines and new and improved methods and devices; by the desire to gain the profits which reward the study of the wishes, needs, comforts, and luxuries of the world, for the purpose of bettering the existing ones or creating new ones; by the initiative and enterprise which introduced the improved processes and methods; by the introduction of machinery operated by ordinary labor at high wages, to take the place of highly skilled labor at comparatively low wages; by the great increase in the number of purchasers or consumers, and by the increase in the average purchasing power of each individual; by the development of markets of such magnitude that large sums could be devoted to the introduction of machinery, processes, and methods which cut producing-cost and enabled a large aggregate profit to be realized on large production and large scales at low prices and small percentage of profit. Whether the consumers created the producers or the producers the consumers, whether the developing market produced the improvements which increased production or whether the improvements produced the market, is difficult to determine, but one thing is sure — that the business organization of any community is so dependent upon the community that sooner or later any effect, whether for good or for bad, is bound to be felt over the whole.

II

It must be admitted that regulation and control by commission has become a permanent feature of our economic policy, particularly as to utilities. That being so, it is essential for the well-being of the community that such regulation and control should be effective, equitable, acceptable to the public, and final. There must be absolute confi-

dence on the part of the public in its constituted commissions, and the utilities must have confidence in their fair intent and equity. To deserve this confidence, the members of the commissions must be of high order, free from prejudice or political favoritism or bias; and not only competent, but determined to render their decisions on the showing of facts without regard to popular clamor on the one side or corporate pressure on the other. To get all this, there must be permanency and lapse of time sufficient to enable an accumulation of practice, experience, and precedent, and a thorough coöperation between the public, the commissions, and the corporations, with confidence, deference, and dependence, and absolute frankness on every side.

Corporations should be allowed freedom from undue restraint or restriction on operations, so long as good service is rendered at reasonable prices — prices which will allow the best wages for the best service, provide for the maintenance, depreciation, and reconstruction of the plant, pay all fixed charges and a fair return on the investment, and a profit commensurate to the risk and chances peculiar to, and the ability required to establish and operate, the undertaking. If discussions of unsupported assertions and biased and misleading statements and distorted facts, no matter where made or by whom, are to prejudice the public or force the commissions to resort to expedients, indirect methods, half-way measures, or to evasions in the performance of their duties, the old conditions of trick and stratagem and 'anything-is-fair-in-war' methods to gain personal ends will soon be restored in worse shape than before.

It will take time and much self-restraint on the part of all concerned to bring this happy result about; and while it is being accomplished and the readjustment is taking place, the public should not in their impatient desire to get quick results allow the destruction or deterioration of those heretofore thriving enterprises which have done, and are doing, so much for the public development, even if for a time some inequalities or irregularities due to the changing conditions continue. The fact that some corporations have not as yet quite got on to the new order of things, together with the fact that the public, fully realizing its power, has not as yet learned that proper restrictions, regulation, and control, can secure all that is wanted, or all that is to be desired, and all that can be got, or that conservation is better than destruction, is largely the cause of the present unsettled and unsatisfactory conditions. The relations between the public and the corporations have not fully adjusted themselves to that nicety of balance which is possible, and which will give each of them all that either is entitled to, or could get, while at the same time preserving the prosperity and the rights of each.

This desired and happy consummation of the struggle, for it is a struggle, will only come with education, with the realization, on the part of the public, of the fact that economic and natural laws are above all statutory laws and cannot be disregarded if good results are to be obtained; that the prosperity of all results from general individual prosperity; that prosperous and solvent communities can only exist where they are served by prosperous and solvent utilities; and on the part of the corporation, that permanent success not *only can* be, but *can only be* obtained through equitable and legitimate efforts and procedure.

If, under these conditions rightfully administered, this country cannot secure and maintain the most sufficient, efficient, and effective service of all

utilities, there must be something inherently wrong in government regulation and control; and if government cannot effectively regulate and control through its commissions and its laws, then how much less effectively could it operate through government officials.

Competition — excepting that kind which is rather 'participation' than 'competition,' and operates under agreement as to prices or territory; that kind which provides for the extension or development of the country, and is conducted on the principle of maintaining high quality and fair prices — can only exist where there are abuses, either in the way of unreasonable profits or of excessive capitalization; and where control and regulation are effective, these abuses cannot exist or continue. Consequently competition and control and regulation do not go together, and if a mistaken public opinion demands competition in established fields of 'sufficient' and 'efficient' service given under control and regulation, the result will be duplication of plant, for which the general public must sooner or later pay either in the loss of capital invested, or in higher charges necessary to pay returns on the capital invested in the duplicated plant. The losers, as we said above, may not lose to the same individuals, but whatever is lost to individuals is lost to society and sooner or later affects the individual.

III

All utilities are dependent not only upon the public for support, in that they must have customers for their service, but upon the public good-will and favor, in that, from the public or its representatives, they must have franchises or permits under which they can operate. The old and proper idea of franchise put the public on the basis of a partner, in a partnership between the public, the capital, the invention or utility, and the individual. The public furnished consumption and, of course, the license to serve or the franchise to furnish something that it, the public, presumably wanted. The individual furnished the initiative, the energy, and managing ability; the capital employed was essential to development and installation; the invention or utility was something which to be successful must be of some public benefit. The intent or theory was that each should get its fair share of the benefits: the promoters and inventors, upon whose initiative, enterprise, and risk, something of great public benefit was introduced, profits in money; the public, something to their material advantage, in comfort or well-being. If this condition could have been established and maintained in a well-balanced relation to each of the partners, the present state of mind on the part of the public toward utilities would never have existed.

As pertinent to and having a direct bearing on questions of franchise, attention is called to the following facts:

1. At the beginning, every public utility or public service was started as an improvement upon something, some method, or some practice — and was a luxury. The greater the real benefit, or the greater the service, of the utility to the public, the quicker its adoption and the more rapid its assimilation into the daily habits and life of the people. The quickness with which it changed from a luxury or convenience to a necessity was a direct measure of its advantage to the community; while at the same time, and in the same proportion, the chances of competition increased, created, as it were, by the desire of those who always depend on the enterprise of others for their initiative to secure a share of the

material advantages, to reap where others have sown.

2. The public have received through utilities as much benefit in money, and in comfort, convenience, and well-being — if these could be measured in money — as the inventors and promoters have received in profits; while the enhancement of values, or the unearned increment, caused by the introduction of utilities has far exceeded all the profits from all the utilities, allowing them to be as great as the most liberal estimates of the restrictionists would have them. The money profits from these enterprises are concentrated on one individual or on a group, while the intangible values of comfort and well-being and convenience, and the unearned increment, attach to the general public and are lost in, or mingled with, general conditions; therefore one attracts continued attention and causes envy, while the other is taken as a matter of right.

The increase in population, the wide distribution of wealth, not only created tremendous possibilities in old established but dormant utilities, but created a great demand for new ones. Promoters of new enterprises and speculators in old enterprises became active. Franchises were in demand on any terms and conditions. Promises were made which no one expected to fulfill or was expected to fulfill, and enterprises were launched which the promoters knew, or should have known, would not pay. The partners in these enterprises, other than the public, in their eagerness to realize profits in advance of the actual development, and in their eagerness to capitalize prospects and hopes, and even unwarranted promises, in advance of establishing any public benefits, took advantage of this, and more attention was paid to speculative combinations, promotions, and dealings than to the wants and service of the public. This soon produced a feeling on the part of the public furnishing the permit to serve, on the one hand, and the consumers who afforded the profit, on the other hand, that the other partners were getting more than their share and getting it first, and that in some way they had been giving away or sacrificing something of great value.

The methods employed in these transactions, the acts performed, and the results sought for and obtained, were no different from those employed in all speculative and in many competitive businesses, — no worse, no better, — but there was a difference: the utility must get a permit or franchise, which the industrial does not need; the public as a body politic has also a control over the plant installation and operation of public service and public utilities, which it does not possess over industrials. This association between the public as consumer, and the public which gave the franchise, apparently did not occur to the other partners.

The fact that the same public were masters of the situation, in that they constituted the body politic, did not find any lodgment in the minds of those who controlled utilities; nor did the public, on its part, fully realize this relation and its power until the realization was forced upon it by an aroused and indignant public opinion seeking for redress and protection. Regarding only the existing conditions, forgetting and disregarding what the conditions were before the utilities were introduced, forgetting that there was ever any initial enterprise or risk in the introduction of these utilities or in the operation of these franchises, disregarding the benefits following the introduction of these utilities, the public mind furnished a ready field for biased and selfish opinion. Luxuries were fast

becoming necessities; ridiculously low prices, made for services rendered in the heat of competitive war, developed a tendency in the public to demand the impossible in the way of permanent rates and prices; and a desire began to develop to get all possible for as little as possible. In this frame of mind the public awakened to a realization of its great strength, through the right of regulation and control, through the control of franchise without which any utility plant already established was useless and worthless, and through its power as a body politic, a power which, if uncontrolled by sober common sense, or used without discrimination, would destroy every utility, and in the destruction would also involve both the prosperity and well-being of the community.

Public prosperity is largely dependent upon good service of all kinds, not only within but without. The interconnecting interests of individuals within a community, and of communities with one another, is like an endless chain, each link or unit depending on the strength and reliability of the whole, and the effective worth of the whole depending on each link. Good or bad movements in economic matters do not produce immediate effects, but because the effects are not immediate they are none the less certain to come. If the causes which have produced prosperity are ignored, if economic laws are disregarded, and experiments in new ideas are enforced without trial, the resulting trouble will again, as it has in the past, cause unfortunate results, which will in time bring about reform, but the damage and destruction done will never be restored.

Unless the public is reasonable in the use of its new-found power, and exercises it justly and equitably, but rigidly and consistently, all remaining confidence will be destroyed, and prosperity will cease; for, unless utilities can be invested in with certainty and security, investment will cease, and growth and development must surely be checked. These utilities, and those dependent upon them, are by far the largest purchasers and consumers of the products of the earth and the factory; and a very large proportion of this consumption is due to normal or above-normal activity in the improvement, extension, and development of these utilities, and to the greater activity in every line of industry or production which accompanies these activities. Activity of extension and development means full consumption of all products and commodities, good wages, and full employment for all. Sub-normal, normal, or above-normal activity means the difference between shops half filled with work, full of work, or worked over-time.

Production is governed by the demands of consumption; large sums of money are spent annually by producers to obtain new markets, enlarge old ones, and even to obtain the customers of their rivals. A greater market can be made at less cost by a slight change of policy in some directions toward some utilities. A little liberality in treatment, a little let-up in restrictions, when accompanied by demand for increased facilities, will make a tremendous difference in the activity in improvement, extension, and development, and in the accompanying purchasing power, direct and indirect, of the public utility and service corporations and those dependent upon them.

Do not think that, because at the moment we have a spurt in the business conditions, we are out of trouble. This spurt, if one may so call it, is the result of the bad conditions, and is but a symptom which foretells worse conditions unless guarded against.

The present conditions are due to

many causes — curtailed production in the past, exhausted stocks of all kinds of manufactured commodities or goods, accumulation of purchasing ability on the part of the primary producer, because of good crops and good prices, and the steady normal development of the country, which has overtaken the over-expansion of a few years ago in all lines of industry.

Unless timely precaution is taken, there will be the same congestion, the same inability on the part of all utilities, particularly transportation, to meet the current demands made upon them, and the same direct and indirect losses because of delay or the extra cost to provide against delay, the same premium for immediate delivery, and the same vexations because conditions are such that what is wanted cannot be got when it is wanted.

Under rational and effective control and regulation there can be no danger to the public.

Governments are established for the conservation of individual and public interest, and the protection of individual and public rights. Wise, equitable, rational regulation and control come well within these duties, and well within the capability of rightly and honestly organized government.

Big crops and abundant money are of no benefit unless there is full consumption of the one and good demand for the other, and it is only through activity that these can come.

IV

The relation of the telephone system to the public is unique in that there is no other public utility or public service which occupies quite the same personal relation to the public that the telephone does; and in this country the relationship has acquired additional importance as a public necessity owing to the development of the service, the use made of it, and the dependence upon it by the public in its business and social relations.

This importance is not only in the local exchange service, but in the dependence upon a quick and reliable service to all points within speaking radius. This dependence is not a mere accident or development, nor is it merely incidental to the service; it is the result of a thoroughly considered endeavor to create a business by first providing dependable facilities.

In the early days of the telephone, one of the sub-officials of a company made a protest against the expenditure of a considerable sum in improving and rebuilding a certain inferior toll-line connecting adjacent towns, on the ground that the business was not sufficient to support the existing line. The answer to his protest was that it could not be expected that business would be developed upon unreliable and inefficient facilities and service; that unless telephone service could be depended upon at all times, it would only be used in an emergency or as a last resort; therefore it was necessary that efficiency and reliability should be established before large business could be expected: that the only question to be considered before establishing service was — whether there was a population with a potential business.

This is the policy which controlled the development of the Bell Telephone system in America, and is the reason for its present development.

The telephone system, however, has not been created without its setbacks, its faults, and its grievous mistakes; and if the experience and knowledge obtained from those mistakes is ingrafted in the present policy of the Bell system, and they are not repeated, too much emphasis should not be laid upon those ancient and abandoned

faults, and the memory should not be too much exercised to recall them from oblivion.

As one reason, but no excuse, for those mistakes, it must be remembered that the telephone was born in an era when it was generally thought that corporations were masters of the public. It is not at all likely from the present attitude of the public that that mistake will ever be repeated.

The telephone was born when it was the popular idea that an electrician was the man who put up the electric call-bells, when electrical engineers, as at present understood, did not exist; and, except in the workshops of a few self-developed working electricians of ingenuity and imagination, working on its practical application to industrial development, the science of electricity was studied only in college laboratories; and there, as a rule, for purely scientific purposes.

Patents were still held in respect by the general public, if not by the speculative promoter and infringer; and the inventor of something new and useful was still regarded as the world's benefactor, and as entitled to some acknowledgment; and if he did not get it during the life of his patent, it was sometimes extended.

Never in the same period of the history of the world has there been such development of any branch of science as there has been in electricity in the less than four decades in which electrical communication, and the industrial application of electricity, have been brought from a period of almost nothingness to the development of 1912; from a period of conjecture and theory to that of an exact science; from the experimental stage to be one of the great industrial forces in the world, perhaps the greatest.

When the telephone was first introduced, the plant was simple, comparatively inexpensive, and correspondingly inefficient in comparison to what it is now; but wonderful beyond comprehension or comparison to what had been. The apparatus consisted of modifications and adaptations of apparatus designed for other purposes; all the equipment and plant for exchange purposes had to be invented and developed. The first use of the telephone was on private lines connecting two establishments, or generally the office and factory of the same establishment, the idea of the exchange being adapted from the connecting of telegraph lines together at a central office to put different stations into direct communication with each other. The telephone exchange was of slow growth, and difficult to exploit at first; there was nothing known in public service to use as an illustration, and in itself it was difficult of demonstration because the only possible demonstration *was by itself, before itself existed;* until a number of people were connected with an exchange, there could be no service.

The advantages, though slowly appreciated at first, brought a faster growth than any one anticipated, and both advantages and growth have probably gone far beyond the most optimistic estimates of any, excepting possibly a few, who were regarded as dreamy enthusiasts. When the advantage of the telephone service was once recognized it became surrounded by a halo, and many of those who were engaged in its development were literally carried off their practical business feet, and lost their business heads. Most of the promoters in the field were young men who were working on enthusiasm instead of capital, and with that peculiar energy which only comes to those who dream dreams. This condition existed until decay, depreciation, obsolescence confronted the operating

companies, with no provision or reserve to prevent them. Decaying, depreciated plant, central-office equipment and apparatus, and subscribers' stations of every conceivable pattern and kind were the rule. Conversation was interfered with by the extraneous noises on the single wire which formed the then telephone circuit and which, like the antenna of the wireless telegraph, caught every electrical disturbance in the air, from that caused by the aurora borealis to that caused by the electric car and telegraph currents. Meanwhile, the development of the art had been steadily and rapidly progressing, and in many central-office switchboards there was 'junk' at one end, and at the other the latest improvement known. Can it be wondered at that the service left much to be desired, and that the public was anything but satisfied?

Just about the time when many of the local companies found themselves in a position where reconstruction of plant, or destruction of business, was facing them, and no provision made for it, came that unprecedented period of almost unheralded cumulative prosperity throughout the country. The Western farmer who had been struggling with the low prices of over-production and undeveloped consumption, found that consumption had overtaken production, and that favorable seasons and large demands made good markets for his produce and filled his pockets with money. Industrial workers found full employment at full wages and still indulged in some of the reasonable economies of life. Those people who in the not far-past days of overdue interest and notes and mortgages looked upon banks as places to avoid, or upon rapidly diminishing deposits in savings-banks with dread of the future, found themselves with abundant and ready money. What a field for the promoter, and what an advantage was taken of it! Thousands, millions, even hundreds of millions, of these accumulations and savings went into all sorts of industrial and public-service and utility schemes. Competing gas-companies, water-works, interurban railroads, local tramways, telephone enterprises, were inaugurated in great numbers.

The old Bell telephone companies, or those of them with capital all issued and no reserves, and with an antiquated plant which required all the earnings for current expenses and ever-increasing maintenance and current repairs, found themselves opposed by new up-to-date plants giving a service which could not be given by the old plants, and at prices which only a new plant paying no attention to depreciation or depreciation reserves could give even temporarily; prices which were not intended to be the basis of a permanent and continuing business, but were made on any basis that would get franchises and subscribers and thus enable the promoters to sell securities.

What wonder if, in some localities, the Bell service and the Bell companies became a by-word and an offense.

It would have been a bad day for the Bell interests but for the courage and optimism of the then head of the system, who came in at about the time when everything was at its worst. Recognizing the conditions, and also the cure for, and the necessities of, the conditions, he procured and poured millions upon millions of money into these local companies, rehabilitating and reorganizing them, creating a new system by rebuilding and newly building exchanges and connecting them by thousands of miles of toll and long-distance lines. The result was that the Bell system was once more in a position not only to give as good service as could be given, but to give a universal

service such as could not be given by any other system and was not attempted by the independents. While this was being done the opposition plants were beginning to learn that maintenance, reconstruction, obsolescence were not negligible quantities, and the investing public that the promises and prophecies upon which their money had been obtained were wrong and misleading; and also it was demonstrated that while isolated exchanges, operated and controlled independently, could give good local service, they could not satisfy the public as against a system which made each exchange, in fact each telephone station, the centre of a system over which conversation could be had in every direction to the utmost talking distance. Had the opposition or independent telephone movement taken a lesson from the mistakes of the Bell and profited by its experience and adopted its policy of intercommunication, the story might be different from what it is, but the opportunity has passed, never to return. Yet the lessons to be learned from this experience have as yet not been thoroughly assimilated or appreciated by the public, and this history is given to show what underlies whatever differences there are between the public and the operating telephone companies.

The telephone service may still be called an undeveloped service. Because the instruments at the subscribers' stations are not materially or noticeably changed from time to time, is no indication that the art is at a standstill. Probably the actual transmitter and receiver are about as highly developed as they ever will be; but the mechanism of the central office, the appliances to get rid of extraneous troubles — in these days of high potentials in electric currents in transmission, transportation, and the industrial arts, to say nothing of the wireless! — are continually changing, so much so that one familiar with the art five years ago would find a field almost unknown to him and newly developed to-day. Hundreds of the brightest minds devoted to research, development, and improvement, are steadily and constantly eliminating some fault, improving some method or process, overcoming some obstacle to good service. There is a continuous evolution in a field with a limitless horizon, but the evolution is so steady and constant as to be almost unnoticed. To realize it, one has only to compare the actual service and the radius of communication with what actually existed ten years ago, and that is impossible to the most impartial.

The public, however, has begun to appreciate and believe that the telephone service is a 'natural monopoly'; that any telephone exchange must give universal service — from every exchange and every subscriber as a centre in every direction to the farthest talking limits; that one telephone system is sufficient, and more than one a nuisance; that a telephone conversation cannot be transferred from one system to another and therefore that every one desiring service must be connected with the same system; that the telephone service as carried on by the Bell system is one of that class which has no alternative and no substitute. The vital interest of the public in the service must also be recognized, and whatever is necessary to insure to the public full and complete service must be done, and done in such a way as will bring 'efficient' and 'sufficient' service within the reach of the whole public having any possible use for it.

The telephone service as now understood and demanded, in this country, depends on uniform development of all sections, and close and sufficient

connection, with uniform operation, under common control, between them. The question of the profitableness of each separate unit of the system, whether exchange or connecting lines, cannot be considered. The system must be considered as a whole, administered and developed as a whole, and as a whole it must yield proper return, regardless of the returns of this or that locality so long as the development of the locality is of advantage to the system as a whole.

This is a source of both weakness and strength to the Bell system. The weakness lies in the fact that an opposition exchange can locate itself in the congested centre of business and, at a low rate, give a purely local service, within that section, at a price which the system giving universal service over extended areas, profitable and unprofitable, cannot meet. To those who want a purely limited service in some sections, this appeals. There are but few in such sections who do not want more than a limited local service, and consequently if they have the purely local service they must also have the service of the more extended system. This is the source of strength to the Bell system, which carried it through those days of reconstruction in the face of the vigorous independent movement.

The practice of the Bell system is founded on the following statement of policy: To develop the possibilities of the service and to give the best possible service: to anticipate all the reasonable demands of the public as to service, either as to quality, quantity or extent; to distribute the charges for such service in such a manner as will make it possible for every one to be connected who will add to the value of the service to others; to collect gross revenue only sufficient to pay a fair dividend on the capital invested, after paying the fairest possible wages for the best service, after providing sufficiently for the maintenance and reconstruction of the plant, whether from decay or depreciation or from obsolescence. This is best shown by the distribution of the gross earnings of the Bell system.

The average gross earnings in 1911, per exchange station, for exchange service, toll, and long-distance service, was $39.83, just under $40; of this 50 per cent, or $20, was paid for salary and wages; 5 per cent, or $2, was paid for taxes; 20 per cent, or $8, for maintenance and miscellaneous; 6 per cent, or $2.40, was set aside for depreciation and obsolescence reserves; 19 per cent, or $7.60, for dividends, interest, etc. The average cost of the plant per exchange station for 1911 was $141, that is, the average returns upon plant cost were 5.4 per cent; or about the return which can be secured from first-class investments with ample security.

In conclusion, in this short discussion an attempt has been made to give what appears to be the proper solution of the telephone service, and to show what a telephone system should be. The question is, how best can the ideal be obtained? There seems to be no question, judging from experience, that the present way — private management and ownership, subordinated to public interests and under rational control and regulation by national, state, or municipal bodies — is the best.

THE MASSEY MONEY

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I

'I HAVE sent for Judge Fordham to talk to me about my will, Mayannah. He comes at three.'

'Is that so, Mother Dreer?'

At this response, which seemed to her slipshod and perfunctory, Mrs. Dreer, lying high among her pillows, fairly glared at her son's widow. She detected an almost professional quality in Mayannah's irritating amiability.

In her point-lace cap and quilted silk bed-jacket, the high-nosed old woman looked masterful and important still, in spite of years and mortal illness. There was a red spot in the middle of either wasted cheek, and her deep-set black eyes were glowing with an excitement which even this fateful occasion hardly warranted. She sent for Judge Fordham frequently, but never before had she looked like this.

Mayannah Dreer, who was crocheting by the window, counted ten stitches apathetically. To live with Jane Dreer meant learning to restrain one's tongue three hundred and sixty-five days a year, and Mayannah had lived with her ten years. Now, at thirty, she looked like a pink azalea that has lost its first freshness; her cheeks were somewhat pale, and the submission and steadiness in her clear gray eyes totally denied the rebellious exuberance of her waving, red-gold hair. Mayannah's father was George Wetherbe, of old stock run to seed, but her mother was pretty Katy Curran from a farm far back in the hills. Thus Mayannah was burdened with the perplexing inheritance of a New England brain and an Irish heart.

'I guess you'd like to know what I'm going to do with my money.'

'Just as you please,' said Mayannah, indifferently.

The gray head shook with vexation. 'Mayannah Dreer, you make me tired, pretending it's nothing to you how I make my will! I tell you, there is n't anybody who don't want money — and you just as much as the rest, even if butter won't melt in your mealy mouth!'

'If you go on that way, you'll get all tired out before Judge Fordham comes,' said Mayannah, counting more stitches.

This was undeniable, so Jane Dreer relaxed her tension a little, for she had much to say before the lawyer came, and she knew it.

'The Massey money!' she said. 'And all of it in my hands, for me to say where it goes! Time was I used to think the Massey money a little better than any other money on earth. But that was before it came to me. Grandsire Nahum Massey and Temperance, his wife, they got the first considerable amount of it together, by littles and by littles. But they got it. That's the main thing.'

Mayannah glanced up, interested. Often as the Massey money had been used as a weapon of offense against her own insignificance during the patient years she had been her mother-in-law's companion, this was the first time she

had heard anything about the genesis of the snug little fortune that loomed large in Mrs. Dreer's eyes.

'Then I should think your father and your uncle Newton and your aunt Eliza would have had as much of it as your uncle Jabez,' she observed. 'But I thought your money came from Jabez Massey.'

'It did. Father was n't one to hold on to what he had; Jabez was one to make more. Families run like that — a streak o' fat and a streak o' lean. Uncle Newt held on to his fairly well. It's the remains of Newton's money the Varian girl is living on. She's his only grandchild.'

Mayannah, considering for a minute the various branches of the family she had married into, remembered that Jane Dreer herself was one of three children.

'How did all your uncle Jabez's money happen to come to you, Mother Dreer?' she asked idly, hardly expecting an answer. She was acquainted with the village legend which said that Jane Dreer came down like the Assyrian on the old home during Jabez Massey's last illness; that she shut him off from kindred and acquaintance, nursed him, cursed him, bulldozed him, until, as a result of really excellent care, combined with really skillful browbeating, he had made her his heir; 'in view of a private compact between us, and in acknowledgment of her faithful services in my behalf' ran his last testament, as anybody might read in the probate office, were they curious enough. Fordhampton people wondered vastly over that 'private compact,' but for twenty years Jane Dreer had gone her triumphant, silent, self-determined way. Thus her answer now quite petrified Mayannah.

'It did n't just *happen*,' returned the elder woman grimly. 'As for how I got it, that's what I'm going to tell you right now. I promised Jabez Massey three things, and the first was, that before I died, I'd find somebody to tell it to. It might as well be you.'

There was contempt and impatience in her voice.

'I don't know as I wish to hear it,' returned Mayannah quickly, 'not if — if it's anything against you.'

'Against me! *Against* me! I'd like to know when it was ever against anybody to know the buttered side of bread! Jabez Massey did n't hold it against me, I can tell you! Uncle Jabez was a smart man; he knew the world, and he knew folks. And he was sick almost unto death, up here in this old house in Vermont that his grandfather built, when I heard about it from 'Gusta Burden and came on from Illinois to take care of him. "Your uncle Jabez is n't long for this world," 'Gusta wrote me, "and if you don't look after him, I expect Mary Varian will come up from New York with her little girl. She's the same kin to Jabez that you are."

'At first I did n't see how I could leave my husband and Harold. Harold was thirteen then, and into everything. Jim Dreer was working in Peoria, and I had all I could do to manage on his wages, let alone paying a housekeeper. Providentially, his sister's husband died the week before, and she did n't know what on earth to do, for there was n't but four thousand life insurance, and the house was mortgaged. So I planned it all out for her — how she was to pay off the mortgage with a thousand of the insurance, put the rest out at eight per cent, rent the house, and come look after Jim and Harold. I offered her two dollars a week to do it. I'd have had to pay a girl three, but I considered my planning was worth something. You see it gave her an income she could save money on, put it all together.'

'How did you know somebody else would n't be taking care of Uncle Jabez by the time you got here?' demanded Mayannah, drinking in these details.

'I did n't — but one has to leave something to the Lord. It will be twenty-one years the tenth of October since I came. There were no through trains up this way then. I came up from the junction on a mixed freight. It looked so lonely all the way that I was heart-sick — that old reservoir with the stumps sticking up out of the black water, and the mountains all dark with firs, and just a few yellow maples here and there to light them up. The old house looked desolate, too. Just scraggly chrysanthemums and rain-soaked asters up the front walk, and fallen leaves everywhere. I opened the front door and went in as if I belonged — but my heart was in my mouth. The downstairs rooms were all dirt and disorder. You could write your name on all that old mahogany. I put down my bag and walked upstairs. At the top I heard somebody calling from the south-east chamber, so I went along, as bold as brass, pushed open the door, and went in.

'There sat Uncle Jabez in a black skull-cap and flowered dressing-gown, in a rocker by the fireplace, looking the image of distress. Yet there was always something about him, and even about the things he said and the way he said them — I don't know what to call it but style, though that 's a ridiculous word to use about a twisted old man in a flowered bed-gown. He'd had rheumatic fever, and it had left him with a very bad heart, and so twisted he could hardly hobble. Hi Newton used to come, night and morning, to get him up and back to bed, and his wife looked in twice a day and cooked and fussed around a little. There was bread and milk for his dinner on a dusty table beside him, and a log smouldered in the corner of the fireplace.

'"Well, Uncle Jabez," said I, "how do you do? I'm afraid by the way things look, you don't do very well."

'He looked at me hard, and finally his mouth screwed into a side-ways grin. You'd call it sardonic if he'd been a man in a book.

'"Ah, it is my dear niece, Jane Dreer!" said he. "How do you do, Jane? — Now I wonder when Mary Varian will be up? About next week or the week after, I should say. Mary was always a little slow. But where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

'"I'm glad you can still quote Scripture, Uncle Jabez," said I. "It's often a greater relief to the feelings than profanity." With that I got down on my knees in front of the fire and fixed the charred stick for a back-log, with some chips and paper and small sticks in front. "As for Mary Varian," I went on, "I doubt if you will need her now I am here. I have come on from Illinois on purpose to take care of you."

'Just then the sticks burst into a flame. Uncle Jabez looked at it. "If that Newton woman lived to be a thousand, she could n't learn to make a fire," he said.

'"Some folks can't," said I, dusting the table by his elbow with my handkerchief. "Would n't you rather have pop-robin and hot buttered toast for your lunch instead of that cold bread and milk?"

'He shut his eyes and groaned. "Oh, the flesh-pots! The flesh-pots! At my age to be in bondage to the flesh-pots!"

'"Is n't it premature," said I, "to be worrying about flesh-pots when I offer you a little gruel? Uncle Jabez, you know this is no way for a man of your means and your state of health

to live. It is n't right and decent; now is it?"

'He groaned again and looked into the fire, which had begun to snap quite lively. "Candidly, Jane, it is n't," he allowed at last.

'"Very well. Then we're perfectly agreed," said I. "If I stay here, there'll be some comfort in the place. Do you suppose the Newton woman would help me give this house one good cleaning? And can her husband be hired to rake up leaves?"

'That was all the words we ever had about it. I just settled down and got the house to running, and made him as comfortable as he could be made. I did n't spend more money than I had to, because it hurt him so to see it go, but I used what was needful. For all he was so close, Jabez knew what was fitting.

'When I had been here a couple of weeks, along came a letter from Mary Varian in New York to her dear uncle Jabez. She said 'Gusta Burden had written her of his illness some weeks before (the same time she wrote me, I'll warrant you! That was like 'Gusta to stir us both up and then sit back to see what would come of it), and she had been trying to plan it so as to get up to Fordhampton to see him, but she hated to interrupt Rowena's term at school, and there was no one to leave her with. However, they could come at Christmas, and if dear uncle Jabez thought it best for his comfort, they might remain, for blood was thicker than water, and she felt for him in his illness and isolation.

'I wrote straight back and told her she need n't worry; Uncle Jabez's hands were too swollen to write, but he was n't suffering from isolation in the least. I was right there, and meant to stay. And the doctor thought excitement was n't good for him, so he would have to decline her kind offer of a visit.

'When I took the letter in for Jabez to read before I sent it, he grinned that side-ways grin and said, "Come, Jane, what do you think you are going to do, keeping Mary Varian and her girl away from me? Why should n't I see my affectionate relatives? I notice you don't encourage the neighbors to come in very much, either. Going to get me under your thumb, eh? And then dictate my last will and testament. That's a little too raw for a person of your intelligence, Jane."

'That made me angry. "Let's have this thing out," said I. "Then we'll both feel better and know where we stand. — Uncle Jabez, in the Lord's own time, you'll have to leave the Massey money and the Massey house. You've got to leave them to somebody, and I suppose it will be to some of your kin. When you get done with them, I want them — and I am willing to earn them, which is more than any of the rest would do. Now — look at all of us. Take your own generation first: your brother Newton is dead; my father is dead; your sister Eliza is in the Old Ladies' Home, and very comfortable she is. Her only living son has lost the use of his faculties and the state supports him as well as he needs to be supported. Mary Varian and her little girl have Newton's money and manage to make it do. Mary is a worthy enough woman, but she is crazy about the city. She thinks her flat is better than the house of her fathers; you'll never get her away for long from shop-windows and bargain-counters.

'"Then, there's my own family. Brother Joseph is a drunkard and wastrel, though he had ability to begin with. Sister Delia married a Canuck. He took her out to Winnipeg, where they are doing well, and have as much money as they ought to have. Neither they nor their children would care anything about the old Massey house

in Fordhampton. If it was theirs, it would be sold to the first comer, and the money would buy more Manitoba land. If that's what you want, I have nothing to say, for what I want is different. My idea is to live in the place where my people have lived — and live like a lady. I'm a Massey, and I guess if anybody could put life into this old place, I could."

'"Ah? And where does your family come into your plans?" he inquired, with that condescending air he knew how to put on.

'"Jim Dreer could manage the quarry and the farm. My son should go to Cambridge and come back here to take up Judge Fordham's law practice. The back-country needs young men more than the towns."

'"Kind of a sickly boy, is n't he?" sneered Uncle Jabez. It was the only thing he ever said that showed he had heard about us, or thought of us.

'My heart stood still, for I had never let on, even to myself, that Harold was n't as strong as other boys.

'"No!" I said. "All he needs is to live up here in the hills to be as strong as they make them. He's a good boy and his heart is set already on going to college. — Yes, I'm free to say I want your money, Uncle Jabez, and I want your house!"

'"You are a shrewd woman, Jane Dreer," he said, "a shrewd woman." With that he sat looking in the fire for half an hour, not saying a word. And I went on with my sewing.

'"So you want to live like a lady, Jane?" he brought out finally. "That's the gist of the matter, is n't it?"

'"Yes," I said; "it is."

'"It's a fine old word," said he. "Time was I thought it almost a sacred word. What is your notion of living like a lady, Jane? How would you go about it, now?"

'"I want my carriage and pair," said I, "not a piano-box buggy and a utility horse. I want linen and silver befitting this house. Servants enough to care for it properly. To go to Europe at my pleasure. And to entertain. I want to bring guests from hither and yon, to show this town the Masseys are n't dead nor dying. I want Harold to fetch young people home, pretty girls and fine young men. I want lights and music and gayety, delicate food, and the open door. That's how I want to live," said I. "I'm Temperance Massey's granddaughter, and they say I'm her living image. I want to do these things in her house with her money, and do 'em right."

'"The open door!" said he. "Maybe it's more your inheritance than you know. Do you happen to be aware, Jane Dreer, how Nahum and Temperance Massey got their money together at the first?"

'"Why, no, I don't know as I do."

'"Keeping tavern down in Connecticut and selling rum, tobacco, and molasses. Jonathan and I were quite big boys when the old place came to father, and we moved back here to fix it up and to ruffle it with the Fordhams and the Vyses. Rum, tobacco, and molasses," he said, "and feeding the wayfarer. Plenty of other fortunes started just that way. Money is money, Jane. It is n't an air-plant. Mostly its roots strike down into the dirt. And that's all right — only don't put on airs," he said. "It behooves us all to remember the pit whence we were digged."

'I won't deny I was taken aback. I'd always said a good deal about being a Massey. The Fordhams and the Vyses coined their money from their brains. "You've added to it," I said finally.

'"Oh, yes, I've added to it, but not in such very ladylike ways, either. I've screwed and pinched and ground my neighbors like other men."

'"If it's clean enough for you, it's clean enough for me," I told him.

'With that, something came upon him. He pulled himself up out of his chair and began to hobble up and down the room, hitching himself along. He was n't thinking of me any longer, or talking to me. There was an agony in his face, and a kind of disgust, as if life had been one long affront to something far within him, not yet dead. I just don't know how to express it. It was so different from anything I knew of him before.

'"O God, if I had had a child to be my heir!" he said. "Yet if I had, he might have been altogether such an one as I! *Thank God I did not have a child!*" he cried, and tottered back to where he had been sitting.

He was quiet a long time before he came back to me and my concerns.

'"I knew a lady once. She was n't much like you, Jane Dreer. Her children, now, — perhaps, — if one could find them — But I am old — it is too late. She was gentle and tender and simple — anyhow I thought so. Brave, too — Sometimes I've thought I'd like to have a lady like her have the spending of the Massey money. But they all have died, I guess. I will leave you the money if you will find me such an heir, Jane Dreer!"

'"Jabez, I want the money, and I'll do 'most anything to get it, but I tell you squarely, if you give it to me, it's likely I shall give it to my son and to his children if he marries as he ought. I don't want you to make any mistake about what I mean to do."

'He laughed, short and sharp. "I know the Dreers," he said. "Fair to look at, but short-lived, feeble folk. Your child will leave no children for your heirs, Jane!"

'How I hated him for that, but it was true!

'"When you come to die, you must pick and choose as I am doing. I lay it on you that you find me a lady for your heir!"

'"Your notion of a lady, now, — what is it, Jabez?"

He tottered to his feet again and lifted his hands to heaven. His face was terrible. I seemed to see something hard and avaricious tearing its way up from the bottom of his soul, as though it were an evil spirit going out of him.

'"*One whom the dollar does n't dominate, by God!*" he cried, and fell back in his chair.

'When he spoke again, he was quite himself. "This is a very edifying conversation of ours, Jane Dreer," says he. "It is a pity it should be entirely lost to a greedy world. Can you remember what we have been saying?"

'"Every word of it," said I. And as you can see, I have.

'"Then see you pass it on," he told me. "As for the Massey money, you must pay a price for it. I don't mean, merely, taking care of me in my dotage, and seeing I don't, at the last, will it away to somebody else. Doubtless you will do that, and do it competently. There is an honest streak as well as a grasping one in you, Jane. But you must pay a higher price than that, and in a different coin. I lay it on you, Jane," and he bent forward as he spoke, dragging his words as if they weighed a ton, his sharp old eyes boring into mine like gimlets all the while. "I lay it on you, Jane, that from this hour you watch yourself until you see what the Massey money does with you. When you come to your end of days, tell some one, whom you will, what it has been to you and done to you. Tell them the very truth! It is just common money, like that of other men, no better, not much worse — but I have seen it work. I watched my father and my mother. I watched my brothers and my sister. Most of all I

watched — myself," said he. "No use to tell you what I've seen — no use! But I lay it on you that you watch and see."

'"All right," said I. "You can't scare me that way, Uncle Jabez. For forty years I've watched what pinching poverty has done to me. I don't know as riches can do worse!"

'"You are a Massey fast enough," he said, "and in the long run the Masseys are not fooled. As well you as another."

'So he made his will next day, though he lived for a year afterward. And he gave the money all to me.'

Jane Dreer was white and tired as she finished. Mayannah dropped her work exclaiming distressfully, —

'What am I thinking of! You have n't had your milk or your nap, and it's long past the time.'

'I'll have them now. I need all the strength I can get to finish this,' the elder woman said wearily.

II

It was one thing for Jane Dreer to tell the story of her audacious contest with Jabez Massey, but quite another to relate the adventures of her spirit in contact with the Massey money. In her eyes, the former tale reflected small discredit upon herself. She had conquered Jabez by telling him the truth; while he lived, she had tended him with conscience; since his death she had spent his money handsomely. All this was as it should be. But to pluck out of the abyss of her own nature the hidden things she had learned from life, to spread them in the light of day, — how was she to bring herself to that? Yet she had promised, and to Jane Dreer a promise was a promise.

Bitterness surged up in her heart against the younger woman because Mayannah was her appointed auditor. She had never loved the girl. Resenting her son's marriage with an intensity that must be measured by her pride and her ambition, she yet clung to his widow as her only link on earth with Harold's life.

Mayannah had dropped without audible protest into the position where Harold's mother placed her. She was companion, helper, sometimes nurse; at other times the lay figure upon which Jane Dreer draped the ultra-fashionable garments she herself might not wear. Mayannah looked well in her clothes; her voice was gentle; though sometimes abstracted, and, in Mrs. Dreer's eyes, mopy, she had flashes of the Celtic gayety. People liked Mayannah.

The two traveled not a little; they had a winter shelter in North Carolina; they invited many traveling-acquaintances and winter friends to the old house in Fordhampton during the summer months. Mrs. Dreer had a clear-cut notion of the kind of social importance that was easily within her reach; she lived for that and achieved it. Mayannah helped her by being pretty and well-dressed, and, when not in her apathetic mood, displaying that lively Irish interest in everything human which really goes further, and in more different directions, than any other social qualification on earth. But all that was over now.

Jane Dreer very simply attributed her daughter-in-law's adherence and patience to familiar motives. Of course, Mayannah wanted the Massey money in her turn, and would put up with whatever was necessary to get it. True, she had a little income of her own which Jane had given to Harold and Harold to his wife, but what was eleven hundred dollars a year? Sometimes Jane's conscience pricked her, for she knew perfectly well that she did not mean to give Mayannah much more.

If the Massey money were Mayannah's price for these submissive years, she would be cheated of her wage.

Refreshed by food and sleep, the woman took up her recital. The flush in her cheeks and the glow in her eyes had died down; her mouth was set in a hard line; she pulled the bed-jacket away from her dark, bony throat, and ordered the window by her bedside raised.

'Jabez told me to watch myself,' she began harshly. 'So I did. I hated to. But I felt it would n't be honest if I did n't. I had a fine time fixing up the house. It tasted every bit as good as I thought it would. I'm not going back on that for a minute. The money was a pleasure. But I began to see it made me more critical. With no real worries, I fussed about little things. My heart was set that my family should live up to the money and the house. I'd always been well enough satisfied with Jim Dreer before. He was a pleasant-tempered, well-meaning man, a good deal like Harold, but with not a particle of style. The way he looked in evening clothes was a distress to me, and when it came to a tall hat, I could have cried at the way it did n't become him. Maybe you think these are little things, but I was bent on having everything *according*. I'll not deny I came to snapping at Jim when he was dressed up; he got so he hated the sight of his good clothes and used to make excuses to get up to the farm for a week at a time to get away from them and me. I even went so far as to wish the Lord had provided me with a husband who would fit better into our new circumstances.

'The second winter we lived here, he took pneumonia and died. I made him dress when he did n't want to, one night when we went out to dine, and he forgot his muffler. It was a bitter night and he took a cold on his lungs. Of course, he had no business to forget the muffler — still, after he was dead, I could n't forget I'd insisted on his wearing those clothes. You don't get rid of such things. They stick in your mind for all time. But I had Harold left.'

At the name, Mayannah stirred softly and sat a little straighter, looking across the room at Mrs. Dreer with level eyes that seemed to remember and to warn. But it never occurred to the elder woman that Harold belonged to Mayannah as much as to herself. In any case, she must say what she had to say.

'Harold was a lot of comfort to me after his father died. It broke me up for a long while, and I did n't try to do anything but get through the days. Harold was so thoughtful — you know how he was. For all it gave my heart a twist every time I thought of the way Jim died, those were my happiest years. It was all right until I began to plan again. But of course I had to get ambitious for Harold. It just seemed to me I'd die if he did n't do this and be that. But his health broke down and it took him five years to go through college. Maybe that was n't a bitter pill for me to swallow! No honors, no athletics, not many young people coming home with him. For, after he graduated, he was n't well; he did n't want young folks here; he did n't want to travel; it tired him to dance. All he could do was to mope around and read, and go down and call on you.'

'Yes!' breathed Mayannah to herself, her big eyes swimming with memories.

Jane Dreer did not notice. She pushed on relentlessly, —

'He was the heir. That was the way I looked at it. It was all to come into his hands, to rest on his shoulders. The scrimping and saving of three generations was all for him. So the

money was just another reason for his being splendid and fine and competent — the things he could n't be, poor boy! Perhaps I loved him more for it — but it cut deep, just the same. To have him feeble! To have other boys out-do him! Then, to have him hanging around you! I used to remember how your grandfather, old Pat Curran, looked driving down from Windy Hill to the cheese factory, with his cob-pipe in his mouth, and his raw-boned old white horse balking and starting and rattling the milk-cans. Christopher Wetherbe, your other grandfather, came of good stock if you went far enough back; but they used to say in his dotage that he went into other people's cellars and took pork from their barrels. I don't know if it was true. — No, Harold never came up to my notions. I wanted him to do and be so much! I'd have given my heart's blood, I guess, to see him marry Frances Fordham. But he chose to marry you!'

Mayannah, rigid in every muscle, yet lifted her head as if it held a coronet.

'Yes,' she echoed, in a voice Jane Dreer would have done well to note, 'he chose to marry me!'

'Yes! And he did it behind my back! Took the property I'd made over to him for spending-money and married you secretly on that! And then came those hemorrhages, and I had to forgive him. We all went to Asheville — and that was the end.

'So — you see the things the money did to me those first ten years. It added bitterness to my married life, and to my motherhood, and to my mourning. I'll not deny it. And it has torn my heart to pieces to tell you about it. I hope Jabez Massey is satisfied!

'And yet the money is a good, and I'm glad I've had it. I'll not go back on that. Only it does n't seem to me I've got the worth of it as I ought. Maybe everybody feels that way.'

She stopped abruptly. Candor seemed to demand more, but she did not know how to express her consciousness of that obscure, progressive change in her spirit, as fundamental as the physical hardening of the arteries, and as irretrievable. So, when she continued, it was to say, —

'I don't know as I've much to tell about the last ten years. You've been with me all the time. You've seen for yourself. Though he did n't say so, I know Jabez Massey thought there was a miserly microbe in the Massey blood that was bound to develop in all of us. But so far as I can see, it has n't. I like money, but no better than I did before.

'Since Harold died, we've gone up and down, and to and fro, entertaining here, being entertained there. It's what I wanted to do, and I've done it. One reason I kept at it so long, I was looking for the woman Jabez Massey wanted for his heir. I'm not very sentimental, but, I said, since everything has gone so ill with me, I'll find Jabez his lady if I can. I've looked at 'em north and south, east and west, here and abroad. I have n't found the right one yet. That's flat.

'These women we know are all like you and me, Mayannah, cumberers of the ground! It used to make me furious some nights in those Southern hotels, the way you could hear 'em spatting on the cold cream all down the corridor, from room to room. And yet there's no harm in cold cream. It's only that the women are all so fat and idle and pampered, and never thinking of a thing except to spend. I came to spending too late, I suppose. I can't help thinking with Jabez that there must be other things to a lady, though I don't claim there's been much else for twenty years to me. I can look back

and see how I had the money and I spent it, but it never made me really rich. I've been an idle, discontented, luxury-loving old woman, restless, and craving I don't know what. If anybody's been the better for my being alive since Harold died, I don't know who it is.

'I suppose you want the Massey money as much as I did, and plan as I did what fine things you are going to do with it. You're no worse than I am, but you're younger. There's some chance for you. — What do you care about now but clothes and gadding? To be sure I asked that from you and asked nothing else. I won't say I have n't been at fault, letting you sit around like a tame cat, waiting for my shoes. But they are n't coming to you, Mayannah Dreer. I tell you, you are n't Jabez Massey's lady and the money will not go to you!'

Jane Dreer's insistent, almost angry, utterance ceased at last. She had said it all, bluntly enough, but it was finished. She looked at the silent figure across the room for a response, and as she looked, Mayannah literally flashed to her feet. Jane Dreer had such a sense of sudden coruscation that she rubbed her eyes. Her daughter-in-law stood in the centre of the room, tall, pale, suddenly beautiful in the splendor of wrath. Mrs. Dreer was astounded. Mayannah was transformed before her into a woman whom Jane did not know and had never known. Jane Dreer's Mayannah was a slim, docile, old-young girl. This was a woman in her flower. There was maturity, motherliness even, in her bearing, but there was judgment in her eyes.

'Mother Dreer,' said this Mayannah, swiftly, 'there are a few things I simply have to tell you if I die for it. I am tired of turning the other cheek. It's true I've lived with you for the last ten years, and you've grown more discontented every year. *I* can tell you what the money has done for you, — it has blinded you to the very thing you are trying to find! You will never find a lady while you look for her with Jane Dreer's eyes! I know a dozen women like the one you have been hunting. So do you, but, don't you see, they can't show that side of themselves to you. You don't call it out, and you can't see it when it shows itself. It has got to be in *you* before you can know it is in them! — And that is Gospel truth, and it is the worst thing the Massey money has done for you. Why, you would n't know heaven itself if you saw it with those eyes!

'It's true I do want the Massey money, and I'm going to tell you why. It was Harold's plan. That year in Asheville, Harold said to me over and over, "Mayannah, stay with mother if you can. You'll be unhappy, for her tongue is sharp, but she is just and honest — and she has no one left but you. Don't leave her all alone. When she is done with the old place and the money, I hope she will leave them to you. I used to think," he said, "how beautiful it would be to see you walking under those old elms with a child of ours on either side. Now, that can never be. But there's a world full of other people's children! If you could find two or three you liked, Mayannah, and give them an old-fashioned bringing-up in the old place, playing with dandelions in the grass, wading in the brook, coasting down the hill, romping in the attic! It's just the house for that. It has never been alive since we lived there, but it would come alive again if it had children in it. And you are just the woman!" — He knew I would never marry again, for he knew too well what we were to each other. So that was his plan for me, and that is why I have stayed with you. A tame cat, indeed! — I guess I would have

tried to live in hell if Harold had asked me to!'

Jane Dreer, white and trembling, leaned forward from her pillows and shook a shriveled finger in the air.

'Mayannah Dreer, go to your room and stay there until I send for you. Do you think I'll take such words from you?'

The younger woman turned proudly to the door, but, as she opened it, she flung back one sentence more, hot from her Irish heart.

'My grandfather is dead, Heaven rest his soul! If he did steal pork, I hope it was because he was hungry and not because he was a miser!'

Then, dazed and blind with the excess of her own feeling, she moved across the hall to her room. The wrath that had sustained her was passing as swiftly as it had come. Stumbling and sobbing, she fell before her writing-table and faced a picture there. It showed a hollow-cheeked, dark-eyed youth with a gentle, ineffective face. But, such as it was, it was the shrine of Mayannah's heart.

'O Harold — Harold, forgive me. I've spoiled it all. Your beautiful plan can never come true! She might have changed her mind before — but never, now! — Oh, my terrible temper! How could I let it spoil your plan!'

She dropped her head and sobbed her soul out hopelessly before the faded photograph of the commonplace young man.

III

'I never thought Mayannah had it in her to stand up to me like that!'

Across the hall, Jane Dreer lay panting on her pillows, but her grim old face was glowing with a new and strange excitement. She looked exultant, almost joyous. She was seeing clearly; she was feeling keenly, and she knew these things for the ultimate good they are. It was not true that she could no longer see the finer realities of character. She was cleared of that accusation in the moment of its making. Had Mayannah's flesh dissolved and left her white-hot spirit standing there, Jane could hardly have had a more startling revelation of her inner self.

The elder woman lay very still, taking in the wonder of it. This was Mayannah, wife of her son, the Mayannah Harold had chosen and adored. These were the thoughts that had nourished her during ten years of treading up and down another's stairs. This passionate acceptance of the denials of her life, this passionate hope for the fulfillment of another's dream, had been her meat and drink. She had kept these things hidden safely from sight; she had lived continually in the land of the heart, and only this once had its glow shone from her face. — Or, was it that only this once did Jane Dreer possess the seeing eyes? No matter which. Once was enough.

There was a tap at the door and a maid entered.

'Judge Fordham is waiting, Mrs. Dreer.'

'Show him up, Alice.'

While the old man slowly climbed the stair, Jane Dreer held short but sufficient counsel with herself. When the impressive, white-haired gentleman had greeted her, he spread out his papers on her bedside table with a patience born of long experience in composing wills for Mrs. Dreer.

'And what is it to-day, Jane?' he inquired. 'Am I to draft a will in favor of the Old Ladies' Home, or have you decided on the series of scholarships at the women's colleges — or, have you, perhaps, found the individual heir you have been looking for?'

Jane Dreer smiled. The smile lit her face curiously, her lawyer noted, as if a light had fallen on it from afar.

He had never seen her look so chastened, yet so keen.

'I am making my last will to-day, Judge,' she said, with faint but sufficient emphasis upon the adjective. 'I will dictate my words to you as I wish them to stand. If there are legal formalities that I omit, you can insert them afterward. Take your pen and write!'

Astonished, he obeyed her.

Jane's excitement and her sudden insight met and mingled; they precipitated themselves into words with the miraculous precision of some chemical reaction. Stirred to the core of her being, she dictated swiftly, and without faltering, that strange, almost lyric, testament which was to stand as her recognition of so much that her life had ignored; as her one possible *amende* to her son and her son's wife. Truly, she was a Massey. And, in the long run, the Masseys were not fooled. Old Jabez knew.

I, Jane Dreer of the village of Fordhampton, being sound of mind and solvent of estate, but brought face to face with my end of days, do solemnly make and declare this my last will and testament: —

I give and bequeath all property, both real and personal, of which I may die possessed, to Mayannah Dreer, once wife, now widow, of my son.

And this I do in fulfillment of a private compact between myself and Jabez Massey, whose heir I was, to the effect that his wealth should pass into a "lady's" hands. I have searched this land and Europe for such an one as he described to me, but my eyes were holden, for I found not one among the people who fed me at their tables and broke bread at mine.

At last I saw the woman I was seeking, sitting at my hearth. I have despised her parentage, but her heart is higher than my heart. She is gentle, simple, and tender; she is fearless, patient, warm of heart. She knows neither guile nor greed. She was the wife of my son, and she worshiped him. To whom should I give this wealth if not to her? It cannot curse her, for she is beyond the domination of the dollar. It may not bless her, for it has not blessed me. Yet if it is a burden to her spirit, what does it matter? She is one who can bear burdens. She has borne with me for ten long years. She shall stand in my shoes and sit in my seat and do with my goods as she wills. The place that has known me will know one more gentle than I. I, departing, bless her, and all that I leave in her hands. — Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly! In the name of Christ, Amen!

THE SENSE OF SMELL

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

It is remarkable how intimate the sense of smell is, how much it tells us, and how largely it affects consciousness on the one hand, and how we scorn consideration of it on the other. It is the Cinderella of our organs of sense. Whether it was some sainted anchorite, or other enthusiast of imagination and influence, who found the use of the human nose to be dangerous to the soul, we do not know, but in some way or other the conscious exercise of the nose became taboo, and this has entered into the folk-ways. It has ceased to be a sin, but it remains an impolite subject.

The Arabs in their days of glory were not ashamed of their noses, and they planted scented gardens, wonderfully devised, so that he who walked through them, or whiled away an hour there, might rejoice in a cultured delight in odor. They were so arranged that at the entrance the olfactory sense would be struck by a pervading and strong smell, not necessarily of a pleasant nature. From this the path would lead gradually through less coarse fragrances to those more delicate until, at the end, there would be reached an odor of exquisite quality which only the cultured nose could appreciate.

Now, by the grace of editorial sanction, let us cast aside convention and talk about it. Every one of us has his or her own odor, as distinct and personal as are our countenances. Every dog knows this and, unless his olfactory organs are atrophied, he makes good use of it. We constantly exude products of metabolism, and in the composition of these products we all differ. Not only do we differ from each other, but in no individual are these products constant. No chemical laboratory is equipped to distinguish these minute differences, and, so far as the writer is aware, the subject is still unstudied — except by dogs. They, with their highly developed olfactory organs, are impelled by curiosity to confirm their vision when they meet their master, and they make a long and searching nose investigation of him, clearly with a view to finding out more than their eyes will tell them. We note, too, that dogs which follow the scent closely are likely occasionally to go into a mephitic debauch with a decayed fish or any other substance of similar pungency, to 'clean their scent.' That, after filling the nostrils with agony of that sort, they should find them in better working order is an idea that does not seem reasonable, and yet the method is probably a good one, for the same reason that the Arabs planted flowers of pungent and coarse odor at the entrances to their scented gardens.

The theory of smell as given is very vague; there is a presumable impact of particles upon the sensitive regions of the nose which, in some way, is supposed to stimulate nerve-reaction. Good work has been done, but not enough; and enough will not be done until there obtains a lively and wholesome curiosity about it.

On the other hand, consider what illuminating researches are available

in regard to sound and light! As an instance of the comparative attention devoted to these subjects, one has but to open a book of reference such as, for instance, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In the last edition of this work over twenty-two pages are devoted to sound, sixteen to light, and but a page and a half to smell.

Just think what we owe to our eyes and ears! Through them we gain nearly all of our knowledge. They are trained so that by them we read books and hear speeches, we note anger, deceit, joy, love; by sight and hearing we try to guess faithfulness and malice; in fact, through these two senses we draw the substance of our information. And yet we are said to have five senses. Neither touch nor hearing nor sight is within the scope of this paper, and taste is a limited sense, alive only to sweet, sour, bitter, and a few simple nerve-reactions. Owing to the taboo of smell we have credited to taste most of those olfactory processes which we have cultivated. It is the smell of good food that we enjoy while we are eating it; it is the bouquet of a wine that gives it its merit. We call it the taste, but it is chiefly the smell. It is nearly impossible, for instance, to distinguish between what we call the taste of cinnamon and that of cloves if we hold our noses.

So here is this organ, equipped for the acquisition of knowledge, as complex as the human eye, entering into the most active part of the brain, and we, marveling at the wonderful advances of human knowledge, neglect it, scorn it, politely deny that there even is such a thing as an individual odor to ourselves and our friends. We remain more ignorant than a dog about it. And yet, despite all this neglect, it is always active. This must be true, else it would not be such an aid to memory as it is.

I remember once, long ago, I employed a chemist to make a certain product that he had worked out in a factory under my charge. He demonstrated it in the laboratory and then proceeded, in the works, to prepare a few hundred pounds in some tanks and apparatus at hand. At this point it developed that the process was in conflict with certain patents, and that we could not continue without infringing upon rights of others that were already established. So the whole thing was given up and that was an end of it.

At the time I was intensely engaged in other problems, and aside from occasionally visiting the chemist while at work, I had but little to do with it. Shortly after that the works passed into other hands and I quitted the practice of chemistry and went into business. Ten years elapsed, during which time I had been out of practice and wholly out of the thought of the process in question. Then I was informed that a chemical manufacturer was anxious to see me in regard to some patent litigation in which he was engaged. I feared I could not help him; I said I had forgotten everything I knew, but that if he wanted to see me I should be glad to meet him. He explained his problem and asked me about that process. I could not remember a thing. He suggested that we go through his factory, which we did. 'Hello,' I said; 'here is some β naphthol! What lovely figures it makes!' And I dipped my fingers into the water in which it was in suspension and stirred it around, watching the shining scales. Then I removed my hand and smelled of my fingers. In an instant I shouted, 'Now I remember that process!' and proceeded to relate it to him in detail. β naphthol had been one of the materials used in it.

If, when you went to school as a

child, you carried a tin lunch-box which often contained, let us say, some gingerbread and sandwiches and perhaps an apple, it is worth while to take a sniff at such a box again, now. It is surprising how this simple experiment may recall the patter of long-forgotten feet and the memory of childish voices that startle over the long lapse of years.

These flashes of memory aided by smell are wonderful. Through smell we achieve a sense of the past; the secret members of the mind are roused to life and memory. What a pity that we waste this talent!

Again, how often it occurs that we see a friend or acquaintance and exclaim, 'How strange! I was thinking of you less than a minute ago.' In point of fact we have probably smelled him. Smell may also be the reason why we like some people and dislike others. I may want to introduce some one to you because you have many interests in common and may tell each other things you both want to know. But as soon as you meet you will have none of him; you know he is honest, of good repute, and admirable in a thousand ways, but as for you, you are in great distress when he is around, and you are glad when he goes away. If you are of kindly disposition and fair-minded, you are probably annoyed with yourself for your prejudice; if you are a bumptious brother and selfish, you probably attribute some imaginary vice or evil to him by way of excusing yourself. In both instances it may be that you do not like the smell of him, although you do not know it. You see, we are so ignorant in our noses — more ignorant than savages or even animals; we are very low in the scale of intelligence in this respect, and we respond to the olfactory reactions unconsciously. Notwithstanding our crass ignorance, the noses are still there, and we all really do produce odors despite our frequent bathing. Varnishing the skin to close the openings of the sweat glands would be the only way to put a stop to individuality of odor, and this has never been recommended as an aid to cleanliness or to health.

Let us suppose the subject were not taboo and the good old Saxon word, stink, which bears about the same relation to odor that noise does to sound, were not almost unprintable — and suppose we really used our noses with consciousness and diligence. There would be Americas to discover, and life would be marvelously augmented! Of course, as soon as we begin to consider the subject we find ourselves wholly at sea. There are no standards. Out of the awful chaos in which we wallow we can possibly find a few intimations, but we cannot put them down as rules. Thus it would seem that, in watching the order of nature, the olfactory phenomena of creation or reproduction seem to be agreeable and hence desirable, and those of dissolution are likely to be disagreeable. So the flowers which precede the seed-time of plants are likely to produce in the nose a sense of pleasure. They attract bees and insects which are useful to the continuance of the species, but they attract us also, and the cause of our attraction is presumably the same. Ben Jonson, when he sang to his mistress of the rosy wreath which she sent him, that 'it grows and smells, I swear, not of itself, but thee,' knew what he was writing. It may be, indeed it is probable, that the close relation of smell to sex phenomena is what caused the taboo. But there is a spirit abroad nowadays to search the truth, with the growing belief that it is well for humanity to adjust itself to the demands of that spirit. The search for the truth, we are beginning to think, is a wholesome occupation.

That the phenomena of disintegra-

tion are unpleasant we know too well; in fact, we more than know it; we have made a convention of it. We almost blush in passing a barnyard, we are shocked at the coarseness of the Germans who say '*kuenstliche Duenger*' for artificial fertilizers, and I have heard a skunk referred to as a 'little-black-and-white animal,' to avoid the inelegance of calling his odor to mind. Oh, we *are* exquisite! There's no doubt of that, even if we are vastly ignorant. Refinements of this sort are of weight in aiding us to make vain distinctions between ourselves and those people whom we regard as vulgar and common, but they do not aid us in the search for wisdom.

Now, many of the processes of disintegration are unpleasant and they serve as warnings, but the best of us does not put his handkerchief to his eyes if he sees an unpleasant sight, or stop his ears and run away if he hears a cry of pain. The best of us listens to hear where the trouble is, and hastens to help if he can. But when we smell a disagreeable odor we usually get up and run away. It is all we know how to do. And every unpleasant odor is by no means a sign of danger or even of organic disintegration. Some entirely harmless products are dreadful beyond description in their odor, and, on the other hand, the aroma of prussic acid and a number of other virulent poisons is delightful.

But the field is far wider than these qualifications of pleasantness and unpleasantness, and we shall only baffle research if we wed ourselves to empirical rules before they have been tested out.

Sir William Ramsay, whose ever-young enthusiasm leads him into so many of the secret gardens of nature, has found a relation between odor and molecular weight, and J. B. Haycraft has pointed out what appears to be a cousinship of odors that accords with the periodic law; another notes that odorous substances seem to be readily oxidized, and Tyndall showed that many odorous vapors have a considerable power of absorbing heat. Some work has been done in German, French, and Italian laboratories to discover the nature of the phenomenon of smell, but very little that is definite has been brought out; only here and there a few facts; and nobody seems to want to know them.

And yet the scientific possibilities are very fascinating, even if they are bewildering. For instance, it appears that the sensitive region of either nostril is provided with a great number of olfactory nerve-cells embedded in the epithelium. The olfactory cells are also connected by nerves which extend to the brain. Well, what happens when we smell anything? The olfactory nerve-cells are surrounded by a liquid. What is the nature of that liquid? Do the particles which we assume to be the cause of olfactory phenomena dissolve in it? If they do — and here we pray thee, oh, great Arrhenius, come help us! — does dissociation take place, and are there *smell* ions? That is, do fractions of the molecules of those bodies that give odor dissociate themselves from the rest and ride in an electric stream to the nerves? What do they do when they get there?

Let us try again. The ends of the nerves must be covered with some sort of a membrane. Here is where osmosis may come in.

> Osmosis is the gentle art
> Whereby, as you should know,
> A substance side-steps to the place
> Where it would like to go.

Somehow it would seem that the particles that produce the sensation of smell must get through those membranes at the ends of the nerves. If they do not get through, themselves,

they must project something through; it cannot be a simple tapping, gentle tapping, at the nose's door. That might produce sound or heat or even light, but can it produce smell? Let us agree that the process may be an osmotic one and that the particles glide through softly, gently; and, without claiming that it has any special bearing upon the subject, let us remember that a healthy dog's nose is cold.

Having guessed that smell may be caused by an impact of smell ions upon the nerve termini, and having guessed again that the process may be an osmotic one, we may be troubled anew with the question as to that liquid that we think covers the termini of the olfactory nerves. Is it a colloidal solution? Now I begin to grow comfortable because I confess frankly that concerning colloids I am vastly uninformed; and in ignorance is easy guessing. The content of nerves is colloidal, and it is fair to presume that this liquid is. All of those albuminous physiological products are. So, if the liquid covering the nerve-ends is a colloidal solution, — meaning not a true solution in the usual sense, but indicating particles in suspension so minute that the whole behaves like a solution, — let us assume that the substances producing odor enter into this state, and so we may proceed to call the process colloidal. It may be both colloidal and osmotic, it may be — but we shall do better to call for help.

We are sorely in need of research along the olfactory line. We are still questioning as to the nature of electricity and what it is, but good men are working over it. With the phenomenon of smell we are still mediæval. Nobody knows, and many talk big. There is little progress to be made by vapid guessing outside of laboratories. But those of us who are inactive in research may be of use if we are only frank and talk about it enough to get it out of the taboo under which it has rested for a thousand years. Then, if we maintain a simple curiosity such as animates children and great men, there will come from laboratories one fact after another which has not been known before. Then, some day, some one with the Vision will arise and arrange the facts in their real order and so, suddenly, there will stand revealed the Truth! Thus, with the sense of smell added to the intelligent use of mankind, life will be greater and larger, and the boundaries of human knowledge will be moved back a span, and human understanding will take one more great step in advance toward the Infinite.

To return to the dog, he seems to know and to recognize certain emotions through his nose. He seems to recognize fear, and to have all sorts of fun with it. He appears also to recognize good-will, — although not always, as many of us can testify, — and he seems to know anger. Now, we know that nerve-reactions have at least a chemical accompaniment. Metabolism is often inhibited, the whole digestive process is frequently upset, and there is a fair possibility that the sweat glands are so modified by emotions that their processes are indicative of emotional reactions. The trained nose might recognize this. If we could only advance along this line until we could recognize anger and fear, and possibly even deceit, consider in what measure life would be augmented! It seems a far cry to imagine, in a court of law, the witness testifying with two or three good smellers sitting close by, to note his sweat-reactions; but it would be no more absurd than some of our courts to-day, with their far more misleading entanglements of legal procedure.

We talk of the value of publicity in regard to corporate affairs, but we have only for a minute to consider what an

aid to morals trained noses would be by way of effecting publicity in the family. The mere suggestion unlocks the door to the trouble parlor; but then, no one would try to lock it if he and his household were proficient in the art of smelling. The defaulting cashier would reek to the ceiling of worry as soon as he made his first false entry, and if the specific odors of anger and deceit were discovered so that they might be known immediately, we—but this is not a theological discourse and its purpose is not to describe Paradise.

TO AN ORCHID

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Moon-horned orchid in the oak,
Uttering thee, what spirit spoke?
Thou who hearest patiently
Humble *patois* of the bee,
Hast thou anything to tell
Of the angel Israfel?

Who would murmur half aloud
Word of wind or star or cloud,
If thy beauty were a throat
For his far ethereal note?
He by whom thou wert designed
Kin of cloud and star and wind?

Mystic flower, could'st thou say
If the little children play
Much with Mozart where he dreams
Daylong by the heavenly streams?
Does he tire of asphodel?
And with Keats, oh, is it well?

THREE-ARCH ROCKS RESERVATION

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE fog was lifting. The thick, wet drift that had threatened us on Tillamook Bar stood clear of the shouldering sea to the westward, and in toward shore, like an upper sea, hung at the fir-girt middles of the mountains, as level and as gray as the sea below. There was no breeze. The long, smooth swell of the Pacific swung under us and in, until it whitened at the base of three dark rocks that lay in our course, and that now began to take on form out of the foggy distance. Gulls were flying over us; lines of black cormorants and crowds of murres were winging past toward the rocks; but we were still too far away from the looming piles to see that the gray of their walls was the gray of uncounted colonies of nesting birds, colonies that covered the craggy steeps as the green firs clothed the slopes of the Coast Range mountains, up to the hanging fog.

As we steamed on nearer, the sound of the surf about the rocks became audible; the birds in the air grew more numerous, their cries now faintly mingling with the sound of the sea. The hole in the Middle Rock, a mere fleck of foam at first, widened rapidly into an arching tunnel through which our boat might have run; the sea began to break before us over half-sunken ledges; and soon upon us fell the damp shadows of Three-Arch Rocks, for now we were looking far up at their sides, at the sea-birds in their guano-gray rookeries, — gulls, cormorants, guillemots, puffins, murres, — incrusting the ragged walls from tide-line to pinnacle, as the crowding barnacles incrusted the bases from the tide-line down.

We were not approaching without protest, for the birds were coming off to meet us, more and more the nearer we drew, wheeling and clacking overhead in a constantly thickening cloud of lowering wings and tongues. We rounded the Outer Rock and headed slowly in toward the yawning hole of Middle Rock as into some mighty cave, so sheer and shadowy rose the walls above us, so like to cavern thunder was the throbbing of the surf through the hollow arches, was the flapping and screaming of the birds against the high-circling walls, was the deep menacing grumble of the sea-lions, as through the muffle of surf and sea-fowl, herd after herd lumbered bellowing into the foam.

It was a strange, wild scene. Hardly a mile from the Oregon coast, but cut off by breaker and bar from the abrupt, uninhabited shore, the three rocks of the Reservation, each pierced with its resounding arch, heaved their heavy shoulders from the waves straight up, huge, towering, till our little steamer coasted their dripping sides like some puffing pigmy. They were sea rocks, of no part or lot with the dry land, their beryl basins wave-scooped, and set with purple star-fish, with green and pink anemones, and beaded many deep with mussels of amethyst and jet, a glitter in the water's overflow; and just above the jeweled basins, like fabled beasts of old, lay the sea-lions,

lumpish, uncouth forms, flippered, reversed in shape, with throats like the caves of Æolus, hollow, hoarse, discordant; and higher up, on every jutting bench and shelf, in every weathered rift, over every jog of the ragged cliffs, to their bladed backs and pointed peaks, swarmed the sea-birds, web-footed, amphibious, wave-shaped, with stormy voices given them by the winds that sweep in from the sea. And their numbers were the numbers of the sea.

Crude, crowded, weltering, such life could never have been brought forth and nurtured by the dry land; her breasts had withered at the birth. Only the bowels of the wide, wet sea could breed these heaps, these cones of life that rose volcanic from the waves, their craters clouded by the smoke of wings, their belted bases rumbling with a multi-throated thunder. The air was dank with the must of a closed room, — closed for an æon past, — no breath of the land, no odor of herb, no scent of fresh soil; but the raw, rank smells of rookery and den, saline, kelpy, fetid; the stench of fish and bedded guano; and pools of reeking ammonia where the lion herds lay sleeping on the lower rocks in the sun.

A boat's keel was beneath me, but as I stood out on the pointed prow, barely above the water, and found myself thrust forward without will or effort among the crags and caverns, among the shadowy walls, the damps, the smells, the sounds; among the bellowing beasts in the churning waters about me, and into the storm of wings and tongues in the whirling air above me, I passed from the things I had known, and the time and the earth of man, into a period of the past, elemental, primordial, monstrous.

I had not known what to expect, because, never having seen Three-Arch Rocks, I could not know what my friend Finley meant when he said to me, 'Come out to the Pacific Coast, and I will take you back to your cave-days; I will show you life as it was lived at the beginning of the world.' I had left my Hingham garden with its woodchuck, for the coast of Oregon, a journey that might have been compassed by steam, that might have been measured in mere miles, had it stopped short of Three-Arch Rocks Reservation, which lay seaward off the shore. Instead of miles, it was zones, ages, worlds that were traveled as I passed into this haunt of wild sea-bird and beast. And I found myself saying over to myself, 'Thou madest him to have dominion over the work of thy hands, Thou hast put all things under his feet' — as if the words had never before been uttered in human ears, and could not yet be understood.

For here was no man-dominion; here the trampling feet had never passed. Here was the primeval world, the fresh and unaffrighted morning of the Fifth Day. Then, as the brute in me shook itself and growled back at the brute about me, something touched my arm, and I turned to find the Warden of the Rocks at my side, — God, as it were, seeing again everything that He had made, everything that man had unmade, and saying again with a new and a larger meaning, 'Have dominion over the fowl of the air, and over the fish of the sea, and over whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.'

And here at my side, by act of Congress, stood that Dominion, the Federal Warden, the collective, spiritual man, badged and armed to protect forever against the individual brute man, the wild life of these three rocks and the waters adjacent.

But did I fully understand the Why? Did I wholly comprehend the meaning and the value of such a sanctuary for wild life? I turned to the Warden with

the question. That honest official paused a moment, then slowly answered that he'd be hanged if he knew why. He did n't see any good in such protection, his salary notwithstanding. He had caught a cormorant (one from the Rocks) not long since, that had forty-nine young salmon in its maw; and as for the sea-lions, they were an unmitigated nuisance, each one of them destroying (so it had been reckoned) five hundred pounds of fish every day.

Now the Warden's findings are open to question, because there are good reasons for the cormorant's catch being other than salmon fry; still I have no proof of error in his figures. I will accept them just now, — the five hundred pounds of fish a day for the sea-lion, and the forty-nine salmon fry of the cormorant (they would easily total, four years later, on their way up the Columbia to the canneries, a half ton), — accepting this fearful loss of Chinook salmon then as real, is there any answer to my question, Why? Any good and sufficient reason for setting aside such a reservation as Three-Arch Rocks? for myself protecting the wild life of these barren rocks against myself?

No, perhaps not, — not if this destruction means the utter loss of the salmon as an industry and as an article of food. But there is an adequate and a paying catch of salmon being taken in the Columbia this year, in spite of the lions and the cormorants, as there will be again next year, for the state hatcheries have liberated over seven millions of young salmon this summer and sent them safely down the Columbia to the sea. No, perhaps not, — no good and sufficient reason for such protection were I an Astoria fisherman with the sea-lions pursuing the salmon into my nets (as occasionally they do), instead of a teacher of literature in Boston on the other side of the world. It is easy in Boston to believe in sea-lions in Astoria. It is hard anywhere not to believe in canned salmon. Yet, as sure as the sun shines, and the moon, there are some things utterly without an equivalent in canned salmon.

Among these things are Three-Arch Rocks and Malheur Lake and Klamath Lake Reservations in Oregon, and the scores of other bird and animal reserves created by Congress all the way from the coast of Maine, across the states, and over-seas to the Hawaian Islands. They were set aside only yesterday; the sportsman, the pelt hunter, the plume hunter, the pot hunter, and in some instances the legitimate fisherman and farmer, ordered off to make room for the beast and the bird. Small wonder if there is some grumbling, some law-breaking, some failure to understand. But that will pass.

In to-day's news, cabled from Copenhagen, I read, —

'Americans of Danish descent have purchased a tract of 300 acres of typical and virgin Danish heather landscape, which is to be preserved for all ages to come as a national park. The wonderful, picturesque Danish heath, which for ages has furnished inspiration to national artists and poets, has been disappearing fast before the onslaught of the thrifty Danish farmers, who are bringing every available square inch of Denmark's soil under cultivation. One day it dawned upon the Danish people that soon there would be nothing left of this typical landscape, and while the good people of Denmark were discussing ways and means of preserving this virgin soil, Americans of Danish descent had already had a representative on the spot who had bought up from a number of small landowners the 300-acre tract known as Rebild Bakkar [Rebild Hills], considered the most beautiful part of the heath, besides having historical associations dating hundreds of years back.'

I am sending the cablegram to the Warden of Three-Arch Rocks and to the Astoria Fisherman, and to myself, underscoring these lines, —

'The wonderful, picturesque Danish heath, which for ages has furnished inspiration to national artists and poets, has been disappearing fast before the onslaught of the thrifty Danish farmers, who are bringing every available square inch of Denmark's soil under cultivation.'

Three hundred acres of inspiration to artists and poets (and to common people, too), or three hundred acres more of vegetables, — which will Denmark have?

Now, I have a field of vegetables. I was born and brought up in a field of vegetables — in the sweet-potato and cabbage fields of southern New Jersey. To this day I love — with my heart and with my hoe — a row of stone-mason cabbages; but there are cabbages on both sides of the road all the way home, not fewer cabbages this year, but more, and ever more and more, with less and ever less and less of the virgin heather in between.

The heather is for inspiration, for pictures and poems; the cabbages are for cold-slaw and sauerkraut. Have any complained of our lack of cold-slaw and sauerkraut? No. Have any watched, as they who watch for the morning, for the coming of our great painter and poet? Yea, and they still watch.

Cold-slaw and sauerkraut and canned salmon let us have; but let us also have the inspiration of the virgin heath, and the occasional restoration to our primitive, elemental, animal selves, in a returning now and then to the clangor and confusion of wild life on Three-Arch Rocks. The body feeds on cabbage. The spirit is sustained by heather. Denmark has fifteen thousand square miles devoted to her body, and has saved three hundred *acres* for her soul! What have we saved?

I have not convinced the Warden, doubtless; but if I have encouraged him to perform his duty, then that is something. And well he knows the need for his guard. The sea was without a sail when we steamed in toward the Rocks. We had scarcely landed, however, when a boat hove in sight, and bearing down upon us, dropped anchor within rifle-range of the lion herds, the men on board pulling their guns for an hour's sport!

'Thou hast put all things under his feet'; and the feet have overrun and trampled down all things except in the few scattered spots where the trespass sign and the Warden are keeping them off. I have been following these feet over the last-left miles of wild Canadian prairie, over a road so new that I could still see crossing it the faint, grass-grown trails of the buffalo. I followed the feet on over the Coast Range Mountains, through the last-remaining miles of first-growth timber, where the giant bolles, felled for the road, lay untrimmed and still green beside the way — a straight, steel-bordered way, for swift, steel-shod feet that shake the mountain and the prairie in their passing, and leave behind them down the trail the bones of herds and forests, the ripped sod, the barbed wire, the shacks that curse the whole horizon, the heaps of gutted tins, and rags, and scrap — unburied offal, flung from the shanty doors with rose-slip and grain of wheat, to blossom later in the wilderness and make it to rejoice.

Only it will not be the wilderness then, or the solitary place; it will not be prairie or forest. The fir tree will never follow the rose, nor the buffalo-grass the great gasoline tractor. I have seen the last of the unploughed prairies, the last of the virgin forests. It was only six weeks ago that I passed through

the mountain forest, and to-day, as I am writing, those age-old trees are falling as the summer grass falls across the blade of the mower.

This, I know, must needs be. All of this was implied, delegated, in the command, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and *subdue* it.' No, not all of this needs to be; nor ought to be.

'O River,' said Mary,
'Why will you not stay,
And tell me the things
That you see on your way.

'Oh! why must you hurry,
The day is so long;
Pray, rest a short time
And sing me a song.'

'My child,' said the River,
'If I stay with you,
Why, what will the grasses
And sweet flowers do?

'The mills must be turned;
Ships taken to sea;
And the news of the day
Must be carried by me.'

The river is right, though the child can hardly understand; and the child, too, is right, — will the river ever understand? The mills of men must be turned, their ships must be taken to sea, but the child, the eternal child, must be told a story, must be sung a song. For what does a child know of mills? It cannot live by wheaten bread alone.

The river is turning my mill, for I (a part of me) and my children (a part of them) need bread; but the heart of me, the soul of me, the eternal child of me and of my children, craves something that the harnessed river cannot grind for us, something that only the wild, free river can tell to us under the fir trees, at its far-off headwaters, can sing to us as its clear cascades leap laughing down from pool to boulder, in its distant mountain home.

The river is turning my mill. I must grind and the river must help me grind. But I must play too, and be told a story and be sung a song. Am I not a child? and do I not owe the child something? Must I put the child in the mill to grind? There are children in our mills, — little children, yes, and big children; young children, and *old* children, — more old children than young; grinding, grinding, grinding as our dank, dark rivers go turning on, too hurried now to tell a story, too thick-tongued to sing a song.

Here was still the story and the song, here on Three-Arch Rocks; a story as naked as birth and death; a song as savage as the sea, —

Birth, birth and death!
Wing and claw and beak;
Death, death and birth!
From crowded cave to peak.

These were the Isles of Life. Here, in these rocky caverns, life was conceived and brought forth, life as crude and raw and elemental as the rock itself. It covered every crag. I clutched it in my hands; I crushed it under my feet; it was thick in the air about me. My narrow path up the face of the rock was a succession of sea-bird rookeries, of crowded eggs, and huddled young, hairy or naked or wet from the shell. Every time my fingers felt for a crack overhead they touched something warm that rolled or squirmed; every time my feet moved under me, for a hold, they pushed in among top-shaped eggs that turned on the shelf or went over far below; and whenever I hugged the pushing wall I must bear off from a mass of squealing, struggling, shapeless things, just hatched. And down upon me, as rookery after rookery of old birds whirred in fright from their ledges, fell crashing eggs and unfledged young, that the greedy gulls devoured ere they touched the sea.

An alarmed wing-beat, the excited

turn of a webbed foot, and the murre's single egg or its single young was sent over the edge, so narrow was the footing for Life, so yawning the pit below. But up out of the churning waters, up from crag to crag, clambers Life, by beak, by claw, falling, clinging, climbing, with the odds forever favoring Death, with Life forever finding wings.

I was mid-way in my climb, at a bad turn, edging inch by inch along, my face hard-pressed to the face of the cliff, my fingers gripping a slight seam overhead, my feet feeling blindly at the brink beneath, when there came up to me, small and smothered, the wash of the waves, — the voice of space and nothingness and void, the call of the chasm out of which I was so hardly climbing. A cold hand clasped me from behind.

With an impulse as instinctive as the unfledged murre's, I flattened against the toppling rock, fingers and feet, elbows, knees, and chin clinging desperately to the narrow chance, — a falling fragment of shale, a gust of wind, the wing-stroke of a frightened bird, enough to break the hold and swing me out over the water, washing faint and far below. A long breath, and I was climbing again.

We were on the Outer Rock, our only possible ascent taking us up the sheer south face. With the exception of an occasional western gull's and pigeon guillemot's nest, these steep sides were occupied entirely by the California murres, — penguin-shaped birds about the size of a wild duck, chocolate-brown above, with white breasts, that literally covered the sides of the three great Rocks wherever they could find a hold. If a million meant anything, I should say there were a million murres nesting on this Outer Rock; not nesting either, for the egg is laid upon the bare ledge, as you might place it upon a mantel, a single sharp-pointed egg, as large as a turkey's, and just as many of them on the ledge as there is standing-room for the birds. The murre broods her egg by standing straight up over it, her short legs, by dint of stretching, allowing her to straddle the big egg, her short tail propping her securely from behind.

On, up along the narrow back, or blade, of the Rock, and over the peak, were the well-spaced nests of the brandt cormorants, nests the size of an ordinary straw hat, made of sea-grass and the yellow-flowered sulphur-weed that grew in a dense mat over the north slope of the top, each nest holding four long, dirty, blue eggs or as many black, shivering young; and in the low sulphur-weed, all along the roof-like slope of the top, built the gulls and the tufted puffins; and, with the burrowing puffins, often in the same holes, were found the stormy petrels; while down below them, as up above them, — all around the rock rim that dropped sheer to the sea, — stood the cormorants, black, silent, statuesque; and everywhere were nests and eggs and young, and everywhere were flying, crying birds — above, about, and far below me, a whirling, whirring vortex of wings that had caught me in its funnel.

So thick was the air with wings, so clangorous with harsh tongues, that I had not seen the fog moving in, or noticed that the gray wind of the morning had begun to growl about the crags. It was late, and the night that I had intended to spend on the summit would be dark and stormy, would be too wet and wild for watching, where one must hold on with his hands so close to the edge, or slip and go over.

I had hoped to wrap up in my blanket and, in the dark of the night, listen for the return of the petrels, the Kaeding petrels, that built all over the top. The earthy, north slope of the top is honeycombed with their burrows, yet

never a petrel is seen about the rock. I had dug out the brooding bird and its single white egg during the afternoon, but I knew that I must wait until after dark if I would hear the winnowing of the wings and the chittering of the voices as the mate in the burrow gave greeting and place to the mate that had been all day, and all night, at sea. But the cold driving fog, and the drizzle that was setting in, made a night on the top impossible; so we got over the rim and by rope down along the south face of the cliff, up which we had climbed, to a small shelf under an overhanging ledge about forty feet above the waves. Here, protected from the north-west wind, and from much of the rain, we rolled up in our blankets, while night crept down upon us and out over the sea.

It was a gray, ghostly night of dusk and mist that swam round and round the crags and through the wakeful caverns in endless undulations, coiling its laving folds over the sunken ledges, and warping with slow, sucking sounds its mouthing tentacles round and through the rocks. Or was it only the wash of its waves? only the gray of the mist and the drip of the rain? Or was it the return of the waters? the resolving of firmament and rock back through the void of night into the flux of the sea?

It was a long night of small, distinct, yet multitudinous sounds. The confusion caused by our descent among the birds soon subsided; the large colony of murres close by our heads returned to their rookery; and with the rain and thickening dark there spread everywhere the quiet of a low murmurous quacking. Sleep was settling over the rookeries.

Down in the water below us rose the bulk of a sea-lion, an old lone bull, whose den we had invaded. He, too, was coming back to his bed for the night. He rose and sank in the half light, blinking dully at the cask and other things that we had left below us on the ledge belonging to him. Then he slowly clambered out and hitched up toward his bed. My own bed was just above his, so close that I could hear him blow, could see the scars on his small head, and a long open gash on his side. We were very near.

I drew back from the edge, pulled the blanket and sail-cloth over me, and turned my face up to the slanting rain. Two young gulls that had hidden from us in a cranny came down and nestled quite close to my head, their parents, one after the other, perching an instant on the rock just out of reach, and all through the night calling to them with a soft nasal quack to still their alarm. In the murre colony overhead there was a constant stir of feet and a soft, low talk; and over all the Rock, through all the darkened air, there was the silent coming and going of wings, shadow-wings of the stormy petrel, some of them, that came winnowing in from afar on the sea.

The drizzle thickened; the night lengthened. I listened to the wings about me, to the murmur among the birds above me, to the stir of the sea beneath me, to the breathing of the sleeping men beside me; to the pulse of the life enfolding me, of which I was part and heart; and under my body I felt a narrow shelf of rock dividing the waters from the waters. The drizzle thickened; the night lengthened; and — darkness was upon the face of the deep.

THE COURTS AND LEGISLATIVE FREEDOM

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

TWENTY-FIVE to fifty years ago there were time-honored phrases which were applied by lawyers with more or less popular approval to the American judiciary. The courts were the 'Palladium of our liberties,' the 'Guardians of the Ark of the Covenant.' To-day the public attitude has largely changed, These phrases are no longer current. The people are dissatisfied with the guardians, and in some quarters there is dissatisfaction with the ark itself. The popular magazines are full of articles upon judicial aggression, judicial oligarchies, and the lucubrations of ingenious laymen, who, unconstrained by any embarrassment through knowledge of law or of the functions or powers of the judiciary, cheerfully lay at the doors of the courts all the ills of our body politic. The legislatures and constitutional conventions are debating proposals for the recall of judges, and the bar associations are adding to the general confusion by sweepingly denouncing, as demagogic attacks upon the courts, all proposals of change except certain excellent, though tardy, measures of procedure-reform emanating from themselves. The platform of one political party advocates a simplification of the method of impeachment. Between indiscriminate attack and unreasoning defense, the courts suffer both from their enemies and, if possible, still more from their friends; and sober-minded citizens are left without light or leading.

What is the fundamental cause arousing this tumult of conflicting charges, this spirit of bitterness, these recriminations and attacks? At bottom, the difficulty will be found to be in a change in the attitude of the people, not toward the courts themselves, but toward law-making bodies; and the desire to readjust, in an essential particular, constitutional power as between the courts and the law-making bodies, by the only feasible method which our complicated system affords — direct application of public opinion.

To attempt to analyze the process of this change would be difficult, and no broad generalization can be made which would not appear in some quarter to be glaringly inaccurate. For one thing, there has been in our country, in recent years, a decided growth in actual democracy. Despite occasional flashes of its ancient power, government by political oligarchies, boss-rule, is slowly losing ground. Invisible government is giving way to visible government of a better type. Again, we have passed industrially from individualism to collectivism, and our law has not yet adapted itself to the transition. A condition of interdependence, socially and industrially, requires recognition and regulation by law. Senator Root has, with great felicity, expressed this in a recent address. He says, —

'Instead of the give-and-take of free individual contract, the tremendous power of organization has combined great aggregations of capital in enormous industrial establishments, working through vast agencies of commerce,

and employing great masses of men in movements of production and transportation and trade, so great in the mass, that each individual concerned in them is quite helpless by himself. The relations between the employer and the employed, between the owners of aggregated capital and the unit of organized labor, between the small producer, the small trader, the consumer, and the great transporting and manufacturing and distributing agencies, all present new questions, for the solution of which the old reliance upon the free action of individual wills appears quite inadequate. And, in many directions, the intervention of that organized control which we call government seems necessary to produce the same result of justice and right conduct which obtained through the attrition of individuals before the new conditions arose.' [1]

There is beneath all a spirit of restlessness in the people not to be overcome by soporifics or reactionary forebodings, a dissatisfaction with things as they are, and a demand upon law-making bodies for greater service in harmonizing law to the requirements of a changed industrial order. To meet these new conditions new measures are required. They must proceed from law-makers. In response to that demand in the states and in the nation, long-neglected subjects of legislation are receiving attention. With this growing interest in such matters the law-maker, and those interested in legislation upon these topics, find in certain fundamental parts of the work of legislation a conflict of power between the law-maker and the courts.

Such a conflict is more or less essential in any system of checks and balances like ours. With us it has, in fact, always existed, but just now the force of public opinion is more largely on the side of the law-maker and those whom he represents in the demand for legislation, than it was in the days when he was generally discredited and distrusted, and when he was less the representative of the people and more the tool of a boss-ridden party system.

The sphere of power of the law-maker, under our present system of checks and balances, as interpreted by our courts, is the arc of a pendulum, which has the phrase 'due process of law' at both extremities. How wide the pendulum may swing depends upon how far the courts consider it lawful that the legislature should go before coming in conflict with the phrase.

It will be said at once that this statement is incorrect because every state constitution, as well as the Constitution of the nation, has a multitude of limitations upon legislative action, and the provision that property shall not be taken without due process of law is only one of them. This criticism is not without merit. But the due-process clause is the principal example of these broad general expressions current in our Constitution which, not placed there by the courts, are nevertheless to be construed and given a meaning and a force as limitations of legislative and executive power. This provision is the great stumbling-block of the law-maker because it is not defined except in vague generalities by the courts, and is not readily susceptible of definition.

For illustration, take a subject with which a dozen American states are now struggling, and on which there is an aroused public opinion, — industrial accidents. A workmen's compensation act is under legislative consideration. A bill is drawn recognizing, as in Europe, that such accidents are an inevitable part of modern industry and are chargeable justly upon the in-

[1] *Judicial Decisions and Public Feeling.* An address before the New York State Bar Association, January 19, 1912.

dustry itself, and providing for compulsory compensation by the employer for all accidents occurring in his plant, irrespective of whether they are occasioned by his fault. Does it take property without due process of law? The law-maker looks to see what 'due process' is declared to mean by the courts. What does he learn? He learns first that the words are equivalent to 'the law of the land' as used in Magna Charta. This is historically interesting, but to him of no practical value. He then learns, if he looks a little further, that what he has tried to find out by judicial decision, the courts themselves have refused to define, except in terms which afford no practical help, saying that these words are incapable of accurate definition, and that it is wiser to ascertain their intent and application 'by the gradual process of judicial inclusion and exclusion, as the cases presented for decision shall require, with the reasoning upon which such decisions may be founded.'

'It must be confessed,' says the United States Supreme Court, 'that the constitutional meaning and value of the phrase "due process of law" remains to-day without that satisfactory precision of definition which judicial decisions have given to nearly all the other guaranties of personal rights found in the constitutions of the several states and of the United States.'

The courts say, in substance, to the law-maker, 'We can give you no rule or definition for this thing which shall enable you to know what due process of law is before you legislate, but if you pass some law and afterwards it is questioned in court, we can then tell by application of this indefinable thing, by our process of inclusion and exclusion, whether the particular law is void or not, as taking property without due process of law.'

When a law has been enacted and is being tested in court, the brief of the lawyer who attacks it is usually full of illustrations of other statutes more or less like it, which courts have held to be bad, as taking property without due process of law. The brief of the lawyer in favor of the law is based on those cases, if any he can find, in which more or less similar statutes have been declared valid, and with these cases he has generally an argument that this particular kind of a statute which he desires to uphold is what he calls a valid exercise of the police power.

Now, the legislator is interested in both of these things. If he cannot know in advance what is due process of law which tells him what he must not do, he will be quite safe about his statute-making if he can know what is the scope of the police power which tells him what he can do. Upon searching among court decisions for a definition of this police power, so-called, he finds there is no concrete definition of it. It also is incapable of definition. The courts do, of course, describe it. In a thousand decisions it is referred to as the power of the law-making body 'to promote the health, peace, morals, education, and good order of the people by the enactment of reasonable regulations for that purpose.'

But since it is incapable of exact definition and there are no certain rules governing it, the courts again say that the question whether a law is a valid exercise of the police power must be determined by testing the individual statute by application. 'With regard to the police power, as elsewhere in the law, lines are pricked out by the gradual approach and contact of decisions on the opposing sides.' The courts will examine the statute. If they find that, in their judgment, the legislature adopted it in the exercise of a reasonable discretion, based upon sufficient facts, they will hold that the law is a

valid exercise of the police power. To forbid barbers to work on Sunday is reasonable. To forbid women to work at night is unreasonable. So the first law is a valid exercise of the police power, and the second takes liberty and property without due process of law.

In the meanwhile, what becomes of the law-maker? He is endeavoring to respond to the demands of the people for legislation on questions which, without any constitutional puzzles injected into them, are in themselves difficult in the extreme. New conditions need new remedies. He devises the new remedy. He introduces it as a bill, which contains some limitations upon the conduct of some class or body. It is debated in committee. It is amended to meet objections. It is debated in the two houses. It is passed. It is examined by the governor and his advisers. It becomes law. Then it goes to the court and if three out of five men, greatly learned in law, applying the judicial mystery of due process of law, decide that the thing attempted is, as they see it, not a reasonable exercise of the discretion of the legislature in imposing the restraint or regulation proposed, the wisdom of two branches of the legislature and of the governor is overcome. The law is not a law.

The thing which the courts in these decisions are dealing with is that process of adjustment, inevitable in law as in life, between the rights and liberties of the individual and the rights and necessities of society. The police power, so-called, is in law the branch which expresses the expanding needs of society, and through which society's demands upon the individual are made. Society asserts, by legislation based upon police power, the necessities of social coördination for the development of the state. The individual — or more often some one pretending to act in his interest — resists, through the due-process clause, the encroachments of society upon 'natural' right.

The problem thrust upon the courts is the duty of harmonizing — without set rules or chart or compass — the relations of man, the individual, to the society to which he must belong. Plato declared that he was ready to follow as a god any man who knew how to combine in his conduct the law of the one and the law of the many. How infinitely more difficult the task of prescribing such conduct, not for one's self only, but for the one and the many of a complex state! It is the most difficult of tasks. It is imposed upon no other courts than ours in the world. The duty which Milton took upon himself in his epic, of justifying the ways of God to man, is in our time only paralleled by the duty of American courts of justifying the ways of society to man and of man to society.

The theory of procedure in this process of justification, to be sure, is simple. Show us — say the courts — a necessity of society so great as to require the subordination of the personal rights of the individual to the greater demands of the aggregation of individuals composing the whole, and we will sustain the law which causes that subordination. Show us a case where, for an alleged social need, but having no just cause or basis, or real social requirement, the rights of the individual are threatened with arbitrary destruction, and we will in turn protect the individual from such a law by declaring that his life, liberty, or property cannot be taken without due process of law.

The essential conflicts between the courts and the legislatures on these subjects are over questions of fact. The legislature says, for example, We have found as a fact a social necessity for limiting the hours of labor of bakers.

We have examined into the condition of their work and find that their welfare, and thereby the welfare of society, requires such limitations. The Supreme Court of the United States says that there are no reasonable grounds for believing that such social necessity exists, and it finds the law to be unconstitutional in taking away the baker's liberty.

As to the hours of women in laundries and men in mines, the court approves the legislative finding of social fact, declaring these to be cases where the legislature has adjudged that a limitation is necessary for the preservation of the health of such employees; and there are reasonable grounds for believing that such determination is sustained by the facts. The question in each case is whether the legislature has adopted the statute in the exercise of a reasonable discretion, or whether its action is a mere excuse for an unjust discrimination or the oppression or spoliation of a particular class.

The opportunity for conflict between the legislature and the courts on questions of social fact is apparent. In this conflict, public opinion finds itself more and more on the side of the legislature. This shift in public opinion does not come because the majority of people are convinced that legislators are wiser than courts or less prone to make mistakes, but is born of a more general realization of the fact that, so far as law can effect them, solutions of industrial and economic questions are necessarily legislative ones, and that to deny the legislator the power to make mistakes is also to deny him the power to remedy or correct evils which can receive correction only through legislation. Underlying a great part of the current discussion of the judiciary, and as a main basis for the nostrum entitled the recall of judges, is this matter of the potential domination of the legislative idea of reasonableness by the judicial idea of reasonableness.

The conservative deprecates and deplores the irritation and impatience thus engendered and manifested toward the courts. As a process of adjustment of such difficulties he repeats the time-honored argument that the true remedy is to meet these conflicts, one by one, with the cumbrous, difficult, and dilatory procedure of piecemeal constitutional amendment. The suggestion that the situation can be met in any other fashion or by any change of attitude of the courts themselves, he regards as sheer demagogy. What the conservative refuses to see, in his resistance to the new forces in public opinion, is that the more progressive or radical influences in our society are themselves endeavoring to accomplish an essential conservative reform through this insistence upon the recognition by the courts of the need of greater legislative freedom. They are endeavoring to find a *modus vivendi* in our Constitution for an ancient and time-honored clause which, upon the conservative's own logic, they should seek to repeal.

It is essential that we should see the true nature of this conflict, and the alternative which it affords. We must do one of two things: either determine to continue our courts in their present position of harmonizers between the individual and society, and thereby continue in form and theory their present power over legislation, looking to the courts themselves for such practical modification of their exercise of that power as shall give a necessary leeway to legislation; or, what has not yet been suggested, we must abolish vague constitutional limitations, and decide that an impracticable and unworkable power of the courts over legislatures should be removed by a repeal of the clause or clauses of the

Constitution forming the basis for its existence.

As a conservative, as well as a practical people, we are trying the first of these alternatives. Without changing the theory of judicial power in any fundamental way, we are seeking to have it practically so applied by the courts as to enlarge the province of legislation. We are endeavoring to accomplish this largely by a severe criticism of those judicial decisions which interfere with what many now recognize as an essential part of legislative freedom.

We are asking to have the courts themselves recognize an extension of the ordinary domain of legislative power, that is, the domain in which the law-maker may enact his statute without being obliged to claim justification for what he enacts in any special plea of social necessity, — the police power. The extent of this common field of legislation depends largely upon the breadth of action permitted by the courts in their definition of due process of law. One definition of the test for due process, in the constitutional sense of the term, has been laid down by many decisions of the courts.

'We must examine the Constitution itself to see whether this process be in conflict with any of its provisions. If not found to be so, we must look to those settled usages and modes of procedure existing in the common and statute law of England before the emigration of our ancestors, and which are shown not to have been unsuited to their civil and political condition by having been acted on by them after the settlement of this country.'

More briefly they describe it as 'a conformity with the ancient and customary laws of the English people.'

If the basis for determining whether we can do certain things legally in the twentieth century is to be found by ascertaining whether they could legally have been done in England at or prior to the fourth day of July, 1776, the problem of grasping new conditions in new ways by new laws is made infinitely difficult. The touchstone for progress then becomes not solely the needs of the present, but the extent to which these needs can be met by the application of historical precedents of the past. Nations are incapable of growth in any such fashion, by any such method.

It is doubtless true that, historically, due process of law, as understood and applied in England from the days of Magna Charta to the time when we adopted our Constitution, contained far fewer limitations upon executive and legislative powers than those which have been construed into it by American courts in the past hundred years. But it is the method of progress which is important. No man can run forward freely while continually looking backward.

There is, however, another view of due process consistent with national growth. As the Supreme Court of the United States has said, —

'The Constitution of the United States was ordained, it is true, by descendants of Englishmen who inherited the traditions of English law and history, but it was made for an undefined and expanding future, and for a people gathered, and to be gathered, from many nations and many tongues, and while we take just pride in the principles and institutions of the common law, we are not to forget that in lands where other systems of jurisprudence prevail, the ideas and processes of civil justice are also not unknown. . . . There is nothing in Magna Charta rightly construed as a broad charter of public right and law which ought to exclude the best ideas of all systems and of every age, and as it was the characteristic principle of the common law to

draw its inspiration from every fountain of justice, we are not to assume that the sources of its supply have been exhausted. On the contrary, we should expect that the new and various experiences of our own situation and system will mould and shape it into new and not less useful form.'

The theories of due process of law: the narrow one, which makes its touchstone history and the settled usages and modes of procedure used in England prior to our independence, and the broad one, which sets aside all such limitations and gives the phrase the expansive power by which there may be created in America law not only for the descendants of Englishmen, but for a people gathered from many nations and many tongues, represent an actual, but not yet freely recognized, conflict between the courts themselves.

The expansionist and the contractionist notions of due process of law are expressed in many judicial decisions. They conflict at times in the decisions of the same courts. Both cannot live. The permanence of our constitutions in their present form depends upon the establishment of a broad doctrine which permits a free exercise of all the essential attributes of legislative power.

What may be called the expansionist theory is to-day rapidly gaining ground. The notion that the courts form an adamantine barrier to progress is false. They do not bow to every fitful breath of change. Some judges move more slowly than others, to be sure, in adapting the law to the settled will of the people. But to that will they do conform. What is taking place is a slow but sure change, under the pressure of formulated public opinion, in the character and scope of the constitutional limitation of due process of law. Even when found by many most alarming, the movement from which this pressure comes is essentially a conservative one. Nowhere has there been, from any respected source, the suggestion that the whole framework of our constitutional system should be destroyed or that the power of the courts to annul acts which contravene the clause should itself be destroyed. This in itself is a tribute to the courts. If the people were satisfied that the power to declare laws unconstitutional under the due-process clause had been in the main detrimental to their best interests, that its continuance was necessarily or essentially a menace to the progress of the nation, the reform movement would have a different programme. 'No,' said the old farmer; 'I don't want a divorce, what I want is a leetle more freedom on lodge nights.'

The people do not desire to abolish the ancient landmarks. There is as yet no expressed desire on the part of any group or party to take from the courts the power to test legislation by ascertaining whether it conforms to natural and inherent principles of justice; or the power to forbid that one man's rights or property shall be taken for the benefit of another, or for the benefit of the state, without compensation; or that any man should be condemned in his person or property without an opportunity of being heard in his own defense.

No other country in the world permits its courts to test or to approve or condemn legislation by the application of any vague concept such as 'natural and inherent principles of justice,' or by the interpretation of phrases incapable of approximately exact meaning which law-makers can know in advance. In theory at least, the continuance of a constitutional system for governing ninety millions of people on such a basis involves peril, if not disaster. 'Yes,' said an English barrister to me some months ago,

'things are pretty bad with us just now. A lot of this Lloyd George legislation is stuff and nonsense, too. Of course Parliament had to do something, though; and with us, to be sure, it has a pretty free hand; but,' he added cheerfully, 'if we were tied up with your Constitution we should be having a civil war.'

A civil war is too remote a prospect to arouse in an American much sense of alarm. Our natural resources are still vast. The field of individual opportunity, though narrowing, is still large. The sense of any impending peril which requires a fundamental revision in our system of government, our theory of national life, is still unfelt. We do realize the need of a change in the theory of legislative power which shall give the law-maker more freedom. Some of us are aroused to this need by problems of labor, the Lawrence strike, the McNamara and Haywood affairs; some by problems of capital, by the trust investigations; while the high cost of living has influenced the unthinking mass. The result is a desire to readjust the position of the courts in the general system of our government.

The recall of judges is in small measure due to a desire to get rid of judges, but more largely to a desire to remind them, by its crude potentialities, of their duties to society as well as to the individual. The misnamed recall of decisions is an entirely different and less objectionable proposition having the same general end in view; a plan under which due process of law in its final analysis is to be determined by the people who put the words in the Constitution for the judges to follow, and who put the judges in their places to interpret these words. Instead of attempting to terrorize the judge by the threat of personal punishment through the recall, instead of repealing the due-process clause, instead of adopting amendments to our constitutions, necessarily broad and general, and conferring large and possibly dangerous powers on legislators in advance of legislation, it proposes to refer to the people a specific law, with the "due-process" objections of the courts to its constitutionality! Whatever the practical difficulties might be in its operation, its theory is not radical but conservative. It proposes that the question whether a measure is due process of law shall be tested by the judgment of the legislatures and the courts and, when they disagree, by the sober judgment of the people, who created both.

Ohio, in her constitutional convention, has submitted to the people, and they have adopted with general approval, the proposition that no law shall be declared unconstitutional unless five out of six of the judges of her supreme court concur.

Other proposals with like objects are made. The debates over them produce charges and countercharges. The forces of reaction, the perpetual minority, which in all ages has believed in the continuance of things as they are, the conservatives who see, as they believe, the threatened destruction of the safeguards of freedom, the still larger class which believes that the American people are as yet only partially capable of self-government, find themselves arrayed in defense of a theory of judicial power which is out of harmony with the new programme of democracy.

This programme has for its initial purpose the more direct participation of the people in their own government, and in the selection of their representatives, and in a more direct sense of responsibility by those representatives to the people. Its first period is still one in which questions to be debated are largely matters of machinery. The

direct primary, the presidential preference primary, the initiative, the referendum, the recall, the direct election of United States senators, are not ends of democracy, they are the means by which democracy seeks to express itself. How it shall express itself is another matter. The part of this programme which affects the courts is that which seeks to bring them in line with this movement by compelling them to recognize a shift in the balance of power, a necessary change in their relation to a system which must depend for its strength, its efficiency, and its growth upon the power to create, and not upon the power to complicate or prevent.

The Ark of the Constitution is not to be destroyed, the priests are not to be driven from the temple of justice. But the Ark exists not for the priests and the Levites, but for an expanding nation. Its safe place is not a temple, but the hearts of a people whom it guides, protects, and serves.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ONE BEHIND THE TIMES

BY AN OLD-TIMER

I AM engaged upon a book. Having by this statement discouraged all readers save the very boldest, I venture to confide to them, not its subject, but its causes, so far as I may do so without betraying the secrets of my guild; for every trade has its dark corner, sought out by investigating committees and muck-raking magazines, and the business of university professor must, like all others, protect its arcana from unsympathetic scrutiny. The investigation has, in fact, already begun, and a few in our ranks are too familiar with such terms in the science of academic mensuration as 'research-units,' and 'ratio of professor-power to assistant-professor-power.' These new ideas impress me a good deal, I confess, especially when I hear one of my pupils of a few years ago demonstrating to us his teachers just what blunders we made in his training. As I walk home, deep in scientific and pedagogic despondency, I feel that he is right, and that the results produced by my teachers in me are vastly superior to what I and my colleagues have accomplished in him.

I find myself, in short, an old-fashioned person, not quickly adaptable to the times in which I live; and though I have been so duly chastened by my juniors as only rarely and in secret to reveal myself as a *laudator temporis acti*, still it is difficult or impossible for me to reach the flying goal of being up-to-date.

When the elective system was descending upon us, as some one has said, 'like the great sheet let down out of heaven' (and with equally varied and tempting contents), I was just beginning in my classes to substitute for the dogmatic *memoriter* methods, in which I had been nurtured, a set of attractively arranged inductive nibbles at the great cake of knowledge. Again (if I

may abruptly change metaphors, like horses, in mid-stream), when I had barely climbed from the straight and narrow way of prescribed studies to the broad open plateau of unlimited election and was rather helplessly trying, among its confused and recrossing cart-paths, to find where the real *via salutis* lay, I was puzzled to find what had become of my more progressive colleagues, whose advice and example had lured me to these heights. After considerable search I found that they were apparently dispersed in a series of curious little natural pockets or recesses, perfectly self-sufficient and completely separated one from another, and each, for its own denizens, as easy of access and as difficult of egress as Avernus itself.

As I looked from above, from my broad but somewhat chilly plateau, there I could see them, each like a monk in his cell, and each dipping his pen in the newly patented ink of productive scholarship or applying his already practiced lips to the blowpipe of original research. I tried to call to one or two of them from where I stood, telling them how pleasant I had hoped it would be to ramble with them over the open country. They replied politely but briefly, saying that for me, a philosopher, it might be permissible to stray at large, but for them scholarship must be henceforth not broad but deep. One of them, in reply to a question of mine, admitted that he felt at times a little lonely, and that he had thought of tunneling through to the valley of his nearest neighbor, but he doubted whether he would have time in leisure moments to get there, without doing injustice to his research, and he also doubted whether his neighbor would, or even could, meet him halfway.

So I left my former colleagues and began to search over the plateau for my present pupils; but somehow most of them had fallen into the hollows and could n't get out, and the few I could finally gather around me seemed to have their attention much distracted, like my own, by the extent of the landscape and its horizon. Now and then they would run off to one side, whenever we approached a hollow, to see what their comrades in it were doing. Not a few in this process fell over the edge and were lost. I thought of the old days when we all, teachers and pupils alike, walked on the one straight road in the valley, with fewer views along the way, but with many pleasant salutations and conversations as we met and passed one another, and we all were fondly hoping that the same road would lead us somewhere at last. But enough of metaphor, lest it degenerate into allegory, which is alike unscholarly and out-of-date.

A few years ago, an acquaintance disclosed to me that the only sure road to academic preferment (if that be the proper term — the English ecclesiastical term 'living' has, naturally, no analogue in the American college) was to publish. 'Publish what?' said I innocently. 'Pages; no matter what,' said he, in a whisper, with a glance to see that no one could overhear. Who would not be impressed by wisdom so unselfishly and courageously imparted? But I am always a little slow in acting upon advice, and for some time I let matters slide. I did write one or two little notes for learned reviews on more or less technical and unimportant subjects, but I had been trained when a boy to say a thing in as few words as possible (a defect which I am fast outgrowing), and the few ideas which nature had bestowed upon me did n't fill many pages. Clearly this method would n't do.

After a little it occurred to me that the problem might be solved in one

of two ways: either by increasing the number of ideas to an article, or by increasing the number of words to an idea; and, pausing to study the writings of some of my colleagues, who, I understood, were considered promising scholars in their respective fields, I soon discovered that the latter was the approved method. My examination of their works taught me other valuable points in technique, such as the use of thick paper to make a bulky volume, the dignity of wide margins and large type, and the insertion of lengthy quotations and of columns of statistics, not too closely printed. Then, too, I noted the effect of full tables of contents, in which one tells what he will discuss on each separate page; and of equally full indexes, telling what he has discussed on each separate page; these two features resembling the watertight compartments at the bow and stern of an ocean steamship, designed to protect the vital but frail part between. But often, when I looked within, what was my surprise to find that, in spite of such elaborate protective arrangements, the cargo had apparently been jettisoned, or else that the ship had put to sea with nothing on board but sand-ballast. This was a little startling to me with my inherited respect for the dignity and importance of our merchant marine. Yet *nil admirari*, as Horace says — but I forgot for the moment that one of the habits I have been trying to unlearn is that of extemporaneous and unverified quotation, especially from the Bible or from the classics, which I find in particularly bad form at present.

While making confessions may I also make another? When a boy, I was taught proper restraint in the use of the first personal pronoun, but I had never been forbidden its use entirely. My models nowadays, I find, do otherwise. Why, Stubbs, my learned colleague in history, told me the other day that he made a regular practice, in order to secure proper objectivity in his voluminous work, of avoiding the pronoun 'I'. 'I find it hard,' he said, 'even now always to remember, but I have secured the services of a graduate student who runs over my manuscript and makes these substitutions: for "I" he writes, "the critical student of history"; for "my," "the historical investigator's"; and for "me," "the candid historian." It really,' he continued, 'has had a most bracing effect upon my style.' The next day he sent me a copy, fresh from the press, of his *Life and Letters of William Murray, First Settler in Murrayville, Oklahoma. Edited, with a Critical Introduction, by Roderick Stubbs, Ph.D.*, and I began to find myself a convert to the denatured style which it so beautifully illustrates.

But I was still without a subject for my *magnum opus*. The census reports, such an unfailing resource for some of my friends in other lines of work, seemed to contain little that could be brought to bear upon philosophy. I look back now with regret upon the supineness with which we philosophers, of my generation and those before it, have allowed the rich statistical fields of the natural sciences and psychology and economics and education and sociology to slip, one by one, out of our proprietorship. What would some of us not give for a tithe of those opportunities for counting and tabulating that have fallen now to other fingers than ours! Because we cannot each be a James or a Bergson, must we be excluded from productivity, and must we grope in vain for some little theme proportionate to our powers?

I thought of writing some popular articles or books in my own field, but of course that was only in a moment of weakness, for I knew well enough how

they would be received. So, like the farmer's daughter back from a boarding-school, too highly educated to live at home, and too unsophisticated to live anywhere else, I felt myself something of a failure. At this juncture a kind friend said to me, 'Why not do some translating?' From that seed has grown my present work. For even a translation, if it be big and of some book too abstruse for the dreaded *popular* reader, may not be without an academic grace of its own. The personality (or lack of personality) of the translator is easily concealed, and bulk may be attained without any of the pains that accompany the birth of an idea or the anxieties that attend its rearing. In short, translation is like the adopting of a well-developed child, whose chief defects may plausibly be ascribed to heredity, and for whose virtues the adopting parents may, some day, obtain a little credit. Not only that, but one good translation deserves another, and so long as industrious Germans, with or without ideas, continue their amazing productivity, so long my pen need never rust from disuse.

But one cloud, the size of a man's hand, has lately appeared upon my horizon. Can it be that another change is impending, and that I, on the hill, well in the rear, see it more clearly than some of the foremost fighters in the valleys? A visitant has recently come to our shores from no less a centre of light than Berlin (a name not lightly to be taken upon any lips), with the pronouncement that one thing still is lacking in our educational fabric; namely, that quality in the German professor known as *Persönlichkeit*.

Far be it from me, though a professed translator, to weaken by inadequate translation that resonant word. Rather let me watch its magic effect upon my contemporaries. How sudden, Friend Stubbs, may be the reversal of your most prized scholarly habits and ideals if the aroma of *Persönlichkeit* must be made to exhale both from your presence and from your carefully desiccated and depersonalized volumes! And young Whitaker, our efficiency expert, who will tell you the cost to the university of each sheet of paper used therein (except such university stationery as he impartially employs for his private correspondence), that emotionless manipulator of the machinery which is gradually being imposed upon us — is Whitaker, I say, suddenly to pause in his productive processes and clothe himself with *Persönlichkeit* as with a garment? And will my other colleagues — yes, and shall I myself — some day be strutting about in our respective *Persönlichkeiten*, as unfamiliar at first to one another, and even to ourselves, as in that motley garb of academic dignity in which we disport ourselves on Commencement Day? But my place, as I said before, has ever been in the rear of great movements; therefore I must back to my translating (of which I should have been able, according to tables furnished me by Whitaker, to do seven and three sixteenths pages in the time wasted over these lines), and again leave to others the brunt of first contact with the new order.

THE LIFE OF IRONY

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

I

I COULD never, until recently, divest myself of the haunting feeling that being ironical had something to do with the entering of the iron into one's soul. I thought I knew what irony was, and I admired it immensely. I could not believe that there was something metallic and bitter about it. Yet this sinister connotation of a clanging, rasping meanness of spirit, which I am sure it has still in many people's minds, clung about it, until one happy day my dictionary told me that the iron had never entered into the soul at all, but the soul into the iron (St. Jerome had read the psalm wrong), and that irony was Greek, with all the free, happy play of the Greek spirit about it, letting in fresh air and light into others' minds and our own. It was to the Greek an incomparable method of intercourse, the rub of mind against mind by the simple use of simulated ignorance, and the adoption, without committing one's self, of another's point of view. Not until I read the Socrates of Plato did I fully appreciate that this irony, — this pleasant challenging of the world, this insistent judging of experience, this sense of vivid contrasts and incongruities, of comic juxtapositions, of flaring brilliancies, and no less heartbreaking impossibilities, of all the little parts of one's world being constantly set off against each other, and made intelligible only by being translated into and defined in each other's terms, — that this was a life, and a life of beauty, that one might suddenly discover one's self living it all unawares. And if one could judge one's own feeble reflection, it was a life that had no room for iron within its soul.

We should speak not of the Socratic method, but of the Socratic life. For irony is a life rather than a method. A life cannot be taken off and put on again at will; a method can. To be sure, some people talk of life exactly as if it were some portable commodity, or some exchangeable garment. We must live, they cry, as if they were about to begin. And perhaps they are. Only some of us would rather die than live that puny life that they can adopt and cover themselves with. Irony is too rich and precious a thing to be capable of such transmission. The ironist is born and not made. This critical attitude toward life, this delicious sense of contrasts that we call irony, is not a pose or an amusement. It is something that colors every idea and every feeling of the man who is so happy as to be endowed with it.

Most people will tell you, I suppose, that the religious conviction of salvation is the only permanently satisfying coloring of life. In the splendid ironists, however, one sees a sweeter, more flexible and human principle of life, adequate, without the buttress of supernatural belief, to nourish and fortify the spirit. In the classic ironist of all time, irony shows an inherent nobility; a nobility that all ages have compared favorably with the Christian ideal. Lacking the spur of religious emotion,

the sweetness of irony may be more difficult to maintain than the mood of belief. But may it not for that very reason be judged superior, for is it not written, 'He that endureth unto the end shall be saved'?

It is not easy to explain the quality of that richest and most satisfying background of life. It lies, I think, in a vivid and intense feeling of aliveness which it gives. Experience comes to the ironist in little darts or spurts, with the added sense of contrast. Most men, I am afraid, see each bit of personal experience as a unit, strung more or less loosely on a string of other mildly related bits. But the man with the ironical temperament is forced constantly to compare and contrast his experience with what was, or what might be, or what ought to be, and it is the shocks of these comparisons and contrasts that make up his inner life. He thinks he leads a richer life, because he feels not only the individual bits but the contrasts besides, in all their various shadings and tints. To this sense of impingement of facts upon life is due a large part of this vividness of irony; and the rest is due to the alertness of the ironical mind. The ironist is always critically awake. He is always judging, and watching with inexhaustible interest, in order that he may judge. Now irony, in its best sense, is an exquisite sense of proportion, a sort of spiritual tact in judging the values and significances of experience. This sense of being spiritually alive, which ceaseless criticism of the world we live in gives us, combined with the sense of power which free and untrammeled judging produces in us, is the background of irony. And it should be a means to the truest goodness.

Socrates made one mistake, — knowledge is not goodness. But it is a step toward judging, and good judgment is the true goodness. For it is on judgment impelled by desire that we act. The clearer and cleaner our judgments then, the more definite and correlated our actions. And the great value of these judgments of irony is that they are not artificial but spring naturally out of life. Irony, the science of comparative experience, compares things not with an established standard but with each other, and the values that slowly emerge from the process, values that emerge from one's own vivid reactions, are constantly revised, corrected, and refined by that same sense of contrast. The ironic life is a life keenly alert, keenly sensitive, reacting promptly with feelings of liking or dislike to each bit of experience, letting none of it pass without interpretation and assimilation, a life full and satisfying, — indeed a rival of the religious life.

The life of irony has the virtues of the religious life without its defects. It expresses the aggressive virtues without the quiescence of resignation. For the ironist has the courageous spirit, the sympathetic heart, and the understanding mind, and can give them full play, unhampered by the searching introspection of the religious mind that often weakens rather than ennobles and fortifies. He is at one with the religious man in that he hates apathy and stagnation, for they mean death. But he is superior in that he attacks apathy of intellect and personality as well as apathy of emotion. He has a great conviction of the significance of all life, the lack of which conviction is the most saddening feature of the religious temperament. The religious man pretends that every aspect of life has meaning for him, but in practice he constantly minimizes the noisier and vivider elements. He is essentially an aristocrat in his interpretation of values, while the ironist is incorrigibly a democrat.

Religion gives a man an intimacy

with a few selected and rarified virtues and moods, while irony makes him a friend of the poor and lowly among spiritual things. When the religious man is healing and helping, it is at the expense of his spiritual comfort; he must tear himself away from his companions, and go out grimly and sacrificingly into the struggle. The ironist, living his days among the humbler things, feels no such severe call to service. And yet the ironist, since he has no citadel of truth to defend, is really the more adventurous. Life, not fixed in predestined formulas, or measurable by fixed, immutable standards, is fluid, rich, and exciting. To the ironist it is both discovery and creation. His courage seeks out the obscure places of human personality, and his sympathy and understanding create new interests and enthusiasms in the other minds upon which they play. And these new interests in turn react upon his own life, discovering unexpected vistas there, and creating new insight into the world that he lives in. That democratic, sympathetic outlook upon the feelings and thoughts and actions of men and women is the life of irony.

That life is expressed in the social intercourse of ourselves with others. The daily fabric of the life of irony is woven out of our critical communings with ourselves and the personalities of our friends, and the people with whom we come in contact. The ironist, by adopting another's point of view and making it his own, in order to carry light and air into it, literally puts himself in the other man's place. Irony is thus the truest sympathy. It is no cheap way of ridiculing an opponent by putting on his clothes and making fun of him. The ironist has no opponent, but only a friend. And in his irony he is helping that friend to reveal himself. That half-seriousness, that solemn treatment of the trivial and trivial treatment of the solemn, which is the pattern of the ironist's talk, is but his way of exhibiting the unexpected contrasts and shadings that he sees to be requisite to the keenest understanding of the situation. The ironist borrows and exchanges and appropriates ideas and gives them a new setting in juxtaposition with others, but he never burlesques or caricatures or exaggerates them. If an idea is absurd, the slightest change of environment will show that absurdity.

The mere transference of an idea to another's mouth will bring to light all its hidden meaninglessness. It needs no extraneous aid. If an idea is hollow, it will show itself cowering against the intellectual background of the ironist like the puny, shivering thing it is. If a point of view cannot bear being adopted by another person, if it is not hardy enough to be transplanted, it has little right to exist at all. This world is no hothouse for ideas and attitudes. Too many outworn ideas are skulking in dark retreats, sequestered from the light; every man has great, sunless stretches in his soul where base prejudices lurk and flourish. On these the white light of irony is needed to play. And it delights the ironist to watch them shrivel and decay under that light.

The little tabooed regions of well-bred people, the 'things we never mention,' the basic biases and assumptions that underlie the lives and thinking of every class and profession, our second-hand dogmas and phrases, — all these live and thrive because they have never been transplanted, or heard from the lips of another. The dictum that 'the only requisites for success are honesty and merit,' which we applaud so frantically from the lips of the successful, becomes a ghastly irony in the mouth of an unemployed workingman. There would be a frightful mortality of

points of view could we have a perfectly free exchange such as this. Irony is just this temporary borrowing and lending. Many of our cherished ideals would lose half their validity were they put bodily into the mouths of the less fortunate. But if irony destroys some ideals it builds up others. It tests ideals by their social validity, by their general interchangeability among all sorts of people and the world, but if it leaves the foundations of many in a shaky condition, and renders more simply provisional, those that it does leave standing are imperishably founded in the common democratic experience of all men.

To the ironist it seems that the irony is not in the speaking, but in the things themselves. He is a poor ironist who would consciously distort, or attempt to make another's idea appear in any light except its own. Absurdity is an intrinsic quality of so many things that they only have to be touched to reveal it. The deadliest way to annihilate the unoriginal and the insincere is to let it speak for itself. Irony is this letting things speak for themselves and hang themselves by their own rope. Only, it repeats the words after the speaker, and adjusts the rope. It is the commanding touch of a comprehending personality that dissolves the seemingly tough husk of the idea.

The ironical method might be compared to the acid that develops a photographic plate. It does not distort the image, but merely brings clearly to the light all that was implicit in the plate before. And if it brings the picture to the light with values reversed, so does irony revel in a paradox, which is simply a photographic negative of the truth, truth with the values reversed. But turn the negative ever so slightly so that the light falls upon it, and the perfect picture appears in all its true values and beauty. Irony, we may say then, is the photography of the soul. The picture goes through certain changes in the hands of the ironist, but without these changes the truth would be simply a blank, unmeaning surface. The photograph is a synonym for deadly accuracy. Similarly the ironist insists always on seeing things as they are. He is a realist, whom the grim satisfaction of seeing the truth compensates for any sordidness that it may bring along with it. Things as they are, thrown against the background of things as they ought to be, — this is the ironist's vision. I should like to feel that the vision of the religious man is not too often things as they are, thrown against the background of things as they ought not to be.

The ironist is the only man who makes any serious attempt to distinguish between fresh and second-hand experience. Our minds are so unfortunately arranged that all sorts of belief can be accepted and propagated quite independently of any rational or even experiential basis at all. Nature does not seem to care very much whether our ideas are true or not, so long as we get on through life safely enough. And it is surprising on what an enormous amount of error we can get along comfortably. We cannot be wrong on every point or we should cease to live, but so long as we are empirically right in our habits, the truth or falsity of our ideas seems to have little effect upon our comfort. We are born into a world that is an inexhaustible store of ready-made ideas, stored up in tradition, in books, and in every medium of communication between our minds and others. All we have to do is to accept this predigested nourishment, and ask no questions. We could live a whole life without ever making a really individual response, without providing ourselves, out of our own experience, with any of the material that our minds

work on. Many of us seem to be just this kind of spiritual parasites. We may learn and absorb and grow, up to a certain point. But eventually something captures us: we become incased in a suit of armor, and invulnerable to our own experience. We have lost the faculty of being surprised. It is this incasing that the ironist fears, and it is the ironical method that he finds the best for preventing it. Irony keeps the waters in motion, so that the ice never has a chance to form. The cut-and-dried life is easy to form because it has no sense of contrast; everything comes to one on its own terms, vouching for itself, and is accepted or rejected on its own good looks, and not because of its fitness and place in the scheme of things.

This is the courage and this the sympathy of irony. Have they not a beauty of their own comparable in excellence with the paler glow of religious virtue? And the understanding of the ironist, although aggressive and challenging, has its justification, too. For he is mad to understand the world, to get to the bottom of other personalities. That is the reason for his constant classification. The ironist is the most dogmatic of persons. To understand you he must grasp you firmly, or he must pin you down definitely; if he accidentally nails you fast to a dogma that you indignantly repudiate, you must blame his enthusiasm and not his method. Dogmatism is rarely popular, and the ironist, of course, suffers. It hurts people's eyes to see a strong light, and the pleasant mist-land of ideas is much more emotionally warming than the clear, sunny region of transmissible phrases. How the average person wriggles and squirms under these piercing attempts to corner his personality! 'Tell me what you mean!' or 'What do you see in it?' are the fatal questions that the ironist puts, and who shall censure him if he does display the least trace of malicious delight as he watches the half-formed baby ideas struggle toward the light, or scurry around frantically to find some decent costume in which they may appear in public?

The judgments of the ironist are often discounted as being too sweeping. But he has a valid defense. Lack of classification is annihilation of thought. Even the newest philosophy will admit that classification is a necessary evil. Concepts are indispensable, — and yet each concept falsifies. The ironist must have as large a stock as possible, but he must have a stock. And even the unjust classification is marvelously effective. The ironist's name for his opponent is a challenge to him. The more sweeping it is, the more stimulus it gives the latter to repel the charge. He must explain just how he is unique and individual in his attitude. And in this explanation he reveals and discovers all that the ironist wishes to know about him. A handful of epithets is thus the ammunition of the ironist. He must call things by what seem to him to be their right names. In a sense, the ironist assumes the prisoner to be guilty until he proves himself innocent; but it is always in order that justice may be done, and that he may come to learn the prisoner's soul and all the wondrous things that are contained there.

II

It is this passion for comprehension that explains the ironist's apparently scandalous propensity to publicity. Nothing seems to him too sacred to touch, nothing too holy for him to become witty about. There are no doors locked to him, there is nothing that can make good any claim of resistance to scrutiny. His free-and-easy

manner of including everything within the sweep of his vision, is but his recognition, however, of the fact that nothing is really so serious as we think it is, and nothing quite so petty. The ironist will descend in a moment from a discussion of religion to a squabble over a card-game, and he will defend himself with the reflection that religion is, after all, a human thing, and must be discussed in the light of every-day living; and that the card-game is an integral part of life, reveals the personalities of the players, — and his own to himself, — and, being worthy of his interest, is worthy of his enthusiasm. The ironist is apt to test things by their interest as much as by their nobility, and if he sees the incongruous and inflated in the lofty, so he sees the significant in the trivial and raises it from its low degree. Many a mighty impostor does he put down from his seat. The ironist is the great intellectual democrat, in whose presence and before whose law all ideas and attitudes stand equal. In his world there is no privileged caste, no aristocracy of sentiments to be reverenced, or segregated systems of interests to be tabooed. Nothing human is alien to the ironist; the whole world is thrown open, naked, to the play of his judgment.

In the eyes of its detractors, irony has all the vices of democracy. Its publicity seems mere vulgarity, its free hospitality seems to shock all ideas of moral worth. The ironist is but a scoffer, they say, with weapon leveled eternally at all that is good and true and sacred. The adoption of another's point of view seems little better than malicious dissimulation, — the repetition of others' words, an elaborate mockery; the ironist's eager interest seems a mere impudence or a lack of finer instincts; his interest in the trivial, the last confession of a mean spirit; and his love of classifying, a proof of his poverty of imaginative resource. Irony, in other words, is thought to be synonymous with cynicism. But the ironist is no cynic. His is a kindly, not a sour, interest in human motives. He wants to find out how the human machine runs, not to prove that it is a worthless, broken-down affair. He accepts it as it comes, and if he finds it curiously feeble and futile in places, blame not him, but the nature of things. He finds enough rich compensation in the unexpected charm that he constantly finds himself eliciting. The ironist sees life steadily, and sees it whole; the cynic only a distorted fragment.

If the ironist is not a cynic, neither is he merely a dealer in satire, burlesque, and ridicule. Irony may be the raw material, innocent in itself, but capable of being put to evil uses. But it involves neither the malice of satire, nor the horse-play of burlesque, nor the stab of ridicule. Irony is infinitely finer, and more delicate and impersonal. The satirist is always personal and concrete, but the ironist deals with general principles and broad aspects of human nature. It cannot be too much emphasized that the function of the ironist is not to make fun of people, but to give their souls an airing. The ironist is a judge on the bench, giving men a public hearing. He is not an aggressive spirit who goes about seeking whom he may devour, or a spiritual lawyer who courts litigation, but the judge before whom file all the facts of his experience: the people he meets; the opinions he hears or reads; his own attitudes and prepossessions. If any are convicted they are self-convicted. The judge himself is passive, merciful, lenient. There is judgment, but no punishment. Or rather, the trial itself is the punishment.

Now, satire is all that irony is not.

The satirist is the aggressive lawyer, fastening upon particular people and particular qualities. But irony is no more personal than the sun that sends his flaming darts into the world. The satirist is a purely practical man, with a business instinct, bent on the main chance and the definite object. He is often brutal, and always overbearing; the ironist never. Irony may wound from the very fineness and delicacy of its attack, but the wounding is incidental. The sole purpose of the satirist and the burlesquer is to wound; and they test their success by the deepness of the wound. But irony tests its own by the amount of generous light and air it has set flowing through an idea or a personality, and the broad significance it has revealed in neglected things.

If irony is not brutal, neither is it merely critical and destructive. The world has some reason, it is true, to complain against the rather supercilious judiciousness of the ironist. 'Who are you to judge us?' it cries. The world does not like to feel the scrutinizing eyes of the ironist as he sits back in his chair; does not like to feel that the ironist is simply studying it and amusing himself at its expense. It is uneasy, and acts sometimes as if it did not have a perfectly clear conscience. To this uncomfortableness the ironist can retort, 'What is it that you are afraid to have known about you?' If the judgment amuses him, so much the worse for the world. But if the idea of the ironist as judge implies that his attitude is wholly detached, wholly objective, it is an unfortunate metaphor. For he is as much part and parcel of the human show as any of the people he studies. The world is no stage, with the ironist as audience. His own personal reactions with the people about him form all the stuff of his thoughts and judgments. He has a personal interest in the case; his own personality is inextricably mingled in the stream of impressions that flows past him. If the ironist is destructive, it is his own world that he is destroying; if he is critical, it is his own world that he is criticizing. And his irony is his critique of life.

This is the defense of the ironist against the charge that he has a purely æsthetic attitude toward life. Too often, perhaps, the sparkling clarity of his thought, the play of his humor, the easy sense of superiority and intellectual command that he carries off, make his irony appear as rather the æsthetic nourishment of his life than an active way of doing and being. His rather detached air makes him seem to view people as means, not ends, in themselves. With this delight in the vivid and poignant, he is prone to see picturesqueness in the sordid, and tolerate evils that he should condemn. For all his interests and activity, it is said that he does n't really care. But this æsthetic taint to his irony is really only skin-deep.

The ironist is ironical, not because he does not care, but because he cares too much. He is feeling the profoundest depths of the world's great beating, laboring heart, and his playful attitude toward the grim and sordid is a necessary relief from the tension of too much caring. It is his salvation from unutterable despair. The terrible urgency of the reality of poverty and misery and exploitation would be too strong upon him. Only irony can give him a sense of proportion, and make his life fruitful and resolute. It can give him a temporary escape, a slight momentary reconciliation, a chance to draw a deep breath of resolve, before plunging into the fight. It is not a palliative so much as a perspective.

This is the only justification of the æsthetic attitude, that, if taken pro-

visionally, it sweetens and fortifies. It is only deadly when adopted as absolute. The kind of æsthetic irony that Pater and Omar display is a paralyzed, half-seeing, half-caring reflection on life, — a tame, domesticated irony, with its wings cut, an irony that furnishes a justification and a command to inaction. It is the result, not of exquisitely refined feelings, but of social anæsthesia. Their irony, cut off from the great world of men and women and boys and girls and their intricate interweavings and jostlings and incongruities, turns pale and sickly and numb. The ironist has no right to see beauty in things unless he really cares. The æsthetic sense is harmless only when it is both ironical and social.

III

Irony is thus a cure for both optimism and pessimism. Nothing is so revolting to the ironist as the smiling optimist, who testifies, in his fatuous heedlessness, to the desirability of this best of all possible worlds. But the ironist has always an incorrigible propensity to see the other side. The hopeless maladjustment of too many people to their world, of their bondage in the iron fetters of circumstance, all this is too glaring for the ironist's placidity. When he examines the beautiful picture, too often the best turns worst to him. But if optimism is impossible to the ironist, so is pessimism. The ironist may have a secret respect for the pessimist, — he at least has felt the bitter tang of life, and has really cared, — but he feels that the pessimist lacks. For if the optimist is blind, the pessimist is hypnotized. He is abnormally suggestible to evil. But clear-sighted irony sees that the world is too big and multifarious to be evil at heart. Something beautiful and joyous lurks even in the most hapless, — a child's laugh in a dreary street, a smile on the face of a weary woman. It is this saving quality of irony that both optimist and pessimist miss. And since plain common sense tells us that things are never quite so bad or quite so good as they seem, the ironist carries conviction into the hearts of men in their best moments.

The ironist is a person who counts in the world. He has all sorts of unexpected effects on both the people he goes with and himself. His is an insistent personality; he is as troublesome as a missionary. And he is a missionary; for, his own purpose being a comprehension of his fellows' souls, he makes them conscious of their own souls. He is a hard man; he will take nothing on reputation; he will guarantee for himself the qualities of things. He will not accept the vouchers of the world that a man is wise, or clever, or sincere, behind the impenetrable veil of his face. He must probe until he elicits the evidence of personality, until he gets at the peculiar quality which distinguishes that individual soul. For the ironist is, after all, a connoisseur in personality, and if his conversation partakes too often of the character of cross-examination, it is only as a lover of the beautiful, a possessor of taste, that he inquires. He does not want to see people squirm, but he does want to see whether they are alive or not. If he pricks too hard, it is not from malice, but merely from error in his estimation of the toughness of their skins. What people are inside is the most interesting question in the world to the ironist. And, in finding out, he stirs them up. Many a petty, doubting spirit does he challenge and bully into a sort of self-respect. And many a bag-of-wind does he puncture. But his most useful function is this of stimulating thought and action. The ironist forces his friends to move their rusty

limbs and unhinge the creaking doors of their minds.

The world needs more ironists. Shut up with one's own thoughts, one loses the glow of life that comes from frank exchange of ideas with many kinds of people. Too many minds are stuffy, dusty rooms into which the windows have never been opened,—minds heavy with their own crotchets, cluttered up with untested theories and conflicting sympathies that have never got related in any social way. The ironist blows them all helter-skelter, sweeps away the dust, and sets everything in its proper place again. Your solid, self-respectful mind, the ironist confesses he can do little with: it is not of his world. He comes to freshen and tone up the stale minds. The ironist is the great purger and cleanser of life. Irony is a sort of spiritual massage, rubbing the souls of men. It may seem rough to some tender souls, but it does not sear or scar them. The strong arm of the ironist restores the circulation, and drives away anæmia.

On the ironist himself the effect of irony is even more invigorating. We can never really understand ourselves without at least a touch of irony. The interpretation of human nature without is a simple matter in comparison with the comprehension of that complex of elations and disgusts, inhibitions, and curious irrational impulses, that we call ourselves. It is not true that by examining ourselves and coming to an understanding of the way we behave, we understand other people, but that by the contrasts and little revelations of our friends we learn to interpret ourselves. Introspection is no match for irony as a guide. The most illuminating experience that we can have is a sudden realization that had we been in the other person's place we should have acted precisely as he did. To the ironist this is no mere intellectual conviction, that, after all, none of us are perfect, but a vivid emotional experience, which has knit him with that other person in one moment in a bond of sympathy that could have been acquired in no other way. Those minds that lack the touch of irony are too little flexible, or too heavily buttressed with self-esteem to make this sudden change of attitudes. The ironist, one might almost say, gets his brotherhood intuitively, and feels the sympathy and the oneness in truth before he thinks them.

The ironist is the only man who really gets outside of himself. What he does for other people, — that is, picking out a little piece of their souls and holding it up for their inspection, — he does for himself. He gets thus an objective view of his own spirit. The unhealthy indoor brooding of introspection is artificial and unproductive, because it has no perspective or contrast. But the ironist, with his constant outdoor look, sees his own foibles and humiliations in the light of those of other people. He acquires a more tolerant, half-amused, half-earnest attitude toward himself. His self-respect is nourished by the knowledge that whatever things discreditable and foolish and worthless he has done, he has seen them approximated by others, and yet his esteem is kept safely pruned down by the recurring evidence that nothing he has is unique. He is poised in life, ready to soar or to walk as the occasion demands. He is pivoted, susceptible to every stimulus, and yet chained so that he can not be flung off into space by his own centrifugal force.

Irony has the same sweetening and freshening effect on one's own life that it does on the lives of those who come in contact with it. It gives one a command of one's resources. The ironist practices a perfect economy of mate-

rial. For he must utilize his wealth constantly, and over and over again, in various shapes and shadings. He may be poor in actual material, but, out of the contrast and arrangement of that slender store, he is able, like a kaleidoscope, to make a multifarious variety of wonderful patterns. His current coin is, so to speak, kept bright by constant exchange. He is infinitely richer than your opulent but miserly minds that hoard up facts, and are impotent from the very plethora of their accumulations.

Irony is essential to any real honesty. For dishonesty is, at bottom, simply an attempt to save somebody's face. But the ironist does not want any faces saved, neither his own nor those of other people. To save faces is to sophisticate human nature, to falsify the facts, and miss a delicious contrast, an illuminating revelation of how people act. So the ironist is the only perfectly honest man. But he suffers for it by acquiring a reputation for impudence. His willingness to bear the consequences of his own acts, his quiet insistence that others shall bear consequences, seem like mere shamelessness, a lack of delicate feeling for 'situations.' But, accustomed as he is to range freely and know no fear nor favor, he despises this reserve as a species of timidity or even hypocrisy. It is an irony itself that the one temperament that can be said really to appreciate human nature, in the sense of understanding it rightly, should be called impudent, and it is another that it should be denounced as monstrously egotistical. The ironical mind is the only truly modest mind, for its point of view is ever outside itself. If it calls attention to itself, it is only as another of those fascinating human creatures that pass ever by with their bewildering, alluring ways. If it talks about itself, it is only as a third person in whom all the talkers are supposed to be eagerly interested. In this sense the ironist has lost his egoism completely. He has rubbed out the line that separates his personality from the rest of the world.

The ironist must take people very seriously, to spend so much time over them. He must be both serious and sincere, or he would not persist in his irony and expose himself to so much misunderstanding. And since it is not how people treat him, but simply how they act, that furnishes the basis for his appreciation, the ironist finds it easy to forgive. He has a way of letting the individual offense slide, in favor of a deeper principle. In the act of being grossly misrepresented, he can feel a pang of exasperated delight that people should be so dense; in the act of being taken in, he can feel the cleverness of it all. He becomes, for the moment, his own enemy; and we can always forgive ourselves. Even while being insulted or outraged or ignored, he can feel, 'After all, this is what life is! This is the way we poor human creatures behave!' The ironist is thus, in a sense, vicarious human nature. Through that deep, anticipatory sympathy, he is kept clean from hate or scorn.

The ironist, therefore, has a valid defense against all the charges of brutality and triviality and irreverence that the religious man is prone to bring against him. He can care more deeply about things because he can see so much more widely; and he can take life very seriously because it interests him so intensely; and he can feel its poignancy and its flux more keenly because he delivers himself up bravely to its swirling, many-hued current. The inner peace of religion seems gained only at the expense of the reality of living. A life such as the life of irony, lived fully and joyously, cannot be peaceful; it cannot even be happy, in

the sense of calm content and satisfaction. But it can be better than either — it can be wise, and it can be fruitful. And it can be good, in a way that the life of inner peace cannot. For the life of irony, having no reserve and weaving itself out of the flux of experience rather than out of eternal values, has the broad, honest sympathy of democracy that is impossible to any temperament with the aristocratic taint. One advantage the religious life has is a salvation in another world to which it can withdraw. The life of irony has laid up few treasures in heaven, but many in this world. Having gained so much it has much to lose. But its glory is that it can lose nothing unless it lose all.

To shafts of fortune and blows of friends or enemies, then, the ironist is almost impregnable. He knows how to parry each thrust and prepare for every emergency. Even if the arrows reach him, all the poison has been sucked out of them by his clear, resolute understanding of their significance. There is but one weak spot in his armor, but one disaster that he fears more almost than the loss of his life, — a shrinkage of his environment, a running dry of experience. He fears to be cut off from friends and crowds and human faces and speech and books, for he demands to be ceaselessly fed. Like a modern city, he is totally dependent on a steady flow of supplies from the outside world, and will be in danger of starvation if the lines of communication are interrupted. Without people and opinions for his mind to play on, his irony withers and faints. He has not the faculty of brooding; he cannot mine the depths of his own soul, and bring forth, after labor, mighty nuggets of thought.

The flow and swirl of things is his compelling interest. His thoughts are reactions, immediate and vivid, to his daily experience. Some deep, unconscious brooding must go on, to produce that happy precision of judgment of his; but it is not voluntary. He is conscious only of the shifting light and play of life; his world is dynamic, energetic, changing. He lives in a world of relations, and he must have a whole store of things to be related. He has lost himself completely in this world he lives in. His ironical interpretation of the world is his life, and this world is his nourishment. Take away this environmental world and you have slain his soul. He is invulnerable to everything except that deprivation.

LETTERS OF A DOWN-AND-OUT

[An earlier installment of these letters was printed in the *Atlantic* for February, with a note which explained that they are genuine letters written without thought of publication. The writer is a young man in the thirties, who, having achieved very considerable financial success, met with misfortunes, and stripped of money, wife, and children, went West to make a new start. — THE EDITORS.]

Wednesday, May 8.

From Mr. Malone, not Maloney, this morning I secured the job of timekeeper at Camp 26A. He and I walk up to-morrow. This has been a day of idleness, devoted chiefly to talking with the different men sitting around the so-called hotel. Men here have been pretty much all over the world, the greater part in search of gold. A few have struck it, but like most gambling money, they blew it in in short order. Had a nap this afternoon and caught cold.

Thursday, May 9.

Left Seeley with Mr. Malone at eight o'clock. It seemed good to be walking without a pack. Mine I left at the warehouse, and it will reach camp by the first freight team that goes in to our camp. Reached New Hazelton about ten, and after a few moments in the general office started once more up river, this time the Buckley, a branch of the Skeena, the Skeena going north by north-east, while the Buckley follows an easterly direction. Walked steadily until noon, reaching Duncan Ross's camp just at dinner-time. He is working on the longest tunnel on the road.

Resuming our *mush* at one, reached Camp 26A at three o'clock, and as I had developed a bird of a headache, I for one was glad the trip was over.

Camp 26A is not very large, only fifty-odd men being on the job; it's a cut-and-fill proposition. The old timekeeper was overjoyed to see me; it seems he is captain of the New Hazelton baseball team and that they play Old Hazelton on Sunday. About two hours finished my instructions, and as the books are quite simple I do not anticipate any great trouble with the work.

Friday, May 10.

Spent the day in checking up my predecessor's work. Had an old-fashioned headache in the night which I thought would kill me. Coffee every half hour is keeping me going, and, by the way, is the best that I've had since I was in New York. The cook is a good one, but has n't a great deal to work with. Of course, the further from the base of supplies, the simpler the food must be. It's beef, potatoes, coffee, and tea three times a day, and very little besides.

Saturday, May 11.

Married twelve years ago to-day. 'Tempus fugit.'

Have completely checked up my accounts. Everything O.K. except cash, which is 50 cents short. Looked over the job carefully. It reminds me a good deal of coal-mining.

It's a great relief to get a decent place to sleep. The office, occupied by the Foreman and myself, is a small (15×15) log cabin, but *clean*, with two very decent bunks, and one gets some air at night. A camp stove in the middle of the room gives a welcome glow in the morning as, though it is very warm in the middle of the day, ice still forms

at night. *Mosquitoes awful.* I would swear some of them have an over-all spread of wings of at least an inch and a half.

Sunday, May 12.

Spent a large part of the day in making shelves, etc., for my store stock. I have most everything for sale that a country store sells. Prices are something terrible; four candles for 25 cents, cake of soap 25 cents, towel $1, ordinary working shoes $8, socks 75 cents, three envelopes for 10 cents.

Also built myself an armchair, in which I sit as I write. First armchair I've sat in for seven weeks.

Monday, May 13.

Walked to Camp 26 this morning to get my pack which the teamster had left there by mistake. It is a walk of about two miles, with magnificent scenery and, way below my trail, the Buckley River flowing by swiftly. It is 'White Water' for miles, and above, the Cascades covered with snow. Very hot sun before I arrived back at camp. Shaved (needed it), and after dinner had a grand clean-up. Bath, clean clothes, and a hair-cut by the blacksmith.

On my tally (about three-thirty) I was a man out. Finally discovered that I had counted three Russian brothers as two. The three of them look identically alike.

To go back to the hair-cut, I needed it, as it was in early March when I had the last. I looked a good deal like the late Joe Jefferson when he played Rip Van Winkle. It 's getting pretty gray, and my eyesight is not what it was. Another sign I notice of increasing years is that I do not require near the sleep that I did.

I'm very much afraid of our water-supply, which comes from a small stream out of a swamp that our 'fill' is crossing. It's full of wrigglers. The Foreman with scorn has granted my request for men to dig a well. Don't like well water, but think that the chances of typhoid are less with that than with swamp water.

Tuesday, May 14.

Aside from my routine duties I have done a number of odd jobs to-day. Burned up a large amount of garbage which was much too near the office and the cook-house; collected this with a rake that I constructed. Had the Bull Cook (man-of-all-work) carry off about 4,000,000 empty tin cans. Mended the cook's assembling table, and in the afternoon made a window in the back of the office, which was badly needed, both for light and ventilation. As the logs are about a foot and a half through, it was quite a job getting an auger through so I could use a saw. (No key-saw in camp.)

Number 30, a man who went to New Hazelton on Sunday, came in to-night with a pair of slippers that I had ordered. It surely is a change for the better to get boots off at night.

Wednesday, May 15.

The fine weather continues, but it has been excessively warm the last two days; of course, only in the middle of the day.

In addition to the routine work, I to-day finished up the well. I think it will be a great improvement over the present water-supply. It would rather seem as though from here out my life would be passive and rather in the rôle of spectator. Well, at any rate, I went at a fast and furious pace from 1898 to 1912. What a lot of work I did crowd in during those years! The —— king of New England seemed to be in sight, and now I'm a petty clerk in the wilds of British Columbia. Truly, it's a funny old world, but as a rule the sporting expression, 'They

never come back,' I fancy, is a true one. I don't suppose I ever will.

I think I'll have to write an essay on sheets. With the exception of two nights in Prince Rupert I've gone without for almost two months, while I've slept in underclothes for three. Then again, washing one's own clothes is an awful chore. I'd rather do a hard day's work than tackle the Oil Can (the universal washing-tub of British Columbia being a ten-gallon Imperial Oil Company's — Canadian branch of Standard — can). It raises the devil with the hands for hard work.

I presume the world wags much as usual, but we don't know it. Days since I've seen a newspaper. *I wish I had a Dog.*

Thursday, May 16.

I'm tired to-night as I have had a long day. Up at 5.30 and it is now 9.30. (Plenty of light to write.) Books and checking up the men take but part of my day, so I have made a self-closing screen door, finished a drain for the cook-house, and washed and darned all my clothes. To-morrow I plan to dig a hole in the swamp for a bath-tub. Mr. Ward, Assistant General Superintendent for Farrington, Weeks & Stone, rode in at dinner-time to-day. He reported forest fires as serious below us.

Friday, May 17.

Another day gone. A change in the weather, cooler and showery. The snow on the mountains is going very fast. Regular work and a skylight that lifts for ventilation for the cook-house, is the record for the day. Punch, a fox terrier, who belongs to Camp 26, is a visitor; am told he stays two or three days. He is quite welcome. At the moment he occupies my new chair, drawn up in front of the camp stove, while I write on the side of my bunk.

One surely is in the wilderness in this country; it seems a million miles from the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets.

Saturday, May 18.

Rained hard in the night. Camp has several bad leaks. Mr. Malone here this A.M., also the Chief Engineer of G. T. P. (on tour of inspection) dropped in for dinner. Very blue and lonesome this afternoon, caused no doubt by a severe cold that makes me feel mean all over.

Since March 11, 1910, I have seen my wife and son but once. I wonder when I'll see them again? In a year or never. I wish I had some one to talk with. Have about exhausted the mental possibilities of the Foreman.

Sunday, May 19.

I believe it's Sunday, but it's almost a guess as we do not boast a calendar. Of course, keeping books, particularly Payroll Book, I always know the date, but one day in the week is like another in a railroad camp.

Nothing of interest. Feel mean and blue, with plenty of cold. Used up my entire supply of handkerchiefs.

I have the promise of a puppy from Camp 26. His father is Punch, the fox terrier that visited us. His mother is an Irish terrier. Will not bring him down until we get some condensed milk as he is not old enough for meat.

It's curious how the laboring-man drifts in this country. There are forty-one of us in camp to-day, and since I've been there about fifteen have left, and about as many more gone to work.

Monday, May 20.

Overcast and raw. Fire in the stove makes the office cabin comfortable. My slippers are a great comfort. Guess they were a good investment, even if they did cost two days' pay.

I *wonder* what the —— bunch [a group that used to meet in the —— Hotel in Boston] are doing to-day?

Sent a man to the Seeley Hospital yesterday afternoon. Think he had one broken bone in his right fore-arm.

Telephone-line man has just gone out after a five-minute chat. He is full of trouble, owing to the recent forest fires. It must be inconvenient for the head office in Hazelton not to be able to get their various camps.

Neuritis still bothering. Had a bath in a swamp-hole this afternoon. Blue and homesick for Beantown to-night. Gives one a funny feeling to go to bed night after night in broad daylight.

Tuesday, May 21.

Uneventful day. Heard by phone that Seeley Warehouse had tinned milk. This means in three days' time we shall have milk for oatmeal and coffee. It will be welcome as usual, as the camp has had none for six weeks. Have ordered a tent, thinking we (the Foreman and I) would be more comfortable than in our cabin. The middle of the days is very warm, it must get close to 90° in the sun, and the cabin, having a tar-paper roof, gets oppressive. The nights, however, are still cool. We have a fire morning and evening.

Wednesday, May 22.

Walked up to Camp 26 this morning to get detonators which the Seeley Warehouse failed to send us. We use about a hundred a day in the Gumbo (wet clay and dirt that is harder to break up with dynamite than rock).

McCloud, the timekeeper, gave me my dog. I have named him Tony the Second.

Very warm this noon. The snow now only reaches a third of the way down the side of the mountains; the river, of course, is very high. It makes a constant roar as it passes through the canyon. Had I a camera I could get some wonderful pictures.

Thursday, May 23.

One day is much like another; war between nations, earthquakes, and famines might take place without our having any knowledge of them. It is peaceful and restful, but not highly exciting. Called the hospital at Seeley to find out how Doheny, the man hurt here, was getting on. The doctor reported a compound fracture, also paid me quite a compliment on my splints.

Tony the Second is quite amusing, and helps to pass some idle moments. Am anxious, of course, to go fishing, but am afraid that if I did it would be the moment that some superior officer dropped in to see how our work was getting on.

Friday, May 24.

Had two G. T. P. engineers and Mr. West for dinner. Busy all day putting up a tent for White and myself, thinking it would be more comfortable than the log cabin. Though it is 18×20 I am afraid it will be small, with bricks, stove, and all the commissary stuff. They have quite a stunt in this country: *i.e.*, the lower edge of the wall of the tents is three or four feet off the ground, the space in between being boarded up. This, of course, gives more air and head-room.

As I write it is ten minutes before nine, yet the sun is still shining. Though the scene is grand as it sinks behind the snow-covered mountains, it, in my opinion, does not compare with the setting sun behind old Marblehead seen from the Neck.

H. D. P.

June 7, 1912.

DEAR ——: —

Your very nice letter of May 22 reached me on Tuesday last. . . .

In many ways life with me at present is perfect; as you may remember, I always had a fondness for carpenter-

ing and camping, and, as I am doing both at the present time, I presume I should be content.

I am sitting in the office tent, which I consider extremely comfortable (as every bit of it, with exception of putting up the ridge-pole, is my work). Two *good* bunks, one for the Foreman, and a mattress, a camp stove, big window, easy-chairs (I have built such an improvement on the Morris chair that, with the design, the Paine Furniture Company would wax wealthy on it alone). Desk, shelves for books and papers, and, on my right, shelves extending the extreme length of the tent (it is 20 × 16) for the commissary stuff. I keep what is practically a country store. Sell dynamite, sewing-thread, tobacco, quinine, shoes, writing-paper, postage-stamps, crowbars, etc., etc. We were in a log cabin which was within ten feet of the kitchen door of the cook-house, which, of course, meant the flies were awful. As I have the window screened and a screen door and a good tight board floor, we are quite free from insects, but outside the black flies and mosquitoes are awful.

The balance of the camp is about half and half: cook-house, storehouse, and two bunk-houses made of logs; while the stable and the other two bunk-houses are made of canvas.

The weather is truly wonderful, not over an hour continuous rain during the month I've been here; perhaps a trifle too warm in the middle of the day, but cool enough for two heavy blankets at night. The scenery (which is the only free thing in the country) magnificent; as I look up from the paper and through the door, three mountains with snow extending perhaps a third of the way down, are directly in my vision. These belong to the Cascade Range, this camp being a considerable distance west of the Rocky Mountains.

The railroad grade follows the Buckley River, which is for mile after mile the fastest kind of fast water. I have been speculating whether or not one could run it in a canoe. If one did, it would be at the rate of a mile in two minutes.

The food is good, though you get the same thing day after day: beef and potatoes three times a day. (We use 2,000 lbs. of beef a week.) Apple pie for dinner and supper, while we have bacon and hot cakes every morning for breakfast.

The job is a cut-and-fill; the fill is simple, but the cut is going through what is known as Gumbo, a wet blue clay full of small round boulders from the size of a baseball to a football. It is quite impossible to pick the stuff to pieces, so it is shoot, shoot all the time, which, of course, makes slow work. There is nothing about the work that I have not done while coal-mining; so I have strongly recommended to the Assistant General Superintendent (visits us about once a week), that he make me foreman on a similar job; but to this writing, Messrs. Farrington, Weeks & Stone have not acted on my suggestion. Incidentally, F. W. & S. ought to make an awful killing on the G. T. P. work through B. C. The total contract is something over a hundred million, and they should net at least 20 per cent.

Camp foremen get one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, which is a great improvement on the timekeeper's sixty, so I want to be a foreman; I may be a trifle weak on shooting Gumbo, but I can give a lot of them cards and spades on track and dump-cars. The steel is supposed to reach us by September, but, in my opinion, we won't have our job done before the first of October.

Outside of timekeeping and bookkeeping (the first trial balance I have taken in ten years came out O. K. The

next, I suppose, will take a week), I have, as already stated, fixed the office tent, built two wells (one with an overflow is my bath-tub), put two glass skylights in the cook-house roof, built a new meat-house, repaired cars, and, as the blacksmith went off on a drunk, shod the mules.

I make a very long day; breakfast is at 6.15 and, as it does not get dark until 10.30, I generally do not turn in until that time.

For the first time, yesterday, I took a couple of hours off. The fact is, I had made a fishing-rod, butt and second joint of white birch, and the tip of willow, used small copper wire for my rings, and, of course, lashings to fasten the joints. I went or rather dropped down to the Buckley (it 's some 500 feet below us in a canyon), took 22, between three o'clock and five, that weighed from a half to three pounds. The men called them salmon trout; they were shaped more like a land-locked salmon than a square-tail, but had red spots; very good eating.

We have (in the cut) gone through a seam of mother or bastard coal. I have no doubt that a true seam is in the near vicinity, but it means money to look for it.

We are, of course, very much 'in the woods.' F. W. & S. have a telephone line connecting their camps with headquarters in Seeley and New Hazelton, but as for news of the outside world, we get none. I have not seen a newspaper since I've been here, but nevertheless presume the Boston National Baseball Team is leading (?) the League.

In spite of the glowing advertisements, I consider the land worthless except for its timber; frost most every night, which puts it on the bum for farming, so no land for mine. From present indications, will be here till work is done and stay with F. W. & S. if they have a job for me at that time. As ever,

H. D. P.

July 10, 1912.

DEAR ——:—

Here is a letter I will call 'The Timekeeper's Day's Watch.' It gives an average day.

The puppy bit my ear; I growled at him but he kept on, so I rolled over and looked at my watch: five minutes after five. As I had to get up anyway in a a few minutes, I rolled out of my blankets and made my toilet in about four minutes. If one in a moment of weakness lets a puppy on his bed one has to pay the penalty, and that is let him sleep on the foot of the bed forever afterwards. The night cook (who also gets breakfast) gave me a cup of coffee, then out on the grade I went. First looked at the shovel score-board: 745 cars, a very good night's run; then I went to the cut, where I found they had taken out 184 cars; pretty good all around. Bosses reported three men only stopped work at midnight. The getting-up gong had already rung when I was once more back in camp, and the men were tumbling out of the tents and bunk-houses. Pretty frowsy-looking lot they were, but cold water helped. At six I took my customary station beside the entrance of the mess-house, the cook rang the gong, and the men filed in.

My tent was quite comfortable when I went in, as I had lit the fire on getting up. Fancy a fire in the middle of July; but the ground was white with frost. To the mess-house for breakfast, and pretty good it was, too: oatmeal and cream (condensed), beefsteak, fried potatoes, tea and coffee, bread, jam, and that invariable breakfast adjunct (to railroad work), hot cakes. This morning, for a wonder, no one tried to go past me who was not working in the camp.

As a rule there are three or four every morning, stragglers going up or down the line. All of them have a delightful habit of trying to eat on the company; they know perfectly well they should go to the office and buy meal-tickets (fifty cents apiece), but they all try to eat for nothing. The most effervescent cursing is answered by a smile and 'Me no understand.'

After breakfast quite a few came in to make purchases from the commissary; mostly tobacco, which sells for three times as much as in the East. For instance, Bull Durham, a great favorite, at fifteen against five cents.

Four men of the night crew wanted their time, so I cast up their accounts, subtracting their board, commissary account, and medical fees, made out their time-checks, and took their receipts. Next, the men's time for the night-shift went on the time book. Then the sales of the day before. After perhaps a half hour's work on the books, the cook came for the daily supplies. From the storehouse he took 200 pounds potatoes, 200 pounds white flour, a case of corn, 3 of tomatoes, 2 of milk, 2 of peas, and 80 pounds of cheese, 24 tins of jam, 4 boxes of macaroni, a box of prunes, figs, and dried apples. Then from the meat-house, one hind quarter of beef. Quite a lot of stuff, but it takes a lot of grub to feed 175 men. In the next hour and a half while working on last month's cook-house report, I went to the supply storehouse five different times — for waste oil, track spikes, and axe and saw and shovels. Also answered the telephone five times. Each trip meant a separate entry in the day book, as all supplies and materials are carried in separate ledger accounts, debited when received, and credited when used. (Trial Balance for July showed a total on either side of well over $200,000).

I looked at my watch — ten o'clock. I should have been out on the work a half-hour ago. Checking up 175 men with an average of 15 new faces a day is quite an undertaking: one has to train the mind to remember faces, on the second, and in any event the third sight. Our work extending over a mile, it takes an hour and a quarter to go over and find all the men. To-day all hands, excepting four, were out; on my return to camp I hunted these up. Three were sick; these I dosed with quinine; and the other one was laying-off. The men (it seems as though we had at least one representative of every nationality under the sun) are like children about medicine, but, owing to successfully putting a man's broken forearm in splints last May, I've quite a reputation as a doctor. My two remedies are quinine and plenty of black pills.

This being done I made up two loads of freight for our wagons. Our base of supplies is at Seeley, sixteen miles down river and at the head of steamboat navigation. Owing to the poor roads a load for four horses is 4800 to 5000 pounds. A little of everything in the 10,000 pounds, from 60 per cent dynamite to smoking tobacco, from canned tomatoes to Perry Davis's Pain-Killer.

Dinner-time caught three strangers at the door, and I explained that Mr. Farrington (he is, I believe, rated at $40,000) needed fifty cents from each of them in the worst sort of way. Then a brisk sale of commissary goods, up to one o'clock, when the men again went out. Right after one, had to go to the powder-house and check out powder for the powder boss. The material we are taking out requires constant shooting. Then the cook came; he had forgotten two things he wanted for the night cook. Then a fifteen minute conversation on the telephone with the General Superintendent, who wanted some detailed information.

Next, my one luxury of the day:

walked down river three quarters of a mile where our pump (water for shovel) is located. The pump-man, owing to my tears, has rigged up a very good shower-bath. I started as hot as I could stand it and ended with the water directly from the spring. On the way back took the time for the afternoon. Just four when I was once more in my office; got in a solid hour of work on reports when the interruptions started. The night men began coming in, buying tobacco, snuff (up to this my knowledge of snuff was so limited I had supposed it was wholly a habit of the past; I sell fifty pounds a month), socks, etc., etc. And then, *mirabile dictu*, two Sisters of Charity appeared, escorted by Duncan Ross (big tunnel camp). They, it seems, are collecting money for an Orphan Home in New Westminster, a suburb of Vancouver. They showed me a list of the boys in the Home, and one is named Henry D. P. I had already given them a dollar, now gave them another, with the request that they buy some little toy for Henry. I entertained them while the men ate supper; as soon as they were through, I, accompanied by the nuns, 'Ballyhooed' through camp for them. We did pretty well, I think: collected $57.25. I arranged over the telephone for them to pass the night at Camp 26, but as four G. T. P. Railway engineers (civil) were spending the night there, they had no spare blankets, so I rolled up four and with the nuns' modest baggage as the balance of a pack, we started to *mush* (*i. e.* walk with a pack), turning them over to John McCloud, and after three or four God-blessings started back.

Found the cook had saved me a bit to eat (it was after nine), which was welcome. After eating, once more out on the grade, taking the time, then back to the office; as a rule finish up work by daylight, but after ten have to use a light. Made up the daily report (much detail) and then to bed, ten after eleven. Nothing to do until tomorrow.

CAMP 26A, *August* 18, 1912.

MY DEAR ——: —

. . . Now a bit about myself. I am more or less contented with my lot; I am almost literally out-of-doors all the time (have n't worn, in fact don't own, a hat for three months) — a good bed, and plenty of *good* plain food. Feel very fit, due no doubt to good air, lots of sleep, a moderate amount of exercise, and no rum. But as far as attaining money or position, I can't see it. As a matter of fact, neither exists in the country.

Railroad contracting, like everything else nowadays, is on an enormous scale, and it takes tremendous capital to butt into the game. F. W. & S. are supposed to be worth $50,000,000, and quite a bit of it must be in use here in B. C. To show you the magnitude of their business, I am told on unquestionable authority that they cleaned up over $1,000,000 on the first 100 miles of the G. T. P. (Prince Rupert East), and that the whole job will net them in the vicinity of $20,000,000.

Now, considering the fact that members of the firm have inspected the work but twice in six months, you would think their headmen on the job would be high-price men, but they are not. Mr. ——, their financial man, and Mr. ——, the General Superintendent, get but $6000 a year. There are numerous sub-contractors below and above us, but they seem to be all uncles, cousins, and aunts of members of the firm, and the —— see to it that they make but a living. You see, one of the principal sources of income to F. W. & S. are supplies, from pins to dynamite, potatoes to steam-shovels; and as they operate all over the world, they do a grocery business that would make

S. S. Pierce green with envy; and all sub-contractors bind themselves to take all supplies from them. Of course, very often, they could not possibly get them elsewhere. If it seems that a sub is making too much money, up goes the price of all the stuff going in to him. So you can see that a decent job with F. W. & S., and sub-contracting, are not inviting.

Outside of building the railroad, there is mighty little. The country from either an agricultural standpoint or lumbering is n't worth a tinker's damn, in spite of what you read. We have had frosts so heavy for the past three nights that nothing like, for instance, potatoes, could possibly stand. There does seem to be a lot of Galena hereabouts, but it takes money to go prospecting; if I had the price I would take a whack at it next year sure. But it would cost $2000 to make the trip I have in mind, way north of the Peace River. To a $75 a month clerk, $2000 is a fortune; perhaps you would like to grub-stake such an expedition. The remaining chance is the fish business (when the road is through, Prince Rupert ought to ship large quantities of cod, salmon, and halibut East).

I don't dare to return either to semi- or full civilization without a job in sight or some money. The few dollars I've earned would barely buy me a suit of clothes. (I have n't even a *coat* to my name.) If I had a few dollars I believe I would try it, but, of course, it's out of the question to-day, and yet as this job will be (for me) through by October 1st at the latest, and as F. W. & S. may not have anything for me, I may be driven to it.

When I started on this line I wrote, *contented;* of course I fully realize that a man going on to thirty-seven should be at about his best, and if I either had ability, or have any left, it is being wasted here in the woods; but, having studied the situation from every angle, I can't see any way out. I don't want *to go hungry again* and to be frank I'm afraid to tackle town-life again without either the above-mentioned job or money to get along on until something turns up.

Am on a 'writing basis' with —— now. My son J—— is at B—— and has caught his first fish. Were I there to show him how, and teach him to swim!

As ever, old fellow,
H. D. P.

P. S. Am catching you on the gray hairs pretty fast.

August 24, 1912.

My dear ——:—

Your very nice letter of the 8th reached me yesterday. Yes, I agree, my life for fifteen years or thereabouts has been very much out of the ordinary. What a lot of work, play, dissipation, pleasure, and so forth, I've crowded into the time since I left Boston on 'the good ship Hopedale' to Timekeeper for F. W. & S., Camp 26A, British Columbia. Of late I have wondered just how 'cracked' I am. Presume more rather than less, but you see I've been through some pretty tough experiences and they have left marks and effects.

I have been very blue and lonely the past week. It 's rather hard not to ever see one's son and little daughter and to be completely cut off from every one you know.

It does seem an awful waste to lead the life I am leading now, if I have it left in me to do things again. As I wrote you a few days ago, I can't see much ahead, and yet, for the reasons I've explained, I really don't care to make a move. However, another thirty days will see the job (Camp 26A) done, and then if F. W. & S. have nothing to offer I'll have to do something. . . .

As I have cut my right thumb just where you hold pen or pencil, this must be a short note.

As ever,

H. D. P.

Saturday, September 20, 1912.

DEAR ——:—

Life with me goes on about the same; our work is so near through, our camp has dwindled down to sixty men; the steel is only thirteen miles below us now and, when the wind is fair, we can hear the locomotive. This I rather resent, as it means civilization and that is something which, without clothes and position, I positively dread.

After a spell of bad weather we are now enjoying the most beautiful Indian summer that I have ever seen. The weather is glorious beyond words; nights sharp, but warm enough from 8.30 till 5 in the afternoon to go without a coat (that is, down to a flannel shirt). The foliage is very fine and its background, the snow-covered mountain, marvelous.

F. W. & S. have made no sign that they wish my valuable services? After this job is over, if they don't, I plan to *mush* (*i. e.*, walk or hike) through the mountains to Fort George which, from present indications, should in time become quite a town. Eventually, the C. P. R., the C. U. R., and the S. T. R. will reach it. If we do not have too much snow it should prove a wonderful trip. Will go very light; two blankets, bacon, flour, coffee, and a rifle. (Of course a few flies for trout.)

Besides Tony Christo del Monte Monks, Jerry, a dog *ex* Camp 26, has adopted me. He is a most interesting beast; from Pete Seymour, a Siwash Indian, from whom I buy salmon (3 cents a lb. delivered, dressed in camp, the only cheap thing in the country), I have learned his history. As is the custom, his mother was tied out in the woods when in heat two falls ago; the timber wolves roaming about found her and, after paying their respects, were shot by Pete. It seems that if they were not shot or driven off they would ultimately kill her. Curious!

Jerry is now about a year and a half old and must weigh about 150 pounds. He looks more like a wolf than a dog, and is the queerest combination of bravery and timidity possible. He will tackle a bear in a minute, but if something drops behind him he will put his tail between his legs and run like the veriest cur. Very, very difficult to obtain his confidence, but once obtained he is my shadow; even when at table he insists upon having his head in my lap. He looks so like a wolf a short distance away, I am greatly afraid some prospector will shoot him.

His sleep is most incredibly light, a field-mouse will bring him to his feet in a second and, unlike a dog, when on his feet, he is wide awake. He won't play with any one except me, and not with me if there is any one in sight. Some weeks ago I used a curry-comb on him, and now a regular morning performance is his going to the stable and barking for me to come. And the most curious sound: it is not like a regular dog's bark at all! For a week past we have had a band of wolves around camp and Jerry evidently has spent three or four nights with them. Their nightly howling is evidently too much for him to stand. Apparently he wants to get out with the bunch. As ever,

H. D. P.

[The *Atlantic* has no further information concerning the writer of these letters beyond the bare fact that he has acquired a steady position.]

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER X

MRS. AND MISS JAMESON AT HOME

THAT date of the first of May, eighteen-ninety-eight, was to be a much more memorable one even than poor Lorrie, restlessly following her sweetheart on his journey, through all the wan watches of the night, dreamed. For, by dawn of the next day, when he and many another girl's sweetheart, and hundreds of husbands and brothers besides, were long miles to the south, or already down there on the Gulf, there went blazing through the country the tidings of the battle in Manila harbor. The newspapers screamed jubilantly, and for once acceptably; a generation may not witness more than one such event. Old Glory flapped triumphantly from a thousand flag-staffs, fireworks roared and bonfires flamed. Remember the Maine! No danger, they'd remember it *now* fast enough! 'I can't help feeling sorry for poor old Spain!' Bob Gilbert wrote from Tampa, to the touched amusement of the family; that was like Bob, they thought fondly, like his good-nature, his pliant humanity.

The young man was, for a while, very diligent about writing; Lorrie has a bundle of his war letters locked away in a drawer this minute. They have got to looking worn and dust-soiled in these ten years, and I suppose they are not written in a very high literary style, being merely the headlong scribbling, full of fun and nonsense and spirit, you might expect from Bob. It had been a toilsome trip, he wrote; everything disarranged or 'congested' by the army trains, nothing running anywhere on schedule time, all kinds of delays, eat whenever you got a chance, and sleep if you dared! Tampa, of course, was chockful; he was bunking with some other newspaper men in the office of the *Daily Mail*, corner of Twiggs Street (address him there). They slept on the floor. Tell Moms not to worry; he had a blanket, and there was a place where they could wash up, and it was too roasting hot for anybody to catch cold; his cough was almost gone. As for Florida — give him little old Ohio! The tropic scenery did n't come up to specifications. For one thing, the palms were a fizzle. Instead of being a nice, tall, smooth, tapering trunk like a porch column, they were all swelled out in the middle like an Adam's apple on a giraffe — 'I would n't give one of our buckeyes for the whole outfit of palms in Florida! . . . Everything down here is Plant's or Flagler's; they own the State between them. You ought to see the Tampa Bay Hotel, the one Plant spent so many millions on. It looks like Aladdin's Palace done in cake or butter or something, like the models of the World's Fair buildings the chef at the Queen City Club made one New Year's, don't you remember, Lorrie? All the high chief muck-a-mucks are staying there, and have their offices and headquarters; I saw Lawton and Roosevelt together. . . .'

During succeeding days, the corre-

spondence fell off; but that was only natural, considering the progress of the events which Robert had been detailed to watch. Even Lorrie's other letters, which had been at first of a daily regularity, gradually ceased to come, although Lieutenant Cortwright must have had time to spare, for he had complained bitterly of the state of inaction in which the army was being kept, while the navy was 'right on the job,' and 'something happening every day'; and he railed at the Administration, and prophesied disastrous failure for a campaign conducted with so notable a lack of spirit and 'push.' Lorrie thought with a kind of adoring and delighted terror how brave and reckless and altogether demigod-like her hero was.

It was her brother's opinion, too, that the navy was getting all the best of it. 'They landed some marines at a place on the coast somewhere, called Cienfuegos, and had a fight — don't know how much of a one. It's the talk here that the troops are to be embarked to-morrow — everybody perfectly crazy to go, of course, but only the regulars and the 70th New York, and *perhaps* some of ours to be taken. The censorship is something fierce; not half that goes on gets in the papers; he just blue-pencils it, you know. The Porter brought in another prize-ship this morning, I heard. That must make about the twentieth; I've lost count. Wish I was a midshipmite or a bo'sun tight, or a somebody with a cheerily, my lads, yo ho! This prize business is as easy as rolling off a log. Saw Cort again yesterday. Nothing doing in his regiment,' Bob wrote, in one of the last letters they had from him.

Spring flowered abundantly; the noisy, joyous-fearful days went by with new wild reports for almost every hour of them. The State troops began to be more and more restless and aggrieved at Chattanooga and the other points of concentration. Nothing material seemed to be happening in Cuba. The Oregon arrived happily and joined the blockading squadron; more prizes were pounced upon and victoriously herded in. On the other hand, the Spanish men-of-war and the torpedo flotilla, about which such dire misgivings had been aroused in the beginning, vanished from the face of the waters! And '*Quo Vadis* hades Cadiz navies?' blithely inquired the comic journalist, as much to the fore as ever. To the ordinary layman and non-combatant, the host of American gentlemen of letters, short-story writers, long-story writers, magazine contributors, and newspaper correspondents, appeared to be the strongest and most active force at this moment menacing Cuba.

Notwithstanding their presence and efforts, it was June before the location of the unlucky 'Cadiz navies' was ascertained to be the harbor of Santiago. Towards the end of the month Lorrie got a letter from her brother — the first in two or three weeks — written from Key West, in the wildest spirits. Bob had been cruising on one of the press boats, the Milton D. Bowers, right off the coast of Cuba — right among the Fleet! He had been too busy to write — sorry! — but tell Moms he had not yet been in the slightest danger, and was n't likely to be unless he deliberately went after it, and you might trust little Percival not to do *that*. And he could n't tell them where to address their letters, he had no idea where he might be within a few hours; better send to the Tampa address, as heretofore.

Lorrie read the letter to her mother, both of them smiling and interested and uneasy as they sat in the side porch in the summer morning under the honeysuckle vine, which was all fragrant and thick with bloom; and old

Dingo spread out peaceably in the patch of sunlight at their feet, stirred and cocked up his good brown head and ears as she finished. 'I believe he knows we were reading something from Bob,' said Lorrie. She spoke to the dog. 'Yes, you're right, it's Bob's letter. Look, Dingo, Bob's letter!'

Dingo growled again amicably, and rose, wagging; and a shadow came across the plot of sunshine. Mrs. Gilbert gave a jump and exclamation; she was nervous these days, and the unexpected appearance of a visitor startled her unduly. 'Why, *Paula!*' she ejaculated the next moment; 'where did you drop from? Why, we did n't even know you were in town! Why, *Paula!* You came stealing up like a little ghost. When did you get back? Did you have a nice time?'

'It was in the paper Sunday, Mother, did n't you see it?' cried Lorrie; and sprang up and would have kissed the other, but that Paula, who, after her sudden arrival had stood for a second quite motionless, staring abstractedly at both of them, now stooped or turned aside, and dropped down into the nearest chair, without making any movement to return the salute. Lorrie was still standing almost awkwardly, in her surprise. One might have said that the girl had intentionally evaded her. Paula was arrayed in her familiar style of over-ornamentation, the pale-blue fabric of her dress all but obscured by embroidery and cascading laces; through the sheer folds of the waist there was visible yet more embroidery, threaded with pink ribbons, delicately enticing. Her hat was a cloud of flowers, butterflies, rhinestone buckles, chiffon rosettes; she had correct white silk gloves, correct white canvas shoes; enough must have been spent on the toilette, one would have supposed, to make even Paula supremely happy, but she did not look happy. Her Dresden-china face wore a fretful and tired expression, oddly out of place on it.

'We got back Saturday; they did n't get the right day in the paper,' she said, in a wearily complaining voice; 'and they said we'd been in Atlantic City ever since we left Palm Beach, and we had n't at all. We *were* in Atlantic City, but we've been in New York for four weeks. I wish we had n't come home. I did n't *want* to come home. There is n't anybody here I want to see. Is n't it horrid and hot? Oh, I *am* so tired!'

Lorrie and her mother — of whose greeting and extended hand Miss Jameson had taken no notice — surveyed her in a momentary silence, each thinking the same thought with a certain compassion, namely, that the poor child had never been taught any manners, and not being clever or observant, or perhaps fine-natured enough, to acquire them of herself, the lack would show more and more as she got older. The pause, brief as it was, startled her self-consciousness.

'What's the matter? What are you both looking at me that way for? Don't I look all right? Do I — don't I — Is there anything the matter with me?' she demanded sharply, darting a glance full of suspicion from one to the other, and straightened her figure with an effort; she had allowed herself to droop heavily in the Professor's wide, rough, old splint-bottomed chair. And she began to make nervous, fluttering gestures about her hair and flowery hat and laces and ribbons. 'Do tell me if I don't look right anywhere!' she entreated.

'Your dress is all right, my dear; it's so pretty we could n't help staring at it, that's all. And your hat is on straight, don't worry!' said Mrs. Gilbert, hastily, a good deal amused at this characteristic anxiety. 'But you *do* look tired, Paula,' she added, in a kind

concern; 'you must have been doing too much.'

'Oh, no — that is, maybe I have, I guess — but I'll — I'll be all right in a little,' Paula said, fingering her dress mechanically; 'it's only being tired that makes me look this way —'

'Traveling around so much is really hard work,' suggested Lorrie, sympathetically.

'Yes, that's it. I hate to look ugly, though. Do you think I'm getting fat?' She turned her eyes to Lorrie, with so tragic an inquiry that the older girl, kind-hearted as she was, could hardly keep back her laugh; *fat* was the utter abhorrence, the abominable thing, the secret enemy and terror of the Jamesons, mother and daughter.

'Why, no, Paula, you're not a bit fatter,' Lorrie made haste to assure her; 'that is, just a little, maybe; you're always nice and round and no bones showing, you know. But I think you're thinner in the face, if anything.' In fact, Paula's small, regular features did look rather pinched, and she was unnaturally sallow.

'I'm tired,' she repeated, prodding at a crack in the porch floor with the ferule of her expensive lingerie parasol. 'I did n't *want* to come back to this old town, anyhow,' said Paula, jabbing at the floor petulantly. She raised her head with an abrupt motion; her face suddenly flushed, all but her tightly drawn lips, which kept an unwholesome lead color. For the instant she was almost homely; it was startling. 'Lorrie,' she said, in a high, accusing tone. 'I never knew you were engaged. I never knew until I got a copy of our paper and saw it in the "Jottings," when we were in Atlantic City; I never knew. When did it happen? It did n't say when it happened. Did it happen before I went away?' She leaned forward; her eyes and her whole face burned.

'Why — why — I — I don't know —' stammered Lorrie, taken aback at the other's fevered interest. 'I don't remember whether you were still at home or not.'

'Well, anyhow, you know when it happened, I should hope. You know when he asked you,' said Paula, with a violent impatience. Lorrie and her mother felt the same inward recoil; for the first time Paula seemed to them actually coarse. Her shrill voice was coarse; her eager, persistent curiosity was coarse. 'When *was* it?' she reiterated imperatively.

'In — in the winter — it was some time in the winter,' said Lorrie, at last, with difficulty.

'*Oh!*' Paula relapsed into the chair with a movement of her shoulder indicating open disbelief. 'I don't see why you don't want to talk about it.' And, after a second of angry silence, she burst out, vehemently reproachful, 'Why did n't you tell me, Lorrie? You knew you were going to be engaged to him. You knew you were going to say yes the minute he asked you. You knew he'd ask you; you had it all fixed up, you know you did. Why did n't you tell me? I think you're *mean* — you — you — it was n't fair. You ought to have told me at the very first. I think you're a mean old thing, Lorrie Gilbert —!'

She choked off, her lips working, her eyes fastened on Lorrie with an unimaginable fierceness. It was plain to the other two women that Paula had brooded herself into a fury over this silly grievance, like the spoiled child she was; she might have been funny, but for the fact that there is always something a little dreadful about the anger of a fool.

'I did n't think you'd care so much, Paula,' Lorrie said, kindly setting herself to appease the girl; 'and besides, I did n't tell anybody *particularly*, you

know. It was announced so that everybody would know all at once —'

'Is that your ring? Did he give you that?' Paula interrupted hoarsely, thrusting her hand out suddenly and seizing the other's.

'Yes.'

Paula examined it closely for a minute. 'I guess it's a real diamond,' she said at length, dropping the hand as unexpectedly as she had snatched it. All at once, she seemed to have forgotten her complaint; indeed, she was by nature too amiable or too indolent to keep herself in such a state of ferment for any length of time. 'Has everybody gone away?' she asked. 'To that old war, I mean? Your brother went, did n't he?'

'Yes. Bob's at Key West, now,' said Lorrie in the vigorously cheerful style she always adopted in her mother's presence.

'I heard Mr. Cortwright went, too,' said Paula, working the parasol-tip around and around in a knot-hole, intently.

'Yes. Campaigning seems to suit him. He's been very well, and enjoying himself!' Lorrie's mother answered this time; and now it was her turn to assume the artificial confidence. Neither of them was in the least deceived by it; but if mothers and daughters should cease to practice these gallant and tender hypocrisies, what would be the use of mothers and daughters, or of women at all?

'Do you know where he is, all the time?' Paula asked, worrying the knot-hole.

'Why, of course. He's at Tampa with the troops, unless they've been moved — and nobody knows what they are going to do from one hour to the next; but that was the last we heard.'

'He — he writes to you, I suppose?'

'To *me?*' said Mrs. Gilbert, with a little indulgent smile; 'I'm afraid, my dear child, I'm very much afraid he's never given *me* a thought! But Lorrie has been getting a letter every day, strange to say!' She gave her daughter a look full of affectionate mischief and fun. Lorrie colored faintly; she wished Phil *would* write every day.

'Are you sure all *your* letters get to him? How do you address them?' Paula said next.

'Why, to his regiment, you know.'

'Well, I — I supposed so; I was n't sure,' Paula said. She abandoned the porch floor, laid the parasol across her lap, and began an equally automatic and earnest fidgeting with the bit of pompadour ribbon elaborately knotted on its handle.

'Are you still getting ready to be married, Lorrie? Mr. Cortwright might get shot in a fight, you know,' she said shrilly and distinctly; and looked up, as the other winced and paled, with an extraordinary watchful curiosity. About the speech and manner there was that childish brutality not unnatural to Paula; it repelled, partly because one felt the hopelessness of trying to illuminate her. A child might mature, might learn, but this girl, never! There went through Mrs. Gilbert's mind, even in the midst of her distress and indignation, a weird fancy presenting Paula as one of the Psyches, the Undines, the lovely creatures without a soul that figure in countless old-world legends. 'She's hardly responsible!' thought the mother, with a kind of impatient pity.

'Well, I — I try not to think about that,' Lorrie said with an effort.

'I don't see how you can help thinking about it — I'm sure *I* would. I would n't know whether to go on with my clothes or not.' She eyed Lorrie with a return of her morbid interest. 'Don't it make you feel awfully when you think of the times he's kissed you? He *did* kiss you, did n't he?'

Lorrie sat, turning white and red, incapable of a word; and it was Mrs. Gilbert who answered in a cold voice, stiffening to her very marrow, 'Please *don't*, Paula! It's not necessary to talk about — about things like that.'

'I suppose not. It's no use, anyhow,' Paula assented dully. There was another silence. 'I *wish* we had n't come back!' she burst out again. 'I wish we'd stayed in Florida. Then we'd have been right near it — the war, you know — we'd have seen them all — all the soldiers and everything — we'd have seen —'

Her face puckered together, she put up her hands with a frantic movement; the parasol slid down unheeded. Paula began to rock herself back and forth, and the other two women saw, to their fright and pain, that her slender shoulders were heaving violently; it was like seeing a bruised hummingbird in torments.

'Mercy! Why, Paula — why, what *is* the matter? Don't you feel well? Are you sick? What is it that hurts you? Tell me where it hurts! Don't cry that way!' cried out Mrs. Gilbert, all her anger dissolved in kindness; she ran to the girl with little soft, purring ejaculations, and took the pretty, trivial, bedizened figure into her maternal arms. 'There now, there now! Tell me what's the matter!'

'Oh, I'm tired — I'm sick — oh, I *wish* we'd never come back!' sobbed Paula, wildly.

Lorrie and her mother exchanged a glance above the flowered hat; for goodness' sake! Crying and broken-hearted this way because she had n't seen the army! both thought. But after all, that was just like poor Paula. They tried to comfort her with much the same means they might have employed had she been eight years old; and Paula sobbed on with long, shuddering gasps and moans like a child, sitting rigid between them, not yielding to their caresses.

'I'll go back with you — you're not well enough to go by yourself that long, hot walk. I'll just go along with you,' Lorrie assured her, when they had got her somewhat quieted at last. They rescued the parasol, and straightened Paula's frills, and dabbed her face and eyes with soothing cold water, and fetched the talcum powder and the smelling-salts, and, in short, performed all the hundred and one small offices women find necessary to such an occasion. 'Maybe it would be better if you lay down a little while — don't you think?' they suggested kindly.

'I c-can't lie down in this d-dress,' said Paula, pitifully; 'it would spoil it. No, you don't need to come, Lorrie. You don't need to come with me. I can go by myself. I don't *want* you to come!' She spoke with hysterical entreaty, looking at the other with something like fear, almost as strong as aversion, in her blue eyes, that were ordinarily blank and beautiful as a mountain lake.

'Oh, now, don't be a goose!' said Lorrie in good-natured and sensible command. 'We can't let you go off feeling this way. It's no trouble; I have n't got a thing to do. S-sh, now! Don't say another word. I'm *going!*'

Paula submitted as unexpectedly as she had rebelled, and dragged feebly down the steps, her arm interlocked with Lorrie's, who walked beside, hatless, in the unconventional summer style of our suburbs, erect and firm, with all her chestnut-colored hair ruffling and shining in the sun. Lorrie was not a tall woman or of strong build, yet, in contrast to her companion, she produced a surprising effect of superiority; perhaps it was not wholly physical; one might have fancied that a greater dignity of spirit in her had magically become visible. Mrs. Gilbert

herself, looking after them, wondered aloud. 'Why, I did n't realize Lorrie was so — so —' she mused, and turned and went back into the house without being able to find the proper adjective.

The two girls went on slowly and silently, the elder in a good deal of private anxiety, as she noted her charge's color wane, and her hollow eyes, and the unwholesome moisture clinging around her taut lips. In fact, Paula's strength barely held out for the journey, and it was with unmeasured relief that Lorrie at length beheld the sprawling, decorated façade of the hotel looming ahead of them. She got the other up the steps, helped by a porter who chanced to be passing, and grasped the situation. Mrs. Jameson, rather cross at being roused from her regular morning nap, which formed a part of the exercises in physical preservation and improvement about which she was always most systematic, came to the door of their room, in a flowing white negligé, embroidered with garlands of lilac, wistaria, and what-not, by some Gallic artist of the needle, with lilac-hued ribbons floating and intermingling with its flounces. Rich odors accompanied the lady; indeed, they gushed out of the darkened bedroom (which was littered with other ribbons, and wilted flowers, wrapping-papers, odd slippers, a bath towel or two, and a pair of pink brocade corsets draped over the back of a chair) in a volume Lorrie found almost suffocating; and Paula, who nevertheless must have been accustomed to this atmosphere, reeled against her companion.

'Well, I *must* say, Paula —' her mother began, sharply; she checked herself at sight of the visitor. 'Oh, Miss Gilbert! Do excuse my hair, please. I always put it up on kid curlers this way, you know. I don't approve of curling-irons, they're so bad for the hair —'

'Let me get Paula to the lounge, please, Mrs. Jameson; she's not feeling very well,' Lorrie interrupted her ruthlessly; she had to push the surprised woman aside to enter.

'I'd like a drink of water,' said Paula, in a vague, distant whisper.

Mrs. Jameson stood stupefied and entirely useless as Lorrie briskly, and largely by main strength, got her daughter to the sofa, opened her dress, threw up the window, ran and came back with a tumbler of ice-water and a fan — all in five seconds, and with an ease, noiselessness, and certainty of movement such as Mrs. Jameson had never witnessed in her life. 'Why, why — what is it? What's the matter with Paula?' she repeated two or three times, trailing ineffectually up and down in Lorrie's wake. She stopped by the sofa. 'Are you sick, Paula?'

'I'm afraid it's this heat,' said Lorrie, kneeling and fanning swiftly. 'Just sip the water, Paula, just a little at a time. That's right — yes, you *can* swallow it — see! — that's right. It's better for you a little at a time. Now lie down flat. No, let me take away the cushion, Mrs. Jameson; she'll feel better with her head low.'

'Is it the heat, Paula?' asked her mother, helplessly. 'Do you think it's the heat? I don't know what to do for a heat-stroke. What's best, Miss Gilbert?'

'I think she'd better have a doctor,' said Lorrie; 'there's one in the hotel, is n't there? I'll get him —' She was on her feet with the words.

'No, *no*, I don't want him, I don't want any doctor!' said Paula, faintly, struggling upright with wild eyes. She clutched desperately at Lorrie's skirts. 'I won't have the doctor, Lorrie; I won't, I *won't!*' She began a kind of weak screaming.

'He's old school — the one in the hotel is — and we've always been

homœopathic — the medicine is so much easier to take —' Mrs. Jameson explained feebly.

Lorrie looked at her, at the sick girl crying and writhing on the sofa, at the hot, untidy, perfumed room, with a sudden overmastering repugnance; the next instant she chided herself sternly for it.

'I'll get any other doctor you want, Mrs. Jameson,' she compelled herself to say with gentleness; 'Paula *must* have somebody — you can see that for yourself.'

'Well, Doctor Booth —' Mrs. Jameson said, hesitating.

She was interrupted by Paula's high-pitched wailing. 'No, don't — oh, *don't* — oh, *please don't!*' She beat the air with her hands. 'I'll tell — I'll tell — oh, *please* —!'

Lorrie sped down the hall — the hysterical screeches sinking to hysterical chokings and mutterings within the room behind her. She planned quickly. Doctor Booth's office, fortunately, was only about half a dozen squares away; he could reach the hotel in a few minutes; but if he was not in, she would call up the next nearest — who would that be? — Doctor Livingston — he was 'old school,' but pooh! what difference did *that* make? It was getting on toward noon, not a very good hour to go in search of doctors. She debated whether she had not better take it on herself to telephone for a trained nurse, too, since it was plain that that foolish, scared woman in the lavender embroideries would be absolutely of no account in a sick-room, and Paula might be going to be seriously ill for some time. Lorrie associated Florida with malarial germs, and New York and Atlantic City with incautious eating and drinking; poor water — typhoid — overfatigue — all the alarmist reports of the day crowded into her mind. And then the sound of her own name, distractedly called, arrested her with her finger on the button to summon the elevator. 'Miss Gilbert! Miss Gilbert!'

Mrs. Jameson rushed up, gasping; her face was ash-color — the fine lines and crows'-feet in it showed mercilessly; but she had forgotten all about them, she forgot her kid curlers and her negligé, even with the elevator-man imminent in his cab. She ran and grasped the front of Lorrie's white shirtwaist with trembling hands, on which all sorts of rings and jewels glittered keenly. 'Don't get the doctor!' she managed to get out in a strangled whisper. 'For God's sake, don't! That is, — if you *could* get one — no, no, don't!' She paused breathlessly, in a tortured indecision, terrible to see on her doll-featured face.

Lorrie stood, sorely perplexed, genuinely alarmed. 'But, Mrs. Jameson —!' she began to protest.

'Is there a doctor here that nobody knows — that nobody ever *has* — that is n't *anybody's* doctor?' demanded the older woman, holding her fiercely. 'If you *did* know of one —'

'Why, no — how could I — why, what for — why —' Lorrie was utterly bewildered.

'No, no, don't call anybody, then!' reiterated Mrs. Jameson, releasing her. 'I don't want anybody, do you hear? I won't have anybody. I'm her mother, and I don't want any doctor for her, and it's none of your business, do you hear me?' she said with stifled violence. She thrust her face almost into Lorrie's. 'Don't you *dare* —!' All at once she became a beldame, a vulgar fury, a disheveled hag before whom the young woman shrank in some feeling not far from terror.

Lorrie went home, a little shaken by the morning's experiences; very likely she was already somewhat overstrained by these recent trying weeks. 'Mother,' she said, gravely, as the two

ladies sat down to their luncheon, 'I'm afraid I've been doing that poor Mrs. Jameson an awful injustice all this while. She is very much fonder of Paula than I thought — just as fond as other mothers are of their children — just like *you!* Of course she did n't act the way you would if I were suddenly taken sick, but she's just as frightened and anxious. Why, do you know, when she finally did realize that Paula was sick, she — why, she was just like a crazy woman!'

CHAPTER XI

IN WHICH WE PACK OUR VALISES

During all this time, the unimpressionable Mr. Kendrick worked along according to his habit, as has been recited, paying only a passing attention to the history-making in progress around him. Van himself was making, not history, but what was much better worth while, from his point of view, Money — yes, Money with a capital letter. The Good Apprentice prospered, for once, as all good apprentices should. He was shrewd, he was cool, he was just, he was unfathomably patient; and without question his whole heart was in the work. Mr. Kendrick had nowhere else to bestow it; so that steady and reliable organ beat, presumably, only for himself.

It is true he was very good to his family, indulging their whims as far as he was able, supplying their wants with the utmost liberality, and rarely inquiring how they disposed of the funds which he poured into that apparently bottomless hopper. 'They're mighty good women — all of 'em, even Uncle Stan; he's about the same as a woman,' Van used to reflect humorously; 'good and kind, and I guess they've got as much sense as most women that are n't nearly so nice, either, by jiminy!' Saying which he would methodically file away their letters asking for money, or acknowledging the receipt of it, in the drawer he used for that purpose. In time there got to be a stack of these documents. . . . 'Dearest Van: Your noble, generous, splendid check came this morning. You dear old fellow, I'm so afraid you went without something yourself, to provide us. What would we not all give to take this burden off of you! But never mind, Van darling, some day it will all be made up to you, that is my devout belief.'

Van Cleve used to skim through this part with a highly irreverent inattention; he knew from experience that toward page three the ladies would finally come to the point, 'get down to business"; that is, divulge the amount they wanted. He had all their letters tied up in packets, year by year, and labeled in his neat, square handwriting: '*M. V. C. Lucas 5/1/98, $75. Answd. 5/22/98.*' '*E. Lucas 7/15/02, $50,*' and so on. 'Don't they ever write to you about anything but money?' was once asked of him. 'Oh, yes. But that's the only important thing.'

Being now a bachelor at large upon the world, the young gentleman sometimes forsook his boarding-house of an evening and made a call, or recreated himself at the theatre or at the club, which he had recently found he was able to join; indeed, this last was probably his most favored resort, for, except with other men, Van had no great social gift. I fear Mr. Kendrick was not at all a ladies' man. They appeared to him mostly as pretty, decorative creatures, sharing doubtless the funny and occasionally irritating forcible-feeblenesses of his own womenkind. It was a matter of increasing wonder to him that any man should voluntarily elect to spend his life with one of them.

'Well, it would n't be all roses for any girl that had to live with *me!*' he sometimes retorted upon himself, satirically honest. Van never admitted, even in this privacy, that there was always an exception lurking in the back of his mind. There was *one* girl — heigh-ho! He believed he could have lived with her and made her happy.

It was to her house that he went in the hot summer night of the day of Paula's ill-starred visit there. Van Cleve, too, had had a letter from Bob, and found no difficulty in persuading himself that it would be a kindness to take it over for the family to read. So Mr. Kendrick left his fellow boarders on the porch, with their rocking-chairs and their fans, and journeyed over to Warwick Lane in the face of an ominous cloudbank all along the western horizon, intermittently streaked and splashed with lightning. Lorrie was sitting, as usual, on the Gilbert front steps, alone in the sultry dusk; all the front steps up and down the little suburban street were thus decorated at this hour, and you might hear the young people's laughter, and a banjo twanging here and there; everybody had n't gone to the war. As he came up the walk, Van, through a lamplit square of window, could perceive the Professor bending over a sheaf of writing — examination papers, very likely — and Mrs. Gilbert darning a stocking on the other side of the table; the two tired gray heads showed distinctly.

The family had also heard from Robert, Van Cleve learned, and his own news was of no later date. He and Lorrie agreed that the trip seemed to be doing Bob good, and he was getting a lot of fun out of it, anyhow; his letters were so happy. 'I don't believe it 's the — the sort of fun that will harm him, either, do you, Van?' the girl asked earnestly. 'Of course there 're all kinds of men in an army — a camp like that; but they must be mostly all *right*, or they could n't *stay* in the army.'

'They 're under pretty strict discipline — the regulars, that is, I believe,' said Van Cleve, trying to be diplomatic. 'Anyhow, it suits Bob better than anything he has ever tried. He was crazy to go, and it would n't have done any good to have kept him at home.'

During and since the excitement, Lorrie and Van had tacitly agreed to forget their differences over Bob — to bury the hatchet. The old friendly confidence was restored; and if another person's name would be forever cropping up, Van Cleve realized, with a twinge, that this was natural and inevitable. Her lover was constantly in Lorrie's mind, and it was right and proper that he should be; then how could she help talking about him?

'That 's what I tell Mother, but she can't help worrying, you know,' said Lorrie, answering his last speech. 'I wish Bob could be more with — with Mr. Cortwright, but they don't seem to have seen much of each other. The camp 's perfectly huge, they say, swarming with men. And then Philip — Mr. Cortwright — must be on duty a great part of his time,' the girl added, with a note of pride; 'he said in one of his letters he would n't have much chance to look after Bob.'

Van Cleve, who still kept to his ideas — doubtless unfair and prejudiced ones — about the benefit Robert might receive from an association with this gentleman, did not reply for a moment. Then he spoke, overlooking Mr. Cortwright. 'I suppose if we could be there at Tampa or Key West and see it, we 'd laugh at the notion of finding or looking out for anybody. It must be an awful mix-up,' he said wisely.

There was a pause while the thunder began to rumble overhead.

'Do you suppose cannon sounds like that?' Lorrie said.

'Don't know. I've a notion it's shorter and *boomier*, somehow — not quite so much like a lot of empty hogsheads rolling downstairs,' Van suggested. 'Your mother was near some of the battlefields in the Civil War, was n't she? She must know what sort of noise the guns make.'

'Yes, but I don't like to ask her. I think it pains her to be reminded of it.'

They glanced at the open window.

'How old your father and mother are beginning to look, Lorrie,' Van said, involuntarily; the knowledge came to him with an unwelcome shock.

'Do you think so?' she said, troubled; 'they have n't been well, either of them; and Bob's never out of their minds for one instant, you know. It does seem as if we'd had so many upsetting things happen lately; and when people get older, they can't stand them so well. Now, to-day Paula Jameson—' Lorrie gave him some description of the girl's seizure. 'I hope it's nothing serious, but it certainly was enough to frighten anybody to see it — it was so sudden,' she concluded. 'Mother's been what she calls "as nervous as a witch" all day. I'm glad she did n't have to have anything to do with Mrs. Jameson, anyhow. Van, it was *awful!* That poor thing was completely frightened out of what little sense she has —Is that somebody coming in?'

The visitor was Mrs. Jameson, walking fast. 'Gracious! Suppose she heard me! I hope I was n't speaking very loud!' Lorrie ejaculated inwardly, panic-struck; and greeted the other in a fluster that made Van Cleve smile in the dark.

'Why — why — good evening, Mrs. Jameson. A — er — how is Paula?' And then, as the girl's mother came up and stood breathing hurriedly and excitedly, without a word, Lorrie added in quick alarm, 'She's not worse? She's not going to be very sick? What is it? A — a fever? Not a fever, I hope?'

Mrs. Jameson spoke at last in a hasty, fluttering voice, catching herself and swallowing at every other word. 'No, it's not that — she's better — that is, she — she'll be better — I don't know — *Who's that?*' she cried out shrilly, and darted a step forward, peering into the shadow where Van Cleve sat. 'Is that your brother? Is that you, Bob Gilbert?'

'Why no, Bob's not home — he's gone away — he's with the troops down in Florida — did n't Paula tell you?' Lorrie explained, a good deal startled, as Van Cleve got to his feet and came into the light, himself somewhat surprised. Mrs. Jameson fell back unsteadily and stared at him. 'It's Mr. Kendrick, Van Cleve Kendrick, you know. Why, I was sure you knew Van Cleve,' said Lorrie. 'Paula knows him.' And she asked again, unconvinced, 'Is Paula better? Can't I do something for her?'

'Oh, I've met Miss Jameson lots of times —' Van was saying, a little embarrassed.

'Oh, yes, yes — I — I *beg* your pardon, Mr. Kendrick, of *course* — I could n't see who it was — I *beg* your pardon —' Mrs. Jameson said in a manner that so laboriously parodied her accustomed artificial graces that the others observed it with a kind of incredulity. She put up a hand to her bare throat, as if to help the control of her voice. 'I — I thought for a minute your brother might have come back, and — and I wanted to see him on business — a — a little business,' she said to Lorrie.

'I'm sorry Bob's not home —' Lorrie stammered, confounded by this statement; 'I can give you his last address, though, but we're not sure where

he'll be —' she was going on to say, when Mrs. Jameson cut her short with a sudden wild ejaculation and gesture; she threw out both hands as if she rent and tore away some bond, resigned some struggle, with a need stronger than herself. 'It don't make any difference!' she said loud and harshly; 'where's his father? I want to see his father. Is *he* here?'

'*Father?*' repeated Lorrie, blankly. The request was stranger, if that could be, than the first. Professor Gilbert had never met, had never even seen, Mrs. Jameson in his life; it was impossible to imagine their having a single interest in common, a single thought or feeling. '*Father?* Why yes, he's here — he's in the house. Do you want — I mean, shall I call him — I mean, won't you come in?'

'I want to see your father,' said Mrs. Jameson again, vehemently. 'Is that him in there? That gray-headed man?' She advanced into the full light, showing a face and figure in uncanny disorder; she had a black lace dress and black hat flung on anyhow; tag-ends of lavender ribbon and white edging stuck out inappropriately about the corsage; the plumes of her hat swept and bobbed and dipped over her big white neck and shoulders, that showed fleshily under the figured net draperies; and wisps of her red hair blew or hung stringily out of curl about her.

The two young people looked at her almost appalled; for terror and misery stared out of the woman's eyes, and walked in this slattern finery, on those pinched, French-heeled slippers. 'The poor thing has gone out of her head, sure enough! Paula must be going to die!' both of them thought. For an instant they stood helpless, not knowing what to do or say.

'I want to see your father,' said Mrs. Jameson, moving toward the door, still with that air of having thrown down all barriers. She turned quickly. '*You'd* better go away!' she said, her glance comprehending them both. 'Why don't you go away? I want to see him by himself.'

'But Mrs. Jameson, Father can't — he does n't — he won't know who you are — just wait a minute — only a minute, won't you?' Lorrie expostulated, trying to gather up her own wits, and to speak soothingly and with composure. 'Had n't you better sit down here, and — and let me get you something? You — you're nervous, you know. Can't you tell *me* what it is? Is it something about Paula? Tell me, won't you?'

Mrs. Jameson shook off her hands. 'Let me alone!' she said savagely; and thrust them both aside and went into the house. Lorrie and Van Cleve hesitated behind her, each questioning the other's face.

'That's just the way she was to-day when she found how sick poor Paula was!' whispered the girl. Unconsciously she laid a hand on his arm. 'Mercy, I'm glad you're here, Van! *What* do you suppose is the matter? She acts as if she might do *anything!* And yet she said something about Paula's being better.'

'Oh, she's just frightened, I guess,' said Van Cleve, reassuringly. Mrs. Jameson's manner reminded him of his aunt's when that lady reached a high pitch of excitement. 'You'll find there's nothing much wrong,' said the young man, wagging his head knowingly, as he followed her. The storm was rising noisily, clapping the doors, and sending the Professor's papers scurrying all about the room. There came a dash of rain.

'Lorrie! Van! Better run and close the windows!' Mrs. Gilbert called out. She dropped her work and ran to the door. 'Come in, children, both of you! Is there somebody else out there?

I thought I heard somebody — Mrs. Jameson!'

The other shouldered past without heeding her. 'Is that Bob Gilbert's father? Are you his father?' she demanded.

Professor Gilbert, who had been gathering sheets of foolscap from under the fender where they had blown and lodged, straightened up, smoothing them in his hands, and turned around. He pushed up his glasses and green shade to survey her amazedly.

'My name is Gilbert, madam,' he said, recovering; and made a little courteous, old-fashioned gesture of apology. 'Er — who is it, if you please?'

'It's Mrs. Jameson, Sam — you know — Paula Jameson's mother — you know Paula,' Mrs. Gilbert interposed hastily. 'My husband, Professor Gilbert, Mrs. Jameson,' she added, conventionally, notwithstanding her surprise; she supposed that the other had run in for a refuge from the rain. And — 'Won't you sit down?' said the hospitable little lady, seeking to put the guest at her ease. Still Mrs. Jameson did not move or speak; and in the silence, Lorrie's mother suddenly sensed impending calamity. 'How is Paula? Is she — ? It's not *serious?*' she asked quickly. Her eyes searched the other mother's face, and whatever she divined there, stark horror all at once laid hold of her. 'Merciful Heaven, is n't she going to — to get well? She — she's not going to — to —' She could not finish.

Mrs. Jameson glanced at her impatiently. She made a movement toward the Professor, then checked herself, as it seemed unwillingly, and looked around on the others. 'I said for all of you to go away.' Then, as nobody moved immediately, in the common bewilderment, she threw out both hands again in a paroxysm of impotent anger. 'My God, won't anybody listen to me?' she screamed out violently, and stamped the floor; 'I *know* I'm acting queer — I know it as well as you do! But I'm not crazy — not yet, anyhow!' And with this outburst she seemed on a sudden to repossess herself! It was as if some unimaginable flood of desperate emotion had deluged and devastated her soul and rushed on, leaving her to the ultimate calm — the calm of defeat. She went up to Professor Gilbert and spoke steadily. 'I have come about your son. I mean the one that's called Bob. I want you to send for him to come back. He's got to come back here!'

'Bob? You mean Bob?' said the father, uncomprehendingly; '*you* want him to come back? But madam, I — I don't understand. What is the matter? Why —?'

'Because he's ruined my girl — that's why!' said Mrs. Jameson; and as Professor Gilbert moved, with an inarticulate sound, she repeated the words.

There was a speechless moment. Outside the storm roared past and shook the four corners of the house; but for the people in the Gilbert sitting-room, silence engulfed the universe. Mrs. Jameson stood haggardly in the midst of them, her hand clutching at her throat; she was spent utterly and could feel and think no further. For that matter, thought was beyond the others, too; nobody was thinking; their minds stood still, clogged with formless protest. Van Cleve, who more than any one present had the habit of self-mastery, was the first to recognize that Mrs. Jameson was not insane; she was most tragically sane, and she believed herself to be telling the truth. It might be monstrous — it *was* monstrous — but it explained and justified her. After another chaotic instant, Lorrie came to the same realization; strangely enough, her first coherent thought in

that flash of miserable illumination, was not of her brother, not of Bob's guilt or innocence, but of Paula. Lorrie understood now; sick horror and pity surged over her.

Mrs. Gilbert spoke, grasping at her first definite idea; it was more like an impulse uttered than a thought. 'My son never did that thing. Our Bob never did that,' she said.

'Will you send for him?' said the other mother.

'Mrs. Jameson,' said the Professor, collecting himself; 'I — I cannot believe — I do not mean that I doubt *you* — I mean I — I —' He stopped; then made another effort. 'I trust you will not misunderstand me — I trust you will bear with me when I say I can't believe — I don't believe my son would so wrong —' He had to stop again.

'Would Paula lie about it? What for?' said Mrs. Jameson.

The rest looked at one another, groping for an answer. Suddenly Mrs. Gilbert became aware that her daughter and a young man were in the room — a young unmarried man and woman. 'You ought n't to be here, Lorrie — you and Van,' she said distressfully.

Van Cleve obediently turned to the door, in a turmoil of shame and sympathy; but Bob's father interposed quickly. 'Van Cleve — Van! Don't go! You're Bob's friend — don't go!'

'Oh, Mother, it does n't make any difference — nothing makes any difference except whether this is true or not. That's all that matters!' said Lorrie. They looked at her. It was so. Nothing mattered but the truth. The kindly, well-meant screens and shams of daily intercourse were all abolished; there they stood, men and women, with their wretched knowledge, like people around a corpse.

'Did she — did Paula tell you so?' Mrs. Gilbert asked, unconsciously clenching her hands together. 'Did she say it — it was Bob?'

'Yes. I made her tell me. She did n't want to, but I made her. Will you send for him?'

Mrs. Gilbert put out a hand blindly, and caught hold of a table and clung to it, trembling. It was that little old table with the decanter of peach-brandy, and the thing rocked over now, struck against the wall, and went smashing unregarded to the floor, and the heavy, gummy liquor splashed and ran down over the wall in a thick stream. That was like the stain on the family honor: it would never come off.

'I cannot believe it,' Professor Gilbert said again. 'Bob has been wild — he has been wild, but he — he —' Torturing doubt appeared on his face; his eyes sought Van Cleve's in unhappy appeal. 'Van Cleve, you've always been his friend — you know him better than anybody — much better than I. I've never known how to — to do right with Bob,' said the father, humbly. 'Do *you* believe it?'

The young man hung his head; he, too, had been thinking that Bob was wild, was weak. 'All that talk about never harming anybody but himself, what does that amount to? If a fellow lets go of himself one way, he's bound to let go of himself other ways,' he thought, gloomily. 'But if he *did* do this, by God, I know it was n't all Bob's fault!' Aloud, he could only say huskily, 'Mr. Gilbert, I don't *want to* believe it.' The words sounded as hard as his hard face looked, yet they were uttered with real suffering.

'Are you going to send for him?' said Mrs. Jameson.

There was another unhappy silence; they could hear the water rustling along the gutter and down-spout at the corner of the porch; the storm had come, and burst, and passed since they had been in this room, and not one of

them had noticed it; and it was not yet ten minutes!

Mrs. Gilbert at last spoke, raising her head. 'Bob shall come back, Mrs. Jameson,' she said, firmly and clearly. 'He *must* come back. If he — if they have done wrong, it will be righted. Young people don't always seem to *know* — they don't mean to be wicked, they're just foolish —'

She paused, fighting for self-control; and before their mental vision there rose the picture of the pretty, little, soft, silly girl, the reckless, good-natured, self-indulgent young man. It was sad, it was shameful; but was it so very strange, was it wholly their fault? 'Why were n't you taking better care of your daughter, woman?' the one mother wanted to cry out. 'And why did n't you put better principles into your son, Ellen Gilbert?' conscience inquired sternly. 'It shall be made *right* — Bob shall make it right — we want it as much as you do,' Mrs. Gilbert began again. She turned to her husband with a fevered eagerness. 'We'll telegraph him — can't we telegraph? I mean to-night — now — at once; can't we?'

'If — if we knew where he is,' said the Professor, in helplessness. He took off the eye-shade and spectacles which he had been wearing all this while, and laid them down under the lamp with nervous and shaky movements; on a sudden, he seemed to have become an old man — old and infirm. 'Let me think — I have to think a little,' he said, brushing a hand across his eyes.

Lorrie went to her mother's side, with an anxious look into her face, and picked up Mrs. Gilbert's hand and began to stroke it gently. 'Bob would n't come anyhow for a telegram, Mother. How could you tell him what was the matter?' she said quietly. 'What could we say in a telegram, or even a letter? Never mind, Mother dear, one of us will go and find him and bring him home. Never mind!'

'I was thinking of that,' said her father, with his drawn brows. 'I — could I see you at the bank to-morrow, Van Cleve?'

'No, no, you don't need to. I have money — I have *plenty* of money — I can get more!' Mrs. Jameson cried incoherently; her woman's mind rushed forward to an understanding while Van Cleve was yet wondering what the Professor meant to do, or wanted at the bank. She snatched out an ornate purse of gilded and wrought leather, with chains and trinkets dangling from it, and tried to force it on him. 'See, there's plenty — take it all — take it! I've got more — I can get more — it's my own money, you know. Don't wait for any banks, or letters, or anything! You've got to get him here *soon* — please don't wait!' Suddenly her features quivered; she dropped all the money at his feet and shrank back, covering her face, and a heavy sob shook her.

The two men were inexpressibly touched by the sight, by the pitiful offering — and the two women, strange as it would seem, not at all. Yet they were both good, tender-hearted women. Lorrie stooped and painstakingly recovered the bills and silver and pennies that had scattered in every direction.

'We don't want this, Mrs. Jameson,' she said coldly, returning it.

The other gazed at her, affrightedly, through her tears. 'I did n't m-mean any harm!' Paula's mother quavered. 'I'm sorry to m-make trouble. I'm going to take Paula away somewhere, so nobody will know about it, but I c-could n't help —' She broke down again. Her brief flame of courage and resolution had burned out; she could only plead and whimper weakly now.

'If you could manage it with your

bank people, Van? I don't know much about business methods. I have never been obliged to — to raise money hurriedly before,' said Professor Gilbert, in a pathetic anxiety; 'my — my personal note —?'

'That's all right, Mr. Gilbert,' Van Cleve said, inordinately relieved at the introduction of this safe, commonplace, familiar subject; he felt as if his feet were on solid ground at last. 'I'll get the money for you, any amount you say — I'll fix all that —'

'*You* can't go, Father,' Lorrie interrupted. 'You can't get away *now*. You'd have to explain —'

Her father's glance turned to the examination papers. 'I don't know —' he murmured; 'I could make an arrangement, I think —'

'I will go,' said Lorrie.

Her father and mother stared at her, startled. Mrs. Jameson, crumpled into a chair, ceased her moaning to gaze up at the girl in awed admiration and wonder. That a woman could speak or act with any sort of promptness, energy, or decision, coolly as if it was her habit, seemed to Paula's mother something abnormal; she did not like Lorrie and was afraid of her, yet trusted her devoutly. It was Van Cleve who began to protest.

'Why, Lorrie, you can't do that! You can't go running around trying to hunt up Bob. You have n't any idea what sort of places you might — that is, he might — you don't know what you're talking about. It's no place for women —'

'How about the nurses?' said Lorrie; 'Miss Rodgers — you know; at Christ's? — Miss Rodgers is going. She's going this week. She spoke to me the other day about it, because she'd heard I had said I'd like to go with the Red Cross. I could go with her.'

'You can't! It's insane — !'

'Van's right, Lorrie; you ought n't to think of going,' said Mrs. Gilbert, in alarm.

'Mother, you know Bob would listen to me — he'd pay more attention to me than to anybody else. I can do more with Bob than anybody else — more than you or father —'

'That's true,' said Professor Gilbert, with a kind of groan.

'Lorrie, don't talk that way — as if Bob had to be *made!*' said her mother, tremulously; 'Bob will do right, as soon — as soon as he knows. I *know* he will. Bob's not *bad*. He may have been wild — ever so many young men are — but he's always done *right* in the end, or — or tried to. You *know* he has,' said the poor mother, breaking down, at last, in her turn; 'you ought n't to talk that way about him — your own brother — and everybody's so against him, anyhow —!'

It was late when Van Cleve went out and called a carriage and put Mrs. Jameson into it to take her home — a silent and dreary journey, although the poor woman herself would probably have talked eagerly, in the relief and reaction of the moment, if she had had the slightest encouragement. 'Do you think Miss — Miss Lorrie ought to go that way by herself? Do you think she really will, Mr. Kendrick?' she asked him timidly. 'I'd be afraid of my life. I don't see how she dares. She's very unusual, is n't she?' Mrs. Jameson added, remembering that she had heard something about the young man's devotion in that quarter, and with some idea of making herself agreeable.

To her dismay, he scowled. 'Miss Gilbert won't be by herself,' he said briefly.

'I know. That Miss Rodgers — that nurse, of course —' said Mrs. Jameson, hastily, perturbed.

Van Cleve made no comment, glowering silently out of the carriage window at the night-scene of shining wet pavements, tracked with lights, and the hurrying trolley-cars with their soaked curtains pulled tight. After a while, Mrs. Jameson ventured again, even more nervously than before, —

'Mr. Kendrick, you — you won't tell anybody?'

'Tell anybody?' echoed Van Cleve, not understanding.

'About us — about Paula — about this evening?' faltered Mrs. Jameson, leaning forward and clutching at his knee, in her anxiety. 'You won't tell?'

'No, I won't tell,' said the young man, recoiling throughout his whole being. What was the woman made of? Or what, in Heaven's name, did she think he was made of?

'I'm ever so much obliged. You're doing a great deal for us. I'm awfully obliged,' said Mrs. Jameson, weakly, conscious of a certain inadequacy about these phrases; but her pinchbeck vocabulary afforded nothing better. Van Cleve left her at her hotel, and paid the cabman, and went off home. He went upstairs to his boarding-house room, and got a traveling-bag out of the closet.

(*To be continued.*)

NATIONALISM IN MUSIC

BY REDFERN MASON

National music, if such a thing there be, is a form of art the very mention of which causes many excellent people to shudder. It offends their musical ideal, which is that of pure sonority unperplexed by the suggestion of anything outside of its own beauty. The confusion of tongues cannot reach it; it dwells far from the clash of races. According to this view, to stamp music with national characteristics is to reduce it from the proud position of being the one language which all can understand to a speech split up into a hundred dialects, some of them as incomprehensible to the generality of mankind as pigeon-English. Here and there, one of these idealists will grant to folk-song national flavor, just as there may be dialect poetry, or flowers may develop traits peculiar to the part of the world in which they are found. But that the peculiarities of folk-song are to be met with in the music of the masters, or, if found, would become its dignity, this they deny, firm in the conviction that the fluctuating qualities of race and nationality cannot be expressed in an art so pure and abstract as music.

On the other hand, it is pointed out that our generation has not lacked composers who chose to write in what they deemed their national idiom — Liszt as a Hungarian, Grieg as a Norwegian, Moussorgsky as a Russian. Believers in the nationalism of song assert that the best work of the masters is national, and, in support of this view they point to the resemblance — a resemblance which they declare not to be accidental — borne by the best

melody of the great composers to the folk-music of their native land. In this resemblance they see a fitness based on the inherent dignity of national character; for a folk-song in its best form is the people's praise of love and heroism, their hatred of tyranny, their reaching out after the divine.

When Napoleon forbade, under penalty of death, the playing of the 'Ranz des Vaches' in the hearing of his Swiss soldiers, lest they should desert, as they had often done, sometimes in whole companies, he was bearing testimony to the existence of something in this mountain music that had a meaning for the Switzers which it possessed for no one else. Was the charm merely a sentimental memory, or had some quality allied to the genius of the race insinuated itself into the notes? On this point hinges the whole question of national music, whether by that term we mean the song of the folk or the compositions of the professional musician. Mountain melody has a character of its own. The bold skips and arpeggios of Styrian song may be paralleled, in significantly different melodic texture, in the songs of Norway and the Scotch Highlands. Moreover, strains inspired by the hills have a richness of harmonic suggestion, the reason for which we must seek in the echoes of cliff and hollow.

The emotion aroused in the Swiss soldiers by the 'Ranz des Vaches' has its explanation in some deep-seated kinship between the melody and the scene which called it into being. To say this is merely to assert the existence of an analogy between the physical character of a country and its music. The songs of Britanny recall certain mist-drenched pages of Pierre Loti; the airs of southern France, on the other hand, are languid with the fragrance of the honeysuckle. Compare the Breton hymn, 'Ar Barados,' with the Southern song of 'Magali.' Germany has 'wood-notes wild' that suggest the sombre beauty of the Black Forest, notes that were well known to Karl Maria von Weber. Musicians, like painters, draw their inspiration from the land in which they dwell, and the image of the old home will slip into their compositions much as the wood-clad hills of Umbria slip into the Biblical backgrounds of Perugino.

Playing over Redskin melodies on the piano, people have sometimes been struck by their apparently Celtic character. Now, if Celt may be confounded with Indian, music as an index of national character is grotesquely deceptive. The confusion of types, however, is to be attributed, not to the similarity of melodies, but to the imperfections and limitations of our system of notation. The music of the Indians is largely based on a scale of five whole tones — our major scale with the half-tones left out. Celtic music has likewise a pentatonic basis. A purely theoretical examination would leave the impression that Celtic and Indian music used the same notes, were built of the same material, and therefore, apart from considerations of contour and rhythm, might be expected to sound much alike. But it is only necessary to hear Indian chanting and compare it with an Irish song sung 'in the Irish way,' or a coronach played by a Scotch piper, to be convinced that between the music of the American Indians and that of the Celtic peoples there is a wide gulf.

Our system of notation has this capital defect, that it obliterates tonal peculiarities. In many countries the diatonic scale is subtly modified. As interpreted by the piano, that scale is neither the 'scale of nature' nor the scale of any primitive people, but a succession of sounds arbitrarily modified so that the instrument may be

played in all the keys — an impossibility if it were strictly in tune.

The pianistic scale differs markedly from that of the Celts, with the result that Irish melodies lose much of their flavor when played in it. Julien Tiersot discovered that the Arabs use a scale analogous to our own, composed of tones and half-tones; but the pitch of certain notes differs from that of the corresponding degrees in the scale of northern Europe. To represent these shades of difference on a keyed instrument is impossible; our system of notation treats them as non-existent. Yet they are of the very essence of national song. Take the analogous subject of language. No matter how well a Frenchman or a German may speak English, a hundred fine shades of difference in pronunciation and intonation will declare him a foreigner. So it is in music, and the grave objection to our habit of deferring to the piano as the form of musical expression is that, unlike the violin or 'cello, it is incapable of any speech but its own narrow and individuality-destroying vernacular.

Between a notation that misrepresents, and instruments that pervert, national idiom, if it had not in itself something imperishable, would be lost. The only conclusive way in which this vexed question of tonality in national music can be settled, as matters stand, is by the comparison of phonographic records. Such a test would probably show that German, Celtic, Arab, and Redskin music are based on as many variations of the universal diatonic as there are peoples. If races had not an intonation peculiar to themselves, the chant of an Indian would often resemble a Scotch or an Irish tune. It does so on paper, but hardly in practice.

We can learn something of a man's character by observing his walk. The sailor's gait tells its own story; so does the tread of the ploughman. The movement of music is equally significant. Every race has some rhythm which it prefers to others. When the composer thinks of classic Italy, his muse may fittingly chose the lilt of the Pastorale, the measure to which it is not unphilosophic to imagine the Sicilian shepherds dancing while Theocritus ruminated on his idyls. Nor has it perished with the years. Bach and Handel loved it. When we are moved to tears by 'He shall feed his flock,' or uplifted heaven-high by the Shepherds' Music from the Christmas Oratorio, our thanks are due not only to the composers, but to the rustics of Italy who enriched music with this beautiful rhythm. How different is the merrymaking in the Pastoral Symphony. Here the humor is robust, uproarious even; the Austrian peasants have no aversion to getting tipsy. The change is not merely one of scene, but of temperament. Beethoven loved to watch the villagers at their revels and, like Goethe, he has left us a picture of the Teuton in holiday humor that men will relish as long as they love art. Here the dance is a waltz, footed with a bacchanalian zest. Mozart's Germans dance as though they wanted to be Italians. His minuets are own cousins to the measures of Padre Martini. Occasionally, however, when the grace of God is stronger than the fashion of the day, he slips into a Teuton mood. A Haydn symphony would be incomplete without some page in which elegance is redeemed from formality by humor borrowed from the life of the people. Why is it that so many composers — French, German, Polish — have written works avowedly in the Spanish spirit? It is because of the allure of the *bolero*, the fascination of the *jota*. *Carmen*, the work of a Parisian, is a series of tableaux painted in the hues of Spanish romance.

Even scholasticism may be given a

national turn. A canon by Rameau is apt to be as gracefully French as one of his rondos. Apart from the exercise of greater contrapuntal freedom, the polyphony of Bach differs from that of Palestrina by virtue of some quality which enters into the shape and articulation of the melody. The work of these great musicians differs in the same way that Dürer's Song of the Chosen differs from Raphael's Disputa. One is the expression of Gothic rapture, the other is the mystic ecstasy of the Latin; one suggests the 'Gloria in excelsis' of the B minor Mass, the other may be compared with the 'Et vitam venturi sæculi' of the Missa Papæ Marcelli.

Because for a century and a half Germany has had a preponderating voice in the shaping of the destinies of music, her scholars sometimes mistake their idiom for the speech of humanity. So successful have they been in imposing this view on the world at large, that composers have hardly dared to sing with the accent nature gave them. It needed all Liszt's encouragement to stiffen Grieg in his resolution to be his own Norse self, and not an imitation German. One of his German critics wrote that he had 'stuck in the fjord' and could not get out of it. These men had come to think that music which did not realize their ideal of what music ought to be, must be bad music. They forgot, or did not realize, that their own greatest composers were militantly national; not invariably so, of course, for it is not every day that a man is allowed to be the spokesman of his race and there are dull pages in Beethoven, in Wagner; but when they are at their best their music is the voice of the Fatherland. I hear the unconverted absolutist exclaim, 'Lay your fingers on the traits that declare "Casta diva" Italian, Schubert's "Aufenthalt" German, and Gounod's "Quand tu chantes" French.' I reply to this objection, 'Tell me by what token you recognize a German face or know a girl for Irish before she has opened her lips.' To ask for precise definition of all the things that go to make men or art national, is as reasonable as it would be for parents to exact of their child a detailed analysis of the charms of the well-beloved. It is demanding the reduction of the mystery of personality to terms of Euclidean precision.

The great masters prove their appreciation of the force of the race-spirit by their occasional use of a foreign idiom. Bach did not disdain to copy Vivaldi and develop an Italian manner. The Italianism of Handel is so marked that, in listening to Corelli, we sometimes seem to have come upon an early Handelian masterpiece. Mozart's arias betray the influence of southern *cantilena* at every turn, and, when Wagner wishes to express rapture, he makes Brunhilde sing *fioritures à la Bellini*. Yet, in spite of their occasional use of some foreign mode of expression, the master composers touch their highest point when they sing their native strains. Beethoven departed from the Teutonic idiom less than any other of the Viennese trinity. He is a true German; the virtue of his music belongs to the German folk. It is the glorified echo of songs sung by men whose ancestors listened to the Minnesingers and grew large-eyed in wonder at tales of the haunted Rhine. Turn to the opening movement of the Seventh Symphony, to the *Allegro Vivace* which follows the introduction. In no music is Beethoven more solidly himself. How quickly the spell asserts itself. The rhythm takes possession of you; it dominates you, gliding off eventually, when the sound of the instruments has ceased and the mind is left to itself, into folk-strains like the old 'Grandfather's Dance' or the genial 'Es ritten drei Reiter zum Thore hinaus,' while

the heart gratefully confesses that the master musician wrote — not in a vein of impersonal classicism but in the heart-speech of the German folk. When he wants to picture the fraternizing of humanity, he weds Schiller's poem to an air so gloriously German that it seems as if the spirit of the Fatherland had sought embodiment in a song and chosen Beethoven to compose it. The canon which he wrote for his friend Maelzel becomes the *Allegretto Scherzando* of the Eighth Symphony; when he wants a contrasting theme for the Waldstein Sonata, he writes an air which breathes the spirit of the German hymn.

If this reasoning be sound, it must bear application nearer home. France and Germany have music of their own, why not America? Why not indeed? But it is to be remembered in this connection that the people of America are only politically a unit. Racially, sections of the populace speak with different voices. Saxon and Celt, Slav, Teuton, and Latin, are slowly blending into a racial whole; but, if we have to wait for American music until the process is perfected, we shall have to wait many generations. That, however, should not be necessary. Probably three fifths of the people have no European consciousness to-day; they think and feel as Americans. There is no apparent reason why a music characteristically American should not begin to manifest itself among them.

But what is to be the differentiating factor, by virtue of which American music shall be as different from that of Germany as the music of Germany is different from that of France? Will it be a matter of tonality, of rhythm, of style, or will it be a composite of all three? The question can be propounded, but not answered. The answer is for the future.

At the present moment the only music that can be recognized as incontestably American — and un-European — is that in which the native composer has made use of the melodies of the Redskins. Edward Macdowell's Indian Suites are genuine American music. The elements of music he derived from the Old World; but they were not the discovery or property of any one people. They no more belong to a single civilization than does the alphabet. His musical scholarship he gained in Germany; but he was too strong a character to be warped from his native bent by the manner of a school. His way of thinking is his own and, when the subject matter is Indian melody, the three factors of acquired knowledge, personality, and thematic material combine in a formula which belongs to America, and to her alone.

It is different with the New World Symphony of Dvórak. There we have American themes; but the composer thinks as a foreigner. He paints us a series of pictures of Negro and Indian life as seen through the eyes of a Bohemian. Incidentally, this is the defect of his work considered as a symphony. If not actual songs, Dvórak's themes have in them so much of the folk-ego, they are so personal, that they transform his symphony into genre music. Beethoven avoided this pitfall; he composed in the folk-song spirit; but the note is not individual, it is universal. When Gustav Mahler called the Indian melodies crude, he forgot that the musical worth of a melody is to be determined, not so much by its beauty, viewed as an isolated strain, as by its potentialities in the hands of a gifted composer. Undeveloped though the Indian may be in many respects, he has affinities with nature in respect of which the white man must pay him the deference due to an interpreter of things but dimly

apprehended by the Caucasian mind. This aspect of the Indian character enters deeply into the music of the race, and the genius of Macdowell was quick to perceive its evocational power. Unlike Dvórak, he did not allow himself to be mastered by his material, but made it serve the artistic purpose which he had in mind.

Macdowell's Indian Suites give an outlook in life and nature peculiar to the Western World. That they are the music of the whole American people I do not assert. The same phenomena that inspired the Indians — and, through them, furnished Macdowell with subject-matter — may lead to the composition of music very different from his when brought to bear on the descendants of Europeans without the intervention of the aboriginal intelligence. In other words, American music, like that of other countries, may have more facets than one. Yet all will be national, and, whatever music the sons and daughters of the New World create, we may be sure of this, that it will not have a European accent.

Not long ago we were visited by an orchestra of Russian *balalaika* players. One of their most beautiful numbers was a Volga boat-song. The oarsmen of the Nile have a similar song. Is it unreasonable to suppose that the Yukon, the Mississippi, and the St. Lawrence will inspire the American as the Volga has inspired the Muscovite and the Nile the Egyptian? May we not look for music of the Rocky Mountains which will vie in beauty with that of the Tyrol, yet have in it something which belongs to America alone? To admit that this may be possible does not involve the consequence, as many people seem to fear it may, that music must be purely a thing of the senses.

While the broad general aspects of nature — mountains, rivers, prairies, the sea — suggest distinctive types of melody, these types are susceptible, not merely of a national complexion, but of a charm that reveals the personality of the composer. It is inconceivable that the influences which make the wit of Touchstone English, and the beauty of the Phidian marbles Hellenic, should be inoperative in music. Can we logically seek the *esprit gaulois* in Rabelais, and omit to look for it in Couperin? The 'Funeral March of a Marionette' proves its existence in Gounod. It is the functioning of the genius of race in the composer. That spirit is not to be limited to tonality and rhythm; it is diffused through melody and makes itself felt as the character of an individual shines in his countenance. We cannot reduce it to constituents more fundamental. It is the manifestation of something supersensuous and mystical. We can recognize its effects; we can follow some of its processes; but we can no more understand it, root and all, branch and all, than we can understand a mother's love, or the infinity of space. To deny music the racial expression we find so significant in the human face is to withhold from art what nature has given to the flowers, to deprive melody of the color of language.

FAITH

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

Oh, I am tired out to-day.
The whole world leans against my door:
Cities and centuries. — I pray, —
For praying makes me brave once more.

I should have lived long, long ago,
Before this age of steel and fire.
I am not strong enough to throw
A noose around my soul's desire,

And strangle it, because it cries
To keep its old unreasoned place
In some bright simple Paradise
Before a God's too-human face.

I know that in this breathless fray
I am not fit to fight and cry.
My soul grows faint and far-away
From blood and shouting, till I fly,

A blinded coward, back to hide
My face against the dim old knees
Of that too-human God, denied
By these quick crashing centuries.

And there I learn deep secret things,
Too frail for speech, too strong for doubt:
How through the dark of demon-wings
The same still face of God gleams out;

How through the deadly riotous roar
The voice of God speaks on. And then
I trust Him, as one might, before
Faith grew too fond to comfort men.

I should have lived far, far away
From this great age of grime and gold.
For still, I know He hears me pray, —
That close, too-human God of old!

ZION CHURCH

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

BEAUTIFUL Zion Valley is an oval plain with hills surrounding it like the sides of a cup, and with a winding stream following the line of its longest diameter. In the centre of the valley, with the graveyard and the winding stream at its back, and opposite it and across the road the house of Matthias Lucas, stands Zion Church. The house of Matthias Lucas is old; it was built, as the German inscription above the door bears witness, by Matthias's grandfather in 1749. Below the name and date, carved in the stone, are the words, 'God bless all those who go in and out.'

The church is a magnificent one for a farming community. It is built of gray stone, its style is Gothic, and its spire, a hundred and ninety feet high from the base to the golden ball at its top, seems to rise higher than the hills. The great church room measures fifty feet from the floor to the apex of the arched ceiling. There are no frescoes; the walls are gray; the straight pews and the strange high pulpit with its winding stairs are dark walnut; the woodwork of the high galleries is painted white. The windows are clear glass; they were kept bright at first by Matthias Lucas, who, after he had given the church, became for love of it its sexton; they are polished now by the women of the devout Pennsylvania German congregation. From some of the windows, one may see straight into the leafy hearts of old oak trees; from others one may look through thinner foliage out across the surrounding farms to the hills. From the distance, the gray mass of Zion Church dominates the landscape like the cathedral of Chartres upon the broad plain of France.

Zion Church is rich; she owns the broad stone house and the five farms of Matthias Lucas. She has no debt; her paint is always shining; the grassy lawn about her is always smoothly trimmed; her graveyard, whose mounds are covered with myrtle or lily-of-the-valley or clove-pink, is set with straight white stones on which no moss is allowed to gather.

Many of the graves are interesting to the antiquarian. There are several of Indians who were converted by the preaching of the first pastor, and there are many with German inscriptions. The inscriptions which are carved to-day are English; sometimes, added to those already on a tall monument, they form a record of the transition from one language to another. The grandmother of the Arndts was

recorded, 'Sarah Arndt, *geboren* Peterman'; their mother was described as 'Ellen Arndt, daughter of Rudolph Hummel'; above the grave of their young sister-in-law, who died a year ago, is written, 'Elizabeth Arndt, *née* Miller.' The Pennsylvania Germans have become cosmopolitan indeed! But the inscriptions on the Lucas graves are all German. Even Matthias, the last of his family, died before any one dreamed that the residents of Zion Valley would learn English.

It is three generations since Matthias Lucas in his middle-age cursed the congregation and the church and almost God himself, and went no more to service.

The Kirchen Rath (church council) met one winter evening, as it had met since the days of Matthias's grandfather, in the Lucas kitchen, an appropriate place, since, like his father and his grandfather, Matthias managed the affairs of the church. The second building in which the congregation worshiped had become unfit for use, the plans for a new church lay spread before the council on the old oak table. The members of the council, which had been in session from seven o'clock until midnight, had been arguing, and they were tired.

Then rose Matthias Lucas angrily from his chair. He was about forty years old, a man of powerful build and with a fine, ruddy color from working in the fields. He had inherited wealth from his father, and he was steadily adding to it. He meant to give largely to the new church, which was his own as much as was his great stone house or his farms or his wife and child. Devoted, generous, stubborn, Matthias Lucas might have said with conviction, 'I am Zion Church.'

'Who will have to build this church?' he demanded hotly, in his sonorous German speech. 'Who will have to give most of the money? I will! Whose people gave the land in the beginning but mine? This —' Matthias laid his hand on one of the papers spread out before him — 'this is the way it is to be.'

The point under discussion was a minor one, some small difference in the height of the steeple, or in the work required on the foundation, a point on which there might easily be two opinions, both of them right. Matthias Lucas might have yielded, but he was stubborn and he had not been accustomed to having his judgments questioned. On the other hand, the church council might have yielded, but it had been looking at plans for five hours, and as far back as the mind could reach it had been domineered over by a Lucas. When the vote was taken, there were seven votes against Matthias and none with him.

Still standing, Matthias had his say.

'You will build the church alone, then. Not a penny will I give.'

Peter Arndt rose and faced him. The candle-light made two bright spots of their white faces in the great, low room with its brown, raftered ceiling and its black shadows. The members of Zion Church were not rich. All the low arable land of the valley belonged to the Lucases, and the fine ore deposits on the higher, poorer farms lay still unsuspected and undisturbed beneath the ground. The loss of the contribution of Matthias Lucas would be calamitous. But Peter Arndt faced him bravely.

'Then we will build it alone.'

Tired of their long meeting, certain that to-morrow Matthias would think better of his foolishness, the other seven members of the church council untied their horses from the fence along the lane and rode home. Matthias laughed when they had gone.

'Build it alone!' he mocked. 'Not

while the world stands! They will build it my way, or they will not build at all. They have no money.'

Matthias was right; without him Zion Church was not able to build. The old church was patched up and services were held there for ten years. Matthias, sitting in his front room on Sunday mornings, watched the congregation assemble, but did not join them. He listened in stubborn silence to the admonition of the preacher, he continued to contribute to the preacher's salary, but into the church he would not go.

'I will not risk my life in that old shell,' he declared to his wife. 'It will come down on their heads. When they are ready to build, let them come to me and we will build.'

But the church council did not come to Matthias. Presently, his wife and his only son died of smallpox, and, since even this isolated Pennsylvania valley had begun to observe quarantine, their bodies were carried directly from the house to the burying-ground, without the customary service in the church. Thus Matthias did not have to break his word.

Aghast at the sorrow which had come upon Matthias, the members of Zion Church visited him and shed more tears than did the stern man sitting in his grandfather's armchair in his lonely kitchen. When the funeral was over, he went about his work as though nothing had happened. The preacher added admonition to his consolation, he besought and then commanded Matthias to return to his church. But Matthias's heart was not softened; it was then that he cursed Zion Church and said that as God had forsaken him, so had he forsaken God.

Almost at once, as though to add to his bitterness and anger, the walls of the new church began to rise. The deep ore-beds had been opened; great blast furnaces had sprung up through all the Pennsylvania German counties. The members of Zion Church had been saving their money in anticipation of building; now, as they began to sell their ore, they added to their original plan. They had for their church a spirit of mediæval devotion like that of the builders of Amiens; they would erect the finest building in many days' journey.

Of their plans, Matthias would hear nothing. Again the preacher visited him; humbly the church council asked his forgiveness, and explained that all the details of their plans had changed; they had rejected their own plans as well as his. But he would not listen.

'You think you can cajole me,' answered Matthias grimly; 'but not a penny shall you have unless you come back and sit in my kitchen and vote to build the way I want it.'

The walls of the new church rose rapidly, and Matthias from his window opposite, and from his farms and gardens, watched them rise. Sometimes he smiled.

'They will never pay for it,' he assured himself with satisfaction. 'Those who were fools enough to build for them will not get their money.'

Presently the church was completed. By the day of dedication, the pastor had promises for all the money needed.

From his lonely house, Matthias watched the final preparations. It was October, the season of harvest-home, and into the new church were carried great sheaves of wheat and the tallest stalks of corn. Presently, when Peter Arndt drove up with his wagon loaded with fine apples and pears and vegetables, Matthias crossed the road to speak to him.

'You are my tenant,' said he, harshly; 'nothing from my land is to be taken into the church.'

Without answering, Peter Arndt

drove away. Matthias's old friends had begun to be afraid of him.

There was to be communion at the morning service, and it had been ten years since Matthias Lucas had gone to the communion-table. If his heart ached and his lips hungered for the token to which he had been accustomed from his childhood, he comforted himself with hate. He sat behind his bowed shutters and watched the congregation of Zion Church rejoicing in its new possession. He saw the children come to practice for their exercises, he saw flowers being carried by the armful until the cemetery looked like a great garden, and his heart hardened the more within him. He said now that they had cast him off, and he believed what he said. He realized fully, with intolerable pain, that they could do without him.

That night, complete from floor to spire, fresh from the careful hands of its builders, decked with the fruits of the field as a token of thankfulness to God, with the white communion-cloth spread already on the altar, Zion Church, waiting for its consecration, burned to the ground.

Matthias Lucas's maid-servant gave the alarm. The rosy light, reflected from the flames against the wall of the barn and thence into her attic room, wakened her, and she went, screaming, to pound at Matthias's door. By that time the church was a mere shell about a roaring furnace. The paint and varnish were fresh, and they, with the dried leaves and grain of the decorations, fed the flame to so fierce a heat that the walls fell outward with a great explosion.

From his window, Matthias Lucas watched. He heard the screams of his servant as she rushed down the road, he heard the panting of runners as they came in answer to her call, he heard cries of frantic inquiry and wild sorrow. He knew from whom each sound came; he could tell the voice of each of his old friends, who loved their church as they loved their souls: of Peter Arndt, and John Lorish, and James Bär, and many others. The silver communion service was in the church; Peter Arndt had to be restrained by force from rushing into the flames to find it. Watching them, listening to them, Matthias felt that he was almost like God Himself.

'They will come back to me!' he cried. 'They owe this money, they will have to pay it, the law will make them, and they still have no church. They will come back to me!'

When he had had his breakfast and had looked after his stock, he went into his parlor and sat down by the window. His heart felt strangely warmed; he spoke gently to his weeping servant.

'It will be built up,' he assured her, to comfort her.

Soon after nine o'clock the congregation began to gather. There were many from a distance who had not heard the dreadful news; as they came over the hill, they drew rein in horror, and then urged their horses on. Matthias could hear their cries and the galloping feet of their horses. A few who drove to the very ruins before they saw that their church was destroyed, sat dumbly, making no effort to dismount from horse or wagon.

'They will have to ask me to help them now,' said Matthias again to himself, a strange peace in his heart.

But no one crossed the road to Matthias's house. The men tied their horses and gathered about the preacher, the women sat on the grass in the graveyard in the warm sunshine; they were helpless, homeless, distraught. From group to group went his weeping servant, telling what she knew of the fire.

Presently Matthias saw that they

were going to hold a service. The older people found seats on the flat tombstones, the younger ones stood about. There, within that low stone wall, all the congregation of Zion Church was gathered, and there was crying such as had often accompanied the laying-away of the mother of little children, or of the strong man, dying in his youth. Only one of the living members was not present — Matthias Lucas, who waited in his house across the way.

Through the open window, Matthias could hear the preacher's voice, broken, trembling; he could see the preacher's hands, lifted in petition.

'"Lord," ' cried he, '"Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations!" '

To Matthias, it seemed that the agonized plea was lifted to him. Then, with sobs and cries, the congregation tried to sing; —

> Ach, Gott, verlass mich nicht,
> Gieb mir die Gnadenhände!
>
> Oh, God, forsake me not,
> Thy gracious hand extend me!

Involuntarily Matthias Lucas sang with them the words which he had learned at his mother's knee, —

> Thy Holy Spirit grant;
> And 'neath the heaviest load,
> Be thou my strength and stay,
> Forsake me not, O God!

They were in trouble, these foolish, headstrong people, but he would help them. He would not wait for them to come to him; he would go to them. Matthias rose from his chair.

But, as the members of Zion Church sang, a change came over them. The hymn rose as it had risen many times before from that solemn place, at first a cry of misery. But presently its tone changed. The God to whom they cried had sustained them always when they called upon Him thus; He would sustain them now. Their voices strengthened and became calm; the great music of the choral rose above the blackened ruins and floated out over the fields and hills to heaven itself. They dried their tears and took heart.

Then they drew closer together, and the preacher's clear voice, cheering and encouraging them, penetrated to the old stone house, where in his wealth and his bitterness, Matthias listened.

'We will begin to rebuild to-morrow,' announced the preacher. 'God will bless us. We will take promises now. I will give a year's salary, if you will help me by sending me things from your gardens.'

Immediately the offerings began, and steadily they went on. The debt was to be paid, a plainer building was to be erected at once, the congregation of Zion Church was equal to its trouble. They did not call upon Matthias, they did not think of him. Close to the graves of his wife and child, they made their plans; without the fold, alone, holding to his chair for support, stood Matthias in his desolate house.

Then, Matthias went slowly out of the door and across the yard and the road to the churchyard.

'Listen to me!' he cried. 'I have something to say.'

He pressed close to his old friends as though he were pursued by a terror from which they must defend him, and they, thinking that he was smitten by disease or madness, drew away in fright. The minister went toward him, and the girl who had stayed in his house because she had loved her mistress and her mistress's child.

'Listen to me!' he cried again. 'I will build you a church, a church of stone, to last forever, with a great spire. You shall have my farms to endow it perpetually. Do not draw away from me! You must let me do it, or I will die! *For in the night, I came over with a candle and set fire to the church you built without me!*'

ATONEMENT

BY JOSIAH ROYCE

THE human aspect of the Christian idea of atonement is based upon such motives that, if there were no Christianity and no Christians in the world, the idea of atonement would have to be invented before the higher levels of our moral existence could be fairly understood. To the illustration of this thesis the present essay is to be largely devoted. The thesis is not new; yet it seems to me to have been insufficiently emphasized even in recent literature; although, as is well known, modern expositors of the meaning of the Christian doctrine of the Atonement have laid a constantly increasing stress upon the illustrations and analogies of that doctrine which they have found present in the common experience of mankind, in non-theological literature, and in the history of ethics.

I

The treatment of the idea of atonement in the present paper, if it in any respect aids toward an understanding of our problem, will depend for whatever it accomplishes upon two deliberate limitations.

The first limitation is the one that I have just indicated. I shall emphasize, more than is customary, aspects of the idea of atonement which one could expound just as readily in a world where the higher levels of moral experience had somehow been reached by the leaders of mankind, but where Christians and Christianity were, as yet, wholly unknown.

My second limitation will be this: I shall consider the idea of atonement in the light of the special problems which the close of the essay on 'The Second Death' left upon our hands. The result will be a view of the idea of atonement which will be intentionally fragmentary.

It is true that the history of the Christian doctrine of the Atonement has inseparably linked with the topics that I shall here most emphasize, various religious beliefs, and theological interpretations, with which, under my chosen limitations, and despite these limitations, I shall endeavor to keep in touch. But, in a great part of what I shall have to say I shall confine myself to what I may call 'the problem of the traitor,' — an ethical problem which, on the basis laid in the foregoing essay, I now choose arbitrarily as my typical instance of the human need for atonement, and of a sense in which, in purely human terms, we are able to define what an atoning act would be, if it took place, and what it could accomplish, as well as what it could not accomplish.

Our last paper familiarized us with the conception of the being whom I shall now call, throughout this discussion, 'the traitor.' We shall soon learn new reasons why our present study will gain, in definiteness of issue and in simplicity, by using the exemplary moral situation in which our so-called 'traitor' has placed himself, as our means for bringing to light what relief, what possible, although always imper-

fect, reconciliation of the traitor with his own moral world, and with himself, this situation permits.

Perhaps I can help the reader to anticipate my further statement of my reasons for dwelling upon the unlovely situation of the hypothetical traitor, if I describe the association of ideas which first conducted me to the choice of the exemplary type of moral tragedy which I shall use as the vehicle whereby we are here to be carried nearer to our proposed view of the idea of atonement.

In Bach's Matthew Passion Music, whose libretto was prepared under the master's own guidance, there is a great passage wherein, at the Last Supper, Christ has just said, 'One of you shall betray me.' 'And they all begin to say,' so the recitative tells us, although at once passing the words over into the mouths of the chorus, 'Is it I? Is it I? Is it I?' And then there begins the wonderful chorus of 'the Believers': ''T is I. *My* sins betray thee, who died to make me whole.' The effect of this, as well as of other great scenes in the Passion Music, — the dramatic and musical workings in their unity, as Bach devised them, — is to transport the listener to a realm where he no longer hears an old story of the past retold, but looking down, as it were, upon the whole stream of time, sees the betrayal, the divine tragedy, and the triumph, in one — not indeed timeless, but time-embracing vision. In this vision, all flows and changes and passes from the sorrow of a whole world to the hope of reconciliation. Yet all this fluent and passionate life is one divine life, and is also the listener's, or, as we can also say, the spectator's own life. Judas, the spectator, knows as himself, as his own ruined personality, the sorrow of Gethsemane, the elemental and perfectly human passion of the chorus: 'Destroy them, destroy them, the murderous brood,' the waiting and weeping at the tomb, — these things belong to the present life of the believer who witnesses the Passion. They are all the experiences of us men, just as we are. They are also divine revelations, coming as if from a world that is somehow inclusive of our despair, and that yet knows a joy which, as Bach depicts it in his music drama, is not so much mystical, as simply classic, in the perfection of its serene self-control.

What the art of Bach suggests I have neither the right nor the power to translate into 'matter-moulded forms of speech.' I have here to tell you only a little about the being whom Mephistopheles calls 'der kleine Gott der Welt,' about the one who, as the demon says, —

Bleibt stets vom gleichen Schlage,
Und ist so wunderlich, als wie am ersten Tage.

And I am forced to limit myself in this essay to choosing — as my exemplary being who feels the need of some form of atonement — man in his most unlovely and drearily discouraging aspect, — man in his appearance as a betrayer. The justification of this repellant choice can appear, if at all, then only in the outcome of our argument, and in its later relation to the whole Christian doctrine of life. But you may now see what first suggested my using this choice in this paper.

So much, however, it is fair to add as I introduce my case. The 'traitor' of my argument shall here be the creature of an ideal definition based upon facts set forth in the last lecture. I shall soon have to speak again of the sense in which all observers of human affairs have a right to say that there are traitors, and that we well know some of their works. But we have in general no right to say with assurance, when we speak of our individual neighbors, that we know who the traitors are. For we are no searchers of hearts. And treason

as I here define it, is an affair of the heart, — that is, of the inner voluntary deed and decision.

While my ideal definition of the traitor of whom we are now to speak, thus depends, as you see, upon facts already discussed in our essay on 'The Second Death' our new relation to the being defined as a traitor consists in the fact that, on the last occasion, we considered the nature of his guilt, while now we mean to approach an understanding of his relation to the idea of atonement.

II

Two conditions as you will remember from our last discussion, determine what constitutes, for the purposes of my definition, a traitor. The first condition is that a traitor is a man who has had an ideal, and who has loved it with all his heart and his soul and his mind and his strength. His ideal must have seemed to him to furnish the cause of his life. It must have meant to him what Paul meant by the grace that saves. He must have embraced it, for the time, with full loyalty. It must have been his religion, his way of salvation.

The second condition that my ideal traitor must satisfy is this. Having thus found his cause, he must, as he now knows, in at least some one voluntary act of his life have been deliberately false to his cause. So far as in him lay, he must, at least in that one act, have betrayed his cause.

Such is our ideal traitor. At the close of the last essay we left him condemned, in his own sight, to what we called the 'hell of the irrevocable.'

We now, for the moment, still confine ourselves to his case, and ask, Can the idea of atonement mean anything that permits its application, in any sense, however limited, to the situation of this traitor? Can there be any reconciliation, however imperfect, between this traitor and his own moral world, — any reconciliation which from his own point of view, and for his own consciousness, can make his situation in his moral world essentially different from the situation in which his own deed has so far left him?

In the hell of the irrevocable there may be, as at the last time we pointed out, no sensuous penalties to fear. And there may be, for all that we know, countless future opportunities for the traitor to do good and loyal deeds. Our problem lies in the fact that none of these deeds will ever undo the supposed deed of treason. In that sense, then, no good deeds of the traitor's future will ever *so* atone for his one act of treason, that he will become clear of just that treason, and of what he finds to be its guilt.

But it is still open to us to ask whether anything could occur in the traitor's moral world which, without undoing his deed, could still add some new aspect to this deed, — an aspect such, that when the traitor came to view his own deed in this light, he could say, Something in the nature of a genuinely reconciling element has been added, not only to my world and to my own life, but also to the inmost meaning even of my deed of treason itself. My moral situation has hereby been rendered genuinely better than my deed left it. And this bettering does not consist merely in the fact that some new deed of my own, or of some one else has been simply a good deed, instead of a bad one, and has thus put a good thing into my world to be henceforth considered side by side with the irrevocable evil deed. No, this bettering consists in something more than this, — in something which gives to my very treason itself a new value; so that I can say, not, 'It is undone';

but, 'I am henceforth in some measure, in some genuine fashion, morally reconciled to the fact that I did this evil.'

Plainly, if any such reconciliation is possible, it will be at best but an imperfect and tragic reconciliation. It cannot be simple and perfectly destructive of guilt. But the great tragic poets have long since taught us that there are, indeed, tragic reconciliations even when there are great woes. These tragic reconciliations may be infinitely pathetic; but they may be also infinitely elevating, and even, in some unearthly and wondrous way, triumphant.

Our question is: Can such a tragic reconciliation occur in the case of the traitor? If it can occur, the result would furnish to us an instance of an atonement. This atonement would not mean, and could not mean, a clearing-away of the traitor's guilt as if it never had been guilt. It would still remain true that the traitor could never rationally forgive himself for his deed. But he might, in some measure and in some genuine sense, become, not simply, but tragically, — sternly, — yet really, reconciled, not only to himself but to his deed of treason, and to its meaning in his moral world.

Let us consider, then, in what way, and to what degree, the traitor might find such an atonement.

III

The Christian idea of atonement has always involved an affirmative answer to the question, Is an atonement for even a willful deed of betrayal possible? Is a reconciliation of even the traitor to himself, and to his world, a possibility? The help that our argument gets from employing the supposed traitor's view of his own case as the guide of our search for whatever reconciliation is still possible for him, shows itself, at the present point of our inquiry, by simplifying the issue, and by thus enabling us at once to dispose, very briefly, not indeed of the Christian idea of atonement (for that, as we shall see, will later reveal itself in a new and compelling form), but of a great number of well-known theological theories of the nature of atonement, so far as they are to help our traitor to get a view of his own case.

These theological theories stand at a peculiar disadvantage when they speak to the now fully awakened traitor, when he asks what measure of reconciliation is still, for him, possible. Our traitor has his own narrow, but, for that very reason, clearly outlined problem of atonement to consider. We here confine ourselves to his view. Calmly reasonable in his hell of the irrevocable, he is dealing, not with the 'angry God' of a well-known theological tradition, but with himself. He asks, not indeed for escape from the irrevocable, but for what relative and imperfect tragic reconciliation with his world and with his past, his moral order can still furnish to him, by any new event or deed or report. Shall we offer him one of the traditional theological comforts and say, Some one — namely, a divine being, Christ himself — has accomplished a full 'penal satisfaction' for your deed of treason. Accept that satisfying sacrifice of Christ, and you shall be reconciled. The traitor need not pause to repeat any of the now so well-known theological and ethical objections to the 'penal satisfaction' theories of atonement. He needs no long dispute to clear his head. The cold wintry light of his own insight into what was formerly his moral home, and into what he has by his own deed lost, is quite enough to show him the mercilessly unchangeable outlines of his moral landscape. He sees them;

and that is so far enough. Penal satisfaction? *That*, he will say, may somehow interest the 'angry God' of one or another theologian. If so, let this angry God be content, if he chooses: That does not reconcile me. So far as penalty is concerned, —

> I was my own destroyer and will be my own hereafter.

I asked for reconciliation with my own moral universe, not for the accidental pacification of some angry God. The 'penal satisfaction' offered by another, is simply foreign to all the interests in the name of which I inquire.

But hereupon let a grander, — let a far more genuinely religious, and indeed truly Christian chord, be sounded for the traitor's consolation. Let the words of Paul be heard, 'There is now no condemnation for them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.' The simply human meaning of those immortal words, if understood quite apart from Paul's own religious beliefs, is far deeper than is any merely technical theological theory of the Atonement. And our traitor will well know what those words of Paul mean. Their deepest human meaning has long since entered into his life. Had it not so entered, he would be no traitor; for he would never have known that there is what, for his own estimate, has been a Holy Spirit, — a cause to which to devote one's life, — a love that is indeed redeeming, and — when it first comes to us — compelling — the love that raises as if from the dead, the man who becomes the lover, — the love that also forces the lover, with its mysterious power, to die to his old natural life of barren contentions and of distractions, and to live in the spirit. That love — so the traitor well knows — redeems the lover from all the helpless natural wretchedness of the, as yet, unawakened life. It frees from 'condemnation' all who remain true to this love.

The traitor knows all this by experience. And he knows it not in terms of mere theological formulas. He knows it as a genuinely human experience. He knows it as what every man knows to whom a transforming love has revealed the sense of a new life.

All this is familiar to the traitor. In his own way, he has heard the voice of the Spirit. He has been converted to newness of life. And *therefore* he has known what his own sin against the Holy Ghost meant. And, thereafter, he has deliberately committed that very sin. Therefore Paul's words are at once, to his mind, true in their most human as well as in their most spiritual sense. And just for that very reason they are to him now, in his guilt, as comfortless and as unreconciling as a death-knell. For they tell him of precisely *that* life which once was his, and which, so far as his one traitorous deed could lead to such a result, he himself has deliberately slain.

If there is to be any, even the most tragic, reconciliation for the traitor, there must be other words to be heard beside just these words of Paul.

IV

Yet there are expositors of the Christian idea of the Atonement who have developed the various so-called 'moral theories' of the atoning work of Christ. And these men indeed have still many things to tell our traitor. One of the most clearly written and, from a purely literary point of view, one of the most charming of recent books on the moral theory of the idea of atonement, namely, the little book with which Sabatier ended his life-work, very effectively contrasts with all the 'penal-satisfaction' theories of atonement, the doctrine that the work of Christ

consisted in such a loving sacrifice for human sin and for human sinners that the contemplation of this work arouses in the sinful mind a depth of saving repentance, as well as of love, — a depth of glowing fervor, such as simply purifies the sinner's soul. For love and repentance and new life, — these constitute reconciliation. These, for Sabatier, and for many other representatives of the 'moral theories' of atonement, — these are in themselves salvation.

I need not dwell upon such opinions in this connection. They are nowadays well-known to all who have read any notable portion of the recent literature of the Atonement. They are present, in this recent literature, in almost endless variations. In general these views are deep, and Christian, and cheering, and unquestionably moral. And their authors can and do freely use Paul's words; and, on occasion, supplement Paul's words by a citation of the parables. In the parables there is no definite doctrine of atonement enunciated. But there is a doctrine of salvation through loving repentance. Cannot our traitor, in view of the loving sacrifice that constitutes Christ's atoning work, repent and love? Does *that* not reconcile him? May not the love of Christ both constrain and console him?

V

Once more — speaking still from his own purely human point of view — our traitor sadly simplifies the labor of considering in detail these various moral theories of atonement. The traitor seeks the possible, the relative, the inevitably imperfect reconciliation, which, for one in his case, is still rationally definable. He discounts all that you can say as to the transforming pathos and the compelling power of love and of the sacrifices. All this he long since knows. And, as I must repeat, all this constitutes the very essence of his own tragedy. He knew love before he became a traitor. He has this repentance as the very breath of what is now his moral existence in the hell of the irrevocable. As for amendment of life, and good deeds yet to come, he well knows the meaning of all these things. He is ready to do whatever he can. But none of all this doing of good works, none of this repentance, no love, and no tears will 'lure back' the 'moving finger' to 'cancel half a line,' or 'wash out a word' of what is written.

Let us leave, then, both the 'penal-satisfaction' theories and the 'moral' theories to address themselves to other men. Our traitor knows too well the sad lesson of his own deed to be aided either by the vain technicalities of the more antiquated of these theological types of theories, or by the true, but to him no longer applicable, comforts which the theories of the other, — the moral type, — open to his view.

Plainly, then, the traitor himself can suggest nothing further as to his reconciliation with the world where, by his deed of betrayal, he once chose to permit the light that was in him to become darkness. We must turn in another direction.

VI

We have so far considered the traitor's case as if his treason had been merely an affair of his own inner life, — a sort of secret impious wish. But, of course, while we are indeed supposing the traitor — now enlightened by the view of his own deed — to be the judge of what he himself has meant and done, we well know that his false deed was, in his own opinion, no mere thought of unholiness. He had a cause. That is, he lived in a real

world. And he was false to his cause. He betrayed. Now betrayal is something objective. It breaks ties. It rends asunder what love has joined in dear unity. *What* human ties the traitor broke we leave to him to discover for himself. Why they were to his mind holy, we also need not now inquire. Enough, — since he was indeed loyal; — he had found his ties; — they were precious and human and real; and he believed them holy; — and he broke them. That is, so far as in him lay, he destroyed by his deed the community in whose brotherhood, in whose life, in whose spirit, he had found his guide and his ideal. His deed, then, concerns not himself only, but that community whereof he was a voluntary member. The community knows, or in the long run must learn, that the deed of treason has been done, even if, being itself no searcher of hearts, it cannot identify the individual traitor. We often know not who the traitors are. But if ours is the community that is wrecked, we may well know by experience that there has been treason.

The problem of reconciliation, then, — if reconciliation there is to be, — concerns not only the traitor, but the wounded or shattered community. Endlessly varied are the problems — the tragedies, the lost causes, the heart-breaks, the chaos — which the deeds of traitors produce. All this we merely hint in passing. But all this constitutes the heart of the sorrow of the higher regions of our human world. And we here refer to such countless, commonplace but crushing, tragedies, to these ruins which are the daily harvest-home of treason, merely in order to ask the question, Can a genuinely spiritual community, whose ideals are such as Paul loved to portray when he wrote to his churches, — can such a loving and beloved community in any degree reconcile itself to the existence of traitors in its world, and to the deeds of individual traitors? Can it in any wise find in its world something else, over and above the treason, — something which atones for the spiritual disasters that the very being of treason both constitutes and entails? Must not the existence of traitors remain, for the offended community, an evil that is as intolerable and irrevocable, and as much beyond its powers of reconciliation, as is, for the traitor himself, his own past deed, seen in all the light of its treachery? Can any soul of good arise or be created out of this evil thing, or as an atonement therefor?

You see, I hope, that I am in no wise asking whether the community which the traitor has assailed desires, or does well, either to inflict or to remit any penalties said to be due to the traitor for his deed. I am here speaking wholly of the possibility of inner and human reconciliations. The only penalty which, in the hell of the irrevocable, the traitor himself inevitably finds, is the fact, I did it. The one irrevocable fact with which the community can henceforth seek to be reconciled, if reconciliation is possible, is the fact, This evil was done. That is, These invaluable ties were broken. This unity of brotherhood was shattered. The life of the community, as it was before the blow of treason fell, can never be restored to its former purity of unscarred love. This is the fact. For this let the community now seek, not oblivion, for that is a mere losing of the truth; not annulment, for that is impossible; *but* some measure of reconciliation.

All the highest forms of the unity of the spirit, in our human world, constantly depend, for their very existence, upon the renewed free choices, the sustained loyalty, of the members of communities. Hence the very best that we know, namely, the loyal bro-

therhood of the faithful who choose to keep their faith, — this best of all human goods, I say, — is simply inseparable from countless possibilities of the worst of human tragedies, — the tragedy of broken faith. At such cost must the loftiest of our human possessions in the realm of the spirit be purchased, — at the cost, namely, of knowing that some deed of willful treason on the part of some one whom we trusted as brother or as beloved may rob us of this possession. And the fact that we are thus helplessly dependent on human fidelity for some of our highest goods, and so may be betrayed, — this fact is due not to the natural perversity of men, nor to the mere weakness of those who love and trust. This fact is due to something which, without any metaphysical theory, we ordinarily call man's freedom of choice. We do not want our beloved community to consist of puppets, or of merely fascinated victims of a mechanically insistent love. We want the free loyalty of those who, whatever fascination first won them to their cause, remain faithful because they choose to remain faithful. Of such is the kingdom of good faith. The beloved community demands for itself such freely and deliberately steadfast members. And for that very reason, in a world where there is such free and good faith, there can be treason. Hence the realm where the spirit reaches the highest human levels, is the region where the worst calamities can, and in the long run do, assail many who depend upon the good faith of their brethren.

The community, therefore, never had any grounds, before the treason, for an absolute assurance about the future traitor's perseverance in the faith. After his treason, — if indeed he repents and now begins once more to act loyally, — it may acquire a relative assurance that he will henceforth abide faithful. The worst evil is not, then, that a trust in the traitor, which once was rightly serene and perfectly confident, is now irrevocably lost. It is not *this* which constitutes the irreconcilable aspect of the traitor's deed. All men are frail. And especially must those who are freely loyal possess a certain freedom to become faithless if they choose. This evil is a condition of the highest good that the human world contains. And so much the community, in presence of the traitor, ought to recognize as something that was always possible. It also ought to know that a certain always fallible trust in the traitor can indeed be restored by his future good deeds, if such are done by him with every sign that he intends henceforth to be faithful.

But what is indeed irrevocably lost to the community through the traitor's deed is precisely what I just called 'unscarred love.' The traitor remains — for the community as well as for himself — the traitor, just so far as his deed is confessed, and just so far as his once unsullied fidelity has been stained. *This* indeed is irrevocable. It is perfectly human. But it is unutterably comfortless to the shattered community.

It is useless, then, to say, that the problem of reconciliation, so far as the community is concerned, is the problem of 'forgiveness,' not now as remission of penalty, but of forgiveness, in so far as forgiveness means a restoring of the love of the community, or of its members, toward the one who has now sinned, but repented. Love may be restored. If the traitor's future attitude makes that possible, human love ought to be restored to the now both repentant and well-deserving doer of the past evil deed. But alas! this restored love will be the love for the member who *has been a traitor;* and the tragedy

of the treason will permanently form part in and of this love. Thus, then, up to this point, there appears for the community, as well as for the traitor, no ground for even the imperfect reconciliation of which we have been in search. Is there, then, any other way, still untried, in which the community may hope, if not to *find*, then to *create*, something which, in its own strictly limited fashion, will reconcile the community to the traitor and to the irrevocable, and irrevocably evil, deed.

VII

Such a way exists. The community has lost its treasure; its once faithful member who, until his deed of treason came, had been wholly its own member. And it has lost the ties and the union which he destroyed by his deed. And, for all this loss, it lovingly mourns with a sorrow for which, thus far, we see no reconciliation. Who shall give to it its own again?

The community, then, can indeed *find* no reconciliation. But can it *create* one? At the worst, it is the traitor, and it is not the community, that has done this deed. New deeds remain to be done. The community is free to do them, or to be incarnate in some faithful servant who will do them. Could any possible new deed, done by, or on behalf of the community, and done by some one who is *not* stained by the traitor's deed, introduce into this human world an element which, as far as it went, would be, in whatever measure, genuinely reconciling?

We stand at the very heart and centre of the human problem of atonement. We have just now nothing to do with theological opinion on this topic. I insist that our problem is as familiar and empirical as is death or grief. That problem of atonement daily arises, not as between God and man (for we here are simply ignoring, for the time being, the metaphysical issues that lie behind our problem). That problem is daily faced by all those faithful lovers of wounded and shattered communities who, going down into the depths of human sorrow, either as sufferers or as friends who would fain console, or who, standing by hearths whose fires burn no more, or loving their country through all the sorrows which traitors have inflicted upon her, or who, not weakly, but bravely, grieving over the woe of the whole human world, are still steadily determined that no principality and no power, that no height and no depth, shall be able to separate man from his true love, which is the triumph of the spirit. That human problem of atonement is, I say, daily faced. And faced by the noblest of mankind. And for these our noblest, despite all our human weakness, that problem is, in principle and in ideal, daily solved. Let us turn to such leaders of the human search after greatness, as our spiritual guides.

Great calamities are, for all but the traitor himself, — so far as we have yet considered his case, — great opportunities. Lost causes have furnished, times without number, the foundations and the motives of humanity's most triumphant loyalty.

When treason has done its last and most cruel work, and lies with what it has destroyed, — dead in the tomb of the irrevocable past, — there is now the opportunity for a triumph of which I can only speak weakly and in imperfectly abstract formulas. But, as I can at once say, this of which I now speak is a human triumph. It forms part of the history of man's earthly warfare with his worst foes. Moreover, whenever it occurs at all, this is a triumph *not* merely of stoical endurance, nor yet of kindly forgiveness, nor of the mystical merit which, seeing all things

in God, feels them all to be good. It is a triumph of the creative will. And what form does it take amongst the best of men, who are here to be our guides?

I answer, this triumph over treason can only be accomplished by the community, or on behalf of the community, through some steadfastly loyal servant who acts, so to speak, as the incarnation of the very spirit of the community itself. This faithful and suffering servant of the community may answer and confound treason by a work whose type I shall venture next to describe, in my own way, thus: First, this creative work shall include a deed, or various deeds, for which only just this treason furnishes the opportunity. Not treason in general, but just this individual treason shall give the occasion, and supply the condition, of the creative deed which I am in ideal describing. Without just that treason, this new deed (so I am supposing) could not have been done at all. And, hereupon, the new deed, as I suppose, is so ingeniously devised, so concretely practical in the good which it accomplishes, that, when you look down upon the human world after the new creative deed has been done in it, you say, first, This deed was made possible by that treason; and, secondly, *The world, as transformed by this creative deed, is better than it would have been had all else remained the same, but had that deed of treason not been done at all.* That is, the new creative deed has made the new world better than it was before the blow of treason fell.

Now such a deed of the creative love and of the devoted ingenuity of the suffering servant, on behalf of his community, breaks open, as it were, the tomb of the dead and treacherous past, and comes forth as the life and the expression of the creative and reconciling will. It is this creative will whose ingenuity and whose skill have executed the deed that makes the human world better than it was before the treason.

To devise and to carry out some new deed which makes the human world better than it would have been had just that treasonable deed *not* been done, is that not, in its own limited way and sense, a reconciling form both of invention and of conduct? Let us forget, for the moment, the traitor. Let us now think only of the community. We know why, and in what sense, it cannot be reconciled to the traitor or to his deed. But have we not found, without any inconsistency, a new fact which furnishes a genuinely reconciling element? It indeed furnishes no perfect reconciliation with the irrevocable; and it transforms the meaning of that very past which it cannot undo. It cannot restore the unscarred love. It does supply a new triumph of the spirit, — a triumph which is not so much a mere compensation for what has been lost, as a transfiguration of the very loss into a gain that, without this loss, could never have been won. The traitor cannot thus transform the meaning of his own past. But the suffering servant can thus transfigure this meaning; can bring out of the realm of death a new life that only this very death rendered possible.

The triumph of the spirit of the community over the treason which was its enemy, the rewinning of the value of the traitor's own life, when the new deed is done, involves the old tragedy, but takes up that tragedy into a life that is now more a life of triumph than it would have been if the deed of treason had never been done.

Therefore, if indeed we suppose or observe that, in our human world, such creative deeds occur, we see that they indeed do not remove, they do not annul, either treason or its tragedy. But

they do show us a genuinely reconciling, a genuinely atoning fact, in the world and in the community of the traitor. Those who do such deeds solve, I have just said, not the impossible problem of undoing the past, but the genuine problem of finding, even in the worst of tragedies, the means of an otherwise impossible triumph. They meet the deepest and bitterest of estrangements by showing a way of reconciliation, and a way that only this very estrangement has made possible.

VIII

This is the human aspect of the idea of atonement. Do we need to solve our theological problems before we decide whether such an idea has meaning, and is ethically defensible? I must insist that this idea comes to us not from the scholastic quiet of theological speculation, but stained with the blood of the battlefields of real life. For myself, I can say that no theological theory suggested to me this interpretation of the essential nature of an atoning deed. I cannot call the interpretation new, simply because I myself have learned it from observing the meaning of the lives of some suffering servants — plain human beings — who never cared for theology, but who incarnated in their own fashion enough of the spirit of their community to conceive and to accomplish such new and creative deeds as I have just attempted to characterize. To try to describe, at all adequately, the life or the work of any such persons, I have neither the right nor the power. Here is no place for such a collection and analysis of the human forms of the atoning life as only a William James could have justly accomplished. And upon personal histories I could dwell, in this place, only at the risk of intruding upon lives which I have been privileged, sometimes, to see afar off, and briefly, but which I have no right to report as mere illustrations of a philosphical argument. It is enough, I think, for me barely to indicate what I have in mind when I say that such things are done among men.

All of us well know of great public benefactors whose lives and good works have been rendered possible through the fact that some great personal sorrow, some crushing blow of private grief, first descended, and seemed to wreck their lives. Such heroic souls have then been able, in these well-known types of cases, not only to bear their own grief, and to rise from the depths of it (as we all in our time have to attempt to do). They have been able also to use their grief as the very source of the new arts and inventions and labors whereby they have become such valuable servants of their communities. Such people indeed often remind us of the suffering servant in Isaiah; for their life-work shows that they are willing to be wounded for the sake of their community. Indirectly, too, they often seem to be suffering because of the faults, as well as because of the griefs, of their neighbors, or of mankind. And it indeed often occurs to us to speak of these public or private benefactors as living some sort of atoning life, as bearing, in a sense, not only the sorrows, but the sins, of other men.

Yet it is *not* of such lives, noble as they are, that I am now thinking, nor of *such* vicarious suffering, of such sympathizing helpfulness in human woe, or of such rising from private grief to public service, that I am speaking, when I say that atoning deeds, in the more precise sense just described, are indeed done in our human world. Sharply contrasted with these beneficent lives and deeds, which I have just mentioned, are the other lives of which I am thinking, and to which, in speak-

ing of atonement, I have been referring. These are the lives of which I have so little right to give more than a bare hint in this place.

Suppose a community — a modern community — to be engaged with the ideals and methods of modern reform, in its contests with some of those ills which the natural viciousness, the evil training, and the treasonable choices of very many people combine to make peculiarly atrocious in the eyes of all who love mankind. Such evils need to be met, in the good warfare, not only by indignant reformers, not only by ardent enthusiasts, but also by calmly considerate and enlightened people, who distinguish clearly between fervor and wisdom, who know what depths of woe and of wrong are to be sounded, but who also know that only well-controlled thoughtfulness and well-disciplined self-restraint can devise the best means of help. As we also well know, we look, in our day, to highly trained professional skill for aid in such work. We do not hope that those who are merely well-meaning and loving can do what most needs to be done. We desire those who know. Let us suppose, then, such a modern community as especially needing, for a very special purpose, one who *does* know.

Hereupon, let us suppose that one individual exists whose life has been wounded to the core by some of treason's worst blows. Let us suppose one who, always manifesting true loyalty and steadfastly keeping strict integrity, has known, not merely what the ordinary professional experts learn, but also what it is to be despised and rejected of men, and to be brought to the very depths of lonely desolation, and to have suffered thus through a treason which also deeply affected, not one individual only, but a whole community. Let such a soul, humiliated, offended, broken, so to speak, through the very effort to serve a community forsaken; long daily fed only by grief, yet still armed with the grace of loyalty and of honor, and with the heroism of dumb suffering, — let such a soul not only arise, as so many great sufferers have done, from the depths of woe; let such a soul not only triumph, as so many have done, over the grief that treason caused; but let such a soul also use the very lore which just this treason had taught, in order to begin a new life-work. Let this life-work be full of a shrewd, practical, serviceable, ingenious wisdom which only that one individual experience of a great treason could have taught. Let this new life-work be made possible only because of that treason. Let it bring to the community, in the contest with great public evils, methods and skill and judgment and forethought which only that so dear-bought wisdom could have invented. Let these methods have, in fact, a skill that the traitor's own wit has taught, and that is now used for the good work. Let that life show, not only what treason can do to wreck, but what the free spirit can learn from and through the very might of treason's worst skill.

If you will conceive of such a life merely as a possibility, you may know why I assert that genuinely atoning deeds occur, and what I believe such deeds to be. For myself, any one who should supply the facts to bear out my supposition (and such people, as I assert, there are in our human world), would appear henceforth to me to be a sort of symbolic personality, — one who had descended into hell to set free the spirits who are in prison. When I hear those words, 'descended into hell,' repeated in the creed, I think of such human beings, and feel that I know at least some in this world of ours to whom the creed in those words refers.

IX

Hereupon, you may very justly say that the mere effects of the atoning deeds of a human individual are in this world apparently petty and transient; and that even the most atoning of sacrificial human lives can devise nothing which, within the range of our vision, *does* make the world of the community better, in any of its most tragic aspects, than it would be if no treason had been committed.

If you say this, you merely give me the opportunity to express the human aspect of the idea of the Atonement in a form very near to the form which, as I believe, the Christian idea of atonement has always possessed when the interests of the religious consciousness (or, if I may use the now favorite word, the sub-consciousness) of the church, rather than the theological formulation of the theory of atonement, have been in question. Christian feeling, Christian art, Christian worship, have been full of the sense that *somehow* (and *how* has remained indeed a mystery) there was something so precious about the work of Christ, something so divinely wise (so skillful and divinely beautiful) about the plan of salvation, — that, as a result of all this, after Christ's work was done, the world, as a whole, was a nobler and richer and worthier creation than it would have been if Adam had not sinned. This, I insist, has always been felt to be the sense of the atoning work of Christ. A glance at a great Madonna, a chord of truly Christian music, ancient or modern, tells you that this is so. And this sense of the atoning work cannot be reduced to what the modern 'moral' theories of the Christian Atonement most emphasize. For what the Christian regards as the atoning work of Christ is, from this point of view, *not* something about Christ's work which merely arouses in sinful man love and repentance. No, the theory of atonement which I now suggest, and which, as I insist, is subconsciously present in the religious sentiment, ritual, and worship of all Christendom, is a perfectly 'objective' theory, — quite as 'objective' as any 'penal-satisfaction' theory could be.

Christian religious feeling has always expressed itself in the idea that what atones is something perfectly 'objective,' namely, Christ's work. And this atoning work of Christ was for Christian feeling a deed that was made possible only through man's sin, but that somehow was so wise and so rich and so beautiful and divinely fair that, after this work was done, the world was a better world than it would have been had *man* never sinned. So the Christian consciousness, I insist, has always felt. So its poets have often, in one way or another, expressed the matter. The theologians have disguised this simple idea under countless forms. But every characteristically Christian act of worship expresses it afresh. Treason did its work (so the legend runs) when man fell. But Christ's work was so perfect that, in a perfectly objective way, it took the opportunity which man's fall furnished to make the world better than it could have been had man not fallen.

But this is, indeed, as an idea concerning God and the universe and the work of Christ, an idea which is as human in its spirit, and as deep in its relation to truth, as it is, in view of the complexity of the values which are in question, hard either to articulate or to defend. How should we know, unless some revelation helped us to know, whether and in what way Christ's supposed work made the world better than it would have been had man not sinned?

But in this discussion I am speaking of the purely human aspect of the idea

of atonement. *That* aspect is now capable of a statement which does not pretend to deal with any but our human world, and which fully admits the pettiness of every human individual effort to produce such a really atoning deed as we have described.

The human community depending, as it does, upon its loyal human lovers, and wounded to the heart by its traitors, and finding, the further it advances in moral worth, the greater need of the loyal, and the greater depth of the tragedy of treason, utters its own doctrine of atonement as this postulate, — the central postulate of its highest spirituality. This postulate I word thus: No baseness or cruelty of treason so deep or so tragic shall enter our human world, but that loyal love shall be able in due time to oppose to just that deed of treason its fitting deed of atonement. The deed of atonement shall be so wise and so rich in its efficacy, that the spiritual world, after the atoning deed, shall be better, richer, more triumphant amidst all its irrevocable tragedies, than it was before that traitor's deed was done.

This is the postulate of the highest form of human spirituality. It cannot be proved by the study of men as they are. It can be asserted by the creative will of the loyal. Christianity expressed this postulate in the symbolic form of a report concerning the supernatural work of Christ. Humanity must express it through the devotion, the genius, the skill, the labor of the individual loyal servants in whom its spirit becomes incarnate.

As a Christian idea, the Atonement is expressed in a symbol, whose divine interpretation is merely felt, and is viewed as a mystery. As a human idea, atonement is expressed (so far as it can at any one time be expressed) by a peculiarly noble and practically efficacious type of human deeds. This human idea of atonement is also expressed in a postulate which lies at the basis of all the best and most practical spirituality. The Christian symbol and the practical postulate are two sides of the same life, — at once human and divine.

MAGIC SHADOW-SHAPES

BY ROBERT M. GAY

I HAVE an idea that my brother and I went to see *Little Lord Fauntleroy* about a year before we went to see *Rip van Winkle*. We went sedately with our father and mother. I can remember little about it — my first visit to the theatre — except that the seat was so wide that my feet stuck out straight in front of me, and my knees were so stiff at the end that they had to be rubbed into flexibility. I had read the story in *Saint Nicholas*, and the little Lord in his wide collars and long curls did not appeal to me strongly, — my memories of such collars and such curls were too fresh and too painful; yet it is curious that my first theatrical experience should have made so little im-

pression upon me. Of the play itself, I can remember nothing; the vastness of the auditorium, the heavy carpets and plush seats, the silence, the lights which went and came, seem to have conspired to bewilder me into an insensibility that soon became confirmed in a long doze, punctuated by intervals of consciousness when the lights flashed up at the ends of acts. My brother, who was three years older, poked me persistently in the ribs with his elbow whenever any of the business of the stage aroused his enthusiasm; but I remember only the pokes.

When, next day, we came to discuss the play, his disgust at my supineness was boundless. I maintained that there was no excuse for having a girl play the part of a boy, and to this piece of acute criticism I clung desperately, — and have clung ever since. As it was the only piece of criticism, favorable or condemnatory, that I was able to think of, I made the most of it; but he snorted with contempt, holding that after one got used to her it made no difference. I stubbornly insisted that I had n't got used to her; and that was true, for I had looked at her probably less than five minutes. To be truthful, like many an older critic before and since, I had fallen asleep in the grip of an unfavorable criticism.

On two subjects, however, I waxed enthusiastic. One was the man who sold tickets. To a boy who had trouble remembering what part of ten apples two apples are, there was something preternatural in a man who could make change with such jocund ease. I gaped at him in the lobby, heedless of the jostling crowd, until I was dragged sidewise, crab-like, through the door. Once in my seat, however, well toward the front of the parterre, the antics of the trombone player soon made me forget the prodigy of the box-office. I had been given the aisle seat so that I might be sure to see the stage. I had, therefore, a clear view of the musician as he sat behind the second violins, lengthening and shortening his remarkable horn, and blowing till the veins stood out on his neck. In vain my brother tried to divert my gaze to the painted curtain, the footlights, the boxes: my eyes returned willy-nilly to the trombone; and its owner, conscious at last, toward the end of the overture, of my fascinated gaze, without missing a beat, without impairing in the least the smooth slide of his hand as he took a very bass note, solemnly closed his nearer eye in a long, humorous, sympathetic wink. If that man had not left during the first act to seek refreshment, I should have stayed awake.

In our critical retrospect next morning, therefore, I met all embarrassing appeals for opinion on the play by references to the trombonist, whom my brother had not even looked at. His rage at this inconsequential criticism did not affect me a whit, because I had the sweet recollection of the wink, — a personal touch which he could not parallel, that one touch of nature of which the poet sings. He gave me up as childish and low-minded, and vowed that the next time he took me to the theatre I'd know it. Although the lofty assumption of the remark was irritating, I did not worry. The desire to go again was not very strong in me. I felt that I could sleep much more comfortably in bed.

As I look back at that eccentric little boy, I feel an odd kind of envy of him, — not a sentimental make-me-a-boy-again-just-for-to-night kind of envy, but an envy of his intellectual independence. When we grown people buy a ticket for a play, we feel that in order to get the worth of our money we must look at the stage and must keep awake. If the plot is poor or the acting bad, if some of the mechanism creaks or if

the scenery falls down, we feel that we have been cheated; and no ticket-seller or trombone player can possibly compensate us. Habit is more insidious in our lives than we ever know. Having bought our ticket, we sit down four-square in our seat and steadfastly face the stage, as much as to say, We have paid two dollars for this chair and we expect to get two dollars' worth of play. If we don't get it, we'll growl.

There is a tale in Hans Andersen entitled, I think, 'What the Old Man Does is always Right.' It tells how the Old Man takes a horse or a cow to market to barter it, and, after five or six exchanges, returns home to his wife with a peck of shriveled apples. Most husbands under such circumstances would never return home, but, like Hawthorne's Wakefield, would take up their abode in another street. But, behold, this man's paragon of a wife listens gleefully to his story of his successive dickerings, watches the horse shrink into a cow, a sheep, a goose, a hen, the peck of shriveled apples aforesaid, finds some unanticipated compensation in each new declension, and ends by calling him 'my dear, good husband,' and giving him a 'sounding kiss.'

Now, I envy that boy because he seems to me to have achieved at a tender age — unconsciously, it must be admitted — the philosophy of that old woman. Not finding on the stage what he wanted, he sought and found it elsewhere; and, that failing in turn, he went to sleep. It has cost him many a long year to realize, weakly and spasmodically, the same philosophic wisdom.

As I have said, my brother, nevertheless, held my philosophy in such utter contempt that he rejected my future company at the theatre. This was not so cruel a deprivation for me, however, as might be supposed; for he never went himself until a year had elapsed, and then he relented.

He had thought now of a wonderful project that smacked of dare-deviltry. His plan was for us to save our money until we had fifty cents apiece and then go to the Academy of Music to see Joseph Jefferson in *Rip van Winkle*. To go alone, remember, alone, in the evening, riding the three miles to and fro in the horse-cars, and sitting in that gallery vulgarly known as the 'peanut.' I had not much opinion of *Rip van Winkle* as a tale (though I have to like it now); to my immature judgment it seemed a grain of story hid in three bushels of words, yet I felt that I could manage to sit through it for the sake of the adventure, and so I acquiesced.

For several weeks we saved our money by a novel method. We had each two or three hens which laid an egg now and then, when the weather was calm and their temperaments were unruffled; and this occasional egg we now sold to our mother for a cent. As she supplied the food for the hens, her investment could hardly have been a paying one, but she did not demur. For a time, at least, the chickens were regularly fed. We spent many hours sitting before the coops waiting for the cackle which proclaimed another accession to our hoard of pennies. On the principle of the watched pot, the hens were exasperatingly deliberate. They became hypercritical of the weather, they delighted in deluding us with false alarms, they seemed suddenly to have developed a Methodistical disapproval of the stage. The great week came, and with it Mr. Jefferson, and still we had only thirty-five cents apiece. Our case was desperate. Something had to be done, and we did it by selling two of our hens to our mother for pot-pie. It was no more than they deserved, though it was a little unfair

to her as she had bought them for us in the first place.

We had enough, then, not only for our admission to the Academy, but for our car-fares; and on a Wednesday evening we set out under a shower of parting injunctions from the assembled family grouped on the 'front stoop.' My brother, full of importance, patronized me after the manner of elder brothers, and made it very plain to me that without him I should never have dared to undertake the adventure. This I felt to be true; and, as it was, I was visited by obscure qualms that added zest to the occasion. All the way down town he told me how to behave, and criticized my facial expression, which was probably open to exception, and explained the system of seat-checks and ushers and so forth, all with the purpose of making evident to me my extreme youth. I listened, with mental reservations, but I could not keep my eyes from popping at the glare of the shop-windows and the roar of the elevated trains overhead, with their noisy little engines, and the flaring lights of the menders of the sewer, and the darting cabs, and the majestic policemen with their night-sticks. I remembered that my brother was afraid of policemen and called his attention to the fact, but he evaded the soft aspersion.

The inner doors of the Academy were still closed when we arrived. We bought our tickets from a jocose box-office man who asked us if we were friends of the author, and we loitered on the steps and in the lobby trying to appear unconcerned, and were the first to climb the interminable stairs and to enter the steep incline of the family circle, as the ticker-seller had called it. There were no ushers up here, as every one sat where he could. We made our way down to where the gilded rail hung like 'the gold bar of Heaven' over the abyss, and innocently chose the two seats at the right end of the front row because they seemed nearest the stage. An awful emptiness confronted us, making our heads swim. I leaned far back on the wooden bench and gazed up at the myriad of gas-jets in the ceiling, trying to get courage to look down again.

When my brother said sarcastically, 'There's the trombone,' I did look down, however, and eagerly. It did not occur to me that this could scarcely be the same player who had winked at me a year ago, and it was with regret that I realized that from where we sat a wink would be imperceptible. The dizziness had passed. Orchestra and galleries were filling rapidly. The enormous outer curtain rose majestically, disclosing the painted drop-scene. The musicians began their overture. The great building hummed and echoed and sang.

There in the upper aerial circles the music sounded very sweet, and warm smells arose that were subtly exhilarating. Little boy that I was, I felt the pulsations of pleasure that ran through the place. Gradually there stole over me the spell of the theatre, so full of enticement, whether beneficent or dangerous.

I was very wide-awake now. I tried to see everything at once. The crowds excited me, the gaudy gilding and paint and plush represented a kind of luxuriousness that seemed to my inexperience to have come out of a dream. All around us folk were talking and laughing unconcernedly, and just behind us an old man was telling anecdotes of Mr. Jefferson; but we sat holding tightly each other's hand and turning now and then to stare mutely at each other with wide-open eyes. We could think of nothing to say. And then the curtain went up.

As the reader must perceive, I was

by this time in a mood thoroughly to surrender to the sorcery of the stage. I wish that I could go on to tell how I lost all sense of actual time and space, and lived for three hours in an unreal world, wafted on the magic histrionic carpet to the heart of the Catskills a century and a half ago, going forth homeward in a dream, and so forth and so forth. An imaginative boy at his first play ought, according to all precedents, to have experienced this and more; but I did not. A certain hard-headed imp who has pursued me through life sat on my shoulder that night and kept whispering in my ear, It's all a sham. What's the use of crying over Rip's woes when the old gentleman behind you says that Mr. Jefferson is getting whole mints of money for being pathetic. Look at that door, for instance. It was supposed to slam, but it did n't slam. It's made of laths and canvas. You can see the panes flap.

There was no doubt that Mr. Jefferson sat on a table and swung his feet very well indeed. His was good acting, but the point is that I never for an instant forgot that it was acting, that the stage was a stage, and the storm no storm at all, but a concatenation of pattering bird-shot, cannon-balls rolled in a trough, rattling sheet-iron, lycopodium powder, and electric flashes. I do not mean that I really thought of the sweating Jupiter Pluvius in overalls behind the scene, or knew the nature or extent of his activities; but I did know that somebody was making that storm, — manufacturing it, — and, while it could make me jump, it could not fool me.

The reader should not be deceived into supposing, however, that this rationalizing interfered with my enjoyment. It is one of the blessings of childhood to be able to pretend with conviction, and the logical and orderly pretending of the play won my unqualified approval and gave me endless delight.

It seems to me that the majority of adults have missed this talent in children entirely. They think, for example, that their children must either have perfect faith in Santa Claus or should hear nothing about him, not perceiving that their little boys and girls can get a great deal of fun out of the benevolent old gentleman even when they know that he is only a myth. My brother and I cherished an excellent working hypothesis of Santa Claus long after we had spent a chilly evening sitting on the stairs in our night-clothes listening to our parents conspiring as to the contents of our stockings. One summer some years ago I spent many hours during a vacation telling stories to a little girl. She brought her stool and sat at my feet, composed her hands in her lap, assumed an expression of polite interest, and demurely asked, 'Is it true?' 'No,' I invariably replied; 'only a story.' And after this unchanging prelude, I proceeded to tell her the most blood-curdling tales that my fancy could conjure, while she followed each incident with absorption, mirroring in her face all the emotions of the narrative, the horror, the pity, the anguish, the terror, with the utmost accuracy. At last my conscience was roused. I became alarmed for the peace of mind of my audience. I went to her mother. 'Am I doing wrong in telling her such stories?' I asked guiltily. The good lady smiled serenely. 'She has n't lost any sleep over them so far,' said she. 'You see, as long as she knows they are n't true, she is n't frightened.'

It is generally conceded nowadays that it is detrimental to his acting for an actor to 'lose himself in his part,' that when his acting is best, it is conscious, careful, alert, strategic. But what of

the audience? Does the observation hold of them? As for myself, I ought to have succumbed to the play that first night if I was ever to know the joys of disembodiment. If I was ever to lose myself in a play I should have done so then; but I did not, and have therefore been trying to do so ever since. As I sit in the theatre, I see all around me people who seem to experience the beatific state continuously for three hours, and to be as fresh emotionally at the end as at the beginning. Studying their faces, I see their spirits peep wildly out of their eyes. To watch them is fully worth the price of the admission, — that is some consolation, — yet I, too, would like to laugh and weep and sigh and wriggle as they, living the play through in my own proper person. Knowing that, according to the social psychologist, emotion is contagious, I eye them covetously in the hope of catching it, as boarding-school boys view with envy one of their number who has had the good fortune to develop measles or chicken pox.

These lucky people, absorbed as they are in the play or opera, can listen without a grin to Cassius speaking with a brogue or to a French tenor impersonating a cowboy. When Elsa is too fat or Lohengrin's swan-boat sticks (as it always does) or Juliet's balcony wobbles, they care never a whit, — no such small matter can jar them out of their rapture. As for me, once more, still attended by the perverse imp before mentioned, and no longer fascinated by the mysterious art of stage-carpenter and property-man, one 'such small matter' can spoil a whole play.

Once in a long while, some actor has caught me unaware. For five minutes — or was it five seconds? — I have forgotten the world of trade and politics and bills and taxes, the æsthetical technique of climax, suspense, and the rest; forgotten even the theatre and the seat on which I sat and the clothes I wore and the corporeal vesture of decay that I inhabited, and floated a disembodied spirit that laughed and cried regardless of decorum. But such moments come like shadows, so depart. Usually I sit, 'still nursing the unconquerable hope' that the illusion will come, but courting it in vain, just as a man who greatly desires to be hypnotized is the last to succumb.

I am not sure that many will understand this feeling, because it is not generally recognized that self-deception is one of the aims of life. I sometimes think that life is one gigantic struggle to deceive ourselves. To say that art and philosophy and religion and science are largely such a struggle, would seem irrational and perverse to most people; but then, most people are not rational, as any theatre audience will show.

But during these moralizings the curtain has risen, the first act has passed, the orchestra — with the trombone — has performed again, and the second act has begun. Rip is in the mountains; the storm still growls in the distance; the stage is dark, murky, spectral. Gradually the moon begins to touch the peaks, the bushes, the boulders, the lone figure of the vagabond hero. We know that it is time for the crew of Hendrick Hudson to appear.

I suppose that it was while searching the stage for any evidence of the presence of that uncanny brotherhood of antiquated nine-pin bowlers that I made a discovery. I perceived, first, that the bushes and boulders, like certain beautiful maidens in fairy-lore, were all front, the merest shams, thin flat façades of rocks and bushes, made of lath and paper; and, second, that behind each was plainly visible a square hole lighted from below. As I stared, I discerned in the middle of each hole a pointed cap, a head, shoulders, arms,

a gnome-like figure, squatting on a little dumb-waiter or elevator, ascending from the depths below the stage. And behind sham bush or boulder the little figures crouched, plainly visible to us, while Rip, with transparent pretense, wandered hither and thither among them, unable to see them!

Probably from no other seats in the theatre could this phenomenon be seen; but I had had a glimpse at the 'very pulse of the machine,' and anything more delightful it would be hard to imagine. All the evening thus far I had felt the presence of contrivance and artifice, but now for the first time I actually saw them in operation. I felt some of the conceit of the scientist who, having discovered a new aphis or scale, considers it more important than the pageant of nature.

I have to confess that concerning the incidents of the last act my mind remains a blank. My brother was full of the question of the possibility of a man's sleeping twenty years, and all the way home desired to discuss it. Once more I was not prepared to please him, because during Rip's slumber and awakening I had been under the stage pulling at ropes, opening and shutting trap-doors, riding up and down on dumb-waiters. He was inclined to be angry at the ticket-seller for not warning us against those seats; the architect of the theatre for planning it so ill; the stage-carpenter and property-man for arranging so clumsy a piece of deception. He lost all patience with me because I chirruped gleefully over the very circumstance which he considered a dark blemish upon an otherwise laudable production. Neither of us could get the other's point of view; and so we rode home glumly enough, reserving our several ecstasies for the family, who at least would pretend to understand and sympathize. It seemed to be my fate to misapply my enthusiasm, to find the romantic just where theoretically it did not exist. I do not blame my brother for setting me down as childish and low-minded.

Far from being sunk in humiliation, however, the very next day I set about organizing a dramatic club and writing a play. A gentleman up the street had fortunately built a chicken-house and then decided not to keep chickens; and this structure became our club-house. We papered, carpeted, and furnished it with material abstracted from family attics, drew up a constitution and by-laws, and began our weekly meetings under the mysterious name of the S. N. S. C., the significance of which initials I have forgotten. We were facetiously known in the neighborhood, however, as the Chicken-coop Club. As the only member who had made a profound study of stage-illusion, I was of course elected stage-manager; and, whatever my plays may have lacked of literary and dramatic value, they were always rich in surprising and terrifying stage-effects. We invariably had a storm with wind, thunder, and lightning; there were always ghosts, fairies, and gnomes popping into view at critical moments in the action. I had visions of a stage which I should build some day all trap-doors, elevators, pulleys, and wires; but my dream was not destined ever to come true. One rainy day when a bare quorum was present in the club-house, it was voted to expend the funds of the club for candy and ice-cream — a dastardly proceeding which precipitated a quarrel ending in a schism that never could be healed. The ice-cream was very good, but my histrionic activities were ended. Once more art had fallen a victim to the temptations of the flesh.

The Chicken-coop and the Academy have both long since burned down.

AN OLD MAN TO AN OLD MADEIRA

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

When first you trembled at my kiss
And blushed before and after,
Your life, a rose 'twixt May and June,
Was stirred by breeze of laughter.

I asked no mortal maid to leave
A kiss where there were plenty;
Enough the fragrance of thy lips
When I was five-and-twenty.

Fair mistress of a moment's joy,
We met, and then we parted;
You gave me all you had to give,
Nor were you broken-hearted!

For other lips have known thy kiss,
Oh! fair inconstant lady,
While you have gone your shameless way
'Till life has passed its heyday.

And then we met in middle age,
You matronly and older;
And somewhat gone your maiden blush,
And I, well, rather colder.

And now that you are thin and pale,
And I am slowly graying,
We meet, remindful of the past,
When we two went a-maying.

Alas! while you, an old coquette,
Still flaunt your faded roses,
The arctic loneliness of age
Around my pathway closes.

Dear aged wanton of the feast,
Egeria of gay dinners,
I leave your unforgotten charm
To other younger sinners.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE EXCITEMENT OF WRITING

I HAVE just read 'The Excitement of Friendship' in the December *Atlantic*. Most of it makes me nod my head and say, as one is always pleased to do, 'Yes! That is the way. So friends are known and kept and lost.' I like that essay! Those are my own vague thoughts crystallized and sharpened.

But there is one paragraph that moves me to challenge the generalization which it assumes. It is only a side-issue, to be sure. Mr. Bourne complains of the 'hopeless labor of writing,' — of the coldness and grayness of the mind, when one tries heavily to blow upon the hearth of memory those embers languishing when the hot fire of friendly stimulating intercourse is burned out. 'The blood runs sluggish,' he says, 'when one sits down to write.'

I cannot help defending my own writing mood; and what I am sure must be the mood of many of the Tribe, great or small. My blood does not run sluggish as I sit down to write. No matter whether what I produce has any merit or not, I only know that to *write* — to feel the pen in my fingers and the words leaping from my head or my heart, or wherever they abide, out upon the paper — is a joy to me almost as thrilling as the joy of great friendly talk and silence. I suppose this argues a smallness, a coldness, in me; but it is true.

There is something half physical about it, like the tingling glory of standing on an autumn hill-top or at the prow of a swift sea-going ship. It is a breathless speed and wonder. It does not feel like any slow deliberate process of heavy thought, or even of cunning, happy craftsmanship. There is freedom in it, like the freedom of sea-gulls, and of youth: abandon, audacity, shudderings and horror, splendors and mirth. I feel, when a good spirit of writing is upon me, expanded, powerful, infinitely alive. As Whitman has it, —

> I am larger, better than I knew,
> I did not know I held so much goodness.

I draw deep breath, and am free to run where I will, over hill and dale, sea and city, dead ice-fields and lush, lazy tropics. I become a dweller in Eternity, and am not at all afraid to die.

And yet, when I am not writing, none of this swift wonder is with me. I have no winds and flames. Even with my friends, I am aware often that my freest self is dumb. There is no loss to them in that, perhaps, for they might not like my winds and flames at all. But it makes me sad that I cannot share with them what seems, at least, to be the happiest of me.

And then it makes me sad — but whimsically, and I hope philosophically — when, the flying windy wonder passed and my feet again on the solid roads, I know that, after all, my ecstasy and urge of seeming creation is to so small an end. For what have I said, when all is reckoned up? I have chirped like a cricket, and mourned like a dove, and laughed like a silly parrot; and there is nothing truly memorable and worthy in such chirping and mourning and laughter. I, too, shall go out into Silence, and what I have tried to sing and say shall not stand by me then.

None the less I cannot let it go unchallenged, — that passing accusation of the writing mood. For when I write, my blood is not sluggish; it dances round my heart and throbs in my throat, and for one deluded hour I dream that my words are immortal. My feet run East of the Sun and West of the Moon; and the gates of Heaven and Hell have no proud locks for me.

THE BEST-DRESSED NATION

WITHOUT wishing to take issue with this recent statement in a Sunday magazine: 'The American man, considering him in all the classes that constitute American society, is to-day the best-dressed and best-kept man in the world,' — it is nevertheless an interesting and surprising revolution that has made such a statement possible. For most of us it is easier to accept the notion, with whatever national pride it implies, than to verify it by personal observation. If true, we must be proud while we can, for it is only a question of time when the American clothing manufacturer will be addressing the Young Turks, in easy colloquial Turkish, as 'you well-dressed young fellows,' — and so on, nation by nation, until even the blond Esquimo will be snappily arrayed in our own 'Varsity models. And in this activity of the clothing manufacturer we have, perhaps, a more potent force for the creation of a uniform world-civilization than has ever before been set in motion. With all the well-dressed young fellows in a well-dressed world, getting their latest ideas in style, cut, and fabrics from the same fountain-head, war would become practically out of the question; unless, indeed, it was provoked by the rivalries of our American outfitters in some vital matter of lapels or buttons.

Ten years ago, or fifteen at most, men prided themselves on something closely approaching an indifference to dress. The attitude, we now see, was either hypocritical or based upon complete ignorance of latent possibilities. It assumed a superiority over womankind that has failed to stand the test of submitting it to what was then held a purely feminine temptation. Styles, fabrics, the modishness of this detail or the smartness of that, were essentially for the female intellect — *and especially bargains!* The male who thought seriously about these trifles, — and there were such, although many of them did little credit to the exercise as a mental stimulant, — was easily classed as a 'dude,' and none but other dudes admired him. There was a well-known axiom that a man was not to be judged by his clothes. Sex was differentiated not only by clothing, but also by its attitude toward clothing: on the one hand, an anxious, fluttering, feminine ambition to be becomingly attired; and, on the other, a stern, masculine indifference. Then a man, putting gain before tradition, began advertising clothes for men in the same way that clothes had already been advertised for women — and behold us, each arrayed in his 'Varsity model!

Human nature was, of course, responsible, and the irresistible appeal to the imagination. We young fellows (and in this matter there is really no age-limit), although not at that time the well-dressed young fellows that we have become since, saw ourselves with new eyes. The artist, enlisted by the manufacturer, showed us a vision. We became members of the leisure class; we sailed our yachts; we played tennis; we flirted in ball-rooms; we progressed to motor-cars; we shall in due course guide our own aeroplanes back and forth between our offices and our country clubs. In this new life the modishness and mannishness of our attire —

especially the mannishness, wherein we forgot how short a time ago we should have considered womanishness the proper word for this new-born interest in our personal appearance — became vital considerations. We learned to know our collar by name, to appreciate autumn effects of coloring in our autumn garments, and to realize the subtle distinction that marks the underwear of a gentleman. To-day, or rather to-night, many of us still blush in our pajamas to remember that we used to wear night—— No, it is one thing to remember, but another to mention.

> Men did not wear pajamas then.
> In reading history
> It 's hard to think of famous men
> Each in a *robe de nuit!*

And as a matter of fact we kept the leisure class sartorially on the run, for as fast as the unhappy leisure class invents 'something different' in the way of clothing, the lively manufacturer copies it for the rest of us. More than that, we resemble the advertisements. Nature again seems to be imitating art, for many of us are beginning to look like the heroes of popular fiction, made over by the same illustrators to be the heroes of popular advertisements. More than that again, we pursue bargains and are not ashamed to be caught at it. Inform us of a reduction sale of cravats and we are there in a hurry, some of us trying to match the delicate shade of our bargain neckwear with the half-hose at the next counter.

Truly a remarkable revolution! whose material proof lies in the fact that any Sunday magazine can proclaim us nationally the best-dressed and best-kept men in the world without arousing our immediate indignation. So far, however, we have not been referred to advertisingly as 'milord in his boudoir.' Probably, too, in the secret designs of Providence, it is well that we should eventually all look alike. The idea, scornfully repudiated when advanced by some of the earlier socialists, is in visible process of acceptance, and even the 'something different' in our clothing helps the movement when we all wear it together. The number of tailors which it now takes to make a man is beyond computation, but their tendency is unquestionably to make one man very like another. Life, it has been said, is the greatest University, and we are all college boys together. Fortunately we have no college yell.

As the revolution now stands, however, the wonder is that the penetrating mind of the suffragette orator has not got hold of it. Without arguing that this national male interest in dress marks an effeminization (akin to the effeminization, according to some critics, of our drama and literature) of our entire male population, it must be evident to any thoughtful observer that it gives the sexes one more characteristic in common. Neither man nor woman is less physically courageous, less masculine, or less feminine for the possession of this common characteristic. Napoleon, it will be remembered, appealed to masculine love of finery in equipping his army, but he was certainly not looking for an effeminate soldiery. And if the clothing manufacturer of the twentieth century proves himself as wise a judge of men as Napoleon, we may fairly enough take it for granted that the average manhood of us well-dressed young fellows (of all ages) is just as it was before we discovered how much our clothes really might interest us.

But even so it remains difficult to follow the clothing manufacturer so far as to agree that the young man in search of a job should begin by purchasing himself a new suit of clothes. Being well-dressed doubtless inspires self-confidence, but unless we can afford the

expense there remains the fact that it ought not to; nor, as a rule, are the employers of labor accustomed to limit their observation to the cut of a young man's jacket. Some employers of labor are still old-fashioned, and distrust swagger and smartness in the young man in search of a job. The theory that clothes make the candidate under such circumstances is somewhat akin to that other theory, advanced by the merchants who sell the imitation diamonds, that the young man in search of a job is more likely to get it if he wears a diamond. Something, a great deal in fact, still lingers of that sound old notion that the character of a man is independent of the style of his garments. Presidential candidates, for example, when they appeal to the entire electorate of this well-dressed country, have not yet found it necessary or even wise, to garb themselves in the latest 'Varsity model. And a presidential candidate who was known to spend time matching his cravat and his half-hose would be generally rejected by the electorate as a man who was already too busy to assume the cares of office.

THE ROCK AND THE POOL

THE grief of it is that I cannot reach the rock by day or by night without disturbing life that is so much finer, if less conscious, than my own. Here, beside the path, the partridge takes her Arab bath; the warm red dust is scattered with down, and rounded to the measure of the little beating breast. Here small fungi rise, jewel-bright, above the mould; touch one, never so softly, and the coral curve blackens and is marred, so delicate is the poise of its perfection. Here is a span of slender grass, flowered with the clinging bodies of moths; they spread pearl-white wings barred with brown, beautiful enough to beat about the hurrying knees of Artemis. But here Artemis never came. Those white feet of hers never shook the early rain from the elder. Only the Indian hunter may have found the rock, stooped above the rain-pool on the summit, and looked upon his own wild face, shadowed against his heritage of stars.

For from the base of the rock all growth falls away. The maple reddening with seeds, the wind-haunted birch, even the thickets of sumach and vine and partridge-berry are a little withdrawn from it. Fire shaped it. Cold smoothed it. And Time himself could give no more to this ancient of days than cupped moss in the clefts, a few fans of lichen delicate as gray foam; and in the hollow of the crest, a pool.

In the pool is gathered all the life of the rock. It is as a window whereby the deep blind existence prisoned in this iron mass of primeval matter may somehow win hearing and sight; may see his brother stars afloat upon the roads of space, the bees hurrying to the flowering basswood, or hear the last thrush in the cedar; remembering all the bird-voices of time as no more than a momentary song.

There are pools floored with brown and gray leaves, upon which the water lies as warm and still as air. There are pools rimmed with vervain and the wild rock-rose. And there are pools beneath the coronals of goldenrod, where the bumblebee clings, and the snails adventure themselves on summer evenings, and the moths go hawking early. But this pool is always clear; gray water on gray stone. It is as if no leaf fell here, no wing stayed here. This eye of the rock gazes unshadowed and unhindered into the very universe.

What answer there to the immemorial patience of the stone? I lay my

face to the face of the rock, drink the stored warmth, and let my soul go adrift in the sun and the silence. Storm was here last night; a branch fell from the old pine whose seeds have blown to the rock and withered there for twice a hundred years. Here is a little feather, black and gold. Here, beside my hand, a dead, rain-beaten bee, done with all flowers. 'O earth, my mother and maker, is all well with you?'

Only the silence, an oriole fluting through it, and the sunlight. The hurrying bees shine in it like gold. A little pine, springing on the edge of the thick thicket, lifts his tassels to it, golden-tinted. The sky falls for a moment with the voices of birds, blown past upon a breath of wind. Soon, the golden lips of the sun, and the gray lips of the wind, will drink the pool from the hollow, and it will be as if the rock slept again, a blind sleep, in which the fall of a year and the fall of a leaf are one. Only within the transient pool is shadowed the infinite; and eternity within this transient heart.

THE CHEERFUL WORKMAN

THE cheerful workman has, at one time or another, and at various hands, received at least his due meed of praise. I myself, have in times past ignorantly joined the chorus of laudation. Recently, however, when I have been dwelling by sufferance in a house inhabited by carpenters, plumbers, painters, and their respective satellites, I have been led to wonder whether the perfect artisan — could such be found — would not be profoundly glum.

It is one thing to be waked by the heavy tread of the hod-carrier; it is another to hear him mixing mortar at seven-thirty to the rhythm of Calabrian song. It is one thing to meet on one's furtive way to the bath a painter making a round of the house to admire his superior brush-work; it is a far more trying adventure to have him herald his inevitable approach by whistling a few bars from operatic comedy, and emphasize his unwelcome presence by a cheery matutinal greeting. He is an intimate, of course, but the closest friends do well to be inconspicuous and silent when encountered before breakfast. At breakfast, moreover, there is little to be said for the interchange of pleasantries overheard between carpenters in the next room. Better the pounding hammer and the rasping saw than this forced introduction to the humors of the craft. And in the dead vast and middle of a summer afternoon what could be less desirable than the voice of an adventurous plumber uplifted in patriotic song?

The reader may accuse me of being splenetic. Perhaps I am. Yet ordinarily I am not devoid of interest in the manifestations of human nature. I am not displeased by the sight of the plumber, or his 'helper,' when the day's work is ended, making merry even upon a roller-coaster. What I complain of is that, to most of the workmen among whom I dwell, every day is a lark, a playing holiday. To me the hanging of doors and the setting up of radiators seem a serious business. I am bewildered by the light-heartedness that they appear professionally to beget.

Why, since they take such pleasure in it, should the workmen of the world have demanded and obtained a shorter day? Why should they not wish to labor on from dawn to dusk? The plumber and the mason frequently rest and sing; the carpenter enjoys unequaled opportunities for conversation; and the painter, whereas after five o'clock he must pay for his beer, before five may drink the beer for which I have paid. The only reason, indeed, why the so-called working-day should

perhaps be of its present length is the necessity, felt by every man, of escaping monotony. Perhaps the painter wishes another kind of beer than mine, and perhaps the carpenter wishes daylight in which to tell his wife all about it.

From my point of view, moreover, there can be no question that the eight-hour day is a blessing. The low-comedy mason, the crab-like plumber's helper, the loquacious carpenter, and the cheerfully informative paper-hanger all depart, and leave behind them the peace of perfect tranquillity. What though there are *chevaux-de-frise* of step-ladders in the hall, mounds of shavings in what may some time be the drawing-room, muddy streaks upon an adventurous vanguard of rugs, and the smell of paint everywhere? The cheerful workman has left the scene of his merry-making.

Is he thereafter transformed, one wonders? It does not seem humanly possible that he can be so jovial for twenty-four hours on end. I should be very sorry if it were so, but I strongly suspect that out of my hearing, and at home, he becomes the morose husband and the stern parent. I should like him better, on the whole, if from eight till five he were gloomy and did his work in silence, reserving his manifestations of happiness for his own circle. I should prefer to have him automatic, easy-running, and (let me add) inexpensive to operate, like all the many devices of domestic machinery by which I have been tempted in the months past. If I knew how, I should make a workman of steel, mount him on pneumatic tires, and run him by electricity — for the greater quiet of the world. I detest his actual resemblance to sounding brass.

A NOTE FROM MR. BRADFORD

THE brief reference to General Longstreet's conversion at the close of my portrait of him in the December *Atlantic* has called forth indignant protest from many Catholics. I recognize that my words are susceptible of an interpretation which I certainly did not intend. The sole point that interested me was that a man of Longstreet's immense self-confidence, always indisposed to submit to the judgment of others, should make the most complete self-surrender in the world. Intent upon this dramatic episode, I expressed it with an uncalled-for vivacity of phrase, which I shall remove when I reprint the portrait. I had no desire whatever to stir up a controversy quite inappropriate for discussion in the pages of the *Atlantic*, and utterly out of place in an article meant for all American citizens, Protestant and Catholic alike.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

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THE COLLAPSE OF CAPITALISTIC GOVERNMENT

BY BROOKS ADAMS

I

A MARKED peculiarity of the present generation of Americans is its impatience of prolonged demands on the attention, especially if the subject be tedious, and this trait has made Theodore Roosevelt's task as a 'Progressive' much more difficult than it would have been a hundred years or so ago. No one can imagine that such papers as Hamilton, Madison, and Jay wrote for the New York local newspapers, could be printed by our daily press, or, if they were, that any one would read them, — least of all the lawyers, — and yet it is clear that Theodore Roosevelt's idea is primarily constructive, much as General Washington's was in 1787. Mr. Roosevelt's trouble has been that his audience has demanded something akin to an emotional attack on the present distribution of property, while the opposition not only has refused to give him a hearing, but has met him by unfair, not to say ferocious, misrepresentation. Notwithstanding which I apprehend that, fundamentally, Mr. Roosevelt's position is sound. The capitalistic domination of society, which has prevailed for rather more than two generations, has broken down, and men of the capitalistic type have apparently the alternative before them of adapting themselves to a new environment, or of being eliminated as every obsolete type has always been eliminated.

Were all other evidence lacking, the inference that radical changes are at hand might be deduced from the past. In the experience of the English-speaking race, about once in every three generations a social convulsion has occurred; and probably such catastrophies must continue to occur in order that laws and institutions may be adapted to physical growth. Human society is a living organism, working mechanically, like any other organism. It has members, a circulation, a nervous system, and a sort of skin or envelope, consisting of its laws and institutions. This skin, or envelope, however, does not expand automatically, as it would had Providence intended humanity to be peaceful, but is only fitted to new conditions by those painful and conscious efforts which we call revolutions. Usually these revolutions are warlike, but sometimes they are benign, as was the revolution over which General Washington, our first great 'Progressive,' presided, when the rotting Confederation, under his guidance, was converted into a relatively excellent administrative system by the adoption of the Constitution.

Taken for all in all, I conceive General Washington to have been the greatest man of the eighteenth century, but to me his greatness chiefly consists in that balance of mind which enabled him to recognize when an old order had passed away, and to perceive how a new order could be best introduced. Joseph Story was ten years old in 1789 when the Constitution was adopted; his earliest impressions, therefore, were of the Confederation, and I know no better description of the interval just subsequent to the peace of 1783, than is contained in a few lines in his dissenting opinion in the Charles River Bridge Case:—

'In order to entertain a just view of this subject, we must go back to that period of general bankruptcy, and distress and difficulty (1785). . . . The union of the States was crumbling into ruins, under the old Confederation. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce were at their lowest ebb. There was infinite danger to all the States from local interests and jealousies, and from the apparent impossibility of a much longer adherence to that shadow of a government, the Continental Congress. And even four years afterwards, when every evil had been greatly aggravated, and civil war was added to other calamities, the Constitution of the United States was all but shipwrecked in passing through the state conventions.' [1]

This crisis, according to my computation, was the normal one of the third generation. Between 1688 and 1765 the British Empire had physically outgrown its legal envelope, and the consequence was a revolution. The thirteen American colonies, which formed the western section of the imperial mass, split from the core and drifted into chaos, beyond the constraint of existing law. Washington was, in his way, a large capitalist, but he was much more. He was not only a wealthy planter, but he was an engineer, a traveler, to an extent a manufacturer, a politician, and a soldier; and he saw that, as a conservative, he must be 'Progressive' and raise the law to a power high enough to constrain all these thirteen refractory units. For Washington understood that peace does not consist in talking platitudes at conferences, but in organizing a sovereignty strong enough to coerce its subjects.

The problem of constructing such a sovereignty was the problem which Washington solved, temporarily at least, without violence. He prevailed not only because of an intelligence and elevation of character which enabled him to comprehend, and to persuade others, that, to attain a common end, all must make sacrifices, but also because he was supported by a body of the most remarkable men whom America has ever produced; men who, although doubtless in a numerical minority, taking the country as a whole, by sheer weight of ability and energy achieved their purpose.

Yet even Washington and his adherents could not alter the limitations of the human mind. He could postpone, but he could not avert, the impact of conflicting social forces. In 1789 he compromised, but he did not determine the question of sovereignty. He eluded an impending conflict by introducing courts as political arbitrators, and the expedient worked more or less well until the tension reached a certain point. Then it broke down, and the question of sovereignty had to be settled in America, as elsewhere, on the field of battle. It was not decided until Appomattox. But the function of the courts in American life is a subject which should be considered apart.

[1] Charles River Bridge *v.* Warren Bridge, 11 Peters, 608, 609.

What is material, at present, is the phenomenon presented by the rise of the 'Progressives' with Mr. Roosevelt at their head, as interpreted in the light of history.

II

If the invention of gunpowder and printing in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries presaged the Reformation of the sixteenth, and if the Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth was the forerunner of political revolutions throughout the Western World, we may well, after the mechanical and economic cataclysm of the nineteenth, cease wondering that twentieth-century society should be 'Progressive,' and busy ourselves instead with considering how far the social equilibrium which Washington established has been impaired, and, if it has been fatally impaired, what provision we have made, or can make, for our future safety.

Never since man first walked erect have his relations toward nature been so changed within the same space of time as they have been since Washington was elected President and the Parisian mob stormed the Bastille. Washington found the task of a readjustment heavy enough, but the civilization he knew was simple. When Washington lived, the fund of energy at man's disposal had not very sensibly augmented since the fall of Rome. In the eighteenth, as in the fourth century, engineers had at command only animal power, and a little wind and water power, to which had been added, at the end of the Middle Ages, a low explosive. There was nothing in the daily life of his age which made the legal and administrative principles which had sufficed for Justinian insufficient for him. Twentieth-century society rests on a basis not different so much in degree, as in kind, from all that has gone before. Through applied science infinite forces have been domesticated, and the action of these infinite forces upon finite minds has been to create a tension, together with a social acceleration and concentration, not only unparalleled, but, apparently, without limit. Meanwhile our laws and institutions have remained, in substance, constant. I doubt if we have developed a single important administrative principle which would be novel to Napoleon, were he to live again, and I am quite sure we have no legal principle younger than Justinian.

As a result, society has been squeezed, as it were, from its rigid eighteenth-century legal shell, and has passed into a fourth dimension of space, where it performs its most important functions beyond the cognizance of the law, which remains in a space of but three dimensions. Washington encountered a somewhat analogous problem when dealing with the thirteen petty independent states, which had escaped from England; but his problem was relatively rudimentary. Taking the theory of sovereignty as it stood, he had only to apply it to communities. It was mainly a question of concentrating a sufficient amount of energy to enforce order in sovereign social units. The whole social detail remained unchanged. Our conditions would seem to imply a very considerable extension and specialization of the principle of sovereignty, together with a commensurate increment of energy. Also, the twentieth-century American problem is still further complicated by the envelope in which this highly volatilized society is theoretically contained. To attain his object, Washington introduced a written organic law, which of all things is the most inflexible. No other modern nation has to consider such an impediment.

Moneyed capital I take to be stored

human energy, as a coal measure is stored solar energy; and moneyed capital, under the stress of modern life, has developed at once extreme fluidity, and an equivalent compressibility. Thus a small number of men can control it in enormous masses, and so it comes to pass that, in a community like the United States, a few men, or even, in certain emergencies, a single man, may become clothed with various of the attributes of sovereignty. Sovereign powers are powers so important that the community, in its corporate capacity, has, as society has centralized, usually found it necessary to monopolize them more or less absolutely, since their possession by private persons causes revolt. These powers, when vested in some official, as, for example, a king or emperor, have been held by him, in all Western countries at least, as a trust to be used for the common welfare. A breach of that trust has commonly been punished by deposition or death. It was upon a charge of breach of trust that Charles I, among other sovereigns, was tried and executed. In short, the relation of sovereign and subject has been based either upon consent and mutual obligation, or upon submission to a divine command; but, in either case, upon recognition of responsibility. Only the relation of master and slave implies the status of sovereign power vested in an unaccountable superior. Nevertheless, it is in a relation somewhat analogous to the latter, that the modern capitalist has been placed toward his fellow citizens, by the advances in applied science. An example or two will explain my meaning.

III

High among sovereign powers has always ranked the ownership and administration of highways. And it is evident why this should have been so. Movement is life, and the stoppage of movement is death, and the movement of every people flows along its highways. An invader has only to cut the communications of the invaded to paralyze him, as he would paralyze an animal by cutting his arteries or tendons. Accordingly, in all ages and all lands, down to the nineteenth century, nations even partially centralized have, in their corporate capacity, owned and cared for their highways, either directly or through accountable agents; and they have paid for them by direct taxes, as the Romans did, or else by tolls levied upon traffic, as many mediæval governments preferred to do. Either method answers its purpose, provided that the government recognizes its responsibility; and no government ever recognized this responsibility more fully than did the autocratic government of ancient Rome. So the absolute régime of eighteenth-century France recognized this responsibility when Louis XVI undertook to remedy the abuse of unequal taxation for the maintenance of the highways, by abolishing the corvée.

Toward the middle of the nineteenth century, the application, by science, of steam to locomotion, made railways a favorite speculation. Forthwith private capital acquired these highways, and because of the inelasticity of the old law, treated them as ordinary chattels, to be administered for the profit of the owner exclusively. It is true that railway companies posed as public agents when demanding the power to take private property; but when it came to charging for use of their ways, they claimed to be only private carriers, authorized to bargain as they pleased. Indeed, it came to be considered as a mark of efficient railroad management to extract the largest revenue possible from the peo-

ple, along the lines of least resistance; that is, by taxing most heavily those individuals and localities which could least resist. And the claim by the railroads that they might do this as a matter of right was long upheld by the courts,[1] nor have the judges even yet, after a generation of revolt and of legislation, altogether abandoned this doctrine.

The courts — reluctantly, it is true, and principally at the instigation of the railways themselves, who found the practice unprofitable — have latterly discountenanced discrimination as to persons, but they still uphold discrimination as to localities.[2] Now among abuses of sovereign power, this is one of the most galling, for of all taxes the transportation tax is perhaps that which is most searching, most insidious, and, when misused, most destructive. The price paid for transportation is not so essential to the public welfare as its equality; for neither persons nor localities can prosper when the necessaries of life cost them more than they cost their competitors. In towns, no cup of water can be drunk, no crust of bread eaten, no garment worn, which has not paid the transportation tax, and the farmer's crops must rot upon his land, if other farmers pay enough less than he to exclude him from markets toward which they all stand in a position otherwise equal. Yet this formidable power has been usurped by private persons who have used it purely selfishly, as no legitimate sovereign could have used it, and by persons who have indignantly denounced all attempts to hold them accountable, as an infringement of their constitutional rights. Obviously, capital cannot assume the position of an irresponsible sovereign, living in a sphere beyond the domain of law, without inviting the fate which has awaited all sovereigns who have denied or abused their trust.

The operation of the New York Clearing House is another example of the acquisition of sovereign power by irresponsible private persons. Primarily, of course, a clearing house is an innocent institution occupied with adjusting balances between banks, and has no relation to the volume of the currency. Furthermore, among all highly centralized nations, the regulation of the currency is one of the most jealously guarded of the prerogatives of sovereignty, because all values hinge upon the relation which the volume of the currency bears to the volume of trade. Yet, as everybody knows, in moments of financial panic, the handful of financiers who, directly or indirectly, govern the Clearing House, have it in their power either to expand or to contract the currency, by issuing or by withdrawing Clearing House certificates, more effectually perhaps than if they controlled the Treasury of the United States. Nor does this power, vast as it is, at all represent the supremacy which a few bankers enjoy over values, because of their facilities for manipulating the currency and, with the currency, credit, — facilities which are used or abused entirely beyond the reach of the law.

Bankers, at their conventions and through the press, are wont to denounce the American monetary system, and without doubt all that they say, and much more that they do not say, is true; and yet I should suppose that there can be little doubt that American financiers might, since the panic of 1893, have obtained from Congress, at most sessions, very reasonable legislation,

[1] Fitchburg R. R. *v.* Gage, 12 Gray, 393, and innumerable cases following it.

[2] See the decisions of the Commerce Court on the Long and Short-Haul Clause. Atchison, T. & S. F. Ry. *v.* United States, 191 Federal Rep., 856.

had they, first, agreed upon the reforms they demanded, and, secondly, manifested their readiness, as a condition precedent to such reforms, to submit to effective government supervision in those departments of their business which relate to the inflation or depression of values. They have shown little inclination to submit to restraint in these particulars, nor, perhaps, is their reluctance surprising, for the possession by a very small favored class of the unquestioned privilege, at recurring intervals, of subjecting the debtor class to such pressure as the creditor may think necessary, in order to force the debtor to surrender his property to the creditor at the creditor's price, is a wonder beside which Aladdin's lamp burns dim.

As I have already remarked, I apprehend that sovereignty is a variable quantity of administrative energy, which, in civilizations which we call advancing, tends to accumulate with a rapidity proportionate to the acceleration of movement. That is to say, the community, as it consolidates, finds it essential to its safety to withdraw, more or less completely, from individuals, and to monopolize, more or less strictly, itself, a great variety of functions. At one stage of civilization the head of the family administers justice, maintains an armed force for war or police, wages war, makes treaties of peace, coins money, and, not infrequently, wears a crown, usually of a form to indicate his importance in a hierarchy. At a later stage of civilization, companies of traders play a great part. Such aggregations of private and irresponsible adventurers have invaded and conquered empires, founded colonies, and administered justice to millions of human beings. In our own time, we have seen many of the functions of these and similar private companies assumed by the sovereign. We have seen the East India Company absorbed by the British Parliament; we have seen railways, and telephone and telegraph companies, taken into possession, very generally, by the most progressive governments of the world; and now we have come to the necessity of dealing with the domestic-trade monopoly, because trade has fallen into monopoly through the centralization of capital in a constantly contracting circle of ownership.

IV

Among innumerable kinds of monopolies none have been more troublesome than trade monopolies, especially those which control the price of the necessaries of life; for, so far as I know, no people, approximately free, has long endured such monopolies patiently. Nor could they well have done so without constraint by overpowering physical force, for the possession of a monopoly of a necessary of life by an individual, or by a small privileged class, is tantamount to investing a minority, contemptible alike in numbers and in physical force, with an arbitrary and unlimited power to tax the majority, not for public, but for private purposes. Therefore it has not infrequently happened that persistence in adhering to and in enforcing such monopolies has led, first, to attempts at regulation, and, these attempts failing, to confiscation, and sometimes to the proscription of the owners. An example of such a phenomenon occurs to me which, just now, seems apposite.

In the earlier Middle Ages, before gunpowder made fortified houses untenable when attacked by the sovereign, the highways were so dangerous that trade and manufactures could survive only in walled towns. An unarmed urban population had to buy its privi-

leges, and to pay for these a syndicate grew up in each town, which became responsible for the town ferm, or tax, and, in return, collected what part of the municipal expenses it could from the poorer inhabitants. These syndicates (called guilds), as a means of raising money, regulated trade and fixed prices, and they succeeded in fixing prices because they could prevent competition within the walls. Presently, complaints became rife of guild oppression, and the courts had to entertain these complaints from the outset, to keep some semblance of order; but at length the turmoil passed beyond the reach of the courts, and Parliament intervened. Parliament not only enacted a series of statutes regulating prices in towns, but supervised guild membership, requiring trading companies to receive new members upon what Parliament considered to be reasonable terms. Nevertheless, friction continued.

With advances in science, artillery improved, and, as artillery improved, the police strengthened until the king could arrest whom he pleased. Then the country grew safe and manufacturers migrated from the walled and heavily taxed towns to the cheap, open villages, and from thence undersold the guilds. As the area of competition broadened, so the guilds weakened, until, under Edward VI, being no longer able to defend themselves, they were ruthlessly and savagely plundered; and fifty years later the Court of King's Bench gravely held that a royal grant of a monopoly had always been bad at common law.[1]

Though the Court's law proved to be good, since it has stood, its history was fantastic; for the trade-guild was the offspring of trade monopoly, and a trade monopoly had for centuries been granted habitually by the feudal landlord to his tenants, and indeed was the only means by which an urban population could finance its military expenditure. Then, in due course, the Crown tried to establish its exclusive right to grant monopolies, and finally Parliament — or King, Lords, and Commons combined, being the whole nation in its corporate capacity — appropriated this monopoly of monopolies as its exclusive prerogative. And with Parliament this monopoly has ever since remained.

In fine, monopolies, or competition in trade, appear to be recurrent social phases which depend upon the ratio which the mass and the fluidity of capital, or, in other words, its energy, bears to the area within which competition is possible. In the Middle Ages, when the town walls bounded that area, or when, at most, it was restricted to a few lines of communication between defensible points garrisoned by the monopolists, — as were the Staple towns of England which carried on the wool trade with the British fortified counting-houses in Flanders, — a small quantity of sluggish capital sufficed. But as police improved, and the area of competition broadened faster than capital accumulated and quickened, the competitive phase dawned, whose advent is marked by Darcy *v.* Allein, decided in the year 1600. Finally, the issue between monopoly and free trade was fought out in the American Revolution, for the measure which precipitated hostilities was the effort of England to impose her monopoly of the Eastern trade upon America. The Boston Tea Party occurred on December 16, 1773. Then came the heyday of competition with the acceptance of the theories of Adam Smith, and the political domination in England, towards 1840, of the Manchester school of political economy.

About forty years since, in America

[1] Darcy *v.* Allein, 11 Rep. 84.

at least, the tide would appear once more to have turned. I fix the moment of flux, as I am apt to do, by a lawsuit. This suit was the Morris Run Coal Company *v.* Barclay Coal Company,[1] which is the first modern anti-monopoly litigation that I have met with in the United States. It was decided in Pennsylvania in 1871; and since 1871, while the area within which competition is possible has been kept constant by the tariff, capital has accumulated and has been concentrated and volatilized until, within this Republic, substantially all prices are fixed by a vast moneyed mass. This mass, obeying what amounts to being a single volition, has its heart in Wall Street, and pervades every corner of the Union. No matter what price is in question, whether it be the price of meat, or coal, or cotton cloth, or of railway transportation, or of insurance, or of discounts, the inquirer will find the price to be, in essence, a monopoly or fixed price; and if he will follow his investigation to the end, he will also find that the first cause in the complex chain of cause and effect which created the monopoly is that mysterious energy which is enthroned on the Hudson.

The presence of monopolistic prices in trade is not always a result of conscious agreement; more frequently, perhaps, it is automatic, and is an effect of the concentration of capital to a point where competition ceases, as when all the capital engaged in a trade belongs to a single owner. Supposing ownership to be enough restricted, combination is easier and more profitable than competition; therefore combination, conscious or unconscious, supplants competition. The inference from the evidence is that, in the United States, capital has reached, or is rapidly reaching, this point of concentration; and if this be true, competition cannot be enforced by legislation. But, assuming that competition could still be enforced by law, the only effect would be to make the mass of capital more homogeneous by eliminating still further such of the weaker capitalists as have survived. Ultimately, all the present phenomena would be intensified; nor would free trade, probably, have more than a very transitory effect. In no department of trade is competition freer than in the Atlantic passenger service, and yet in no trade is there a stricter monopoly price.

[1] 68 Pa. 173.

The same acceleration of the social movement which has caused this centralization of capital has caused the centralization of another form of human energy, which is its negative: labor unions organize labor as a monopoly. Labor protests against the irresponsible sovereignty of capital, as men have always protested against irresponsible sovereignty, declaring that the capitalistic social system, as it now exists, is a form of slavery. Very logically, therefore, the abler and bolder labor agitators proclaim that labor levies actual war against society, and that in that war there can be no truce until irresponsible capital has capitulated. Also, in labor's methods of warfare the same phenomena appear as in the autocracy of capital. Labor attacks capitalistic society by methods beyond the purview of the law, and may, at any moment, shatter the social system; while, under our laws and institutions, society is helpless.

V

Few persons, I should imagine, who reflect on these phenomena, fail to admit to themselves, whatever they may say publicly, that present social conditions are unsatisfactory, and I take the cause of the stress to be that which I have stated. We have extended the

range of applied science until we daily use infinite forces, and those forces must, apparently, disrupt our society, unless we can raise the laws and institutions which hold society together to an energy and efficiency commensurate to them. How much vigor and ability would be required to accomplish such a work may be measured by the experience of Washington, who barely prevailed in his relatively simple task, surrounded by a generation of extraordinary men, and with the capitalistic class of America behind him. Without the capitalistic class he must have failed. Therefore one momentous problem of the future is the attitude which capital will assume in this emergency.

That some of the most sagacious of the capitalistic class have preserved that instinct of self-preservation which was so conspicuous among men of the type of Washington, is apparent from the position taken by the management of the United States Steel Corporation, and by the Republican minority of the Congressional committee which recently investigated that corporation; but whether such men very strongly influence the class to which they belong is not clear. If they do not, much improvement in existing conditions can hardly be anticipated.

If capital insists upon continuing to exercise sovereign powers, without accepting responsibility as for a trust, the revolt against society must probably continue, and can be dealt with, as all servile revolts must be dealt with, only by physical force. I doubt, however, if even the most ardent and optimistic of capitalists would care to speculate deeply upon the stability of any government that capital might organize, which rested on the fundamental principle that the American people must be ruled by an army. On the other hand, any government to be effective must be strong. It is futile to talk of keeping peace in labor disputes by compulsory arbitration, if the government has not the power to command obedience to its arbitrators' decree; but a government able to constrain a couple of hundred thousand discontented railway employees to work against their will, will differ considerably from the one we have. Nor is it possible to imagine that labor will ever yield peaceful obedience to such constraint, unless capital makes equivalent concessions, — unless, perhaps, among other things, capital consents to erect tribunals which shall offer relief to any citizen who can show himself to be oppressed by the monopolistic price. In fine, a government, to promise stability in the future, must apparently be so much more powerful than any private interest, that all men will stand equal before its tribunals; and these tribunals must be flexible enough to reach those categories of activity which now lie beyond legal jurisdiction.

If it be objected to my argument that the American people are incapable of an effort so prodigious, I readily admit that this may be true, but I also contend that the objection is beside the issue. What the American people can or cannot do is a matter of opinion, but that social changes are imminent appears to be certain. Although these changes cannot be prevented, possibly they may, to a degree, be guided, as Washington guided the changes of 1789. To resist them perversely, as they were resisted at the Chicago Convention, can only make the catastrophe, when it comes, as overwhelming as was the last defeat of the Republican party.

Very largely because of the stubbornly reactionary attitude of the class which should be the most intelligent and flexible, the 'Progressives,'

with Mr. Roosevelt swept onward at their head, are drifting into a movement which evidently will be disintegrating and not constructive, and our society cannot be much further volatilized without resolving into chaos. Life is tolerable under any form of orderly government. Amid disorder it becomes intolerable. Also, amid disorder, capital perishes first. Therefore, if these premises be sound, capital has come to the parting of the ways. If it be true, as the ordinary phenomena of our daily life seem to demonstrate, that capitalists can no longer control our society as of old, while enjoying their old immunities, because, as society increases in complexity and gathers momentum, money, when expended in certain directions, is losing its purchasing power, then capitalists must seek some other than the present status if they are to maintain themselves.

Apparently the alternative offered is an absolute equality before the law, or social warfare beyond the law; and I should suppose that, as between the two, the warfare would be the more objectionable. Indeed, it might occur, even to some optimists, that capital would be fortunate were it able to secure its safety for another fifty years, on terms as favorable as these. There may be doubt, if it continue to tempt its fate as recklessly in the future as in the recent past, whether any equilibrium approximating to stability can be attained. There are plenty of dissolving societies to be observed in regions not far distant.

Accordingly, I incline to the opinion that the social problem of the immediate future resolves itself into the maintenance of order, and order is only another form of words for expressing the notion of competent sovereignty. But, I apprehend that, under modern conditions, no sovereignty can be competent, which is not so powerful that all private interests, great and small, shall be equal before it. Privileged persons must cease from using the functions of the sovereign for the purpose of enriching themselves.

Furthermore, it is clear that, if so potent a sovereignty is to be created, it must be administered by men of a very different type from that which capitalists have selected to represent them in official positions for at least a generation back. What that type shall be is immaterial, provided it be a type which can command obedience. Personally, I shall think the rising generation lucky if it can find men of the type of Mr. Roosevelt to protect it, but, if capital objects to Mr. Roosevelt the field of choice is open. Capital has only to produce some champion who can do what Mr. Roosevelt appears to be able to do, but it must develop a certain minimum of energy at its peril. So much promises to be a mechanical necessity.

Nor is this all. I take it that a preliminary concession must be made. Before Mr. Roosevelt, or any one else, can even begin the work of construction, the ground must be so cleared that construction shall be possible, and Mr. Roosevelt's political instinct never guided him more truly than when it led him to lay his finger upon the anomalous position now held by our courts, as the most vulnerable spot in our social system. All the genius of Washington and Hamilton, Jefferson and Marshall, singly or combined, could they live again, would avail nothing to deal with a condition which is irreconcilable with the first principles of administration, unless we are to sacrifice the fundamental principle of order. I have conversed with few intelligent foreigners, who have observed our institutions attentively, to whom this proposition does not seem self-

evident, and it is for this reason that foreign nations have been indisposed to adopt our system. Many, or indeed probably most, conservative Americans would regard this thesis which I present as paradoxical, but I am disposed to believe that, if they would but cast aside prejudice and calmly examine what is passing before their eyes in the light of history and universal experience, they would modify their opinion.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN WAR-TIME

BY H. G. DWIGHT

I

'THE hordes of Asia —' That phrase, fished out of what reminiscence I know not, kept running in my head as the Anatolian soldiers poured through the city. Where did they all come from? Every day, for three weeks and more, the crowded transports steamed down the Bosphorus, sometimes as many as seven or eight a day. Opposite each village the whistle blew, the men cheered, and the people on shore waved handkerchiefs and flags. When the transports came down after dark it was more picturesque. Bengal lights would answer each other between sea and land, and the cheering filled more of the silence. It somehow sounded younger, too. And it insensibly led one into sentimentalities — into imaginations of young wives and children, of old parents, of abandoned fields, of what other fields in Thrace and Macedonia.

The hordes from the Black Sea made no more than their distant impression, perhaps no less dramatic for being so; and for them Constantinople can have been simply a fugitive panorama of cypresses and minarets and waving handkerchiefs. They passed by, without stopping, to the ports of the Sea of Marmora.

Other hordes, however, poured into the city so fast that no troop-train or barracks could hold them. Hundreds, even thousands of them camped every night under the mosaics of St. Sophia. At first they all wore the new hay-colored uniform of Young Turkey. Then older reservists began to appear in the dark-blue, piped with red, of Abdul Hamid's time. Meanwhile, conscripts and volunteers of all ages and types and costumes filled the streets. It took a more experienced eye than mine, generally, to pick out a Greek or an Armenian marching to war for the first time in the Turkish ranks. The fact is, that a Roumelian or seaboard Turk looks more European than an Anatolian Christian.

Nevertheless, the diversity of the empire was made sufficiently manifest to the most inexperienced eye. The Albanians were always a striking note. Hundreds of them flocked back from Roumania in their white skull-caps and close-fitting white clothes braided with black. They are leaner and often taller than the Turks, who incline to

be thick-bodied; fairer, too, as a rule, and keener-eyed.

Something like them are the Laz from the region of Trebizond, who are slighter and darker men, but no less fierce. They have the name of being able to ride farther in less time than any other tribe of Asia Minor. Their uniforms were a khaki adaptation of their tribal dress — zouave jackets, trousers surprisingly full at the waist and surprisingly tight about the leg, and pointed hoods with long flaps knotted into a sort of turban. This comfortable Laz hood, with slight variations of cut and color, has been adopted for the whole army. I shall always remember it as a sort of symbol of that winter war.

Certain swarthy individuals from the Persian or Russian frontiers also made memorable figures, in long, black, hairy, sleeveless cloaks and tall caps of black lamb's-wool tied about with some white rag. They gave one the impression that they might be very unpleasant customers to meet on a dark night. These gentlemen, none the less, wore in their caps, like a cockade, what might have seemed to the vulgar a paint-brush, but was in reality the tooth-brush of their country. Last of all the Syrians began to appear. They were very noticeably different from the broader, flatter, fairer Anatolian type. On their heads they wore the scarf of their people bound about with a thick black cord, and on cold days some of them even draped a *bournous* over their khaki.

Just such soldiers must have followed Attila and Tamerlane and the roving horseman who founded the house of Osman; and just such pack-animals as trotted across Galata Bridge, balking whenever they came to a crack of the draw. The shaggy ponies all wore a blue bead or two, around their necks or in their manes, against the Evil Eye; and their high pack-saddles were decorated with beads or small shells or tufts of colored worsted. Nor can the songs the soldiers sang have changed much, I imagine, in six hundred years. Not that many of them sang, or betrayed their martial temper otherwise than by the dark dignity of bearing common to all men of the East. It was strange, to a Westerner, to see these proud and powerful-looking men stroll about hand in hand. Yet it went with the mildness and simplicity which are as characteristic of them as their fierceness. One of them showed me a shepherd's pipe in his cartridge-belt. That was the way to go to war, he said, — as to a wedding. Another played on a violin as he marched, a quaint little instrument like a *pochette* or *viole d'amour*, hanging by the neck from his hand. By way of contrast, I heard a regimental band march one day to the train to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.'

At the train no more emotion was visible than in the streets. The only utterance I happened to catch was from an old body who watched a regiment march into the station. 'Let them cut!' she said, half to herself and half to those about her, making a significant horizontal movement with her hand. 'Let them cut!' I heard of another who rebuked a girl for crying on a Bosphorus steamer after seeing off some member of her family. 'I have sent my husband and my son,' she said. 'Let them go. They will kill the unbelievers.'

I presume similar sentiments were often enough expressed by men. Why not, among so much ignorance and at a time of such resentment against the unbeliever? Yet I did not chance to hear anything of the sort. I was struck, on the contrary, by what seemed to me a distinctly new temper in Mohammedans. Nazim Pasha sounded the note of

it when he proclaimed that this was a political, not a holy war, and that non-combatants were to be treated with every consideration. If the proclamation was addressed partly to Europe, the fact remains that in no earlier war would a Turkish general have been capable of making it. It may be, too, that the disdain with which the Turk started out to fight his whilom vassals helped his tolerance. Nevertheless, as I somewhat doubtfully picked my way about Stamboul, the sense grew in me that the common people were, at last, capable of classifications less simple than their old one of the believing and the unbelieving.

It did not strike me, however, that even the uncommon people had much comprehension of the causes of the war. If they had I suppose there would have been no war. 'We have no peace because of this Roumelia,' said an intelligent young man to me. 'We must fight. If I die, what is it? My son at least will have peace.' Yet there was no particular enthusiasm, save such as the political parties manufactured. They organized a few picturesque demonstrations and encouraged roughs to break legation windows. But, except for the soldiers, — the omnipresent, the omnipassant hordes of Asia, — an outsider might never have guessed that anything unusual was in the air. Least of all would he have guessed it when he heard people exclaim, '*Mashallah!*' as the soldiers went by, and learned that they were saying, 'What God does will!' So far is it from Turkish nature to make a display of feeling. The nearest approach to outward enthusiasm I saw was on the day Montenegro declared war. Then smiles broke out on every face as the barefooted newsboys ran through Stamboul with their little extras. And the commonest phrase I heard that afternoon was, 'What will be, let be.'

II

Did any one dream, then, what was to be? One might have known. It was not a question of courage or endurance. Nobody, after the first surprise, doubted that. The famous hordes of Asia, — they were indeed just such soldiers as followed Attila and Tamerlane and the roving horseman who founded the house of Osman. That was the trouble with them. They had not learned that courage and endurance are not enough for modern warfare. All Europeans who have had dealings with the Turk know that he is the least businesslike of men. He is constitutionally averse to order, method, discipline, promptness, responsibility. Numbers and calculations are beyond him. It is impossible to imagine him as a banker, a financier, a partner in any enterprise requiring initiative or the higher organizing faculties. He simply has n't got them — or, at all events, he has never developed them. Moreover, there is about him a Hamlet-like indecision, which he shares with the rest of Asia. He waits until he is forced, and then he has usually waited too long for his own interest.

In spite of so many straws to show how the wind blew, the speed with which the allies succeeded in developing their campaign must have surprised the most turcophobe European. As for the Turks themselves, they have always had a fatalistic — a fatal — belief that they will one day quit Europe. Many times before and after the decisive battles, I heard the question uttered as to whether the destined day had come. But no Turk can have imagined that his army, victorious on a thousand fields, would be smashed to pieces at the first onslaught of an enemy inexperienced in war. And to have been beaten by the serfs of yesterday! But I, for one, have hardly yet the heart

to say they deserved it. I remember too well the face of a Bey in civil life whom I knew, and whom two weeks of the war had made haggard like a disease, and the look with which he said, when I expressed regret at the passing of some quaint Turkish custom, 'Everything passes in this world.' I quite understood the Turkish girls who went away in a body from a certain international school. 'We cannot bear the Bulgarians,' they said. 'They look at us —' One did not care, in those days, to meet one's Turkish friends. It was like intruding into a house of death. In this house of death, however, something more than life had been lost. And I pay my tribute to the dignity with which that great humiliation was borne.

I stood one day at a club window watching a regiment march through Pera. Two Turkish members stood near me. 'Fine-looking men!' exclaimed one — and he was right. 'How could soldiers like that have run away?' The other considered a moment. 'If we had not announced,' he said, 'that this was not a holy war, you would have seen!' I am inclined to believe there was something in his opinion. At the time, however, it reminded me of the young man who complained that Roumelia gave the Turks no peace. They were no quicker to understand the causes of their defeat than they had been to understand the causes of the war.

Not long afterwards, I spent an evening with some humble Albanians of my acquaintance. Being in a way foreigners, like myself, they could speak with more detachment of what had happened, although there was no doubt as to their loyalty to the empire. They asked my views as to the reason of the disaster. I tried, in very halting Turkish, to explain how the Turk had been distanced in the art of war and many other arts, and how war no longer required courage alone, but other qualities which the Turk does not seem to possess. I evidently failed to make my idea intelligible. Having listened with the utmost politeness, my auditors proceeded to give me their own view of the case.

The one who presented it most eloquently had been himself a soldier in the Turkish army. It was under the old régime, too, when men served seven and nine years. He attributed the universal rout of the Turks not to the incompetence, but to the cupidity, of their officers. He believed like his companions, and I doubt if anything will ever shake their belief, that the officers, from Nazim Pasha down, had been bribed by the allies. What other possible explanation could there be of the fact that soldiers starved amid plenty, and that Mohammedans — saving my presence! — ran from Christians? As for the European ingenuities that I made so much of, the ships, the guns, the railroads, the telephones, the automobiles, the aeroplanes, why should the Turks break their heads learning to make them when they could buy them ready-made from Europe? After all, what you need in war is a heart, and not to be afraid to die. My Albanian then went on to criticize, none too kindly, the Young Turk officer. In his day, he said, most of the officers rose from the ranks. They had been soldiers themselves, they understood the soldiers, and they could bear hardship like soldiers. The Young Turks, however, had changed all that. The ranked officers had been removed to make room for young *mekteblis*, schoolmen, who knew nothing of their men or of war. They knew how to wear a collar perhaps, or how to turn up their moustaches *à la Guillaume*, but not how to sleep on the ground; and when the Bulgarians fired they ran away.

III

The crowning bitterness was the attitude of Europe. In the beginning Europe had loudly announced that she would tolerate no change in the status quo. How then did Europe come to acquiesce so quickly in the accomplished fact? Why did Germany, the friend of Abdul Hamid, and England, the friend of Kiamil Pasha, and France, the friend of everybody, raise no finger to help? I am not the one to suggest that Europe should have done otherwise. There is a logic of events which sometimes breaks through diplomatic twaddle — a just logic, drawing into a common destiny those who share common traditions and speak a common tongue. I make no doubt that Austria-Hungary, to mention only one example, will one day prove it to her cost. Nevertheless, I am able to see that there is a Turkish point of view, and that it must seem very hard, having been helped so often, not to be helped once more.

I remember, apropos of that point of view, an old lady who watched a cheering transport steam down the Bosphorus. Long after the armistice had been signed they continued to bring their hordes.

'Poor things! Poor things!' exclaimed my old lady. 'The lions! You would think they were going to a wedding!' And then turning to me she asked, 'Can you tell me, *Effendim*, why it is that all Europe is against us? Have we done no good in six hundred years?'

It was a very profound question the old lady asked me. I made no pretense of answering it then, nor can I hope to answer it now. Yet it has remained insistently in the back of my mind ever since. I might, to be sure, have said what so many other people are saying: —

'Madam, most certainly you have done no good in six hundred years. It is solely because of the evil you have done that you enjoy any renown in the world. You have done nothing but burn, pillage, massacre, defile, and destroy. Your horsemen have stamped out civilization wherever they have trod, and what you were in the beginning you are now. Your conqueror, the Bulgarian, has advanced more in one generation than you have in twenty. You still cling to the forms of a bloody and barbaric religion, but for what it teaches of truth and humanity you have no ear. You make one justice for yourself, and one for the owner of the land you have robbed. Your word has become a by-word among the nations. And you are too proud or too lazy to learn. You fear and try to imitate the West; but of the toil, the patience, the thoroughness, the perseverance, that are the secret of the West, you have no inkling. You will not work yourself, and you will not let others work — unless for your pocket. You have no industry, no science, no art, no literature worth the name. You are incapable of building a road or a ship. You take everything from others — only to spoil it, like those territories where you are now at war, like this city which was once the glory of the world. You have no shadow of right to this city or to those territories. The graves of your ancestors are not there. You took them by the sword and you have slowly ruined them, like everything else that comes into your hand. It is only just that you should lose them by the sword. For your sword was the one thing you knew how to use, and now even that has rusted in your hand. You are rotten through and through. That is why Europe is against you. Go back to your tents in Asia and see if you will be capable of learning something in another six hundred years.'

So might I have answered my old lady — had my Turkish been good enough. But I should scarcely have convinced her. Nor should I quite have convinced myself. For while it is a simple and often very refreshing disposal of a man to damn him up and down, it is not one which really disposes of him. He still remains there, solid and unexplained. So while my reason tells me how incompetent a man the Turk is from most Western points of view, it reminds me that other men have been incompetent as well, and even subject to violent inconsistencies of character; that this man is a being in evolution with reasons for becoming what he is, to whom Dame Nature may not have given her last touch.

In this liberal disposition my reason is no doubt quickened, I must confess, by the fact that I am at heart a friend of the Turk. It may be merely association. I have known him many years. But there is about him something which I cannot help liking — a simplicity, a manliness, a dignity. I like his fondness for water, and flowers, and green meadows, and spreading trees. I like his love of children. I like his perfect manners. I like his sobriety. I like his patience. I like the way he faces death. One of the things I like most about him is what has been most his undoing — his lack of any commercial instinct. I like, too, what no one has much noticed, the artistic side of him. I do not know Turkish enough to appreciate his literature, and his religion forbids him — or he imagines it does — to engage in the plastic arts. But in architecture and certain forms of decoration he has created a school of his own. It is not only that the Turkish quarter of any Anatolian town is more picturesque than the others; the old palace of the Sultans in Constantinople, certain old houses I have seen, the mosques, the theological schools, the tombs, the fountains, of the Turks, are an achievement which deserves a more serious study than has been given it. You may tell me that these things are not Turkish, because they were modeled after Byzantine originals or because Greeks and Persians had much to do with building them. But I shall answer that every architecture was derived from another, in days not so near our own, and that, after all, it was the Turk who created the opportunity for the foreign artist and ordered what he wanted.

I have, therefore, as little patience as possible with the Gladstonian view of the unspeakable Turk. When war ceases, when murders take place no more in happier lands, when the last riot is quelled, and the last Negro lynched, it will be time to discuss whether the Turk is by nature more or less bloody than other men. In the meantime I beg to point out that he is, as a matter of fact, the most peaceable, with the possible exception of the Armenian, of the various tribes of his empire. Kurd, Laz, Arab, and Albanian, are all quicker with their blades. To his more positive qualities, I am by no means alone in testifying. If I had time for chapter and verse I might quote foreign officers in the Turkish service and a whole literature of travel — to which Pierre Loti has contributed his share. But I admit that this is a matter in which Pierre Loti may be as unsafe a guide as Mr. Gladstone. Neither leads one any nearer to understanding the strange case of the Turk: why, individually so honest, he is corporately so corrupt; why some strange infection seizes him as soon as he begins to rise in the world; why he can never keep a thing going; what it is that apparently makes him incapable of what we glibly call progress.

To understand him at all, I think, one needs to take a long view of history.

For some reason the Turk has lagged in his development. He is to all intents and purposes a mediæval man. And it is not fair to judge him by the standards of the twentieth century.

It would be rather strange, and the world would be much poorer than it is, if humanity had marched from the beginning in a single phalanx — if the world had been one great India, or one great Egypt, or one great Greece. The Turk, then, as I have no need of insisting, is a mediæval man. And one reason why he is so must be that he has a much shorter heritage of civilization than the countries of the West. He is a new man, as well as a mediæval one. In Europe and in Asia alike, he is a parvenu, who came on the scene long after every one else. It is only verbally that the American is a newer man, for in the thirteenth century, when the warlike Turkish nomads first began to make themselves known, the different states which have contributed to form America were already well established, while India, China, and Japan had long before reached a high degree of civilization.

It seems to me that this fact may well account for much of the backwardness of the Turk. He has a much thinner deposit of heredity in his brain-cells. It is conceivable, too, that another matter of heredity may enter into it. Whether civil life originated in Asia or not, it is certain that, of existing civilizations, the Oriental are older than the Occidental. Perhaps, therefore, the Asiatic formed the habit of pride and self-sufficiency. Then, as successive tides of emigration rolled away, Asia was gradually drained of everything that was not the fine flower of conservatism. He who believed that whatever is is best, stayed at home. The others went in search of new worlds, and found them not only in the field of empire, but in those of science and art. This continual skimming of the adventurous element can only have confirmed Asia in the habit of mind so perfectly expressed by the Book of Ecclesiastes. And the Turk, who was one of the last adventurers to emerge from Asia, impelled by what obscure causes we know not, must have a profound racial bent toward the belief that everything is vanity and vexation of spirit. He asks himself what is the use, and lets life slip by.

Many people have held that there is something in Islam which automatically arrests the development of those who profess it. I cannot think, myself, that this thesis has been sufficiently proved. While no one can deny that religion, and particularly that Islam, is a great cohesive force, it seems to me that people make religions, not that religions make people. The principles at the root of all aspiring life — call it moral, ethical, or religious, as you will — exist in every religion. And organized religion has everywhere been responsible for much of the fanaticism and disorder of the world. For the rest, I find much in Mohammedanism to admire. There is a nobility in its stern monotheism, disdaining every semblance of trinitarian subtleties. Its daily services impress me as being a simpler and more dignified expression of worship than our self-conscious Sunday mornings with their rustling pews and operatic choirs. Then the democracy of Islam and much of what it inculcates with regard to family and civil life are worthy of all respect, to say nothing of the hygienic principles which it succeeded in impressing at a very early stage upon a primitive people. At the same time there can be no doubt that Mohammedanism suffers from the fact that it was designed, all too definitely, for a primitive people. Men at a higher stage of evolution than were the Arabs of the seventh century

require no religious sanctions to keep themselves clean. For them the social system of Islam, with its degrading estimate of woman, is distinctly anti-social. And many of them must find the Prophet's persuasions to the future life a little vulgar.

The question is, whether they will be able to modernize Islam. It will be harder than modernizing Christianity, for the reason that Islam is a far minuter system. Is there not something moving in the spectacle of a people committed to an order which can never prevail? Even for this one little ironic circumstance it can never prevail, in our hurrying modern world, because it takes too much time to be a good Mohammedan. But the whole order is based on a conception which the modern world does not admit. The word Islam means resignation, submission to the will of God. And there can be no doubt that the mind of Islam is saturated with that spirit. Why does one man succeed and another fail? It is the will of God. Why do some recover from illness and others die? It is the will of God. Why do empires rise and fall? It is the will of God. Any man who literally believes such a doctrine is lost.

It would be an interesting experiment to see what two generations, say, of education might do for the Turks. By education I mean no more than the three Rs, enough history and geography to know that Turkey is neither the largest nor the most ancient empire in the world, and some fundamental scientific notions. It is incredible how large a proportion of Turks are illiterate, and what fantastic views of the world and their place in it the common people hold. To nothing more than this ignorance must be laid a great part of Turkey's troubles. But another part is due to the character of the empire which it befell the Turk to conquer. If he had happened, like ourselves, into a remote and practically empty land, he might have developed a civilization of his own. Or if he had conquered a country inhabited by a single race, he would have had a better chance. Or if, again, he had appeared on the scene a few centuries earlier, before Europe had had time to get so far ahead of him, and before an increasing ease of communication made it increasingly difficult for one race to absorb another, he might have succeeded in assimilating the different peoples that came under his sway.

Why the conquerors did not exterminate or forcibly convert the conquered Christians has always been a question with me. It may have been a real humanity on the part of the early sultans, who without doubt were remarkable men, and perhaps wished their own wild followers to acquire the culture of the Greeks. Or it may have been a politic deference to new European neighbors. In any case, I am inclined to believe that it was, from the Turkish point of view, a mistake. For the Turk has never been able to complete his conquest. On the contrary, by recognizing the religious independence of his subjects, he gave them weapons to win their political independence. And beset by enemies, within and without, he has never had time to learn the lessons of peace. More than that, he has never been made to feel their need. He walked into a ready-made empire. He consequently proceeded to enjoy a ready-made greatness. It happened that the strategic position of the empire maintained the illusion. He has rarely had to stand or fall by the consequences of his own acts. For the past hundred years the greatness of the Turkish Empire has been more than ever a fiction, maintained solely by the jealousies of covetous neighbors. If England, if France,

if Germany, were to be left to-morrow without a bayonet or a battleship, they would still be great powers, by the greatness of their economic, their intellectual, their artistic life. But Turkey has no other greatness than can be measured by bayonets and kilometres. The Turk has played the rôle of a great power without the ability to govern one village. Forever protected against the consequences of his own folly, how should he learn to govern a village? He has not stood on his own feet. But now, stripped of his most distant and most disparate provinces, enlightened by humiliation as to the real quality of his greatness, he may, perhaps, if it is not too late, begin at last to live and learn.

IV

After the hordes of Asia that went so proudly away, it was a very different horde that began very soon to trickle back. No bands accompanied them this time, and if any of them had violins or shepherds' pipes they lost them in the fields of Thrace. It was pitiful to see how silently, how almost secretly, those broken men came back. One would occasionally meet companies of them on the bridge or in the vicinity of a barracks, in their gray ulsters and pointed gray hoods, shuffling along so muddy, so ragged, so shoeless, so gaunt and bowed, that it was impossible to believe they were the same men. Most of them, however, came in the night. Two or three pictures are stamped in my memory as characteristic of those melancholy times. The first I happened to see when I moved into town for the winter, a few days after Kirk Kilissé. When I landed at dusk from a Bosphorus steamer, with more luggage than would be convenient to carry, I found to my relief that the vicinity of the wharf was crowded with cabs — scores of them. But not one would take a fare. They had all been commandeered for ambulance-service. Near the first ones stood a group of women, Turkish and Christian, silently waiting. Some of them were crying. Another time, coming home late from a dinner party, I passed a barracks which had been turned into a hospital. At the entrance stood a quantity of cabs, all full of hooded figures that were strangely silent and strangely lax in their attitudes. No such thing as a stretcher was visible. Up the long flight of stone steps two soldiers were helping a third. His arms were on their shoulders and each of them had an arm about him. One foot he could not use. In the flare of a gas-jet at the top of the steps a sentry stood in his big gray coat, watching. The three slowly made their way to him and disappeared within the doorway.

After Lule Burgas there was scarcely a barracks, or a guard-house, or a mosque, or a school, or a club, or an empty house, that was not turned into an impromptu hospital.

In the face of so great an emergency, every one, Mohammedan or Christian, native or foreigner, took some part in relief work. A number of Turkish ladies of high rank and the wives of the ambassadors had already organized sewing-circles. Madame Bompard, I believe, the French ambassadress, was the first to call the ladies of her colony together to work for the wounded. Mrs. Rockhill gave up her passage for America in order to lend her services. Although our embassy is much smaller than the others, a room was found for a workshop, a sailor from the dispatch boat Scorpion cut out, after models furnished by the Turkish hospitals, and the Singer Company lent sewing-machines to any, indeed, who wanted them for this humanitarian use. America had a further share in these operations in that the coarse cotton used in

most of the work is known in this part of the world as American cloth. And shall I add that the wives of the British ambassador and of the Belgian and Swedish ministers are Americans? Lady Lowther organized activities of another but no less useful kind, to provide for the families of poor soldiers and for the refugees. In the German embassy a full-fledged hospital was installed by order of the Emperor. At the same time courses in bandaging and nursing were opened in various Turkish and European hospitals. And Red Cross missions came from abroad in such numbers that after the first rush of wounded was over it became a question to know what to do with the Red Cross.

There is also a Turkish humane society, which is really the same as the Red Cross, but which the Turks, more umbrageous than the Japanese with regard to the Christian symbol, call the Red Crescent. Foreign doctors and orderlies wore the Turkish device on their caps or sleeves, and at first a small red crescent was embroidered, by request, on every one of the thousands of pieces of hospital linen contributed by foreigners. It is a pity that a work so purely humanitarian should in so unimportant a detail as a name arouse the latent hostility between two religious systems. Is it too late to suggest that some badge be devised which will be equally acceptable to all the races and religions of the world? To this wholly unnecessary cause must be attributed much of the friction that took place between the two organizations. But I think it was only in irresponsible quarters that the Red Cross symbol was misunderstood. At a dinner given by the Prefect of Constantinople, in honor of the visiting missions, it was an interesting thing, for Turkey, to see the hall decorated with alternate crescents and crosses.

This relief work marked a date in Turkish feminism, in that Turkish women, for the first time, acted as nurses in hospitals. They covered their hair, as our own Scripture recommends that a woman should do, but they went unveiled. Women also served in humbler capacities, and something like organized work was done by them in the way of preparing supplies for the sick. A lady who attended nursing lectures at a hospital in Stamboul told me that her companions, many of whom were of the lower classes, went to the hospital as they would to the public bath, with food for the day tied up in a painted handkerchief. There they squatted on the floor and smoked as they sewed, resenting it a little when a German nurse in charge suggested more stitches and fewer cigarettes.

The barracks and guard-houses allotted to some of the missions were augean stables which required herculean efforts to clean them out. It was the more curiously characteristic because even the lower-class Turk is always cleanly. His ritual ablutions make him more agreeable at close quarters than Europeans of the same degree. I have one infallible way of picking out Christian from Turkish soldiers—by their nails. The Turk's are sure to be clean. And in his house he has certain delicacies undreamed of by us. He will not wear his street shoes indoors. He will not eat without washing his hands before and after the meal. He considers it unclean, as after all it is, to wash his hands or his body in standing water. Yet vermin he regards as a necessary evil, while corporate cleanliness, like anything else requiring organization and perseverance, seems to be entirely beyond him.

Of the Turk, as patient, I heard nothing but praise. I take the more pleasure in saying it because I have hinted that, in other capacities, the Turk does

not always strike a foreign critic as perfect. I had it again and again, from one source after another, that the soldiers made perfect patients, docile and uncomplaining, in many ways like great children, but touchingly grateful for what was done for them. It has become quite a habit for one of them who can write to send a letter to the Turkish papers in the name of his ward, expressing thanks to the doctors and nurses. It must be a new and strange thing for most of the men to have women not of their families caring for them. They take a natural interest in their nurses, expressing a particular curiosity with regard to their *état civil*, and wishing them young, rich, and handsome husbands when they do not happen to be already provided with such. But I have heard of no case of rudeness that could not be explained by the patient's condition. On the contrary, an English nurse told me that she found an innate dignity and fineness about the men which she would never expect from the same class of patients in her own country.

I am not very fond of going to stare at sick people, but I happened for one reason or another to visit several hospitals, and I brought away my own very distinct, if very hasty, impressions. I remember most vividly a hospital installed in a building which, in times of peace, is an art school. Opposite the door of one ward, by an irony of which the soldiers in the beds could hardly be aware, stood a Winged Victory of Samothrace. Samothrace itself had a few days before been taken by the Greeks. The Victory was veiled, partly, I suppose, to keep her clean, and partly out of deference to Mohammedan susceptibilities; but there she stood, muffled and mutilated, above the beds of thirty or forty broken men of Asia. I shall always remember the look in their eyes, mute and humble and grateful and uncomprehending, as we passed from bed to bed giving them sweets and cigarettes. The heads that showed above the thick colored quilts were covered with white skull-caps, for an Oriental cannot live without something on his head. It is a point both of etiquette and of religion.

Those who were further on the way to recovery prowled mildly about in baggy white pajamas and quilted coats of more color than length. They had an admirable indifference as to who saw them. A great many had a left hand tied up in a sling — a hand, I suppose, which some Bulgarian had seen sticking, with a gun-barrel, out of a trench in Thrace. Some limped painfully or went on crutches. But it was not often because of a bullet. There have been a vast number of cases of gangrene, simply from ill-fitting shoes or from putties too tightly bound, which hands were too weak or too numb to undo. There have been fewer resulting amputations than would be the case in other countries. Not a few of the soldiers refused to have their legs cut off. Life would be of no further use to them, they said. I heard of one who would not go maimed into the presence of Allah. He preferred to die. And he did, without a word, without a groan, waiting silently till the poison reached his heart.

A European nurse told me that in all her long experience she had never seen men die like these ignorant Turkish peasants — so simply, so bravely, so quietly. They really believe, I suppose. In any case, they are of Islam, resigned to the will of God. After death they must lie in a place with no door or window open, for as short a time as possible. A priest performs for them the last ritual ablution, and then they are hurried silently away to a shallow grave.

BOOK-PUBLISHING AND ITS PRESENT TENDENCIES

BY GEORGE P. BRETT

Not very long ago a bookseller, whose name is known in this country, I think, wherever books are sold, told me that he was very much surprised at the lack of growth in volume of the trade in books. His remark was apropos of the number of novels sold, his statement being that, while the number of new novels published in any year was constantly increasing, by leaps and bounds, the total number of such novels sold, as far as his experience was concerned, was no greater than when the number of separate novels issued was less; the combined sale of the thousand or so new novels published in a recent year being very little greater than the combined sale of the much smaller number of novels issued ten or a dozen years ago.

This fact, if it is one, and statements of similar purport from other booksellers throughout the country, from time to time, have tended to confirm the opinion of my informant, would seem to show that the book-reading public is a more or less constant one in point of numbers; and perhaps, also, it would show that this public, even for works of fiction, does not grow in proportion to the general growth of the population, and especially that its growth is not nearly commensurate with the growth of the population in education and wealth, with the accompanying increase in leisure and general culture.

What was said in regard to the sale of works of fiction is, I am afraid, even more true of the sale of serious books, such as volumes of essays, the lighter works of travel, and new volumes of poetry, and the like; works which are generally referred to as volumes of general literature, the sale of which, so far as information generally received from the booksellers is to be relied upon, seems actually to have decreased in recent years rather than to have enjoyed that increased sale which would have been so natural in view of the continued wide prosperity throughout the country. And this becomes the more surprising when the much larger number of books of general literature issued by the publishers in recent years is considered.

The number of books published in the United States has, in fact, increased very greatly in the last ten years or so. In the year 1901, which was an active one in the publishing world, about eight thousand volumes were produced, whereas in 1910 the much greater number of thirteen thousand new publications was issued, and the prospects for the current year indicate an even larger number of new volumes. The increase in number of books published is more or less uniform in all departments of literature, but it is especially notable, as might have been expected, in view of the present unrest and the discontent in existing conditions, that a very great increase has occurred in the number of books issued in the last few years on socialism and its allied subjects, while the growth of the spirit of humanitarianism in the country may be traced in the considerable number

of new books which are being issued, devoted to social betterment and philanthropic studies and kindred topics.

These two classes of books are among the most interesting signs of the times, the books on socialistic subjects showing how widely the criticism of our existing system has entered into the thought of our times, and how many persons must be devoting their efforts to attempts at the solution of the problems of the present unrest. And, on the other hand, the growth in the number and importance of volumes issued in what may be called works of social betterment, show conclusively the growth of the spirit of social service, looking toward the betterment of conditions for all classes of the community.

Some cynic has suggested that 'The printed part, tho' far too large, is less than that which yet unprinted waits the press.' As a matter of fact, the number of books that appear in print is usually only about two per cent of the total number of manuscripts submitted to the publishers for examination, so that the large total in the number of volumes issued indicates very clearly a larger number of persons who are interested and occupied in the writing of books. If the above rule holds good, it is possible by considering the number of books published in any subject, or group of subjects, to get some general idea of the total number of manuscripts submitted on the subject, and its consequent growth or decline in public esteem.

If we turn to the reason for the failure to secure, for the much larger number of volumes annually published, that increase in sale which would seem only natural under the circumstances, and without which both authors and publishers must fail to receive the reward of their labors, it is to be found, I think, in the problems of distribution as applied to books; the distribution problem being the greatest of all problems of modern times, and the one which is engaging the attention of all who have to do with the supplying of the needs of the community, whether of staple articles or of those wanted merely for the public's amusement and gratification.

Publishers of books of general literature (miscellaneous publishers, as these houses are termed in the trade) have shown in recent years a tendency to enlarge the scope of their operations so as to include the publication of magazines, of books on medical or legal subjects, and especially of school and college text-books, all of which are branches of the publishing business heretofore largely monopolized by publishers dealing solely with works of one of these classes. This tendency is becoming constantly more marked, so that we hear of one publisher who, up to a few years ago, had issued books of general literature only, who now has an estimated business of more than a million dollars a year in elementary school books. Another has recently supplied some millions of Readers to the grade schools; and a third has developed so large a 'subscription' trade in connection with the sale of his magazines, that this department of his business alone has far surpassed his general publishing in importance and in the amount of business transacted. In fact, among the larger publishers of the country, that is, those who carry on the business of book-publishing in its original meaning, and as it is still understood by the general public, there now remain only a few who confine their publications to books in general literature, which are offered for sale solely through the booksellers.

The reasons for this change in the methods and policies of the large publishers of the day are many, and perhaps

no two observers would agree as to the causes which have brought it about. Those who hold it to be a natural evolution showing the tendency of all business to develop in bigness until the proportions of a 'trust' are reached, may defend it on the same grounds on which they justify the enormous growth, in recent years, of general stores where every known want of the average buyer may be satisfied. The minority may still deplore the passing of the publisher with a small list of the higher classes of works in general literature and better titles, just as the individual purchaser of articles of general merchandise misses the special merchant, dealing in a single class of wares, whose existence has been made precarious by the competition of the modern dry-goods emporium, where anything from a needle to an elephant may be purchased.

The publication of books of general literature is by far the most interesting part of the publishing business, and the fact that our miscellaneous publishers are taking up other branches of the work can only mean that the publication of works in general literature has become the less profitable branch of the business. The discovery, among the manuscripts submitted to the publisher, of a new work of value and importance, and the finding of promise in the work of a new author, are among the keenest of all pleasures; and after many years of experience I can still say that it is the sort of pleasure that never fails to produce its thrill of satisfaction; and the zest continues without diminution, so that the search is just as keen and as anxious after many years as when the first manuscript submitted to me came into my hands.

Publishers, because of their having added the more profitable branches of publishing above referred to, to their publishing of books of general literature, need not necessarily be accused of merely mercenary motives if, by taking this step, they enable themselves to continue the publication of books of poetry or art, which, as I have shown, bring to them greatly both pleasure and satisfaction, and the knowledge that the influence of such books is of benefit to the community, even if little comes in the way of monetary returns from such ventures. The profits from the sale of school-books or magazines could not be better employed than in 'mothering' the publication of works of real and lasting value in general literature.

The indifference of the public to the new books of the day (not fiction) is commonly blamed for the changes in publishing methods. The assertion is not seldom heard that the audience, as evidenced by the sales of such books, is smaller than it was twenty years or more ago. But this indifference of the public may be more apparent than real. Certainly it is idle to blame the public while ignoring the principal factors which have brought about the present situation. The publisher and the bookseller alike must confess that the lack of sales of works of literature is primarily due to the inadequacy of present methods of distribution. Practically the sole means for the bringing of such works to the attention of the public is still the booksellers' shops, with shelves and tables already overcrowded by the enormous output of the day's fiction.

The outpouring of novels is so great that a recent authority states that the life of a 'best-seller' novel is now little longer than a month, as compared with a period of popularity extending over several years, when the vogue of the 'best-seller' first became a feature in book-publishing. Moreover, the bookseller's shop, unfortunately for the

publisher and for the author of such books as those to which I am referring, has never been a resort for the general public; and, if I am not mistaken, the number of books in general literature (not fiction) sold by the booksellers, does not increase year by year. Certainly the number of all books sold by the booksellers does not increase in proportion to the increase in the growth of population and the much greater increase in the education, culture, and buying power of the people.

No publisher has yet been clever enough to solve the great modern problem of distribution of his books. It was Dr. Edward Everett Hale, if I mistake not, who pointed out some years ago that no book of general literature had ever been adequately distributed or *published* (in the literal sense), and the difficulties of distribution, and especially the costs of distribution, have greatly increased since then. To have published a worthy and distinguished book is, as I have already pointed out, a matter of high satisfaction to a publisher of the right sort, critics of publishers and publishing methods to the contrary notwithstanding; yet, to know, or to feel morally certain, that thousands of his fellow citizens would value the work as greatly as the publisher himself appreciates it, must be a matter for despair if no effective or practical means exists for bringing it to their attention.

Some years ago the publisher's task was a happier and easier one, for then there were, in considerable numbers, among the general public, book-lovers whose chief delight consisted in the discovery of the new author and the new book of merit. The discoverer would tell all his friends of his 'find,' to the great advantage of the publisher and author. Many a dinner-table in those days was made pleasant by such bookish talk. It is, alas, very rare today. The late Goldwin Smith, the last time the writer saw him in New York, remarked that he had not heard a book mentioned at a dinner-table for several years.

The publishers themselves are largely to blame for the disappearance of the book-taster, as a class, by having adopted for their wares the slogan of modern 'efficient' business: 'Take the goods to the customer' — a method which results in my receiving twenty or so circular letters a day, which go into the waste-paper basket unread, and has so filled our blanket newspapers with advertisements that my eyes have become trained until I think I can say that I never see the advertisements in my morning newspaper. Perhaps this is a peculiarity of mine, but I suspect it is becoming general with the public. At least on one occasion lately, an author complained to me that his book was never advertised. In reply I pointed out to him an advertisement of the book in question in the newspaper in his hand, which he confessed to have been reading on his way to my office.

The publisher who discovers or invents a new method which shall be both practical and effective for the distribution of books of general literature, will confer a boon upon the author, whose book will then be sold to all possible purchasers; upon the public, many individuals of which would gladly buy some books, now on the publishers' shelves, of which, under the present methods, they will never learn; and especially upon the publishers themselves, whose profits increase greatly as increasing numbers of copies of a work are sold, and whose lack of profits on publications of these classes is due almost entirely to their failure to find practical methods for the distribution of such books.

Complaint is frequently made of the prices at which publishers sell their

books, and the lack of sale is often laid to this fact of the alleged excessive selling-price. Publishers themselves are the first to recognize the theoretical justice of these complaints. The book of 350 12mo pages, *after the plates are paid for by the sale of the first edition*, costs the publisher, for manufacture and author's royalty, usually less than fifty cents. The price to the public is a dollar and a half or thereabouts. The publisher's difficulty in reducing the price at retail lies in the fact that the majority of such books published under present methods do not sell beyond the first editions, the costs of which include a large initial outlay for the printing plates. If modern 'efficient' business methods are used for the purpose of 'bringing the goods to the customer,' the situation is not improved, for then the profits even of the second and subsequent editions may be inadequate for systematic and sustained advertising of commodities, such as books, which are still, in these days of cheap magazines and Sunday supplements, *caviare* to the majority of the public. A high-class automobile which sells to the public at five thousand dollars, costs, I am credibly informed, less than a thousand dollars to manufacture. A quart of milk costs three cents or thereabouts on the farm; the customer pays ten cents for it. In each of these cases the methods of distribution are as inadequate, or nearly so, as are the methods of distribution of books, and the costs of distribution are an even greater percentage of the price the public pays than is the case with books.

This question of distribution is one which I think is of fully as great importance to the public as to either the publisher or the author. It has been well said that 'among the most satisfying of all pleasures is the pleasure of reading'; and as Henry Ward Beecher said, 'Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life. A little library, growing larger each year, is an honorable part of a man's history. It is a man's duty to have books.' The public may, moreover, well take a greater interest in the sale of books because of their educational value, which is of great importance to a nation growing with such rapidity as our own, and made up of so great a proportion of foreign peoples, unfamiliar with our ideas of liberty and order. In such a country as our own, the dissemination of knowledge and information regarding good books may well be regarded as educational work of the highest value and importance.

Especially is the distribution of good books important to a nation approaching the limit of its free land, foreseeing a time when its material resources will no longer be considered inexhaustible, and with a constantly growing discontent and criticism of existing conditions, an unrest only too likely to lead to social and political experiments of doubtful value. The American people, in this time of rapid change, needs nothing else so much as the calm judgment that comes from a knowledge of the best literature, so that I make no excuse for asking the public to take a hand and give the publishers their aid in solving the problem of efficient book-distribution, a problem which has so far seemed too difficult for the publishers and booksellers themselves to solve.

But if this question of the better distribution of books in general literature is important to the public, and of great concern to the publisher, to the author it is vital. The publishers are able to turn their energies, as we have seen, to the publication of other classes of books or of magazines, and the public, in large part, has hitherto displayed an

indifference in regard to the matter which may not disappear until the American people shall find itself without a literature representing the current life and thought of the people. But the author is more intimately affected, because, under the present conditions, many books of high quality either fail of publication entirely, or return very little or nothing to their creators. Indeed, the author's royalties from the sales of books of this class, which often represent months or years of painstaking effort, are sometimes so small as barely to pay the actual cost of the paper and typewriting of the manuscript which is submitted to the publisher for approval.

The way out of the difficulties in which the publishers of works in general literature find themselves, lies, I feel sure, in the direction of issuing such works at lower prices. In both France and Germany new books are sold for much less than with us, and while in Great Britain new books are as dear as they are here, many more books are successfully published in cheap editions than is the case here. Such experiments, however, as have as yet been made in publishing new books (apart from fiction) in this country at low prices, have not been successful, because, in my judgment, the present methods of distribution, inadequate at best, are particularly ill-adapted to render efficient service on the more economical basis demanded by the lower prices. That a very large public exists, however, which will purchase new books, well printed and bound, and at low prices, I have no doubt. Many of the books which appear every year, and have now but a small sale, are well calculated to give pleasure and delight to thousands if offered at a moderate price, and if a means of distribution for them could be found at a moderate cost.

If, then, means can be found by which books will attain the wide sale which so many of them thoroughly deserve, the author, instead of doing his work merely for the satisfaction which it gives him to publish his thoughts and ideas, — in itself a not inconsiderable reward it is true, — may also obtain some pecuniary reward in return for his labors. Even here it cannot be gainsaid that the laborer is worthy of his hire. But given the possibility of a successful trial of the experiment, the author, if he is to reap the increased harvest, must be far-sighted enough to recognize that one of the necessary conditions is a reduction of the present nominally heavy rates of royalty. The successful experiments in the publishing of cheap editions of books abroad are usually with those books which are either out of copyright, and consequently pay no royalties to authors, or for which a very low rate of royalty can be arranged. From the author's point of view, it will probably be better for him to reduce the rate of percentage of his royalties — under which he now gets, as I have shown, little or nothing — to a rate which perhaps is much less nominally, but which, with a much larger sale of his books at low prices, would produce an income far greater than he enjoys at present.

This question of the percentage of the author's royalties is certainly one of the greatest of the factors militating against the production of books at low prices to the public. At present the author's royalties on books, as most people know, range from ten per cent to twenty per cent of their retail price, which is equivalent to from twenty to thirty-three per cent of the price received by the publisher from the retail bookseller. These royalties thus form no small part of the prime cost of the book; in fact, they usually represent

the greater part of the total net profits obtained from the publication of any work in general literature. Indeed, popular belief among authors to the contrary notwithstanding, the author's share of the profits is usually about twice as large as that of the publisher, while, in the case of novels, the royalty often absorbs the entire profit obtained from the publication of a popular work written by a well-known author, and consequently commanding the highest rate of royalty.

Authors generally look with suspicion upon any request on the part of the publisher for a lower rate of royalty for the publication of cheap editions, and I have known perfectly reasonable requests of the kind to be absolutely refused, with the result that the public has been deprived of cheap editions of books which it would purchase in considerable quantities, merely because of the author's failure to understand the plain logic of the situation. It would seem sufficiently evident that, the current rate of royalty being based on a relatively high price, if a book is offered at a low price, the rate of royalty to the author must be reduced also. Yet I have in mind at the moment a work for which a very considerable demand exists in a cheap edition, and for which in the high-priced edition there is practically no sale, but which cannot be published in the cheap edition that the public demands because of the refusal of the author to reduce the royalty below the original rate of twenty per cent, as provided in the agreement for the publication of the expensive edition of the work.

In this connection it seems worth while to offer a protest against the unfounded criticism of publishers and publishing methods which has been so rife in recent years, and which has its origin almost entirely in the failure to obtain adequate sales for books of the classes we have been considering, as a result of the want of confidence on the part of the authors in the good faith or business judgment of publishers, so that authors very often approach the question of arranging with publishers for the publication of their books in an attitude of suspicion, or, at any rate, failing to grasp the actual facts of the situation.

A publisher of high standing, doing a large business through a long period of time, undoubtedly has built up a machinery and acquired a reputation which are of the greatest possible value to the work of any author, and are almost indispensable for a new author seeking for the first time the presentation of his book to the public. Moreover, in intrusting to a publisher the publication of a book, the author really should exercise more discrimination than in the selection of a banker to take care of his funds, for the depositor in a bank knows as well as the banker himself the precise amount he is intrusting to the care of another, while the author intrusts to the publisher the unknown earning capacity of his books, and the author must consequently rely entirely upon the publisher's good faith and honesty to see that the sums due him are properly and faithfully paid over. Yet, notwithstanding these facts, it is not an uncommon experience with nearly all of the older publishers to have authors endeavor to drive hard bargains with them for the publication of their works, on the plea that some unknown, new, and possibly impecunious publisher has offered a rate of royalty on the publication of a work which, from the established publisher's point of view, is impossible of payment with pecuniary profit to himself. With some authors, to paraphrase Byron's words, it would almost seem as if 'Death to the publisher to them is sport.'

I remember in this connection being

offered, a number of years ago, a work, and having just such a proposition from another publisher quoted to me. Needless to say, I felt obliged to refuse to meet this unwise competition even although I knew that the publisher who was quoted as having made the rate could not possibly fulfill his obligations under such an agreement. The book was one which I much desired to publish, and the sequel to the story is that I finally bought it at the sale of the publisher's effects when he went into bankruptcy some months afterwards.

Possibly we may find some help in the solution of the publisher's present difficulties of distribution in a very interesting experiment which is being tried by a firm of booksellers in Great Britain, where they evidently also have difficulties of distribution to confront, although, because of the better bookselling facilities, not to anything like the same extent as in this country. These booksellers have made, or attempted to make, a card catalogue of the book-reading population, classifying the book-buying public according to the subjects in which the individuals comprising this public are interested; and whenever a work comes into their book-shop which is likely to interest persons in this classified list, they are communicated with by postcard, giving a description of the book and author. Thousands of such cards are mailed daily. Unfortunately, such an experiment would be almost impossible of trial in this country with its many large cities scattered over a much greater expanse of territory, all of which are centres of interest and influence to their surrounding populations, and are, in addition, much more shifting and unstable than similar communities in the Old World.

Some aid might be asked of the postal authorities, which now discriminate against books, and hinder their distribution, by charging eight cents a pound postage on books, while carrying magazines through the mails at the rate of one cent a pound. All arguments in favor of the low rate on magazines are equally applicable to the transportation of books at similar schedules; and in particular, the educational value of books is much higher, if for no other reason than because the reading of books inculcates the habit of continued thought and application of the mind, both qualities which we are in some danger of losing entirely through a too constant perusal of scrappy and highly flavored periodical literature.

Yet after all is said, the real solution of the problem lies with the reading public itself. Good books will be published only if the public calls for and demands them, and their prices will depend upon the extent to which the public seeks them out and assists in their distribution, for in this way only can the cost of making them known to their readers be lowered.

Current fiction has been purposely excluded in the survey of present conditions in the publishing of works in general literature, because the writer feels that not only the publication, but the author's part as well, of the new novel of the day has become highly commercialized. It is said that many of our journals are edited strictly with a view to increasing the receipts from the advertising pages, with what truth I do not know; but it is certain that much of the current fiction is written with a view to supplying just the sort of thrills the public demands. Indeed, I am told that the author of a long series of 'best-sellers,' immediately after a new work of his appears, sits in solemn conclave with his publishers and their editors and advisers, wherein the subject and scenes of his next effort are outlined and voted on, with a keen regard to the supposed dreams and desires of the

rising generation of readers. Novels of merit and value, representing honest work and the real convictions of their authors, still from time to time make their appearance, but it is seldom indeed that one of these finds its way into the ranks of the 'six best-sellers.' Their appeal is to that part of the public which still discriminates in its reading, a smaller percentage of the whole, I fear, at present, than in any recent period of our history. One is reminded of the remark of one of our best critics, himself an author of many books well known to lovers of the best literature: 'I should consider myself disgraced if I had written a book which in these days had sold one hundred thousand copies.'

WHY IT WAS W-ON-THE-EYES

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

'I WONDER why the children's sign for little old Webster should be W-on-the-eyes,' Miss Evans speculated. 'There's nothing peculiar about his eyes, except perhaps that they're the brightest pair in school.'

Miss Evans was the new oral teacher in the Lomax Schools for deaf and blind children, and she was speaking about Charlie Webster, one of the small deaf mutes in her class.

That was his sign, W, made in the manual alphabet, with the hand placed against the eyes. Everybody in the deaf department at Lomax had his or her special sign, thus saving the time and trouble of spelling out the whole name on the fingers.

Clarence Chester, the big deaf boy who had finished school, but still stayed on working in the shoe-shop, was the one who made up the signs for the new pupils and teachers. He was rather proud of his talents in this direction, and took the pains of an artist over every sign. They were usually composed of the initial letter of the person's last name placed somewhere on the body, to indicate either some physical peculiarity, or else the position held by that person in the school. Mr. Lincoln, for instance, who was the superintendent, had L-on-the-forehead, to show that he was the head of the whole school, and no one else, of course, could have L as high up as that — not even Mrs. Lincoln. She had to be contented with L-on-the-cheek. So, in the same way, Miss Thompson, who was the trained nurse, had T-on-the-wrist, because it was her business to feel the children's pulses.

When Miss Stedman, the new matron for the deaf boys, came, she should have had S-on-the-chest, as Clarence made a habit of placing all the matrons' initials on their chests; but unfortunately, S in the manual alphabet is made by doubling up the fist, and Clarence explained to her that if a boy hits himself on the chest with his fist he is sure to hit that middle button of his shirt, and make a bruise. He had to make this rather complicated explanation in writing because Miss Stedman was new to the

sign-language and finger-spelling, and he had received his education at Lomax before articulation was taken up there, and was therefore, of course, a mute. So, on account of the button, S-on-the-chest had to be abandoned. But Clarence looked at Miss Stedman, and, for all that they called her a matron, she was very young and small, and had delicately rosy cheeks, so he smiled a little, and then made the letter S and the sign for pretty. And Miss Stedman went away quite satisfied, and showed every one her sign, being innocently unaware that every time she did so she was saying that she was pretty. When her education in the sign-language had progressed sufficiently for her to discover the real meaning of her sign she was overcome with confusion, and begged Clarence to change it. But he said he never — (*never!* NEVER! made vehemently with his hand) — changed a sign after it was once given; besides, by that time all Miss Stedman's little deaf boys had got hold of it and no power on earth could have detached it from their fingers.

But, to go back to Charlie Webster, as Miss Evans remarked, there was nothing peculiar about his eyes, and therefore why his sign should be W-on-the-eyes, caused some small curiosity, but not enough to make any of the teachers or matrons take the trouble to look into the matter. Among themselves, of course, they did not speak of him as W-on-the-eyes: they called him Webster, or Charlie Webster, or most of all, perhaps, 'little old Webster,' because he was only nine, and everybody on the place adored him.

They may have adored him for that enchanting smile of his, a smile which curved his ridiculously eager little mouth, flooded from his dancing eyes, and generally radiated from the whole expressive little face of him. Or, perhaps, it was because he was so affectionate; or again it might have been because he was so handsome, so alert and gay, and always, moreover, appeared to be having such a good time. Whatever came little old Webster's way seemed always to be the most exciting and delightful thing that had ever happened to him, and whether it was a game to be played, a lesson to be learned, or a person to be loved, he did it with all his might, and with all his heart. Perhaps, after all, the real reason for the world's adoring him was that old classical one for the lamb's devotion to Mary, — he loved the world.

Another thing which sorted him out somewhat from among the other sixty or seventy deaf boys of the school was his fondness for the blind children. It is impossible to imagine any two sets of persons so absolutely shut off from one another as blind people and deaf mutes. It is only through the sense of feeling that they can meet; and for the most part at Lomax, sixty blind children, and more than a hundred deaf ones, move about through the same buildings, eat in the same dining-room, and, to some extent, play in the same grounds, with almost no intercourse or knowledge of one another. They move upon different planes. The deaf child's plane is made up of things seen, the blind child's of things heard. It is only in things touched that their paths ever cross, and surely only the economy and lack of imagination of the past could have crowded two such alien classes into one establishment. But little old Webster had built a bridge of his own over these almost insurmountable barriers, and through the medium of touch had carried his adventures in friendship even into the country of the blind.

Some of the blind boys knew the manual alphabet and could talk to him on their fingers, and by feeling of his hands could understand what he said to them; but with most he had to be

satisfied with merely putting his arm about their shoulders and grunting a soft little inarticulate 'Ough, ough!' which was no word at all, of course, merely an engaging little expression of his friendship and general good feeling. The blind children recognized him by these little grunts, and accepted things from him which they would never have tolerated from any of the other 'dummies,' as they called the deaf mutes. Webster was their passionate champion on all occasions. Once, when a deaf boy threw a stone which by accident hit one of the blind boys on the forehead, inflicting a bad cut, Webster flew into a wild fury of rage, and attacked the deaf boy with all the passion of his nine years. Afterwards, he tore up to the hospital where his blind friend was having the cut dressed, and snuggling his face against him grunted many soft 'oughs, oughs,' of sympathy. But the little deaf boy he had thrashed had to come to the hospital to be tied up as well, for little old Webster was no saint, and once he set out to fight, he did it, as he did everything else, with all his heart.

'I declare,' Miss Stedman announced wearily one evening in the officers' dining-room, 'if Charlie Webster keeps on I shall just *have* to report him to Mr. Lincoln. He's been fighting this whole blessed afternoon — just one boy right after another.'

'Oh,' cried Miss Thompson, the trained nurse, 'then *that* was the reason there were so many of the little deaf boys up in the hospital this afternoon with sprained thumbs, and black eyes, and so on!'

'Exactly,' Miss Stedman confirmed her, 'that was Webster's doing, — the little scamp! It's because of his shirts. Whenever his mother sends him a new shirt, and he puts it on, he has to fight almost every boy in his dormitory.'

'But why? What's the matter with his shirts?' Miss Evans, the oral teacher, demanded.

'Oh, they're the funniest looking things! I don't see what his mother can be thinking of. They look as though they'd been made up hind-side before, and the sleeves are never put in right, and are always too tight for him. Of course, the other children laugh at every fresh one, and that just sends him almost crazy, and he flies at one boy after another. He knows, himself, that the shirts are n't right, but he just *will* wear them in spite of everything. I tried once to get him to put on one from the school supply, and, goodness! I thought he was going to fight me!'

It was at this time that Miss Evans asked why Webster's sign was W-on-the-eyes. Miss Stedman said she thought Chester must have given him that because he was so good to the blind children. That explanation satisfied Miss Evans, but was not, as it happened, the right one.

Little old Webster came to Lomax when he was only seven, two years before they began to teach articulation and lip-reading to the children there. His education began therefore with the manual method, and by the time he was nine there was hardly a sign that he did not know, or a word that he could not spell with his flying fingers. But he was a little person who craved many forms of self-expression, and he often looked very curiously, and very wistfully, at hearing people when they talked together with their lips. The year he was nine, which was the year of this story, they began the oral instruction at Lomax, Miss Evans being engaged for this purpose, and being given by Clarence Chester the sign of E-on-the-lips, to show that she was the person who taught the children to speak. She had to face some opposition in getting the new method established. The older children found it harder than the

familiar signs, and, for the most part, shut their minds persistently against any attempt to make them speak.

Many of the teachers, also, were opposed to the oral form of instruction. There was Miss Flyn, for instance. She had taught deaf children for ten years with the sign-language, and did not see any reason for abandoning it now. And, for all her plumpness, and soft sweetness of face, Miss Eliza Flyn was a firm lady, once her mind was thoroughly made up. Her argument was that though articulation and lip-reading might be a wonderful thing for a few brilliant children, the average deaf child trained in a state school could never get much benefit from it. 'Lip-readers are born and not made,' she maintained stoutly. 'It's as much a gift as an ear for music, or being able to write poetry.'

'Any deaf child with the proper amount of brains, and normal sight, can be taught to articulate and read the lips,' Miss Evans returned, with equal stoutness, for she was 'pure oral,' and could almost have found it in her heart to wish that the sign-language might be wiped off the face of the earth. There she and Miss Flyn came to a polite deadlock of opinion in the matter.

But whatever others might think, little old Webster apparently had no doubts of the advantage of the oral method. As soon as he found out what it was all about, he flung himself into the new study with even more than his usual zest and enthusiasm. Watching Miss Evans's lips with a passionate attention, his brown eyes as eager and as dumb and wistful as a little dog's, he attempted the sounds over and over, his unaccustomed lips twisting themselves into all sorts of grotesque positions, in his effort to gain control over them. He always shook his head sharply at his failures, fiercely rebuking himself, and immediately making a fresh attack upon the word or element, working persistently until Miss Evans's nod and smile at length rewarded him, upon which his whole little face would light up, and he would heave a weary but triumphant sigh. His zeal almost frightened Miss Evans, and while she constantly spurred all the other children on to using their lips instead of their eager little fingers, Webster she tried to check, fearing that his enthusiasm might even make him ill.

Early in the school term, when he had not been in Miss Evans's class much above a month, little old Webster received a postcard from his father saying that his parents expected to come to Lomax to see him in a week or so. Webster almost burst with delighted expectancy. He showed the card to every deaf child who could read, and interpreted it in signs and finger-spelling to those who could not; he permitted his blind friends to feel it all over with their delicate inquiring fingers, and gave every teacher and officer the high privilege of reading, —

DEAR LITTLE CHARLIE: —

Your mother and I expect to come to Lomax to see you Friday of next week.

Your loving father,

CHARLES WEBSTER,

while he stood by with those dancing eyes of his, which frequently said more than speaking people's lips. He carried the card in triumph to Miss Evans, and when she had read it he made the sign for mother, and she nodded and said that was nice, taking care of course to speak rather than sign. But his little eager face clouded over, and there appeared on it that shut-in and baffled expression which it sometimes wore when he failed to make himself understood. He repeated the sign and put his hand to his lips pleadingly. Then she realized what he wanted.

'Why, bless his heart, he wants me

to teach him to say mother!' she exclaimed delightedly, and sitting down on the veranda steps, for it was out of school hours, she then and there set to work drilling him in the desired word, saying it repeatedly, and placing his hand against her throat that he might feel the vibrations of sound. At last, watching her lips intently, making repeated efforts doomed to failure, shaking his head angrily at himself each time, and renewing the attempt manfully, he did achieve the coveted word. To be sure it was not very distinctly said at first, and was broken into two soft little syllables, thus, 'mo-ther'; but his little face shone with the triumph of it. And then in gratitude he said, 'Thank you' very politely to Miss Evans, having learned those two words before in his articulation. He said them in his best voice, carefully placing one small conscientious finger on the side of his nose, which gave him a most comically serious expression, but was done to be sure that he had succeeded in putting the proper vibration into his 'Thank you.'

'Such foolishness!' Miss Eliza Flyn snorted, passing along the veranda at this moment. 'What's the good of one word? And he'll forget it anyway by to-morrow!'

But little old Webster held manfully to that hard-won word which his love had bought. Every morning when he entered the class-room he said, 'Mother' to Miss Evans with his enchanting smile, so that she began to be afraid that he had confused the meaning of the word, and was calling her mother. On the day, however, that she permitted him to tear the leaf from the school calendar, — a daily much-desired privilege, — she was reassured on this point, for having torn off the proper date he turned up the other leaves swiftly until he came to the day on which his parents were expected, and putting his finger on the number he said, 'Mo-ther, mo-ther,' and then in quaint fashion he pointed to the calendar leaf, and then to himself, and locking his forefingers together, first in one direction and then in the other, he made the little sign for friend, meaning that he was friends with that day because it would bring him his mother.

He said the word repeatedly, in school and out. He even said it in his sleep. The night before his mother was to come, when Miss Stedman paid her regular visit to the dormitory where all the little deaf boys were asleep, Webster sat suddenly bolt upright in his bed, his eyes wide-open, but unseeing with sleep, and cried out, 'Mother!'

'Goodness!' Miss Stedman commented to herself. 'I'll be glad when his mother does come! He'll go crazy if he does n't get that word off his tongue soon.'

The next day, — the great, the miraculous day, — little old Webster was in a veritable humming-bird quiver of excitement. He jumped in his seat each time the door opened, and when, at length, Miss Flyn actually came to announce that his father and mother had really arrived he leaped up with a face of such transcendent joy, that his departure left Miss Evans's class-room almost as dark as if the sun had passed under a cloud. So much of pure happiness went with him that, with a smile on her lips, Miss Evans let her fancy follow him on his triumphant way, and for fully three minutes, while she pictured the surprise in store for the waiting mother, she permitted her 'pure oral' class to tell each other over and over on their fingers that 'E. F.' (Miss Flyn's sign) had come to take W-on-the-eyes to see his father and mother, before she awoke to the fact and sternly recalled their runaway language from their fingers to their lips.

In the meantime, gripping Miss

Flyn's hand tight, little old Webster went on tiptoe down the passageway leading to the reception-room. Miss Flyn could feel the vibration of excitement in his fingers as they rested in hers, and her own sympathetic heart went a beat or two faster in consequence. But almost at the reception-room door he dropped her hand suddenly and stopped dead, his face gone a despairing white, and a lost, agonized look in his eyes. For a moment, he stared about him in passionate bewilderment, then, bursting into a storm of tears, he turned to run back to Miss Evans's room. But Miss Flyn caught him firmly and, forcing him to look at her, signed, 'What is it?' He made the sign for mother, and then passed his open hand despairingly across his forehead in the sign for forgotten, and Miss Flyn realized that through over-excitement or some trick of a tired brain, his precious word had all at once slipped from him. He looked up at her, and old 'signer' though she was, she could not resist the appeal of his tragic little face. Stooping down, she pronounced the lost word, placing his hand against her throat. Remembrance rushed into his eyes, and his face lit like a flame. 'Mo-ther! Mo-ther!' he cried, and putting both hands tight against his mouth as if to hold the word in place, he fled down the hall and into the reception-room and flung himself upon a woman who sat very still, her waiting, listening face turned toward the door.

'Mo-ther! Mo-ther!' he cried, his arms tight about her neck.

She gave a sharp, an almost hysterical cry.

'*Charlie!*' she screamed. 'Is that Charlie? Is that my deaf baby talking?'

She tore his arms from about her neck, and held him away from her, while her eager, trembling fingers went to his lips and felt them move once more, framing the wonderful word.

'It *is* Charlie! It is my little deaf and dumb baby talking!' she cried. And then she went into a wild babble of mother words, — 'My baby! My lamb! My darling, precious baby!' — crying and kissing him, while the tears ran down from her eyes. And little old Webster, his word now safely delivered to the one person in all the world to whom it belonged, relapsed once more into his old soft, inarticulate grunting of 'Ough, ough!' nuzzling his face close against hers, and laughing gleefully over the splendid surprise he had prepared for her.

And after one astounded, comprehending look, Miss Flyn turned, and, racing down the hallway, burst into Miss Evans's class-room and caught that teacher by the arm.

'Little old Webster's mother is *blind!*' she cried. 'She's *stone blind!* She's never seen Webster in all her life. — She's never heard him speak until this minute! They've never been able to say *one word* to each other. — She's blind, I tell you! And *that's* why Webster's sign is W-on-the-eyes, — Clarence Chester must have known, — and that's why he's always so good to the blind children, and why he fought every boy who laughed at the funny way his shirts were made — he knew his mother could n't see to make them right! And — and —' Miss Flyn choked, — 'and *that's* why he's nearly killed himself trying to learn to speak. There's never been any way they could talk to each other except by feeling! She's had to wait nine years to hear him say Mother! And — and,' Miss Flyn wound up unsteadily, 'you need n't preach to me any more about articulation for — I'm converted!'

And with that she went out and banged the door behind her, and all the children's fingers flew up, to ask Miss Evans in excited signs what E. F. was crying about.

THE RELIGION OF AMERICA

(TO A CATHOLIC MISSIONARY IN THE UNITED STATES)

BY WILLIAM BARRY

YOUR last letter from across the Atlantic, my dear Father, cannot but stir in any reflecting mind a world of thought; and in one like myself — a student now of things American for more than half a century — reflections have not been wanting. I envy you indeed. My own acquaintance with sights and scenes among which you have spent years is that of the passing tourist. But you, for a long spell, have been watching at its chief centres how that multitudinous life ebbs and flows. Day after day you come into close touch with all sorts and conditions of men. You have journeyed over the land from Boston to Seattle and San Francisco. You call America 'To-morrow,' and this old grandmotherly Europe of ours 'Yesterday.' With a smile you observe that in the grammar of Humanity the past tense broods over London, Berlin, and even the Third French Republic; while the future lightens and sparkles out West, away beyond Chicago, far, of course, from New York, which is but a door-mat whereon immigrants wipe their feet as they go by the custom-house.

Yet I have an advantage, you tell me, denied to those who are caught in such mighty currents — I enjoy the privilege of distance, which is perspective. Literature and history teach me what America has been. Can I help you to forecast what America will be? Have we grounds, you inquire, to hope that this great new people may contribute to the future (which will surely be theirs) any saving element whereby life shall grow richer and civilization more desirable? That is your question. I turn it my own way, and I ask, 'What is the Religion of America?' In the true answer to that query lies the secret of to-morrow. How does the mind of the people judge concerning God, conscience, and immortality? Is it still, in any sense, Christian?

It is impossible, you say, and I must agree, for those who have not lived on both sides of the Great Water to realize how completely America is detached, as a whole, from the Eastern World to which Europe belongs. The divergence increases with some vast multiple of the distance. A fresh order of society is forming on a scale never hitherto known, with a hundred millions for its present figure, in a democracy where opinion, at least, is free. You survey this illimitable chaos of beliefs, no-beliefs, parties, professions, sects, syndicates, trusts, platforms, and it is like a glimpse of the countless glowing lines in the solar spectrum, too dazzling for the eyes of man. Who would not feel overcome at the vision? Is there any way to master its dimensions? Has it a law of development within it? Or one so enormous in range, so deep and high, that our mental instruments cannot detect its drift or anticipate its motions? Well, I

answer, we are only minor prophets, for whom the age to come will have many a surprise. But one thing seems clear — the American types of character must go on diverging from those which even now public opinion in the United States condemns and rejects as outworn. Reversion to the social ideas prevailing in Europe is simply not conceivable with Americans. You, my dear Father, dwelling in the midst of this onward-looking race, know well that there is not a power on earth which can persuade them to look back. Europe lives by custom and tradition, America by prophecy and adventure. This is what the New World means by progress. It has jettisoned most of the objects for which men fought three centuries ago. What has it kept? Freedom and hope. From your side of the Ocean we appear to be the ancients, literary and picturesque, as the Greeks and Romans appear to us.

Now, as I see the American idea — let me term it so — it stands for the average man, the common school, equal opportunities, and the fine old English proverb, 'Turn about is fair play.' The common school, I say again, not the 'Bible Commonwealth,' devised by Puritans, or the peculiar divine election and reprobation that Jonathan Edwards reckoned to be a doctrine 'exceedingly pleasant, bright, and sweet.' Calvin, transplanted to New England, flourished for a time like the aloe, then withered and died. Of all the Puritan convictions, which one is now alive in the great multitude of their descendants? Not the conviction of sin, or any strong beliefs concerning the world to come as it was imaged by the Pilgrim Fathers; quite another view has taken hold upon them, if they do not fling the whole subject aside; but, in any case, the reaction is complete and trenchant. Liberty for a man to make of himself what he can and will, everywhere, under all dispensations, is the shape that Nonconformity puts on. That is the American version of Burke's celebrated phrase, 'The dissidence of Dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion.'

Moreover, independence from the first carried with it a principle which may be summed up as 'free association.' This it was that shattered the Bible Commonwealth. Sects multiplied as they had begun; doctrines broadened or changed into the clean contrary. The stern disciple of Calvin had a Universalist grandson. From Edwards to Emerson we follow an undoubted pedigree, but how entire is the transformation! 'Cast behind you,' exclaims the sage of Concord, addressing youthful ministers, 'all conformity, and acquaint men at first hand with Deity.' He spoke to 'a decaying church and a wasting unbelief.' He said, 'The Puritans in England and America found in the Christ of the Catholic Church, and in the dogmas inherited from Rome, scope for their austere piety and their longings for civil freedom. But their creed is passing away, and none arises in its room.' His conclusion or his premise, — for we may take it either way, — was that 'miracles, prophecy, poetry, the ideal life, the holy life, exist as ancient history merely; they are not in the belief nor in the aspiration of society.'

Emerson delivered his mournful witness at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Sunday evening, July 15, 1838. It records a fact beyond question: the Sabbath rule of Puritanism over men's minds had come to its last hour. Churches might cling to it, story-tellers perceive a sombre kind of romance in it; but the shafts of light from Emerson's *Essays* were not more eloquent than Hawthorne's *Twice-told Tales* in proclaiming that Jonathan Edwards

could never be the prophet of modern America. The Pilgrim Fathers and their Commonwealth sank into an episode now rounded off, not opening into the wide-ranging national procession, or guiding it any more. But 'the dissenter, the theorist, the aspirant,' required no prompting from Concord to embark on seas of adventure; they were already afloat, — often, it must be admitted, in crazy vessels. Reform, now as always after the sixteenth century in Protestant lands, implied the breaking up of larger societies into innumerable small ones, the 'coming out' from Babylon to march towards a distant New Jerusalem, through many a wilderness where souls perished by the way in thousands, a forlorn hope.

But in that crisis or judgment of all things, it was still the average man whom its leaders kept in view. Those leaders might be fanatics or impostors, or a mixture of both; among them we shall scarcely discern the tokens of intellectual greatness, and no name shines with a lustre comparable to the glory of some latter-day seers in Europe. Dreamers wild enough we watch as they struggle in convulsive nightmares; but they dream no poetic dreams. From a stranger, Swedenborg, they have won the ideas, and on his pattern they have shaped the mythology, which they offer as a substitute or supplement to the Hebrew-English Bible. Mark, I say, that name.

Swedenborg is the predestined destroyer of Puritanism, who discloses to men wearied of its terrible dogmas a new heaven and a new earth, prosaic, solid, near at hand, to be reached by experiment or by deliberately sought ecstasy. He is the father of Mormons, Spiritualists, Second Adventists; the direct guide of Thomas Lake Harris; the ancestor, several times removed, of Mrs. Eddy and her Christian Science. Swedenborg occupies in the development of these modern religions a place corresponding to that of Bacon as regards the Inductive Method. He is at once popular and scientific in appearance; he makes a boast of his experimental triumphs which others who are competent will not allow; and he does, in truth, help to ruin older false interpretations of the universe, though failing to establish any of his own. Nevertheless, one principle — and that essentially Baconian — this ghost-seer, as Kant named him, did so blazon forth as to make it a central illumination by which Americans, the leaders and the led, were sure that they could not go astray.

To Swedenborg are applicable the curiously exact words of Hawthorne touching this entire movement: 'If he profess to tread a step or two across the boundaries of the spiritual world, yet he carries with him the laws of our actual life, and extends them over his preternatural conquests.' There was to be no gulf, and only a thin veil easily swept aside, between this world and the next. When an American authoress depicted *The Gates Ajar*, by which angels came to earth and souls went to Paradise, it seemed no more trouble to make that little journey than to enter a neighbor's garden. America lay on both sides of the veil, — again let me quote Hawthorne, — 'a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight.'

You recognize the picture, my dear friend, do you not? How unlike our crime-laden, storm-tossed Europe! My charming American friends often tell me that I am a pessimist, and wonder that I should be. I wonder at them. But every new company of religious pilgrims starting from East to West in the United States goes out not merely

to discover but to found Utopia. The sect is always a business concern, the prophet a promotor of some 'trust,' and the temple a scene of smart money-changing. Observe, I do not say that the temple is nothing else. Reform, thrown into articles and loudly proclaimed, determines what these believers shall eat, drink, avoid, acquire, and give up. They may be Socialists with Fourier, Shakers with Anne Lee's disciples, Mormons in the grasp of Brigham Young, dwellers at Oneida Creek with Noyes, enthusiasts that follow T. L. Harris from Mountain Cove to Santa Rosa; but their intent is ever to set up a Commonwealth on the idea of Perfection. New England has inoculated its descendants with a fever for migration in quest of this Eldorado, where heaven and earth shall be one. They are prospecting for the Garden of Eden.

Before they reach its angel-guarded gates Swedenborg intercepts them once more. He whispers to each new Adam and Eve the secret long ago consigned to Platonic Dialogues which only scholars read, of 'heavenly counterparts,' or marriages made in heaven. I am not speaking figuratively; you may track the amazing doctrine and its consequences along the path of Latter-Day Saints, in the life and writings of Harris or Laurence Oliphant, in the *Pantagamy* of Noyes; and, as I am persuaded, it lies below the facility and multiplication of American divorce, a sub-conscious but powerful instinct, vulgarized into the 'elective affinities' which we laugh at and loathe. 'The more intelligent,' said Emerson, 'are growing uneasy on the subject of marriage; they wish to see the character also represented in that covenant.' Yes, and Salt Lake City, Oneida, and Reno, have replied to the gentle 'Oversoul' with a vengeance, by new-forming or getting rid of the 'covenant' as a step toward improving the 'character.' Utah gloried in its polygamy; the 'sealing' of hapless young maidens to dead Joseph Smith might scandalize Gentiles, but it went on for a generation. T. L. Harris, whom his disciple and victim, Laurence Oliphant, depicted under the features of Masollam, a dull profligate, taught in appearance the strange doctrine of 'married celibacy'; but who shall say what this new ordering of the most sacred of human relations involved? The Mormon creed was plain and simple. 'God's service,' they said, 'is the enjoyment of life.' Americans, we know well, did not as a people follow after Brigham Young, or Harris, or Noyes, any more than they shut themselves up at Mount Lebanon with the Shakers, or trooped out with Ripley to Brook Farm. But is it doing vast numbers of them an injustice to believe that they, too, consider enjoyment the first and greatest of the Commandments? The old religion preached self-sacrifice; what could a new one oppose to it but self-indulgence?

Respect for law is an English principle, and it was carried over to Massachusetts with English law-books. Yet the sects which have sprung up in America display anarchic tendencies not to be mistaken. The average man wants to feel himself free; the average woman has opportunities of living her own life denied to most of her European sisters, but they are both eminently sociable, and the club or the hotel brings them together. Add now some reform to propagate, some universal liberty or prohibition to be spread 'from Maine to Oregon,' as the saying runs, — a crusade against slavery, or whiskey, or in favor of a vegetarian diet, or to get ready for the Millennium, — your club turns into the semblance of a church, your hotel becomes a pulpit, and your dining-room

the meeting-place of souls. But the most remarkable instances of free association in the United States, from a native religious point of view, I take to be Mormonism, Spiritualism, and Christian Science.

These are genuine products of the American soil and climate. At once original, daring, commonplace, and attractive to fugitives from the established religions, they may offer to us elements, or even inchoate and rudimentary forms, of the idea which we are seeking. Repulsive forms, if you will, impostures disguised as superstitions, trading on ignorance and credulity; symptoms in fact of a disease widely contagious; 'a delusive show of spirituality, yet imbued throughout with a cold and dead materialism.' I grant all that and more; but, as Aristotle shrewdly observes, a man may get light on his ruling passions and motives even from his bad dreams; and here we can study dreams that, as they move and stir the dreamers, 'confront peace, security, and all settled laws, to unsettle them.'

Where shall we look for the future? Not in faint shadows of the once all-venturing Puritans; therefore outside, among explorers, or on their track. The American idea lives elsewhere than in Baptists, Methodists, or any of the earlier Calvin-descended Churches; for it quitted them long ago. I hear it in a word of Emerson's, 'America is the home of man.' It babbles a kind of foolish fairy tale when the Mormon declares that his Continent was peopled from the lost Ten Tribes; and that America is the true land of Israel. It plays a game of blind man's buff with spirit-rapping and table-turning, with dark séances, with mediums, trances, frantic beatings at the door of the tomb. It goes about staggering amid delusions, calling on those who have 'passed over' to answer its questions. It dances ghostly 'Pentecostal' dances after the fashion of Red Indians, falling back upon customs that are only to be found on this side of the world among the dervishes of Islam, who scream themselves into ecstasy by repeating the name of Allah. In regard to marriage, as we have seen, it substitutes for monogamy the most varied forms; sets up as a model the wigwam or the harem; and tolerates something not unlike Free Love by its criminal readiness in granting divorce.

This American spirit has made trial of Socialism under many schemes, all ending in failure; but still it struggles to reconcile the laws of production and distribution with even-handed justice, although its vision is confused by the immense respect which it has always felt for success, whether clean or unclean. It makes laws in the interest of good morals, severely prohibiting the use of alcohol and tobacco; yet again, it breaks laws by appealing to the Higher, or the Unwritten Law; and it is so entangled in casuistries that because of a comma misplaced it will allow a murderer to go free. It is soft even to sentimentalism, but permits Judge Lynch to work his will in ways that are not to be described. Its 'Bird of Freedom' is a jest and an inspiration to Lowell, who treats it as a comic symbol, yet would have died rather than give up a feather from that eagle's wing. It is emphatically the 'spirit of the crowd,' liable to sudden enthusiasms, unreasoning panics, to run mad about a celebrity one week and to forget him the week after. It feels hot under the slightest breath of criticism, but can be humored like a child with a little judicious management. It is lofty, forgiving, good-natured, alert, curious, and does not suspect irony. Its age is youth; its ambition is to have a world made in its image and likeness; its trial passed into a more perilous phase when the Civil

War ended by establishing democracy. And we, though strangers, look on at the vast theatre, the high stage, and the throng of actors engaged in working out this drama, with hope and fellow-feeling. For it is our play, too, since the future of mankind hangs upon it.

Have I been drawing a chimera, the monster of my own imagination? I think not; the lines upon which I have gone may be studied in a library of books, and are visible wherever we turn amid American scenes. You have felt it as well as I, my dear friend. But you will surely be struck with a sense of the contradictions that my sketch brings out. If they cannot be resolved, the 'New Thought' of which we hear so much will defeat itself. To take a crucial instance: Reform has been the chief motive in those never-ending secessions whereby the elder Christian communities were broken into fragments. But now comes Christian Science, native to the States if ever anything was, and it declares evil to be non-existent, therefore not in need of reform. By one stroke it makes an end of the reformer and his task. Yet, in this dilemma, the true American feels a secret, an irresistible longing to agree with both sides. He would have had slavery abolished by men like Garrison, and pain decreed to be a mere phantom by women like Mrs. Eddy. He cannot give up any doctrine that seems to favor universal happiness. Logic does not trouble him, for, as I said, he goes by sentiment. His theories are nothing but his feelings, thrown into abstract terms by way of a platform whence he can address the world.

At this point Shakerism puts in a claim to our attention. It is not a growing sect; but its principles, more than forty years ago, were declared by Hepworth Dixon to be 'found in the creed of every new American Church.' Let us inquire what these principles are. They lay down that the Church of the future will be an American Church and a new dispensation, the Old Law having had its day. That intercourse between heaven and earth is restored, and that God is the only King and Governor. That the sin of Adam is atoned, man made free from all errors except his personal misdeeds, and salvation assured to the whole race. That earth is heaven 'now soiled and stained, but to be restored by love and labor to its primeval condition.' With Swedenborg, the 'uniquely gifted, uniquely dangerous' precursor of Millenarian sects, the brethren hold that the general Resurrection is already passed, the 'Second Advent' here; and they conclude that the regenerate should not marry or give in marriage, that women may be priests, that every one must labor with hands for the goods which all are to enjoy. They see the heavens open and angels ascending and descending on Jacob's ladder.

Anne Lee, the female Swedenborg, was English, not American. But the ecstatic revivals to which Shakerism owes its converts; the divine rule of God-given elders and elderesses; the community of goods, and Family of Love, are deeply rooted in old and extreme aberrations from a more sober — shall we call it a less unworldly? — form of the Puritan faith. 'No soldiers, no police, no judges'; but also no houses of temptation to vice; no gambling, because no speculation; but 'order, temperance, frugality, worship'; these are features of a Utopia dear to the American heart in its Sabbath moments, when it muses on the dreams of its youth. They express a more severe judgment on the popular religion, which builds and adorns fashionable churches with gifts from Wall Street millionaires, than earthquake or

tornado would be. Mount Lebanon is a sign lifted up, pointing to the 'consummation of the age,' and to the need of monasticism, even in New York State.

A sect, however, as the name declares, cuts itself away from the people at large, and whether Mormon or Shaker, it cannot look forward to making proselytes of all Americans. There was room about the year 1848 — a period marked 'stormy' on both sides of the Atlantic — for some great religious manifestation which, while it appealed to the general desire of novelty, should be free from articles, set ministries, church-buildings, and even the inspired Bible. A new heaven and a new earth were in request. But could not some way be found, like printing or stock-jobbing, accessible to every one who chose, by which religion might become at once private and universal, as literature was, or business, or politics?

Two considerations must be kept in view. The Puritans had revolted from Catholic tradition because they would not allow any priest, as they said, to stand between man and his Maker. By similar reasoning they had put down the invocation of Saints and Angels, in order to leave a clear space before the Great White Throne for suppliants who would draw nigh to it. The consequences we all know. Heaven receded to an immeasurable distance; this lower world rounded itself into a perfect whole; and intercourse with departed saints was no more. Religion was thus violently broken into parts which lay utterly separate — the Here and the Hereafter — while death forbade every attempt by prayer to bridge over the gulf between dearest friends, however they might yearn for one another. The solemn old services of Dirge and Requiem had been swept away; and nothing had taken their place. It is true, indeed, that while Heaven was shut, 'Satan's invisible world' opened its ponderous jaws and sent forth its denizens to meet ancient crones in the forests at midnight, if the records of Salem and other witch-haunted towns in New England may be trusted. The Communion of Saints was a lost article of the creed. But the communion of devils was, on Cotton Mather's showing, a judicially ascertained fact. Witches, executed by the hundred, may be looked on, in short, as pioneers of Spiritualism, and its earliest martyrs in the New World.

They were destined to have their revenge. If instead of witch we write 'medium,' how significant will be the change! Yet in essentials the new science and the old superstition are at one. I call Spiritualism a science, for it professed to yield its results by experiments which could be repeated, tested, and compared on the accepted laws of evidence; to attain 'a world of spirit that took shape and form and practical intelligibility, in ordinary rooms and under very nearly ordinary circumstances.' It said, 'Seeing is believing, handling is proof.' It did not require you to take the medium on trust. It had no priesthood, no dogmas; for its central statement, that the living could have intercourse with the dead, was not a truth to be received on the word of another, but a challenge which whoso would might verify. Moreover, though some have questioned if the name of religion can rightly be attached to Spiritualism, it does without doubt bring its adepts back from doctrines of the lecture-room or abstract theory to that primitive condition of thought in which religion finds a main beginning. For religion is the problem of the 'next world,' call it how you will. And Spiritualism undertakes to solve the problem by the scientific method, exactly as the chemist answers our inquiry, — for instance, 'Does radium exist?' —

by putting a sample of the thing sought into our hands. Neither the chemist nor the medium is a priest, any more than the class or the inquirer can be termed disciples. Experiment, in both cases, remains the ground of affirmation.

Now, then, we have arrived at an idea which, as it rose and overspread the civilized world, was seen to be peculiarly American. Inspired by Mesmer and 'animal magnetism,' starting with vulgar phenomena of raps and table-turning, noised abroad by Universalist preachers and Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer, with 'sensitives' and clairvoyants to furnish daily evidence of its marvels, Spiritualism ran its wildfire course, outstripping every other propaganda by the numbers who took up its practices. Any one could begin anywhere. 'Probably,' said the late Frank Podmore, 'no body of earnest men and women ever presented a more unlovely picture of the Hereafter. Yet in spite, or perhaps because, of the concreteness of its ideals, and the parochial limitations of its chief prophets, the new ideas had sufficient motive-power to overrun the American continent.'

They did not reveal a spiritual life as conceived by any previous form of Christianity; angels and demons were alike absent from the trance communications of the medium; and concerning the Supreme there was absolute silence. Neither heaven nor hell came into the scenery of a universe as matter of fact as Broadway or State Street at high noon. All the sensitive beheld was 'a practicable and imminent millennium, freed from the fear of death, and continuing, on the gray level, through indefinite generations.' Taking the witnesses at their own value, without heeding the professional charlatan or the liar detected in the very act of imposture, we feel dumbfounded when Franklin, Washington, and Bacon deliver by the lips of entranced subjects the silliest of lectures, in which not one new fact such as science lights upon every day is added to our knowledge. We cannot be astonished that hard-headed rationalizers like Professor Münsterberg flatly declare, 'The facts as they are claimed do not exist, and never will exist.' Yet I would remind the eminent professor that science — physical merely, and not metaphysical — should be cautious in prophesying a universal negative. Science is quite incapable of determining *a priori* that departed spirits are and ever will be unable to 'enter into communication with living men by mediums and by incarnation.' How can the 'scientist' possibly know? Let him lay his hand on his lips when it is a question of what must or must not be, outside the law of contradiction.

You and I, my dear friend, are agreed as Catholics in holding Spiritualism to be exceedingly dangerous, where it happens not to be false or delusive. But you will readily grant that so virulent a disease, attaching itself to American religion, is symptomatic of much. These fungous growths on the once flourishing and stately cedars of Puritan theology betokened that its life was decaying at the roots. Its magic ring was broken. All its dogmas were melting into the 'anæmic optimism' of an afterworld in which no difference appeared between good and evil. For the 'spirits' never hinted at a Day of Judgment; neither did they confirm Swedenborg's vision of many penal abodes, or 'hells,' to be finally transformed into heavens.

Characteristic of the later religious developments in America, from Shakerism to Christian Science, is this denial of sin, which Theodore Parker had done worse than deny, defining it in a scandalous epigram as a 'falling up-

wards.' But do not these phenomena bear testimony to the law of reaction as 'equal and opposite?' The witch supplants the minister; Apollyon is chained, in Hawthorne's deeply biting parable, to the modern fast train on the Celestial Railroad; all men are saved, instead of most being foredoomed to perdition; and Satan is abolished by universal suffrage. 'Is there nothing to fear in God?' The last of the Puritans throws down the question as a defiance. But from every quarter these 'new theologians' reply with a great shout, 'No, there is nothing.' Sin and pain and death are hallucinations, scattered by the advent of a science which rests on the senses and reaches beyond them.

Yet, even if a malignant disease, the movement known as Spiritualism announced a religious revolution, — the new birth of ideas long extinct among Reformed Christians. Again, whether it was 'salvation by electricity,' as in earlier stages, or by 'telepathy,' as in our day, it insisted on carrying science over the border into a living and not a dead cosmos, greatly to the indignation of comfortable settlers on this side of the tomb. Life has always been a puzzle and an offense to the system of Materialism; but life beyond the grave, in any account of it, would totally derange the snug proportions of which unbelieving physical science had been so proud. It remains true, nevertheless, that by ridiculous, uncouth, and provoking methods the spirit-rapper blundered, so to speak, into a vast realm of obscure yet undeniable phenomena, where psychic research has laid bare operations and processes altogether strange to official biology. Man was recognized as living at once in two worlds — the world of matter analyzed by chemistry and the world of spirit transcending matter, shaping it to ends which neither chemist nor physicist could grasp. The story of our kind was not, therefore, a by-product of atoms at play among themselves, but a chapter in the Book of Life which is wide as the universe. Atoms and ether do not by combination produce that real thing named by us the soul. On the contrary, it is the spirit — Mind and Will, existing from before all ages — that employs atoms and ether as its instruments, the vehicles of its message to other spirits, by laws which it has framed itself. Spiritualism was a rebellion against death, as physical science conceived of it. The rebels have won. Personality, miracles, foreknowledge, action of mind at a distance, faith-healing, — 'science' has been compelled to admit all these things and more also; — a life outside earthly conditions has been revealed, justifying religion, which would not give up believing in it during the heyday of agnostic incredulity.

Spiritualism, then, has stumbled upon facts by crude experiments. But it has not dealt, as a popular religion, with 'problems of space and time, of knowing and being, of evil and good, of will and law.' It makes no attempt to be a theology. It is, like the American genius that gave it birth, something practical, without literary culture, or a sense of art, or metaphysical subtlety, or any very deep elements of worship. The fact to which it bears witness, we may say in the language of William James, is this, that 'the conscious person is continuous with a wider self through which saving experiences come'; but also, we must add, experiences the reverse of saving.

These dark regions of the sky, modern America passes over rapidly; and in Christian Science it has invented a system that positively denies them. The wheel has come full circle from its old Puritan standpoint. Universal optimism finds a prophet and a poet of genu-

ine fervor in Walt Whitman, who proclaimed that the religion of Americans is America, that the common life is the best life, that 'there is no imperfection in the present, and can be none in the future.' To him, 'Men and women, life and death, and all things, are divinely good.'

'The religion of Americans is America.' For the millions who never darken the door of a church there seems to be no other. Movements of reform, so widespread as to embrace the Continent, proceed on a determination not to rest until the evils that they combat are banished from the United States, which ought to be the world's Holy Land. The so-called New Thought is American by origin, deliberately suppresses reference to evil, and instead of the Lord's Prayer says, 'Youth, health, vigor,' at break of day. Such 'concrete therapeutics' are natural to a young and self-confident people, whose principle has been pithily summed up by R. W. Trine: 'One need remain in hell no longer than one chooses.' Mindcure is American; Mrs. Eddy could have flourished nowhere else than among a people who adore financial success and suffer from chronic indigestion. All these varieties of religious experience may be resolved into Pantheism; but they derive their language and not a little of their power from Emerson, who was a New Englander to the core. American ideals furnish to all such evangelists an object and an inspiration. They have none of them been transplanted from the Old World or the Christian Gospels.

Let me bind these divers threads together. Americans once believed with shuddering in man's total depravity, from which only the small number of the elect were redeemed. They now believe that man is by nature good, by destiny perfect, and quite capable of saving himself. But in a sort of 'ideal America' they recognize the motive power of this more humane life toward which they ought ceaselessly to be tending. The Commonwealth is their goal, business their way to heaven, progress their duty, free competition their method. Mystery, obedience, self-denial are repugnant to them. But they admire self-discipline when it rejects what is beneath man's dignity, or, in deference to a fine idea, practices temperance. They are a breed of heroes rather than ascetics; Western not Eastern; not contemplatives, nor cloistered, nor exactly humble in their thoughts before God or man. If there is to be election, they are the elect: in any case leaders of a New Israel to the Land of Promise. For, as Whitman sings, 'Never was average man, his soul, more energetic, more like a God' — meaning the average American of these States. Whitman is very bold.

However, when the true democracy dawns, it will acknowledge the 'essential sacredness of every one,' or, as was said of old, that we are all God's children. And so we shall be not an average but a comradeship. In very rude or even brutal forms of association this divine germ may be perceived under heaps of dross. When Emerson cultivates it, the name is friendship and the atmosphere love. Nothing more severe has been charged upon Puritanism than that it made a religion of hatred. Those who left its precincts to become Unitarians or Universalists founded their new beliefs on kindness, which they judged to be the Highest Law. Herein they were eminently American and democratic. I am saying no word in support of the doctrines at which they arrived as religious teachers. But this Law of Kindness it certainly was that gave its death-blow to the Puritan theology.

In like manner the American insists on freedom, and his marching song of

the Republic declares, not less truly than passionately, that it is worth dying for. But this freedom can be no other than the individual's choice to live a moral, an heroic life. He has broken out of the cast-iron system that made him a marionette pulled by strings of predestination. He is progressive because he is free. He will build up, as I said, and not be thrust onwards blindly into the New Jerusalem. Civilization becomes an enterprise, and the future an object, to this adventurer, simply for the reason that he can create them as he will. The Divine Power is his Friend, not his Fate; and his belief in human nature as something of intrinsic value, to be made perfect hereafter, is the free acceptance of a Divine Idea which it is man's duty to realize. Thus civilization and Religion are but different facets of the same glory.

With pure metaphysical speculation the American does not concern himself. He is more English than the Englishman by his inability to feel an interest in problems which the Greek or the German philosopher spent his life in brooding over. At length a name has been found for this deliberate suppression of metaphysics; and the late William James taught us to call it Pragmatism. On such a showing, Religion must produce the evidence not only of facts, but of new and peculiar facts, — of a cosmic order beyond the reach of physical science, but experienced, and not merely inferred. Faith and prayer, mind-cure and the phenomena of spiritualism, the 'subliminal self,' — what is the explanation of our interest in all this but that we cannot live by physics or metaphysics alone? that the spirit demands its own world, peopled by conscious beings with whom it may hold communion? At certain points the invisible realm of spirits touches ours, pouring into it the energy from which proceed revelations, miracles of healing, inspirations to follow the dictates of holiness laid down in the Gospels by Jesus. Life rather than thought, action far more than theory, is the word for Americans. And whereas the Pilgrim Fathers divided heaven from earth by a gulf which death alone could pass, their descendants are learning in ways most unexpected that we attain to life everlasting by the Communion of Saints. The earthly and the heavenly Commonwealths make up together the American ideal.

So it seems to me, my dear Father, as I view, not without good-will, the strange story of religious development which has reversed the principles of Puritan theocracy and rejected its leading doctrines. Often, indeed, it has gone to the other extreme. To be 'moonstruck with optimism' I cannot reckon sound philosophy. But, if there is a world beyond the reaches of earth-bound sense, its action, miraculous and illuminating, was surely not confined to Israel or the period of the New Testament. Religion is present fact as well as past history. The Communion of Saints either did not exist at any time, or it exists now. All that was ever in the Church must be with us under living forms at this moment, not in the shape of abstract ideas, but of objects, institutions, personalities, accessible to our prayers and answering them by the gift of powers not to be gained otherwise. The supernatural order, in short, is a universe and we are in it, not isolated or left to ourselves as lonely souls astray in the midst of a godless machinery. Those powers do overcome the world; they reveal here and now in every man who will look within, a vital force, a consciousness, on which time, space, and material conditions have only a limited influence. And here is our freedom; for 'where is the spirit, there is liberty.'

Our name for the Communion of Saints, as I need not remind you, my dear Father, is the Catholic Church. We have always held that in its three stages, militant, suffering, triumphant, it is united by prayer of invocation and intercession, by graces asked and given, by the Holy Sacrifice. We never would allow, even in fallen man, total depravity of will or intellect. We have in our Religious Orders that scheme of a perfect life which Mount Lebanon has attempted, and which the Socialist cannot achieve. Dreams outside Catholicism become realities within it. And when the uninstructed crowd makes objection to it, from the distance of Puritan prejudice, scientific conceit, or spiritualist reverie, I would answer in the words of Hawthorne, 'The great Church smiles calmly upon its critics, and for all response says, "Look at me!" and if you still murmur for the loss of your shadowy perspective, there comes no reply save "Look at me!" in endless repetition, as the one thing to be said. And after looking many times, with long intervals between, you discover that the cathedral has gradually extended itself over the whole compass of your idea; it covers all the site of your visionary temple, and has room for its cloudy pinnacles beneath the dome.'

Such, my dear Father, is the homage of New England to the old religion, as its pilgrim and finest representative in literature stands before St. Peter's shrine. Is it not a prophecy of things to be?

EMOTION AND ETYMOLOGY

BY YOSHIO MARKINO

In Japan we call *words* 'Kotoba' or 'Koto-no-Ha.' Its literal meaning is, the leaves of Idea. Indeed, our idea is like the trunk of tree, while the words are like the leaves. As the botanist judges what tree it is by seeing its leaves, so we judge what idea one has by hearing the words.

There are great differences between the richness and poorness of words in the different countries. Japan is certainly richer in her words than England. Just for an example, we have more than nine words for the word 'I.' The Emperor alone calls himself 'Chin,' and all his subjects call themselves 'Watakushi,' 'Washi,' 'Ore,' 'Boku,' 'Sessha,' 'Soregashi,' 'Ware,' 'Yo,' etcetera, according to the circumstances. The second or third person changes as much as the first person, 'I,' and all the verbs accordingly. When I started to learn the English, first time, I asked my American teacher, 'What shall I call myself before the Emperor?' He said, 'I.'

'Then what shall I say before my parents?'—'I.'

'What shall I say before my men friends? And before my women friends?'—'I.'

I was quite astonished and said, 'How simple, but how rude is the English language!'

However, to-day I am living in England and using only the English language to express my ideas, and I do not find her poverty of words even though the stock of the English vocabularies in my head is much poorer than the English people's. And why? Because I can put my own feeling in them. I think words are just like pictures. If you draw a line without any idea, it is no more than a simple line, but if you draw a line with the feeling of tree, it will look like tree, and if you draw it with the feeling of water, it will look like water. With our own emotion, we can make that single word, 'I,' into modestness, haughtiness, or anything.

Then the resource of conveying our emotion to each other does not depend upon the wealth of words only. It is our imagination and our sympathy which communicates our emotion. The more sympathy we have to each other, the less important are our words.

We have a saying in Japan, 'Lovers always talk nonsense.' Indeed their conversation must sound nonsensical to the third person, but, don't you know, they are communicating emotions to unmeasurable extent between themselves? It is not always necessary to be in the sexual love, but the fraternal or paternal love often conveys its deep emotion with some poor words, or even with quite wrong words.

When I was in Japan, I had a boy friend called Junji Nonoyama. My brother took us both to the nearest large town, called Nagoya. We came back by foot in midnight. It was raining hard. We arrived at Junji's house. Junji knocked the door. His sister came to the door and said, 'Why have you not stayed in a hotel instead of coming back so late in such a dreadful night?'

Junji said, 'Oh, because it is so wet and so late.'

His sister welcomed him, saying, 'I see, I see, I quite understand you.'

After we left there my brother said, 'What has she seen in Junji's argument? It is most illogical to say he has come back because it is wet and late!'

I said, 'Ah, but it was their delightful fraternal love which they understood each other. His sister must have appreciated Junji's devotion toward her.'

I was in my early teens then, but since this incident I began to wonder that where there is sympathy there must be some emotion communicating to each other deeply, quite apart from their words. There is another example. When I was seven or eight, my aunt came to my house. She had four daughters. She was talking with my sister about her second daughter. But all through her conversation she was calling the second daughter by the name of the third daughter. My sister, too, was talking in the same way. After my aunt had gone I told my sister how they were mistaken about the girl's name. She was quite amazed, as if she was awakened for the first time then.

When the people become the slaves of emotion, they often commit accidental comedy. One of my father's friends married a woman who looked like the Japanese toy tigers. The villagers nicknamed her, 'Toy-tiger wife.' But of course no friend would dare say that to her or her husband. One day, some friend visited on them, and the husband and that friend began the game of 'go' (a Japanese draughts, far more complicated than that of English). The 'go' players were getting more and more excited, and the friend became almost unconscious of his surrounding. Each time when he played, he shouted, 'Here is the toy-tiger wife!' And the husband joined him: 'Now let me see the toy-tiger wife!'

'Don't you see the toy-tiger wife?'

'Oh, you toy-tiger wife.'

'Now then, what will you do with your toy-tiger wife?'

'Better get rid of this toy-tiger wife.'

All the time the wife was listening to this in the next room. When the game was over, the wife came out and jilted the husband. There was a great trouble. However, all those incidents which I have given above were between the friends or families. But suppose you are among your enemies! The matter differs a great deal.

Here comes in the necessity of the right words and good rhetoric. Even your most thoughtful words often bring you an unexpected result. For the emotion has life, while the words are dead things and very often you cannot represent the living emotion with the dead words, and your enemies are always watching to take advantage.

Once upon a time, there was a very loyal and truthful subject in China. All the other officers in the Court were jealous of him, and accused him to the Emperor as a traitor. The Emperor believed that accusation and banished him to the boundary of the country.

Afterwards the Emperor began to recollect his goodness and summoned him to take the former position. He was overcome with the happy emotion, and sent a poetry to the Emperor:

The straight root reaches to the ninth spring beneath the earth,
And it has no curve whatever.
No one knows it in this world except the Dragon in the ground.

The poor man meant that he is always straight and righteous even where nobody can see. Only the Emperor who has power in heaven as well as in earth can see it. But the surrounding officers of the Emperor took it as a great insult to him. 'For,' they said, 'the dragon in the ground must have meant the death of the Emperor.' So they executed him into death.

In Japan, Yoritomo, the first Shogun, had a hunting near Fuji mountain. There was a rumor that he was assassinated. His wife was much grieved with this rumor. Noriyori, the younger brother of the Shogun, said, 'Be in ease, for here am I, Noriyori.' It was merely his sympathetic emotion toward his sister-in-law. But the Shogun took it as a rebellious word and demanded him to commit harakiri.

In Japan or in China, there have been innumerous disasters through the insufficient words for the emotion, which fell into the enemy's hands. Therefore our first lesson for the children is to be careful of our words. Some three thousand years ago, there was a boy King called Sei, in China. His uncle Shuko was Regent for him. One day this boy King cut a leaf of the tree into the shape of 'kei' (the sign to appoint a mayor). He gave it to his boy friend and playfully said, 'I shall appoint you as a governor.' Shuko bowed down before his young nephew King and asked in most cordial way, 'In what state will your Majesty appoint this subject as the governor?' The boy King said, 'I was only joking.' Whereupon Shuko said, 'The King shall have no vain word whatever,' and he made the King obliged to make that boy into a governor of some state. Shuko threatened the boy King and made him into a machine. Poor boy King! He could freely express his emotion no more. He must have lessened all his pleasure in this world.

If such is the life of a king, it is worse to be a king than to be a prisoner. However, that description of Shuko's has been worshiped by some Japanese and Chinese. There are quite many people who are over-cautious even when they are among their most sympathetic friends. They are frightened to utter a single word in fear that 'it might make the listeners misunderstand.' These people are evidently trying to make the world deadly dull. It is all through their lack of sense and

wisdom as well as sympathy, and I simply get sick of them!

On the other hand, look at the law courts of to-day. Some solicitors, especially young, inexperienced ones, often play upon the words unnecessarily. They leave the main fact far behind and go on fighting with words. Thus they spend the precious time and money in vain. And after going round and round with words they only have to come back to the main point at the end. Of course, there are too many awful liars in this world, and, to some certain degree, the fighting of words may be necessary to find out the truth. But the real resource to find out the truth must be by one's wisdom and sympathy, not by unnecessary and insincere words. By saying 'sympathy' I do not mean to agree foolishly with the false statement. I mean sympathy combined with wisdom to judge one's real feeling.

Here I am using the two words 'sympathy' and 'wisdom,' for which I feel I need to give you the explanation with an example. Suppose there is a man who has never tasted champagne and you want to convince him what is champagne, you shall have to describe the taste of champagne with other things which he has already tasted. If his mental power is strong, he may be able to imagine something as near to champagne as possible. But surely he shall not know exactly what champagne is until he puts the champagne in his mouth and tastes it. On the other hand, suppose one has already tasted champagne. You need no explanation at all. If you say only 'champagne' he would make a glad eye upon you and reply, 'Oh, yes!' The words between you and him are simple, but the emotion will communicate each other quite fully. Now, 'wisdom' is that power to understand what is champagne *after tasting it*, and 'sympathy' is that power to imagine what champagne is by listening to your description. Therefore if one has neither 'wisdom' nor 'sympathy' he is no more than a dead stone; the case is absolutely hopeless for you to convince anything to him.

And also there are many people who have already tasted champagne, yet when you describe champagne, they try to ignore everything. These people are what I call 'insincere' or 'awful liars,' and you often find them among the very poor lawyers. We must get rid of them.

As I said before, words are the leaves of the trunk called Idea, and our urgent duty is to find out what kind of tree it is. Even if there is a deformed, imperfect leaf, the genuine botanist can tell what tree it is. So the genuine people ought to be able to find out one's true idea with his imperfect words.

Hitherto I have been discussing how to find out the third person's emotion and idea by their words, especially in the case where the third person is very poor in rhetoric. Now let me talk how we ourselves should express our feeling with our words.

It is just like to lift up things with your hand. Suppose there is a chair. If you get hold of the end of one of its feet, you may not be able to lift it up, though you use all your strength. But if you find out the centre of gravity, you can lift it up quite easily with your one finger. So with our feelings. If you don't know which part of your feeling you should pick up in your words you would never be able to communicate your feeling to the other. The more words you use, the more you get into muddle! It is exactly same thing as you get hold of the wrong part of the chair. As you need to find out the centre of gravity to lift up the chair, so you need to find out the important pitch or gist to express your feelings.

Perhaps one or two words may be sufficient to express your whole feelings

in that way. By saying this, I do not mean to ignore the beautiful rhetoric with abundant words.

On the summer day, when the trees are covered with abundant beautiful leaves, we are delighted to look at them. So with our words. If every word of ours is quite sincere to our emotion, the richer is our vocabulary, the more we can win the hearts. The ancient Chinese Odes are the best examples to prove this. Confucius said to his scholars, 'Read the Odes, for they give you the lessons of the human emotion as well as the vocabularies.' It is my habit to read them before I go to bed almost every night, and their sincere emotion, expressed by rich vocabularies, soothes my weary mind, which is so often worn-out in this troublesome world. I can only express my feeling with one of the Odes itself: 'I always think of those ancient people in order to lessen my own burdens.' Let us hope that we may some day express our own emotions as the Odes have done. However, the human natures are not always so beautiful as the trees, which are always natural to their nature. It is often that some people have too much superfluous words which only kill their real emotions, and sometimes they have quite false words. By the way, have you ever seen the trees get any false leaves? Ah, how far inferior are those people than the trees! If one should have too much superfluous words or false words I would prefer that he would be rather imperfect in his words. This is the main reason why there are many girls who love the foreigners more than their own countrymen. For when the foreigners cannot master the different languages, their imperfect words sound very innocent and that attracts the girls' hearts very much. But beware, girls! You may find them out quite humbug when they begin to speak your words perfectly.

Now about the superfluousness of words, I have something to say. There is some difference between the public speech and private conversation. Just the right words for the public speech may become too much superfluous for the private conversation. Too much exciting gesture and too many emphasized words are absolutely unnecessary to convey our emotion among a few people. You would not shoot partridges with the twelve-inch gun, would you? In Japan we call those manners *vulgar*, and surely they are either insincere persons or fools. Fortunately most English people have no faults of such bad manners. But I have noticed that too often among the Continental people. They are simply disgusting. The best resource of friend-making is to express our emotion in proper way; and to express our emotion, we need to study the rhetoric and elocution, but above all these knowledges we most urgently need our sincerity and sympathy. And nothing could be nobler than to be natural to our own natures.

Just while I was writing this chapter I received a cutting from some English paper published in Japan. It was such a good example to prove my logic, therefore I quote it here.[1]

' . . . by Mr. Yoshio "Markino," a gentleman who does not seem to know how to spell his own name, and whose contributions to English journals and periodicals written in a pidgin-English which is supposed to be "quaint" are becoming somewhat wearisome . . . The style is a pose, for it is difficult to believe that Mr. Markino cannot write more accurate English after his long residence in America and England, and the constant use of the language not

[1] In this article the writer has attacked my article about the late Mikado which appeared in the *Daily Mail*. As this chapter is exclusively devoted to the Emotion and Etymology only, I shall give my explanation about this attack elsewhere if needed. — THE AUTHOR.

only in every-day life, but in literary work . . . . The real fact is that Mr. Markino finds that the English public or the periodicals like these essays in broken English, and he supplies them with what they want.'

Readers, notice what this writer declares definitely: *The real fact is that Mr. Markino is so and so.* How does he know my inner heart? And how dare he declare it in such a decided way? The real fact is just reverse. I am not a slave of either the publishers or public. You may realize what I really mean if you see my paintings. There has been loud cry among the publishers and public that I should not paint any other way than the Japanese style. From the business point of view, I would get ten times better result only if I 'posed' and painted Japanese style. But I cannot do so. I am doing just what I am really feeling. So with my writing. It is merely unexpected coincidence that the English public like my own English. But suppose the English public hate my writing, do I change my style? No, never! In fact, there are some among my most intimate English friends who love me, but hate my English. One of them told me the other day that he would correct my writings into the pure English if I could n't write better, for the sake to avoid that ugliness. But I refused. Now let me tell you whether I am 'posing' or not.

There is some great reason why my English is not progressing quick enough — quite apart from my stupidity on the language. It is true that I have been in America and England long enough to speak English perfectly. But, first of all, remember that I am an artist, and I have not had the chances enough of 'the constant use of the language in every-day life' as that writer imagines. For instance, while I was staying at a lodging-house in Oxford, to illustrate a book, I used to go out to find out the subjects, and then paint them in my room. My landlady used to bring my meals to my room, and I only nodded my head to her. Only the place where I might have had a chance to talk was a tobacco-shop where I used to buy the tobacco every day. But in three or four days' time, my tobacconist began to know what tobacco I wanted. No sooner I entered into his shop than he took out a package of my tobacco and handed it to me. I left the money on the counter and came out with this single word, 'Good-day!' After three months I finished my works there and came back to London. At Paddington Station a few friends were waiting me on the platform. I talked with them about five minutes and my jaws were too tired to talk any more. More or less in the same way I have spent all my life in England until quite recently. Beside this fact, as I have so often said, I hate reading book. Who could expect me to improve my English, then? Fancy, the writer accuses me that I 'pose.' 'Pose' for what? Suppose if that writer were the Chinese Emperor and I the poet, he would kill me. Suppose if he were the Shogun Yoritomo and I his brother, he would demand me to do harakiri!

The writer so foolishly says, 'a gentleman who does not seem to know how to spell his own name.' I suppose he expects me to spell my name Makino, after the rule of 'the Roman spelling association' which is existing among the foreigners in Japan, and some Japanese who are in contact with them. Poor man! I dare say that 'Roman spelling' rule may be useful for the foreigners in Japan as long as they cannot write the real Japanese characters. By the way, most foreigners in Japan cannot write Japanese characters, though they are staying

there longer than I in England, therefore they use that Roman spelling rule to write Japanese. Only I don't sneer at them and say they 'pose.' But do you ever expect all the nations in the world would follow after that rule? I hope you are a little wiser to keep on your own common sense!

For instance, look at Esperanto! Its own idea is most splendid. But what is the use to learn the Esperanto for one's self as long as the whole world would not learn it? I sincerely advise you that you need to learn those practical languages more urgently. If you learned French you would have a great convenience in France, and if you learned German you would have a great convenience in Germany. But where can you get much convenience by learning the Esperanto except with those small numbers of people who have learned it? This world has many languages already, and the Esperanto speakers have added one more new language to the world instead of reducing many languages into one. I must tell you that the Roman spelling in Japan is far more limited and far more local than the Esperanto. The Great Britain has forty-five or forty-six millions population and still larger numbers in her colonies, and how many of them have been in Japan? And among those comparatively smallest number who were in Japan, how many understand the Roman spelling, which is so inconvenient that neither English nor Japanese can read without studying? And it is also so imperfect that many Japanese words are impossible to be spelled in its way.

I am not surprised if there are not quite one hundred people in this country who can read the Roman spelling. Could I possibly be such a fool to spell my name for the sake of a very few people and give a great inconvenience to so many millions people, as well as to myself? To tell you the truth, I used to spell my name Makino when I arrived to England. Once I went to a boot-shop in Knightsbridge and bought a pair of boots. The shopman said he would send them to my lodging in Milner Street on the same day. I waited two days. No boots came to me. I went to the shop again and inquired about them. The shopman said, 'We have delivered them to your address on the same day, but a housemaid said to our deliverer that there was not a gentleman called Mr. Mayking. Here are the undelivered boots for you, sir.'

Another time some stranger was calling me, 'Mr. May-kino, Mr. May-kino.' I did not answer him because it sounded so different from my real name, and I thought he was calling somebody else. Every time when I met with strangers, I had to explain them that my name was not May-kino. And at last I have invented a new spelling of my name as *Markino*. Since then, everybody calls my name as nearest to the Japanese pronunciation as possible, and I have had no more trouble. So you see, I am spelling my name for the practical purpose of my daily life in England.

It is not only about the spelling of my name that the third-class brains are playing fool upon. They are always sticking to their own poor logic and giving all sorts of trouble about trifle matters on our daily busy life. Here is a Japanese proverb for such a person like that writer: 'There is no medicine to cure such a fool as you.'

In England there are more serious and more sincere reviewers than that writer, and they often ask me, 'Some parts of your books are written with better English than the other parts. Are you really not posing sometimes?'

For this question I have a very sincere answer. I must confess you that I have a friend who is always looking

after my writings. She would not correct my own English. But I asked her that when I talk about my philosophy or anything which I really mean very serious, I do not want the reader to laugh over my imperfect English, therefore she should correct them into better English. At first, she shook her head and refused to do so, saying it would be 'pity.' At last she has consented to do it. That is why those serious articles of mine are always in better English; and about other lighter articles, she passes them as they are. Then I have a handicap with the printers. They make my 'to' into 'so' and 'is' into 'as,' etcetera. It seems to me they make more mistakes with my writing than that of English writers. One of the staff of my publishers told me that it could not be helped. Because when the English writers write books, the printers know they should be correct English, therefore the printers arrange the 'types' with their sense. But when they print my writing they don't know what words will come next. Therefore even when they made a mistake themselves, they might think it was my mistake, and the publishers had no control over that matter.

Here let me add that even my lady collaborator often gets into the same 'muddle' with the printers when she corrects the proofs of my manuscripts; and once I touched the proofs myself after she passed them. My publishers were furious, and said to me, 'Whatever for have you made such a mess on the proofs? The printers were grumbling very much.' I said 'Amen' in my desperation.

However, my English will never become the English English. Why? Because I am my father's son, after all. My father was a great scholar of the ancient Chinese classics. He used to lecture those classics to his young pupils all day long, and even in his leisure time he used to sing out the ancient Chinese poetries in the gardens or in the rooms, whenever he felt the emotion in his heart, and I used to listen to him since I was in cradle. Even when I was such a little baby and could not understand what that meant, I used to imitate his recitation, and no sooner I began to pick up the meaning of words, than he has taught me all the ancient Chinese literatures. Naturally to express my emotion in the way of the ancient Chinese rhetoric has become my own instinct. As such has been my case, I am afraid that I may be one-sided, but I cannot help thinking even the quite fair-minded critic would choose the ancient Chinese literature as the highest in the world.

When I was a little boy, I used to swallow the Chinese words in whole, and they came out exactly as they were when I expressed my emotion. To-day my mind is fully grown-up and has the power to digest them. I mean I do not mock after the Chinese literature. The style of my writing is entirely my own, but it is fact that I get all the nourishments from the Chinese literature. Since I came to England I have learned the English vocabulary and idioms. But I can never satisfy myself to follow after the English colloquial. I feel I cannot convey my own emotion enough to you by doing in that way; I could not be more than a parrot then. Therefore, I construct my sentences in my own way, then I fill them up with the English words which I know. I believe this is the only resource to express my emotion truthfully, and I have faith in it. At the present stage, I know my writing is very imperfect, but I have a great confidence to succeed to establish my own new style. Here is a Japanese saying for those impatient people: 'Wait until I finish up my work and don't criticize while it is half done.'

THE LATE RETURN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

His eyes reflect the blue of seas
That circle coasts remote and lone;
His lips are salt with spray from these;
His tempered voice betrays the tone
Of alien tongues; and in his ears
Insistent cadences he hears
Of alien creeds now made his own.

Pale stars have met above his head
To plot his peace; and they have driven
The hostile comet, vengeance-bred,
Staggering, spent, across the heaven.
Then, knowing what the days prepare,
They lift their lights in patience where
Familiar valleys wait his tread.

Star-led, he loiters toward his dream,
Though weary of the dream, until
At last he sees fair hills that seem
To rim his village, and his will
Grows unto her who lingers there,
Where silent sun and kindly air
Brood on the bower by the stream.

He bows his head beside the door
And speaks in accents of his youth:
'O love, whom I would cherish more
Than youth could cherish! all my truth
Comes home to thee. Forget the years,
The sad novitiate of tears;
Accept, at last, my tardy ruth.

'I bring thee peace and not alarm;
I lose the world for thee. Be thou

Set as a seal upon my arm,
Bound for a frontlet on my brow,
My sign of faith, my shield to save,
My amulet against the grave.
Lo, thou hast loved, but I love now!'

He lifts his eyes to meet her face,
Her sad brown eyes, her wistful cheek,
For which his hunger grows apace,
Which he has crossed those hills to seek.
No vision rises to assuage;
The thrush hâs pined within its cage,
The hearth is cold, and void the place.

From some dim corner far within
A sudden answer rises shrill,
And peering through her elf-locks thin
An aged crone leans o'er the sill.
'You seek,' she croaks, 'a bird that's fled.
Her flowers rot, her thrush is dead.
Here is no treasure you can win.

'She loved, for years, a worthless wight
Who fled long since this quiet spot.
She wept by day, she watched by night;
She wove her shroud and faltered not.
One day the lightning shattered through
The loom on which the garment grew.
"Not death but life, then, is my lot,"

'I heard her murmur. She has sped
Beyond these hills in search of life.
Mayhap she has found death instead;
Perchance she is a happy wife.
I know and reck not of her fate.
I starve and shiver here, and wait
But to be gathered to the dead.'

'She loved him ever? Tell me this.'
The old crone answered, 'Stark awake,
At night, she cried out for his kiss.

I heard her weeping. Curses take
The man who robbed me, first, of rest,
And then of her who served me best!'
She closed the casement as she spake.

The little hills that rim his home,
How high they seem! for he has turned
To cross them, unappeased, and roam
Adrift from stars that erstwhile burned
Above the place he fancied hers.
There is no prophet wind that stirs
To tell him whither she has come.

The little stars that serve the moon,
They weep for silence they must keep:
They may not bring him, late or soon,
To share her waking or her sleep.
'Yet God will intervene,' they say;
'Earth narrows for them, day by day.
Who soweth love, he love shall reap.'

TWO OF THE NEWEST POETS

BY ROBERT SHAFER

When, a few weeks ago, I picked up a copy of *Fires* at my bookseller's, I said something to myself which all the reviewers have not hesitated to say in public. I sighed as I reflected that decadence was once more dead and buried.

Of course, decadence has been publicly buried in the dust of forgotten vagaries every time during the past two or three years that another poem by Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson or Mr. John Masefield has appeared; and we are all properly joyful at the funerals. But, after all, the new poetic dispensation is probably a mixed blessing, and certainly there have been some few estimable people who have decried this fresh outburst of virility and rude strength. Those who have come to love phrases in themselves, those who have lived and dreamed in an atmosphere of winged and scintillant words, who have become craftsmen, or, in the real sense of the term, *artists* in literature, cannot but feel a half sad regret at

this latest development of English poetry. How different it is from some of that delicately tinted enamel-work produced by a few men, and at least one woman, in the nineties.

I read a little poem of Michael Field's to a friend some time ago: —

> I dance and dance! Another faun,
> A black one, dances on the lawn.
> He moves with me, and when I lift
> My heels his feet directly shift:
> I can't outdance him though I try;
> He dances nimbler than I.
> I toss my head, and so does he;
> What tricks he dares to play on me!
> I touch the ivy in my hair;
> Ivy he has and finger there.
> The spiteful thing to mock me so!
> I will outdance him! Ho, ho, ho!

And then one by Mr. Arthur Symons:

> The charm of rouge on fragile cheeks,
> Pearl-powder, and, about the eyes,
> The dark and lustrous Eastern dyes;
> The floating odor that bespeaks
> A scented boudoir and the doubtful night
> Of alcoves curtained close against the light.
>
> Gracile and creamy-white and rose,
> Complexioned like the flower of dawn,
> Her fleeting colors are as those
> That, from an April sky withdrawn,
> Fade in a fragrant mist of tears away
> When weeping noon leads on the altered day.

My friend is very 'modern' and he likes his poetry to 'prove something,' but he could not help acknowledging the sheer beauty of these exquisitely worked-out pastels, conceived though they were in the days when decadence was in flower and dilettantes were bold. He was forced to admit that in all the qualities of mere workmanship this poetry of the nineties was immeasurably superior to anything and everything in, for example, *The Everlasting Mercy;* and yet he, a young poet of no inconsiderable talent himself, preferred the latter poem! And I think he was right, at least right to a considerable extent. Still, consider the brutal ugliness of this passage from *The Everlasting Mercy*, in which Saul Kane tells something of the fight between himself and Billy Myers, the poacher: —

> From the beginning of the bout
> My luck was gone, my hand was out.
> Right from the start Bill called the play,
> But I was quick and kept away
> Till the fourth round, when work got mixed,
> And then I knew Bill had me fixed.
> My hand was out, why, Heaven knows;
> Bill punched me when and where he chose.
> Through two more rounds we quartered wide,
> And all the time my hands seemed tied;
> Bill punched me when and where he pleased.
> The cheering from my backers eased,
> But every punch I heard a yell
> Of 'That's the style, Bill, give him hell.'
> No one for me, but Jimmy's light
> 'Straight left! Straight left!' and 'Watch his
> right.'

This clumsiness of technique, these uncouth, wretched lines, this rude, colloquial speech, we are hailing with pleasure as the first evidence of really modern English poetry. Mr. Masefield's chief offense against conventionality lies in the realistic speech he employs. While Mr. Gibson's language is simple to the point of baldness, it is not colloquial — his chief offenses are metrical, his verse is irregular to the point of anarchy. Into this question of technique we need scarcely go; and besides, the reviewers and academic critics have already said concerning it the few obvious things that reviewers and academic critics are always able to say. No one is holding up this poetry as exactly a model of beauty, and it seems clear that it is to be regarded simply as a series of experiments, the groping footsteps of a fresh and novel movement that is yet but in its infancy. The important thing, and, I am sure, the thing which has made this poetry so amazingly popular, is the spirit which is behind it and in it, and which has caused it to be brought forth. Beyond considering technical faults in verse, the academic critics have not deigned to notice Mr. Masefield or Mr. Gibson, and for this there is sufficient reason.

A search for the spirit and meaning of poetry would be quite beyond the province of the professors of literature — that peculiar province of theirs of which no one envies them the possession.

After the passing of the 'great figures' of the Victorian era, a number of slighter, if more companionable, beings filled the English stage, such as it was, in the nineties — some of them to the pious horror of the middle classes and the journalists of the lower classes. These younger poets were sooner or later divided into some six or seven then already faintly discernible groups. Several groups emerged from that company of enthusiastic young men who were accustomed to gather together at the Cheshire Cheese and discuss their poetry over mugs of ale and long clay pipes, and who styled themselves the Rhymers' Club.

In their number was Mr. W. B. Yeats, who was later to become the most conspicuous member of that vital and highly interesting movement which we now call the Irish Renaissance. There, too, was Lionel Johnson, fastidious, learned, and somewhat aloof in his nature, who also allied himself with the Irish movement. Ernest Dowson and Mr. Arthur Symons, writing verse of a peculiarly French character, and with temperaments distinctly more Gallic than Anglo-Saxon, were among the Rhymers, forming already a group that was clearly and precisely marked off, and not the less important for its smallness.

Writing at the same time was Michael Field, obviously following the graceful models of later Hellenic literature. Closely allied to her work is that of Mr. T. Sturge Moore, art critic and Greek idyllist of our own day. Clearly Tennysonian, however, was the verse of Mr. Robert Bridges, and later of Mr. Alfred Noyes; while that of Mr. William Watson, has been rather Wordsworthian in character. Francis Thompson was plainly distinct from these, and in the rich decoration and involution of his poetry seemed to indicate a modified return to the Elizabethan spirit. He has been somewhat unworthily followed by Mr. Darrell Figgis. The note of manliness and virility was sounded most loudly by W. E. Henley, and most clearly by John Davidson, in this supposedly decadent age. Simple poetry about country folk of the lower classes has been written, most exquisitely by Professor A. E. Housman, and with less success by Mr. Thomas Hardy.

It is upon some such immediate background as this hastily sketched one that we must view the work of Mr. Masefield and the later work of Mr. Gibson. The question straightway arises, however, as to whether this is a real background, and the better one knows *The Everlasting Mercy* and *Dauber*, *Daily Bread* and *Fires*, the more insistent does this question become.

At first I fancied that some resemblances could be pointed out between Mr. Hardy's Wessex poetry and Mr. Housman's *Shropshire Lad* and this new poetry. Resemblances there are, of course, but they proved delusive. They are of the superficial kind that usually suffice for the academic grouping of 'schools' and the tracing of 'origins' and 'sources,' but the real meanings underlying the two are essentially different.

I afterwards thought that some connection might be shown between the virility of Davidson's work and that of the latest poetry, for virility is, at first sight, the most evident characteristic of Mr. Masefield's verse. But note how contradictory the two conceptions really are. Davidson was all for the established order, and the keynote to his position is to be found in

that most excellent monologue of his, 'Thirty Bob a Week.' One must be a man in spite of things as they are, and the way of doing it lies just in

> The power of some to be a boss,
> And the bally power of others to be bossed.

One must still 'be a man,' the newest poets are assuring us, but the consummation will come in an entirely different way, not through 'brave and meek' acquiescence, but only by heroical efforts at *changing* the established order. Says Saul Kane to the Parson in *The Everlasting Mercy*, —

> The English Church both is and was
> A subsidy of Caiaphas.
> I don't believe in Prayer nor Bible,
> They're lies all through, and you're a libel,
> A libel on the Devil's plan
> When first he miscreated man.
> You mumble through a formal code
> To get which martyrs burned and glowed.
> I look on martyrs as mistakes,
> But still they burned for it at stakes;
> Your only fire's the jolly fire
> Where you can guzzle port with Squire,
> And back and praise his damned opinions
> About his temporal dominions.
> You let him give the man who digs
> A filthy hut unfit for pigs,
> Without a well, without a drain,
> With mossy thatch that lets in rain,
> Without a 'lotment, 'less he rent it,
> And never meat, unless he scent it,
> But weekly doles of 'leven shilling
> To make a grown man strong and willing,
> To do the hardest work on earth
> And feed his wife when she gives birth,
> And feed his little children's bones.
> I tell you, man, the Devil groans.
> With all your main and all your might
> You back what is against what's right.

Could any cart-tail orator of the socialist persuasion have spoken more effectively about the existing abuses of landlordism?

But there is more than incidental socialism here; behind it all there is that surging, insistent 'life-song of humanity' which our own Walt Whitman sang so well, whether or not he sang it in poetry.

> All life moving to one measure —
> Daily bread, daily bread —
> Bread of life, and bread of labor,
> Bread of bitterness and sorrow,
> Hand-to-mouth, and no to-morrow,
> Dearth for housemate, death for neighbor.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> 'Yet, when all the babes are fed,
> Love, are there not crumbs to treasure?'

There is the keynote to this poetry of all humanity, more plainly expressed by Mr. Gibson, but none the less implicit in Mr. Masefield.

If we are to find anywhere in contemporary literature a parallel for this poetry I think that we shall have to go to France. How often one has to go to France! I wonder if any one has ever realized the full extent of the French leadership of the modern world. It was there, at any rate, that, in 1908, *La Vie Unanime* was published by L'Abbaye. The author of the poem, M. Jules Romains, immediately became prominent, and a formal 'movement' was inaugurated, *l'école unanimiste*, which has been considerably influenced by Whitman. The work of M. Charles Vildrac will most repay reading in this connection. He is a lover of life in all its manifestations, and finds inspiration in whatsoever he sees or hears — a poor woman walking along a country road, a sailor left to drown after shipwreck, a bit of ground covered with the waste products of industrialism — all these are grist for his poetic mill. M. Vildrac has called his latest book *Livre d'Amour*, because he 'is aware that he has brought love and imagination to bear on human wretchedness, meanness, and pain.'

Certain critics, gifted with the usual amount of discernment, have called the work of Mr. Masefield and Mr. Gibson 'futurist poetry.' This may do well enough, but let no one confuse it with M. F.-T. Marinetti and *Le Futurisme*. Perhaps our English poetry is an indication pointing toward

the *credo* of M. Marinetti, but it is at best no more than that, and bears a much closer resemblance to *Unanisme*, especially as manifested in M. Vildrac's poetry.

Up to this moment I have coupled Mr. Masefield and Mr. Gibson as one does Klaw and Erlanger. It has been more convenient to do so, but one must not suppose that they are a syndicate. For all I know they may never have met each other personally in the gay whirl of London life; and, though so similar in spirit, certainly their individualities are very distinct.

Mr. Masefield must be set down as fundamentally pessimistic. There are bright spots in his work, of course, and many of them, but through it all there runs a dark thread, and at times the sinister aspects of life among the poor seem to have overpowered him. This is specially true of *The Widow in the Bye Street* and *Dauber*, his latest long narrative poem. This pessimistic outlook is evident not alone in Mr. Masefield's poetical work, but also in his plays, as any one will know who has read *The Tragedy of Nan*, which ends with a murder, a ptomaine poisoning, and a suicide.

Indeed, one cannot help but feel that Mr. Masefield, with his vivid sensitiveness to human suffering and misery, has let himself be carried away into, if not real untruthfulness, at least a certain misrepresentation. For we all know that the great mass of common working-folk do live; somehow or other they manage to get along, and even have the time and inclination for a considerable amount of loving, and hating, and marrying, and having children — especially having children, one sometimes thinks. And yet — and yet! — if their life really seemed to them the thing Mr. Masefield makes it out to be, I cannot help suspecting that they would all of them, long ere this, have rushed to the river and drowned themselves, even as did Mr. Max Beerbohm's odd thousands of Oxford undergraduates. Do not suppose that I am presuming exactly to condemn this pessimism, I wish merely to point the thing out with sufficient clearness. It seems, indeed, to possess certain fine and manly qualities — it has the elements of true impressiveness clinging darkly around it, and it has the supreme merit of being unmistakably sincere. Mr. Masefield's poetry is the work of a man who has known thoroughly that whereof he writes. We may not like it altogether, but we cannot fail of recognizing the noble truthfulness and deep seriousness of *The Everlasting Mercy* and of *Dauber*. That exaltation of the dime-novel *genre* which he gave us in *The Widow in the Bye Street* is a thing to forget rather than to censure.

Mr. Masefield's best work was done in *The Everlasting Mercy* and in a few short ballads of the sea which were published in London several years ago; these smaller poems have lately been reprinted with some additions in the American edition of *Dauber*, under the general title, *The Story of a Round-House*. In *The Everlasting Mercy*, Mr. Masefield gave us a representation of vital, red-blooded life that is palpitating with actual energy from start to finish, in its glories and in its debasement, in its spiritual exaltation as well as in its drunken frenzies. Saul Kane, reeling drunk, stripped naked, and ringing the fire-bell at dead of night as a herald of the coming of the devil to claim his own among the villagers, makes an image never to be forgotten, hardly to be surpassed in all its rude vigor and native strength. It is not quite enough to say that Mr. Masefield is the poet of Life: he is at the same time more, and less, than that — he is the poet of Common Life.

In Mr. Gibson we find a sensitive social conscience, and a sympathy with common people that is undoubtedly real; but it has scarcely resulted in pessimism, or in sentimentalism. His outlook is broader and more philosophic, and the result of a more conscious purpose.

> Snug in my easy-chair,
> I stirred the fire to flame.
> Fantastically fair,
> The flickering fancies came,
> Born of heart's desire:
> Amber woodland streaming;
> Topaz islands dreaming,
> Sunset cities gleaming,
> Spire on burning spire;
> Ruddy-windowed taverns;
> Sunshine-spilling wines;
> Crystal-lighted caverns
> Of Golconda's mines;
> Summers, unreturning;
> Passion's crater yearning;
> Troy, the ever-burning;
> Shelley's lustral pyre;
> Dragon-eyes, unsleeping;
> Witches' caldrons leaping;
> Golden galleys sweeping
> Out from sea-walled Tyre:
> Fancies, fugitive and fair,
> Flashed with singing through the air;
> Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
> I shut my eyes to heat and light,
> And saw, in sudden night,
> Crouched in the dripping dark,
> With steaming shoulders stark,
> The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

Mr. Gibson's early poetry was intricate, decorative, exquisite, in a word, conventional. But the time came when he perceived that if his art was ever to be real it must concern itself directly with life. Accordingly he descended into mines, and climbed the tortuous stairs of evilly built tenements, talked to men starving for lack of work, and to wives and mothers with husbands lost in the fishing-boats at sea — he viewed intimately all that misery and wretched slavery which has been begotten by modern commerce upon modern science, that foul monster over which its arrogant parents cannot much longer afford to shrug their shoulders indifferently.

From this searching of the heart of life there came forth the poet of To-day, and of To-morrow too, I think. And the first expression of this new force came to us in America in *Daily Bread*, a series of seventeen diminutive poetic dramas dealing with simple themes from the life of working-folk, in diction purged of all surplusage, plain to the point of austerity. A single one, 'The Night-Shift' may be taken as typical. A coal-miner dies, imprisoned in the depths of the earth, while his wife is yet ill from childbirth. The effect of the continual tapping of the rescuers' picks as it is overheard in the clairvoyant mind of the young mother is scarcely to be paralleled for the intensity of the horror which it evokes — it is 'appalling and sublime,' as an English critic has said. Still, impressive as many of these dramas are, it is in their cumulative effect that they are chiefly powerful.

And the same thing may be said of *Fires*, Mr. Gibson's latest volume, which contains twenty-one narrative poems. All of these narrative poems deal with ordinary or exceptional moments in the life of the so-called common people, but there is a certain broadening of the field of vision. Attention is no longer concentrated exclusively upon the tragical aspects of life which are produced by modern industrialism; there are also studies of the purely emotional life of working-folk, so that we get a larger and more truthful picture. Mr. Gibson is often interested in mental states which result from intense emotional experiences, as we can see from 'The Lodestar,' 'Devil's Edge,' and 'The Lilac Tree,' and he is singularly successful in dealing with these difficult themes. In *Fires*, as in *Daily Bread*, the fundamental note is human sympathy with the whole of life.

With Mr. Gibson this sympathy is a very tender, intimate, and wholly comprehending thing, perhaps the least bit aloof, but none the less real and true.

Though writing with fundamentally similar purposes, and actuated by the same underlying spirit, the work of Mr. Masefield and Mr. Gibson has many obvious differences. Mr. Gibson has undeniably the finer, more delicate, more sensitive, in a word more poetic, mind. Mr. Masefield's song is rather a shout — the shout of one who has but just come from that of which he speaks, with the rudeness and exhilaration of actuality yet clinging about him. At the same time that there is more of the observer in him, there is in Mr. Gibson more of the power of true poetic transformation. There is much in the quality of Mr. Masefield's work that in certain minds compels immediate enthusiasm, but I suspect that, in the long run, Mr. Gibson will be sincerely liked where Mr. Masefield will be merely endured.

Of course, both men have cut loose from the trammels of convention, and so have antagonized those pious souls who can see only technical experiments in their work, without being able to penetrate to the living, burning spirit which animates them. But the few men in the world who do their own thinking without being ashamed of the horrid fact will recognize the truth of the assertion that here we have a new thing in English poetry, the first poetic expression of a movement which bids fair to sweep over the whole Western World, and the seriousness and extent of which we scarcely realize, even though we are daily presented with fresh evidence of its strength and growth. I mean, of course, the socialist conception of life and government. We may view this movement with uncomprehending horror, as most of us do, or with clear-sighted recognition of its defects and strength, as Robert Louis Stevenson did a number of years ago; but however we look at it we cannot escape the fact of its ceaseless spread and growth; and the appearance of this new poetry is but another indication of its deep-rooted vitality.

As I turn over again the pages of *Le Contrat Social*, I seem to see that moment in the dim future when the ethics of the ant-hill and the bee-hive will be applied for a time to struggling, suffering Western humanity, and there appears for an instant a sardonic smile upon the face of that kindly, well-meaning blunderer, Jean Jacques.

BOTH SIDES OF THE SERVANT QUESTION

BY ANNIE WINSOR ALLEN

I

No matter how many girls spurn housework, homes will still exist. No matter how many women slink discouraged into hotels and boarding-houses, the best of families will always live in separate homes. No matter how many men remain unmarried, the majority will always have wives and children. Even the millennium itself will not be without the family. Hotels and boarding-houses, even, are merely megatherianized homes; and no matter how much sensible coöperation in washing and sewing, cooking and the care of children and sick folk, may be compassed, even those millenniares will still have beds to be made, floors to be swept, doors to be tended, clothes to be sorted, buttons to be sewn on, papers to be burned, dishes to be washed, errands to be run, and windows to be locked. Folks may live without concerts and trolley-cars and books, but they cannot live without sleeping, dressing, and eating, sickness, visitors, and children; nor can they live without that perpetual disorder which has to be perpetually cleared up, and that perpetual disintegration of the material universe which has to be perpetually swept up. Domestic work there will always be. The family itself may do it, or they may pay some one else to do it, or they may do part and pay some one else to do part; but done it must be.

For a family ranging from two to not more than six, living in a house which occupies not more than one thousand square feet of ground space, all the household work may be done after a fashion by one woman who is in reasonable health. It often is so done. From half-past five in the morning till half-past nine or ten or eleven at night, she is cooking something, or washing something or somebody; she is clearing or cleaning up, or sewing, and in the odd moments she is tending children or invalids, or the door or the table. She is never free to leave the house, even if she gets time to read a newspaper. A woman will do all this for her own, if she must, and many women do it well; here and there an exceptionally gifted woman, exceptionally placed, prefers to do it all herself and does it well; but few women will prefer to do it and certainly no one would be hired to do it. On the other hand, two together can do this same work for a family of even ten or twelve and yet have time for rest and recreation. The simple fact is that the work is not hard, but incessant. This secular character makes two workers necessary, if there is to be any rest but sleep. If only one worker is forthcoming from the household, then the other must be hired. If the family circumstances make no helper possible, then the size of the house must be the very least possible, and food and clothing must be reduced to the utmost simplicity.

If, beyond this, the mistress of the house wants time for rest and time for other exacting occupations, then she must secure another helper to take

some or all of her share of the household work. Also, if she wishes to have either cooking or cleaning done extra well or elaborately, she must get still another helper, or two others. If she chooses to have more than four living rooms, if she wants a separate sleeping-room for each member of the family, and guest-rooms in addition, or if she chooses to have her rooms average more than fourteen feet square, then also she must secure more than two servants to keep these rooms in order. It is all a matter to be decided by arithmetic. From 24 hours subtract 8 for sleep, 2 for meals, and 14 for work; how much is left for pleasure? If it takes three quarters of an hour to sweep and dust one room 14×15, how long will it take to do four such rooms, and how long to do eight rooms which are twice as large? The resultant fact which emerges conspicuously from all such arithmetic is that almost every home is the better for having two to keep it, or else it keeps some one and must sometimes keep itself.

More than this. The unchangeable thing about housework is, that it lasts from the waking-hour of the family until all the family has gone to sleep, and even continues during the night if someone is sick or a thunderstorm comes up. The business of the housemistress is to care for the house and the family. This care can have no cessation. She may delegate its various activities, but her responsibility lasts from midnight to midnight, — the most intimate, the most necessary, of all services. In any other branch of continuous service, such as telephoning, two operators would be provided, but there is no possibility of providing two mothers. The best that can be done is to provide one aide or more.

In the purely natural household the mother's aides are her boys and girls, who, as fast as they grow old enough, share this service for the common good. In very simple conditions she does not need more responsible assistance because she has no interests or duties outside her home. In a complex community, however, a mother, no matter how simple her interests, has many things to take her away from home, even if nothing more than shopping. Then she must have a responsible person to leave in charge.

Because of its incessant needs, then, almost every family of more than two members is the better for having one 'servant,' — some responsible person, that is, — to help in the family service, to serve the mistress of the house, and share her activity. (Not because that service is disagreeable to her or difficult in any part, but because there is too much for one person.) This servant may be a half-grown daughter or a young grandmother, a maiden sister or a homeless friend, or a handy boy, or a husband, or even an accommodating neighbor. Or it may be a paid person without any previous interest in the family.

II

On taking a paid helper into the household, we step outside purely natural conditions. What was a labor of love and mutual service is now done for pay, and yet it remains within the domestic atmosphere. An employee has been engaged at a definite wage to work under direction, according to the needs of the employer, as she would do in a factory. She is to render mostly personal service, as she would do in a store or a telephone central. But this personal service is private service, like that of a clerk in an office. Yet unlike factory-hand, saleswoman, telephone girl, or stenographer, she is rendering a service which brings in no money gain to her employer. Hers is

not a commercial service. She is helping her employer, not to get a living, but to live. She aids, not production, but consumption, for the home is that famous thing, the ultimate consumer. This brings her work into the same class with that of the doctor, the clergyman, the teacher, and the nurse, and like them she can have no fixed hours of work agreed upon beforehand and held to rigidly. Like a trained nurse or a governess, she is not paid wholly in cash. Her wage is paid partly in board and lodging, so that in one aspect she is a boarder and presents thus a double problem. On the other hand, she is unlike the sick nurse in that the need of her is continuous, not fitful; and unlike a governess, in that she is doing what is a family necessity, not a family preference. Her service is an integral part of the daily family life. Domestic service is consequently unlike any other service.

Of course, all useful occupation is of two sorts, personal and commercial, — the sort which gives direct assistance to the life of others, like housing, feeding, tending, and teaching; and the sort which gives indirect assistance to that same personal life, — manufacturing, transportation, and sale. The one sort consumes money; the other makes it. Homes are not money-making establishments. They are money-users. Their work is personal: it is life-making, not money-making. If life is not worth living, money is not worth making: and as a man's home is, so is his life. The nearer you get to a good home, the closer you are to the fountain of life. For this reason, good domestic service is more necessary to life and happiness than is good commercial service. Whether you are paid for keeping house or do it for love, does not matter. The service is equally valuable and indispensable.

Domestic service is not only indispensable, it is personally exacting. It requires a higher grade of personal character than any corresponding grade of work. All forms of personal service require this same quality of character, although such different kinds of skill and knowledge. Engineer, architect, lawyer, minister, teacher, nurse (sick or child's), governess, coachman, cook, maid, housekeeper, housewife or home-maker, father and mother, all need the same qualities of fidelity, patience, kindness, devotion, honesty, and good manners. To be a good father is more creditable than to be a good business man, for it takes, not more talent but more intelligence and more kinds of virtue. To be a satisfactory domestic cook requires in the same way more all-round personal excellence and more varied good sense than to be a skilled milliner. A thoroughly valuable child's nurse must have much more admirable personal qualities than a saleswoman needs.

Of course, these excellent moral qualities are not unwelcome in any occupation, but some can get along without them while to others they are essential. For instance, a marvelously perfect glass-cutter may be a liar, a drunkard, and a thief, but no one could be any of these three and be a valuable school-teacher, or doctor, or engineer, or coachman. So with all reputable domestic service. It does not demand remarkable talent in any one direction, but it must have a high grade of character and of general intelligence. To establish the full success of a home, every one who lives beneath its roof must share in general the same moral standards and the same notions of refinement.

These occupations of personal service requiring, first and foremost, good character, are also those which place the largest burden of trust. People who enter them need a clear sense of honor,

and such occupations enlist a special degree of personal devotion and loyalty. Who else gets and gives such devotion and loyalty as the good family doctor and the beloved family nurse? So in the old feudal days, domestic service was held to be highly honorable, and so it is in these days wherever servant and served are equal to the opportunity. This is not a conspicuous or showy service. It is done in secret, almost, but it is one which wins rich rewards in appreciation and lifelong grateful mutual affection from those who have known and enjoyed its excellence.

The workers cannot be watched, and the limit of authority cannot be defined; no definition of mutual service and obligation, can be made; no fixed contract can be drawn up. For the home is a place where things cannot be regulated by rule and schedule. It is a place of adjustment, like the joint in a suspension bridge. Weather, health, railroad schedules, business appointments, and social engagements, must be taken as fixed; the home must vary to meet them, and must be always ready to dry wet shoes, run for the doctor, have dinner late or no dinner at all, and to provide extra dishes or fresh beds, without a murmur. In short, the house is maintained for the advantage of the family.

III

How bewilderingly true this is may be appreciated by considering even briefly, from either the legal or the personal point of view, the mutual relations of mistress and maid as to work, hours, pay, health, or pleasure; and by then remembering that every mistress and every maid has to consider all those parts of the service from both points of view, all the time. No wonder bewilderment arises. If we do not follow the right method by instinct and custom, but depend upon thought, we are lost.

Besides obeying the general spirit of the common law in all the intimacy of household intercourse, mistress and maid have four special legal relations:

1. *Employer and Employee.* — This relation is a matter of contract. Both sides must live up to the agreement which they make in the beginning. The mistress must not ask that anything shall be done by the maid, of a wholly different sort from the work agreed upon. The maid must not refuse to do any work of the kind originally agreed upon. Of course, originally, the mistress has a perfect right to propose any kind of work so long as it is not criminal. It is for the girl to decide whether she cares to accept the proposal.

A reasonable cause for complaint on either side is something of which complaint has already been made and in which no improvement followed, or else something so objectionable that no one needs to be told that it is unendurable. But to allow a thing to go on for some time and then suddenly to complain and break the contract is not reasonable. Therefore all complaints, great or small, should be made promptly. This is a legal duty of both sides.

2. *Principal and Agent.* — An agent is one who acts in another's place during the absence of that other. The position is therefore one of trust, and requires good judgment. An agent must behave as nearly as possible in the way in which the principal would behave under the circumstances, and must consider always the advantage of the principal. How much independent power of decision belongs to the agent, depends upon the directions which he receives.

Many times a day every domestic

servant acts as an agent. It is a position which demands a strong sense of honor. She should be faithful to her mistress's interests, saving money for her, caring for her property, and behaving courteously as her representative.

3. *Bailor and Bailee.* — A bailor is one who gives some article which he owns into the possession of another, in order that that other may do some work upon it.

The bailee is required to use all proper care in handling the goods intrusted to him and to return them promptly as soon as he has done the job agreed upon, while the bailor is expected not to blame the bailee for natural wear and tear or unavoidable accidents. All day long every servant is a bailee, doing some work upon articles owned by another.

4. *Host and Boarder.* — The host must see that the rooms provided are cleanly and sanitary. The food must be in sound condition and of as good quality as the board paid will warrant. The host has no claim to know anything of the boarder's private affairs.

The boarder must behave in a courteous and quiet manner while in the house, doing nothing to make the house unattractive to the other occupants, and following the customs of the house in all essentials. The boarder has no claim upon the social or domestic life of the host.

There are two other important relations which, to be sure, mistress and maid do not hold legally toward one another, but, living under the same roof, and sharing so many of the same interests, they appear to hold these relations, and suggestions as to wise and acceptable behavior can be got by considering how things would be if these apparent relations were legal. These relations are :—

1. *Guardian and Ward.* — A guardian must see to it that the minors under her care do not do anything to imperil their future well-being and usefulness; she must see that they are properly occupied during the hours of pleasure; and that they have sufficient work to keep them busy and useful. She must treat them without due harshness, but must make them obedient. A good guardian also will win the ward's confidence and take the place of a parent as much as possible.

A ward must be obedient and industrious, truthful and respectful to the guardian. A well-conditioned ward will also wish to enlist the guardian's friendly interest, and to get the benefit of such judicious advice as a larger experience of life and greater opportunities can usually supply.

It is fortunate when mistress and maid are both such that a relation of guardian and ward is informally established between them. But a mistress must be very careful how she assumes a guardian's rights, since legally they are not hers.

2. *Confidential Adviser and Confidential Agent.* — The confidential adviser (such as a doctor or a lawyer) must give honest, disinterested advice, and must not betray the confidence reposed in him by repeating what has been told him.

The confidential agent (such as a private secretary) must not repeat the secrets which are learned in the course of her work, and must not use the knowledge which she gains in any way to the disadvantage of her employer or of any one else.

Although the law does not recognize these confidential relations as involved in domestic service, as a matter of fact they always are, and a girl should scru-

pulously refrain from repeating outside what she hears in the home, if she knows that the repetition will work injustice.

So unavoidably complex are the legal and semi-legal relations between mistress and maid! In fulfilling them successfully special personal relations have to be established and maintained. These vary with every case according to the size and elaborateness of family and home, the skill and temperament of mistress and maid. They involve all questions of work, hours, pay, health, and pleasure on both sides. For instance:—

OBVERSE

It is right that

1. The character of the work should be definitely understood in the beginning on both sides.

2. The work should be carefully arranged according to hours and days; but the mistress should be willing to alter it on occasion to suit the preference or health or pleasure of the maid, provided that this alteration does not seriously interfere with the well-being of the family.

3. When the usual number of servants is lessened for a considerable time, those upon whom the additional work comes should receive extra pay according to the amount of extra work that they do.

4. Extra services not in the line of work agreed upon should not be expected, nor heavier work than was specified in the beginning.

5. A mistress who is not pinched for money should not on that account allow waste and carelessness among her servants. It is very bad for anyone, and very bad for the community, to acquire a disrespect for values.

6. A mistress should be careful about

REVERSE

It is right that

1. A girl should do willingly any work of the sort for which she was engaged which will be of benefit to the family, whether or not it was specifically mentioned in the beginning. The only reason for refusing to do such work should be either that it is too heavy for her strength, or that it constantly overruns her hours of recreation.

2. A girl should be interested to alter her usual routine to suit unusual circumstances in the family. Especially in regard to guests, she should remember that one of the blessings of a home is that friends may come there freely.

3. A girl should be ready to do work other than her own for a day or two without being annoyed or asking for more pay. She should never be willing to take pay from guests, as if she were a bootblack.

4. A girl should not shirk her work. She should work as hard and as well as she can without injury to her health. Otherwise she is docking the amount of work for which she is paid, and her employer would be justified in docking the amount of pay in proportion.

5. A girl should keep things in good condition, in order to preserve the property. She tacitly agrees when she takes the place to practice economy and care in her mistress's interest. She uses things in trust for her.

6. Because she gets a certain privi-

suddenly removing privileges to which girls have grown accustomed. She must always keep clear which are privileges, even very common ones.

7. There should be about nine hours of work a day; that is, approximately sixty-three hours a week; or, better yet, one hundred and twenty-six hours in a fortnight.

8. The work each day should begin not more than fifteen hours from the time when it is to end; thus giving time for eight hours sleep and half an hour apiece for dressing and undressing.

9. The distribution of work-hours through the day should be as nearly as possible the same every day.

10. The pay offered for domestic work should correspond approximately to that which the girl could probably get in some commercial occupation, (minus the current price of board and lodging). She should not be paid more than the worth of the grade of work which she actually does.

11. The board and lodging which she gets at her place of service should be reckoned as part of her pay, at the rate which she herself would have to pay, if she were working by the day, and not living at home.

lege frequently she must not fall into the habit of thinking that it is a right.

7. A girl should recognize the uncertain character of the work, and be cheerfully willing to work over-time some days, in an emergency, remembering that she often works under-time on other days.

8. A girl should begin her day as early as is best for the good of the family, and end at the time that is best for them. She must get her necessary respite during the afternoon or at some other time when the family does not need her.

9. A girl should use good sense, and not expect any family life to go on with the regularity of a factory.

10. A girl should not expect much higher pay than she knows she can get in some productive occupation.

11. A girl should not expect the food which she receives to be better than what she would be able to pay for if she were working by the day, nor should she take food between meals any more than she would if she were at a real boarding-house. Nor should she eat at meals more or differently than she would be allowed to at a boarding-house. If the food which she receives is of better quality than she would otherwise get, she should count that as just so much added to her wages in pleasure and health, and subtracted from her doctor's bill, sick-leave, and so forth.

So one may go on through all the minutiæ of work, hours, pay, health, and pleasure, balancing items on both sides. But the showing is already sufficient to illuminate the causes of the discontent and grumbling that are so frequently heard on both sides of the domestic service question.

IV

The fact is that, both mistress and maid occupy a sphere where honor and trust and disinterested hard work must be present, or discontent will abound. But honor and trust do not rule in most people, and overcoming difficulties is not now in fashion. This is the season of our discontent. Our shield of discussion is not golden on one side and silver on the other, but dull lead here and rusty iron there; on both sides dissatisfaction.

Mistresses say:

Housekeeping is wearisome and disheartening. There are many maids ready to draw good pay, and few ready to do good work. Many do not know how to work well, and most do not want to work well. They all want to get much and give little.

Maids say:

Housework is tiresome and discouraging. There are lots of mistresses ready to ask for good work, and very few ready to give good conditions. Lots of them do not know how to manage well, and most of them do not want to deal fairly. They all want to get much and give little.

We are used to pitying the mistresses — if we are mistresses ourselves; but if we are maids, we consider sadly the plight of the maids. Getting a new mistress is a very uncertain venture.

First, there is the mistress who has been bred from childhood in a home where there was plenty of service, but who is entirely without any experience of the work itself and employs her servants to rid herself of what she considers mere undesirable activities. Such a mistress is frequently unreasonable and unsympathetic.

Second, there are the houses where the mistress is unaccustomed to the control and direction of others: she was not brought up in a household where servants were employed, and she, too, employs them in order that she herself may be rid of the household work which she dislikes. These housewives who are just waking to the possibility of assistance also frequently make very poor mistresses, for their attitude is likewise apt to be selfish. They are unaccustomed to being in authority, and are too often either timid or exacting.

The increasing probability of coming under the control of such mistresses is helping to keep many of the most desirable girls out of domestic service. On the other hand, the increased number of good incomes, and the decreased willingness to work long hours, has added enormously to the number of families employing servants, and to the number of servants employed in each family. Thus, circumstance is working at both ends, increasing the demand and decreasing the supply, at one blow.

In a third sort of house, however, the mistress, whether or not she has been accustomed from childhood to see servants about, understands the work herself, and is capable of doing any part of it as well as need be. She employs servants in order that she may have free time for other occupations which she cannot delegate, but which she considers of great importance to the best development and usefulness of her husband and her children. It is these women who can help gradually to make domestic service more desired; but perhaps they are relatively few, and certainly the tug of the times is against them. Modern women have not a mind to it, because modern girls are not bred to a knowledge of it.

In fact, as we are all weary of remarking, the growing prosperity, independence, and democracy of the last thirty years, have, along with their many blessings, brought disquiet. They have cast a definite slur in our minds upon obedience, hard work, drudgery, stability, domestic life, and personal service. Easy independence has become a stock idea with us. The gospel of sorrow and suffering, labor and difficulty, has fallen into disfavor. It is replaced by the gospel of pleasantness. Working, even to grow rich, is unpopular. 'The Almighty Dollar!' said an observant German, full twenty years ago. 'No! the Americans no longer worship the Almighty Dollar. They worship the God of Good Times.' If any one doubts the hold which this exaggerated stock idea has upon even the least lazy of us, let him count the number of times during the coming week that he himself accepts an inferior grade of work from himself or from another, because he does not like to make things disagreeable; or decides not to ask a simple favor of a friend for fear of giving trouble. We are the first generation which has said of a woman in our employ, 'Yes, she is idle, slovenly, and dishonorable, she does not give me a fair return for my money. *But I don't blame her:* the work is disagreeable. I should not like to do it myself.'

Besides this easy temper of the times, another stock idea disturbs the peace of our households. This is the notion of doing something a little beyond one's capacity. We call it ambition. Ninety-nine men you meet are ambitious, to one who is thorough. The born clerk wants to be a lawyer, and the born lawyer wants to be a railroad president. But one of these days innumerable persons of good mental training will have to go into occupations which they now think not worth considering. Then they will discover that, in a democracy, all occupations are equally honorable. In a true democracy everybody works, each one at whatever he can do best, and he takes pride in it. Not every one can do the unusual things, or they would not be unusual. Every five persons need a sixth to help in the household, but only every five hundred need a doctor. And a doctor cannot support himself on less than five hundred patients: no one of them needs him often enough. It is the same with trained nurses. So some day more of the right sort of girls who are welcome in domestic service will take it up. The right kind of girls are those who want to work steadily and well, at work suited to their strength and ability, for eight or nine hours a day. And since to do housework satisfactorily demands refinement and good sense, they are also girls who have nice feelings and a fair education.

Already, to-day, many steady, refined, sensible girls appreciate the advantage of working in other people's homes, but they make four definite objections to the occupation as it is now arranged. These are: (1) The difficulty of securing a pleasant, quiet place in which to enjoy leisure and to receive their callers; that is, its discomforts. (2) The difficulty of finding out beforehand how the mistress of any particular house is going to treat you; that is, its uncertainty. (3) The difficulty of being sure of pleasant fellow-workers; that is, its intimacy. (4) A dislike of helping without sharing in a private home life; that is, its aloofness. Of course, also, the social 'stigma' is urged as the chief reason why it is hard to secure good help in the household. This is the reason which many girls believe they have for not entering domestic service. But a general sentiment of this kind follows the conditions which create it. A feeling is always a consequence before it is a

cause. If the conditions were altered, the sentiment would disappear. In the eighteenth century there was a social stigma on artists; the social stigma on doctors has scarcely yet disappeared in England; and that on retail trade has been heard of in this country. Some say there is still a social stigma on dentists, while others look upon dentists as high in the social scale. These are matters of sentiment. We cannot work to efface sentiment, but only to efface what causes the sentiment.

This sentiment, among those who feel it, is clearly caused by the combined pressure of the four conditions that I have enumerated. But we may each of us work to efface from our own household gradually, so far as possible, its discomfort and its uncertainty. Its intimacy with the other workers must always continue, but just so far as girls learn how to be agreeable without being familiar, its unpleasantness will abate.

Its aloofness from the family must always continue, too, in most households, but this can be turned to advantage by the girl. In talking of the advantages of domestic service for young girls, it is very usually said to secure them a good home. This is palpably not so. In the first place, many of the households in which they can find service are not in themselves good homes; and, in the second place, however good the home may be, the girl never wholly shares it. The actual situation is that by going into domestic service a girl gets a more or less good and homelike boarding-place, possibly more comfortable than what she could probably provide for herself if she were working at any other occupation, and probably more elaborate than the home from which she comes. No matter how homelike it may be, it is not her own home, it is some one else's home. If the family lives well into the country in a simple way, with almost no interests outside the domestic happenings, then the girl feels, and is, very much like one of the family. But the more outside interests the family has, and the more they use their home for entertaining their acquaintances, the less can she be a part of their life. It is too complicated to admit of receiving any outsider on a family footing; the housekeeper, the governess, or the trained nurse, feels this quite as keenly as the maid. If those employed in the home were part of the family it would defeat the very purpose for which they are employed. They are employed in order to free the family for outside interests. The aloofness may be small disadvantage if a girl knows how to use her unoccupied time, and has a just amount of it.

In fact, on both sides, we may make domestic service acceptable if we have a mind to. The long and the short of it is that minds must be changed as well as methods. Since domestic service is merely the delegating of her own duties to a trustworthy aide, the house-mother must look upon it with interest and respect; and the house-worker, since it is merely the prophecy of her own duties to come, must look upon it with respect and interest. And since it is the centre of human life and the source of all human happiness, both must look upon it as indispensable, inevitable, honorable, and desirable. Wherever both mistress and maid realize this, harmony exists; and the spread of this understanding will separate the desirable from the undesirable on both sides, drawing the desirable together in mutual satisfaction (of our mitigated human sort), and leaving the undesirable to wrestle with each other and come to their proper end, like the Kilkenny cats. A consummation much to be desired on both sides!

Much remains to be said as to method, but she, on either side, — mistress or maid, — who believes and lives up to what is here set down, is not, even now, dwelling in the Cave of Adullam — which is so big and crowded. She has a little private cave of her own, where the prospect is pleasant and the air is not 'polluted by corruption and groans.'

THE CENSURED SAINTS

BY GEORGE HODGES

THE saints have always lived in peril of excommunication. Even canonized saints have been acquainted with the formal censures of ecclesiastical authority.

Saint Athanasius was condemned by several councils, and being deposed from his place as Pope of Alexandria, spent years in exile. Saint Benedict had hardly begun to work as Abbot of Vicovarro, when the monks tried to poison him. Saint Chrysostom was excommunicated, and driven out of Constantinople. Saint Damasus was so energetically opposed by his brethren that, upon the adjournment of the meeting at which he was elected Pope of Rome, a hundred and thirty-seven bodies of dead electors were found on the church floor. Saint Epiphanius, preaching in Jerusalem, was interrupted by the bishop in the middle of his sermon, and told to leave the pulpit. It is true that the saint was engaged at that moment in denouncing the bishop; but the fact remains that even saints were unable to do that with impunity. They had to suffer for it.

It would be easy to go down the long alphabet of censured saints, and find plenty of like cases. The new *Dictionary of Christian Biography and Literature*[1] covers only six centuries, but it suffices to show the saints in the endurance of all manner of tribulation. Of course, they were hated by their pagan neighbors; that was a part of the day's work. And if, in addition, they were reviled and persecuted by their brethren in religion, even that was plainly promised in the last beatitude. The *Dictionary* begins at the end of the New Testament. If it had gone further back, it would have included the stoning of Saint Stephen. The five hundred and ninety-six Johns who appeared in the former four-volume edition are here a much more select company; but even the present list retains the John who was expelled from Alexandria by the zeal of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and the John of Antioch who was excommunicated by the Council of Ephesus, and the John of Constantinople who was rebuked by Gregory the Great for seizing a priest accused of heresy and beating him with ropes in the cathedral.

It is interesting to see how remote this is from such a book as Mrs. Lang's

[1] *Dictionary of Christian Biography and Literature.* Edited by HENRY WACE and WILLIAM C. PIERCY. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1911.

Stories of Saints and Heroes.[1] The saints in these pages have their various troubles: Saint Francis has an unsympathetic father, and Saint Elizabeth an unsympathetic mother-in-law, and there are pagan persecutors, and dragons, and temptations of the devil; but the brethren, for the most part, are kind and true, and the Church follows the saint with benedictions. We perceive, however, that the stories which Mrs. Lang has so pleasantly retold are like the accounts of King David which are given in the Books of Chronicles. The Chroniclers make no record of the domestic unhappiness of David. They omit the chapters which centre about Bathsheba and about Absalom. They are preparing a history that will be profitable reading for the Young Men's Hebrew Association. In their pages, the kings are rarely seen without their crowns. So, in the conventional lives of the worthies, the saints are rarely seen without their halos. Even in Professor Egan's delightful life of Saint Francis,[2] only a passing reference is made to Brother Elias, 'the prudent man who tried to make the Franciscans worldly.' The reader is not told how Brother Elias succeeded; how, in his own lifetime, Francis saw his ideals changed against his will, and himself set aside; and how, after his death, the group of his first disciples, whose stories are told in the *Little Flowers*, were persecuted by the secularizing brethren, and Brother Leo was scourged, and Brother Bernard was hunted over the hills like a wild beast, for their loyalty to the saint.

These narratives of failure and tragedy are not pleasant reading, and there is no reason why Mrs. Lang and Dr. Egan should have included them in their books. They bear witness, however, to the fact that the censure of the saints was not confined to the first six centuries. The situation is a psychological one, and is bound to recur in all lands and religions. It is the everlasting contention between the institution and the individual. The institution has its established rules of order, its prudent and practical procedure, its adaptation to the ordinary man, and its conservative convictions. And the saint is different. He has a new vision of truth or of duty. Sometimes he is a prophet, declaring like Isaiah that God hates and despises the feast-days, the services, and the sacraments of the Church. Or he is a mystic, who has no use for the rites and ceremonies; or a reformer, who proposes to change them; or, being a saint, he irritates his neighbors by the silent criticism of his example; or, being a scholar, he alarms them by his new readings of old sentences. Often his difference from his brethren sends him into dissent; and then he is doubly obnoxious, adding to the sin of heresy the sin of schism. Under these conditions, the words may be fulfilled which say, 'Whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service.'

The name 'saint' is here extended considerably beyond its ecclesiastical significance, and is used to indicate the individualist in religion. The saint, in this sense, is the good man, devout and honest, and tremendously in earnest, who differs notably from his brethren, either in his manner of life or in his theological opinions. Looking through the religious books of the past twelve months, to find, if possible, some common note, it is interesting to see how many of them deal with the censure of such saints.

Thus the Abbé Duchesne's *Early History of the Church*, now in its second

[1] *Stories of Saints and Heroes.* By Mrs. Andrew Lang. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912.

[2] *Everybody's Saint Francis.* By Maurice Egan. New York: The Century Co. 1912.

volume,[1] describes the schism of the Donatists, and gives great space to the heresy of the Arians. It is a careful, learned, and entirely fair account of the days when good men were in perplexity. Pagan persecution had frightened even bishops into apostasy. It was commonly believed in Rome that Pope Marcellinus had offered incense on pagan altars, to save his life. Then, when peace came, it was maintained by the more strict that the ministry of those who had done such things was by that fact invalidated. If they were bishops, other bishops must be chosen in their places. This was the contention of the Donatists, and the result was the setting-up of bishop against bishop, and church against church, with mutual excommunications, and honest, devout, and conscientious men on each side. Under these conditions, the puzzled saints fared ill.

While these matters agitated the practical West, other and profounder problems troubled the metaphysical East. Pagan philosophy asked questions which Christian tradition found hard to answer, especially regarding the relation of Christ to the supreme God: Is the divinity of Christ absolute or relative? Then it was that Bishop Leontius of Antioch, passing his hand over his white hair, was heard to say, 'When this snow has melted, there will be mud in Antioch.' The saints pelted one another with the mud.

The difficulties which were involved in these questions were hopelessly complicated by the purpose of the ecclesiastical authorities to preserve uniformity. It was maintained against the Donatists that there is only one true church, and against the Arians that there is only one true creed. The idea of freedom of debate, the hope of coming to conclusions gradually, the virtue of patience, had no place in these controversies. Whoever advanced an opinion contrary to the official mind was promptly put out. The possibility that the opinion might have truth at the heart of it was rarely considered. Indeed, the adverse opinions were commonly expressed in so militant a manner that they invited a dispute rather than a debate. What could be done with the defiant saints except to excommunicate them?

A like situation appears in the history of dissent in England. Dissent is grounded in the everlasting fact of difference. It is made inevitable by human nature. There are always conservatives and progressives, always men of the old learning and men of the new, always those who believe in the authority of the institution, and those who believe in the liberty of the individual. Some are aristocrats, some are democrats, in religion as well as in society. Some would have the service of worship simple, some would have it ornate. Some are 'high church' by nature, by temperament; some are 'low church.' The problem of keeping these various persons in one communion and fellowship was frankly given up on the continent of Europe; Luther and Calvin and their companion saints were expelled from the Church, with anathemas, and founded churches of their own.

In England, an attempt was made to solve the problem, — an attempt which is not yet abandoned, in spite of tragic failures. Principal Selbie, in his history of the *English Sects*,[2] tells the long story. This little book, which sustains the high merit of that exceedingly useful series, the Home University Li-

[1] *The Early History of the Church: From its Foundation to the End of the Fifth Century.* Vol. II. By Monsignor Louis Duchesne. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912.

[2] *English Sects: A History of Nonconformity.* By W. B. Selbie. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1912.

brary, begins with Wycliffe and comes down to General Booth of the Salvation Army. It is written in admirable spirit, never unfair or partisan, though sympathetic, of course, with Nonconformity; and presents the whole case, without encumbering details, in remarkable perspective. A notable collection of original documents bearing upon these matters, from 1550 to 1641, is contained in Mr. Burrage's *Early English Dissenters*,[1] together with a learned discussion of these rare and interesting papers. Also, Canon Henson has published a candid consideration of the Puritan movement, under the title, *Puritanism in England*,[2] in connection with the two-hundred-and-fifth anniversary of the ejection of the Nonconformists from the Church of England. 'I trust,' he says in his preface, 'that nothing has been said in the course of this book which can be fairly regarded as lacking in sympathy or appreciation for the victims of what I must needs consider the meanest persecution which Christian History records.' 'Nevertheless,' he continues, 'I cannot think that the tradition of their sufferings ought to be allowed to raise the temperature of modern discussions.'

This deprecation of a heightened temperature, referring, of course, to the current discussion of disestablishment in England, suggests an error in addition which has interfered all along with the solution of the problem: to the difficulties arising from human nature have been added the difficulties arising from politics. The situation was already sufficiently embittered by a general agreement concerning the essential importance of uniformity. We must do all alike, they said, and think alike; there must be but one form of worship and of administration, one church and one creed in the realm. A willingness to tolerate difference was held to be a disclosure of indifference. Nobody who really cared could be content till the truth and right, as he understood them, had entire control. Thus all ecclesiastical discussion was a duel from which no honest man could properly retreat till he had silenced his opponent. And when first one side and then the other got possession of the sword of state, and did his best to run his adversary through with it, the temperature of the debate was considerably heightened.

How the political factor complicated the psychological factor appears in many illuminating pages of these three books. For example, the ejection of the Nonconformists, which seems to Canon Henson the meanest of all persecutions, and whose meanness is abundantly shown in the Five-Mile Act, which forbade the ejected ministers to continue to live in the towns where they had preached, and in the Conventicle Acts, which forbade the ejected people to meet together more than five in number, on penalty of fine or transportation, is shown by Principal Selbie to have been caused by political fear, as well as by ecclesiastical hostility. The churchmen were honestly afraid that the dissenters would again overturn not only Church but State. They did not dare to do other than eject the saints.

Richard Hooker said, indeed, 'There will come a time when three words uttered with charity and meekness shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit.' But that was the counsel of a singularly serene mind. Hugh Peters, at Rotterdam, in the covenant which he proposed to the

[1] *The Early English Dissenters, in the Light of Recent Research.* By Champlain Burrage. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1912.

[2] *Puritanism in England.* By H. Hensley Henson. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1912.

congregation there, proposed for his ninth article, 'To Labor to gett A great meassuer of humillitie and meekness and to banish pride and highnes of spirit'; and for his twelfth, 'To Deal with all kynd of wisdome and genttellnes towards those that are without.' But Peters declared that anybody who would not sign this covenant should immediately be excommunicated; and some refused to sign because he was so peremptory about it.

That has been the trouble all along. The endeavor has been to change opinions by abuse or compulsion. Thus John Penry, having printed a paper, 'In behalf of the country of Wales, that some order may be taken for the preaching of the Gospel among those people,' was answered by Archbishop Whitgift with a month's imprisonment. This had so little persuasive effect upon Penry that he said of the Prayer-book, 'That it is an unperfect book culled and picked out of that Popish dunghill the masse book, full of abhomynations.' This was so far from convincing that prelate that, when Penry was sentenced to be hanged, the archbishop was the first to sign the warrant.

Henry Jacob published a work entitled, *Reasons taken out of God's Word and the best human Testimonies proving a necessity of reforming our churches in England.* Mr. Burrage says that 'the Bishop of London, on hearing of the publication of this book, sent a messenger requesting Jacob to come to speak with him.' This is precisely what a bishop of London ought to do under such circumstances. Here was opportunity for profitable discussion. But this is what followed: 'A servant reported the message to Jacob, and he, not knowing, but possibly suspecting, the object of this invitation, called upon the Bishop, and was immediately made a prisoner, and committed to the Clink,' to the great and increasing distress of Jacob's wife and four small children.

These readings in church history may put us in a proper frame of mind to appreciate the three most notable religious biographies of the past year: The *Life of John Henry, Cardinal Newman*, the *Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell*, and the *Life of William Robertson Smith.*

Before proceeding to a consideration of these books, it may be noticed, by the way, that each of them contains a little touch of local interest for New England readers. Newman was brought under suspicion at the very moment of his entrance into the Church of Rome by the cordial acceptance given to his *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* by the Unitarians of Boston. They took it up at once and 'quoted it as evidence that the Trinitarian doctrine was not primitive, but was a development of the third century.' The report came to Rome that Newman's book had given the Unitarians 'big and effective guns.' Meanwhile, no theologian in Rome was able to read English with any facility, and there was at that moment no French or Italian translation, so misunderstanding and prejudice had time to grow. An immediate result was to destroy Newman's hope of founding a theological college. This was a work for which both his genius and his experience eminently fitted him. He might have widened and deepened indefinitely the channel of passage from England to Rome. A continuing result was to give an impression, which never wholly disappeared from the Roman mind, that Newman, while a very distinguished convert, was a person of whom to be afraid. Nobody knew what dangerous doctrine he might suggest next.

The local note in the life of Father Tyrrell is the fact that almost the last

paper he wrote was for the *Harvard Theological Review*. As for Robertson Smith, in the midst of his trials for heresy, he received a letter from Mr. James Bryce, inclosing a proposal from the President of Harvard University that he should accept the chair of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages. This invitation, after much consideration, Smith declined, and Mr. Eliot wrote him that the University had thereupon appointed 'an American heretic, whose views on Isaiah had offended the Baptist communion to which he had belonged.' (Mr. Smith's most obnoxious views at that time concerned the authorship of Deuteronomy.) The 'American heretic' thus appointed was Professor Toy. A few months later, Mr. Eliot wrote to Mr. Bryce to ask if Mr. Smith would accept a chair of Ecclesiastical History, but again he was kept in England.

Mr. Ward's *Life of Newman*[1] begins where the *Apologia* ends. Two chapters have to do with his ministry in the Church of England; the rest of the biography, which is in two large volumes, is a record of his ministry in the Church of Rome. Newman passed from one church to the other, and the door was shut behind him. His popularity in Oxford had been 'so extraordinary that the tradition of it is now no longer realized and only half believed.' Then he retired to Littlemore and after a decent interval of consideration, went to Rome. In the England of that day, such a step involved a separation from almost all his friends. The break was almost as sharp as if he had entered into another religion. 'Alas,' he said, 'can you point out any one who has lost more in the way of friendship than I have?' And again, 'Of my friends of a dozen years ago, whom have I now?'

[1] *The Life of John Henry, Cardinal Newman.* By Wilfrid Ward. Two vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912.

As the years passed there came to him 'some of the special bitterness which falls to the lot of a discrowned king or a forsaken prophet. He thought himself an old man. His health was bad, and he made ready for death. His books had already ceased to sell, and now he ceased to write. His very name was hardly known to the rising generation.' Then Kingsley's attack provoked the *Apologia*, and the old splendid memories were revived. Even so, it was the Anglican Newman rather than the Roman Newman who was thus restored to the affection of the English people. At last, at the very end of his long life, when he was seventy-eight years old, the church of his adoption gave him a tardy recognition and he was made a cardinal. Beyond these two events, — the *Apologia* and the cardinalate, — little was known about him. He lived in the Oratory at Birmingham, writing his letters and saying his prayers. So far as most people are concerned, Newman practically died in 1845, when he left the Church of England. He is thought of as the author of 'Lead, Kindly Light,' who wrote his autobiography in exquisite English, and went into the Church of Rome. What did he do in the Church of Rome?

This question his biographer answers. In brief, he did nothing, because the ecclesiastical authorities would not allow him to do anything. His life was a series of bitter disappointments. Believing, with all confidence, that his mission was to commend the Catholic Church to the English people, he found himself deprived of every opportunity. His first purpose, to establish a theological college, was prevented by the suspicions which were aroused by his *Essay on Development*. Then he was asked to form a Catholic university in Ireland. This, he felt, would be the 'renewal of his work at Oxford,

but with the world-wide church to back him, and the Rock of Peter to support him.' But the Irish Primate hindered him, and the Irish people were indifferent, and the plan failed. He was asked to edit a translation of the Bible into English; but that was stopped by Cardinal Wiseman. He became editor of the *Rambler*, a review which was to give a voice to the intellectual Catholics; but 'he was asked to resign after his first number, and delated to Rome for heresy after his second.' He planned an Oratory for Oxford, where he hoped to exert an influence on the Catholic undergraduates; that was defeated by Manning. In 1863, he wrote in his journal, 'Till my going to Littlemore, I had my mouth half open, and commonly a smile on my face, — and from that time onwards my mouth has been closed and contracted, and the muscles are so set now, that I cannot but look grave and forbidding.' And he recalled a visit to the Vatican with a friend who stopped before 'a statue of Fate which was very striking and stern and melancholy,' and said, 'Who can it be like? I know the face so well.' Then he turned to Newman and added, 'Why, it is you!'

In all this, there was no disloyalty to the Roman Church, no regretful retrospect, no doubt but that he was in the true Church of Christ at last; the difficulty was that the Church seemed to have no use for him, thwarted all his endeavors to serve the Catholic cause, put him to silence, and subjected him, as he said, to 'unintermittent mortification.' At the heart of it all was the persistent refusal of the Church to allow of any freedom of debate. Intent as he was on so explaining the Catholic faith as to bring it to the acceptance of the educated classes, he saw the necessity of a certain 'provisional freedom in the discussion of new problems.' He desired that liberty of discussion which was current in the mediæval schools, and which brought the genius of philosophy to the assistance of the faith. 'Truth is wrought out,' he said, 'by many minds working freely together. As far as I can make out,' he added, 'this has ever been the rule of the Church till now.' But the Holy See was in contention with Continental liberalism. It was in no mind to encourage 'the provisional toleration of freedom of opinion and of free debate among experts.' Not at all. Newman found himself shut up behind stone walls of dogmas and decrees.

The question concerning the spiritual relationships between Newman and Tyrrell is discussed several times in Tyrrell's *Life*,[1] and it is made plain that the younger man was quite independent of the older. He certainly made his way out of the Church of England into the Church of Rome without Newman's guidance; in fact, without anybody's guidance. In his frank, amusing, and pathetic autobiography, he traces the steps by which, as a lad without religion, he found his way first to a 'high' church, and then on to Rome. 'My fundamental assumption,' he says, 'was that the religion I was brought up in was the only authorized and tenable form of Christianity; that popery was utterly indefensible except as a paradox, and for the sake of shocking Protestant propriety. But here was something piquant: popery in a Protestant Church and using the Book of Common Prayer. I cannot doubt that it was the wrongness, the *soupçon* of wickedness or at least of paradox, that faintly fascinated me; the birettas and cassock made the fibres of one's Protestantism quiver. I had almost discovered a new sin, and found the sensation novel and agreeable.' Tyrrell

[1] *Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell.* By M. D. Petre. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912.

himself remarks upon the entire difference between his course and Newman's: Newman, beginning with the presence of God in the voice of conscience in a soul naturally religious, and coming on through study into the Roman obedience; Tyrrell, beginning with the outside of religion, with its mere ritual fringes, believing first in the Church, and gradually coming to believe in God.

The two men differed intellectually and temperamentally. Newman, in spite of a perpetually recurring skepticism, was instinctively submissive to authority, and devoutly desired to think as the Church bade him think. Taking a divinely communicated body of theology and divinely developed rites and customs as the premises of his arguments, he directed the energies of his singularly subtle mind toward the justification of these things. Accepting creed and custom without inquiry, he endeavored to commend them to his doubting neighbors. Tyrrell, on the other hand, was intent on absolute reality, and questioned all assertions. His mind was of the kind called 'scientific,' and demanded sufficient proof. And this was accentuated by a certain natural audacity, and by a keen perception of the ridiculous.

Thus Newman writes characteristically from Rome: 'We saw the blood of St. Patrizia half liquid, *i.e.*, liquefying, on her feast day. St. John Baptist's blood sometimes liquefies on the 29th of August, and did when we were at Naples, but we had not time to go to the church. We saw the liquid blood of an Oratorian Father, a good man, but not a saint, who died two centuries ago, I think; and we saw the liquid blood of Da Ponte, the great and holy Jesuit, who, I suppose, was almost a saint. But the most strange phenomenon is what happens at Ravello, a village or town above Amalfi. There is the blood of St. Pantaleon. It is in a vessel amid the stone work of the altar, — it is not touched, — but on his feast in June it liquefies. And more, there is an excommunication against those who bring portions of the True Cross into the church. Why? because the blood liquefies, whenever it is brought. I tell you what was told me by a grave and religious man.'

Tyrrell was in a way as conservative about these matters as Newman, but his conservatism was based on the possibility that at the heart of much that was foolish there might be some spark of truth. 'The Church's mythology and magic,' he said, 'stand for tracts of experience wholly discounted' by scientific minds. 'I will not throw away the husks till I am cocksure that they are empty.' But concerning the teachings of 'grave and religious' men, Tyrrell's account of his Jesuit novitiate shows how unawed he was in the presence of these reverend persons. At the English College of the Jesuits at Malta, the Rector 'thought it would be good for me to attend the "points" which he gave the lay-brothers over-night for their morning meditation. It was an irresistibly funny performance. In we four trooped every evening, and no sooner had the brothers reached their chairs than they closed their eyes, then nodded, and finally snored aloud. And who could blame them? The Rector would read through the pointless points of Father Lancicius, and then, in a few stumbling words of his own, rob them of whatever little gleam of interest or intelligence they possessed. How I used to stare and wonder!'

Nevertheless, Newman and Tyrrell had the same sense of mission, and encountered the same hindrances. Each of them desired 'to pour Catholic truth out of the scholastic into the modern world.' Each of them perceived that there were new problems which must

be studied and solved, and that the answers to them could not be found in the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas. And each of them was held back by the hand of authority. At the moment when it was plain to Tyrrell that truth must be presented to educated men, not on a basis of decrees, but on a basis of reason, the Church was wholly occupied in setting forth the impossible claims of authority, and making up for lack of argument by loudness of voice. He says, 'The best policy, I half think, would be not to oppose but to fan the flame of this "Authority-fever," and to get them to declare the infallibility of every congregation, of the General of the Jesuits, of every Monsignore in Rome, to define the earth to be a plate supported on pillars, and the sky a dish-cover; in short, to let them run their heads against a stone wall, in hopes it may wake them up to sober realities.' Meanwhile, all his writing had to run the gauntlet of two censorships, Jesuit and diocesan. 'I could get nothing through two iron walls,' he said, 'not even the *Pater Noster* if it were in my own handwriting.'

At first, he published under other names, then, in defiance of authority, under his own name. He was officially silenced, then excommunicated. In the midst of this contention between the institution and the individual, Tyrrell, who was never very well, died, after a brief illness. The biographer, who tells the dramatic story with great fairness and restraint, permits herself a single bitter sentence. Speaking of Cardinal Mercier, she says, 'The one whom he had first befriended and then condemned was carried to his grave in a Protestant cemetery; while no Prince of the Church was there to speak over him such words of Christian hope and joy and exaltation in the death of the just as the Cardinal Archbishop himself had the happiness of uttering later, in his panegyric of King Leopold of Belgium.'

What the Roman authorities really feared was that Father Tyrrell, if they left him to himself, might presently write such a history as Professor Johnston's *Holy Christian Church;*[1] or such interpretation as Dr. Gilbert's *Jesus*,[2] which divests the life of Christ of all supernatural elements; or such theology as Professor Leuba's *Psychological Study of Religion*,[3] which maintains that God has only a subjective existence. They felt themselves unfitted by their training to meet such books with satisfactory answers. They did not perhaps sufficiently consider that most people, like themselves, are providentially endowed with a certain imperviousness of mind. They were really alarmed lest the advocates of prose should overcome the advocates of poetry, and prove that flowers and colored clouds do not exist, and that there is no life in the trees, no soul in man. They did not perceive that 'common, flat, and impoverishing' theories of religion, to use Tyrrell's adjectives, have something obviously the matter with them by virtue of their very reasonableness. The elemental fact of mystery is too pervasive to be long left out of account. Everybody remembers how Romanes, after invincibly proving from his premises that God does not exist, found that he had left out one or two very important premises, and going over the problem again, got quite a different answer. Thus John Fiske, after some years of reflection, became an expounder of the Christian creed, like Professor Royce. Sometimes the destructive critic falls into the errors

[1] *The Holy Christian Church.* By R. M. Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1912.

[2] *Jesus.* By George Holley Gilbert. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1912.

[3] *A Psychological Study of Religion.* New York: The Macmillan Co. 1912.

of ignorance: like Professor Johnston, whose church history is such an essay as a very busy geologist might write on the career of Napoleon Bonaparte. It is the opinion of the best historians, says the geologist, that Napoleon was born in North Carolina. It is the opinion of the best critics, says Mr. Johnston, that the earliest gospel was written by Luke. And so on. More commonly, however, the destructive critic lacks what Professor Royce[1] calls 'religious insight,' which is related to religion as appreciation is related to art or music.

It was never seriously doubted that Robertson Smith[2] possessed religious insight, although it was complained of him that he had an irreverent voice; as for his knowledge, he had to account for it himself on the ground that he was one of the few persons who had read the entire ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, of which he was chief editor. When, however, his article on the Bible appeared in the course of that work, it was felt in Scotland that something must be done. And when, soon after, the alphabet brought into view his article on Deuteronomy, the minds of the orthodox were made up. The fact that Smith, as the chief scholar of his nation, might properly be expected to know more than many of his brethren, was not considered; nor the further fact that his opinions were those which had for a long time been held in Germany.

In Scotland, as in Rome, the institution withstood the individual. The Holy Scriptures were felt to be in danger. Smith said that Deuteronomy was written long after the days of Moses. 'The book of inspired Scripture called Deuteronomy, which is properly an historical record, does not possess that character, but was made to assume it by a writer of a much later age.' So he was ejected from his professorship. This took place after several trials, and as the conclusion of many free debates, whose extended publication in the newspapers contributed to the education of the people. In all this there is no note of sadness, no such depression as weighed upon the souls of Newman and Tyrrell. The heretic had hosts of friends, — eminent scholars, and uncommonly interesting persons; between the terms of his trials, he traveled in the East; he wrote books which were advertised by his opponents, and he enjoyed the fray. Newman would not have listed him among the saints; he delighted in the world too much for that. But he had the true saint's combination of faith with reason, and the true saint's devotion to the truth as the supreme good; and he had, as a friend said, 'the heart of a little child,' without which nobody can be a saint at all.

[1] *Sources of Religious Insight.* By Josiah Royce. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912.

[2] *William Robertson Smith.* By J. S. Black and G. W. Chrystal. New York: The MacMillan Co. 1912.

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XII

IN WHICH WE CONCENTRATE AT TAMPA

On a hot, wet, stifling day of June — it was the twenty-fourth or toward that date — a train from the North got into the station at Tampa, Florida, some six or seven hours late, as was not unusual, and discharged its passengers upon the cinder esplanade which was already crowded with men in uniform, men out of uniform, dogs, boys, crates, barrels, mules, colored women, drays, boxes labeled '6th Regmt. U. S. Inft. *Rush.*' — 'Lieut. W. W. Branscombe, 3d Penn. Vol. Cav. *Personal,*' and so on.

The train discharged into the middle of all this, and of the proportionate uproar and bewilderment, a little party of travelers, some of whom we ought to be able to recognize by this time. The girl in the gray coat-and-skirt suit, with the pretty face, rather tired and pale just now, and with an anxious look in her brown eyes, which roam about as if there were somebody whom she half expects and half dreads to see — that is, of a surety, Miss Lorrie Gilbert. And there is an active, alert, well-built woman a head taller and five years older than Lorrie, who must be the trained nurse, Miss Rodgers, from Christ's Hospital, sent down here to the kindred military establishment at Tampa, or Key West, she herself is uncertain which. But for her, I suppose, the presence of that tall, raw-boned, ungainly young man (V. C. Kendrick: you may read the initials on the end of his suitcase), I say, but for Miss Rodgers, his presence in company with Miss Gilbert, at this distance from home, would undoubtedly be a scandal; however, let Mrs. Grundy possess her soul in peace, Lorrie and Van are not eloping, and they are sufficiently chaperoned. There is even another trained nurse along, some subordinate of Miss Rodgers's, the stout young woman with the fine complexion — Van Cleve never can remember her name.

Mr. Kendrick displays great promptness and efficiency in getting his ladies off the car, in accumulating their belongings, and marooning the party safely upon a reef of luggage, out of the crowd and the torrid sunshine, while he starts off to find a conveyance, and incidentally whatever information about the town he can pick up.

'Say, Jim, git on to Brigham Young in the blue sack-suit!' a lounging khaki-clad gentleman, with a toothpick in one corner of his mouth and '52d Mich. V. I.' on the front of his slouch hat, observes to another facetiously, noting Van's activities; by good luck, the latter does not hear him.

'They say the train goes on somewhere across the river and backs right up into the grounds of the Tampa Bay Hotel,' says Miss Rodgers, staring about her; 'is n't that the limit for you, though? I never heard of a train running around hunting up hotels before. Look, that must be a Cuban! No, I don't mean him — I mean *him* — the one that looks like a mulatto,

only he is n't. *That's* what we're fighting for!'

The other nurse remarks, in a strain of cheerful fatalism fostered by three days and nights of travel, beset with surprises and uncertainties, that you can't tell what you may have to go up against down here; you've got just to take it as it comes. And, 'Was your brother going to meet you here, Miss Gilbert?' she asks with interest.

'No. I — I don't even know where he is, you see. I could n't send him word. I'll have to look for him,' says Lorrie, nervously, plucking at the edge of her veil.

The two nurses exchange a glance behind her back. I believe they are not less sympathetic for being devoured with curiosity. They know all about her engagement; trained nurses always know Who is Who in Society and what is being done; they study the "Jottings" column as devoutly as the Testament. These two think that Lorrie is as sweet as she can be, and no wonder she's frightened to death about her *feeonsay* going off to the army; they have offered freely to bet each other that she's ten times more upset about *him* than about her brother. But what is it that's wrong about the brother, anyhow? They can't make it out, but (again they bet) there's *something* behind it. Was n't there some talk about his being a dope-fiend, or something? The question has agitated them for all these three days; nothing to be got out of Mr. Kendrick; he said he just thought he'd spend his vacation taking a look at the army, but pooh! you couldn't fool them that easy! 'I'm glad he's along, anyhow,' Miss Rodgers confided to her associate. 'I tell you, it certainly is nice sometimes to have a man around to look out for you and kind of *run* you. I've been my own boss so long, I did n't realize how nice it was. And Mr. Kendrick never gets fresh and talky — *you* know, he never gets that way. That's what I like about him.'

'Yes, but he's kind of stiff and — and *distant*, more than anybody needs to be,' said the stout girl, not without resentment; 'do you suppose there's ever been anything between him and Miss Gilbert?'

'Well, if there ever was, he's good and got over it now. You'd think they were married, he pays so little attention to her,' said Miss Rodgers, with a half-laugh; and her companion's face cleared.

Lorrie Gilbert will never to her final breath forget those hideous days; sometimes even now, years afterwards, she will live over in dreams the frenzied hurry of her departure, the grief and suspense and, worst of all, the intolerable need of deception that drove and harried her. Paula's secret, Bob's secret, laid them all under its shameful bondage; honorable men and women, they had to sit down together ignobly and concert falsehoods wholesale. All the story must hold together, and they must take care not to contradict one another. She must pretend that she was going as a nurse, and, of course, incidentally, to see Bob — oh, yes, she would see Bob! Her father and mother must pretend that they approved of it. Van Cleve (since he *would* insist on accompanying her party) must pretend that he wanted a vacation trip! She could not meet a girl friend, she could not answer the telephone, or write a note, without an adjusting of her mask and a renewed conning of her rôle. It was the same with her mother, with her father. I doubt if Paula Jameson ever felt a tenth part so guilty as any one of the upright, blameless people caught in the meshes of her wretched intrigue.

Lorrie had gone to see the girl, find-

ing her silent and strangely self-possessed or self-contained now. She did not complain, and she made no excuses for either herself or Bob; in fact, she would not speak of the young man at all, out of some perverse notion of loyalty or self-sacrifice, Lorrie guessed. 'You'll see she won't say right out it was him — you can't make her say it right out,' Mrs. Jameson explained to Lorrie in a voluble whisper outside the door. 'She just cries if you ask her about him. It took me *hours* to find out who it was the other day. My, I can understand that, can't you? *Any* woman can understand *that!* I believe she's sorry now she told me — or let me find out, rather. But you just go on in and talk to her, anyhow; don't mind the way she acts. She — it's the way she is — she ain't well — and — and she ain't going to be well for a while yet, you know, Miss Gilbert,' said Mrs. Jameson, shamefacedly. 'I'm going to take her away — I've found a place down in the country. There's a good doctor there, and I can telegraph for a nurse any time. I'll give you the address, in case — but we don't want to bother you or your folks any more than we can help, Miss Gilbert. You've been just as kind as can be. And I know you're going to do everything you can to get your brother back —' Her voice failed.

It went to Lorrie's heart to see the poor woman so humble and grateful. Mrs. Jameson had aged a lifetime in the last few days; her red hair was twisted up in a loose knot, regardless of its accustomed puffs and braids and carefully set undulations, and of the gray streaks that were beginning to show in it here and there; her corsets were relaxed for the first time in twenty years; she was puzzling over a Butterick pattern with the scissors in one hand and yards of incalculably fine lawn spread upon the bed before her, when Lorrie was ushered in. 'It's queer, the things are so little, but they're just as much trouble to make as if they were big. I used to sew pretty well, too, once,' she sighed, looking at Lorrie with wholly maternal eyes.

She kept out of Paula's room, during this visit, with a delicacy nobody would have expected of her; it was better for the two young women to be alone. Lorrie told the other what they were doing; she assured Paula with strong emotion that *everything would be all right;* that Bob would come back to her; that when he realized the wrong that he had done, how foolish and selfish he had been, he would be the most anxious of them all to make it right. 'He's not bad — he's not a bad man — and of course he — he cares for you, Paula,' said Lorrie, shrinking from the word, even the thought, love, in such a connection. Of course Bob and Paula must be in love, after their fashion, the girl had concluded; but she recoiled from what seemed to her the animal ugliness of it. Try as she would, the sympathy she wanted to feel and show for Paula was forced and unreal, and perhaps the other girl felt it to be so. She sat unresponsive to all Lorrie's feverish earnestness.

'That Mr. Kendrick knows. I don't see why Momma had to let *him* know. I think it was real *dumb* of her,' she said sulkily; 'she'll go telling somebody else, if she don't look out.'

'Why, it just happened so — your mother could n't help his knowing — and, anyway, he's just like a brother to Bob, you know, Paula. He'll never say anything,' protested Lorrie, quickly, repelled. Paula's mother was doing the best she could for her, poor thing!

'I don't like him. I don't see why she had to tell it before *him,*' Paula repeated, shrugging peevishly; and she let Lorrie kiss her and go away with hardly another word.

It is likely that Van Cleve, who, as he would have frankly owned, cared nothing for the Jameson women, mother or daughter, was as much disturbed over his unfortunate knowledge as Paula herself; he would have been thankful to be out of the whole miserable business. But having become involved against his will, he meant to see it through. What made the situation serious for the young man was the way it affected Lorrie. Van exhausted every argument, he suggested half a dozen other plans, he lost his temper and fumed, to no avail: nothing he could say or do would persuade her out of going on what he considered about as wild and foolhardy a quest as any woman could undertake. She might be able to manage Bob when she got hold of him, but *first get hold of him!* In what unspeakable state, and in what unspeakable camp, troopship, slum of Tampa or Key West or even Cuba, if she got that far (which Heaven forbid!) might she not find him, after a search among hundreds of men in scores of such places! And when he had painted the prospect in as lively colors as he could muster and announced that she should not go without his protection, Mrs. Gilbert added the last straw to his burden of impatience by looking alarmed and dropping various carefully worded hints about impropriety! 'If Lorrie can stand the things she's going to see and hear, alone, in a place full of all kinds of men, she can very well stand one man going down on the train with her, even if she does unfortunately know him,' he said severely; and Mrs. Gilbert had no answer.

He who had never asked for a rest or favor before, had no difficulty in getting this; Mr. Gebhardt, indeed, dismissed him heartily, with many exhortations to have a good time, and burlesque warnings against enlistment. In fact, Van Cleve, heartless as it may seem, did have a fairly good time; he could not keep Bob's misdoing and the nature of their errand before his mind constantly. He enjoyed the change and bustle and the humors of the road; and he thought Miss Rodgers and the other nurse, the pudgy one, — he *could* not remember her name, — were nice women, even if they did ask too many questions. Innumerable were the cigars he smoked, the games of cards he took a hand in, the stories he heard and told, in the 'smoker,' while the train screeched and rattled across the sweltering Southern countryside. At Montgomery he got a cinder in his eye, and Miss — the fat girl, whatever her name was — got it out for him with signal gentleness and dexterity. 'The fellow that gets you will be lucky,' said Van, and wondered at the way she blushed and giggled; 'I mean gets you for a nurse, you know,' he added. She turned redder still and flounced off, and would hardly speak to him the rest of the day, as he vaguely noticed; and decided with regret that he must have made himself offensively familiar. As the young women had remarked, he kept himself rather aloof from Lorrie, while doing everything he could think of for her comfort in his awkward way, heaping her seat with magazines and books and baskets of fruit, opening and shutting windows, fetching and carrying her wraps and bags, eagerly, and diffidently, kind.

Miss Gilbert, I am bound to say, received all of this from him without effusive gratitude, quite coolly and as a matter of course. She was used to Van Cleve, whose attentions always took a practical form; and between her brother and her lover poor Lorrie's mind was too filled with anxiety and unhappy forebodings to spare Van any thought. The young man knew it; he accepted his portion with his habitual iron philosophy.

The town of Tampa is of sufficiently ancient foundation to have figured in our history a good while before the year '98; and General Shafter's men and his ordnance and his mules and his wagons and everything else that was his, even the transports that lay off Port Tampa, were not by any means the first that this unmartial-looking burg had seen. It knew at first-hand all our bloody struggles with the Seminole and other savages of the peninsula; there is, indeed, an old fort, or the site of one, hereabouts, and many of the streets bear the name of some stout Indian fighter of those old years.

The place was full of an exhilarating noise and color that day when Lorrie reached it: the wide streets, unpaved and ankle-deep in sand, wherein the army wagons had worn all manner of holes and trenches, were jammed with people; it seemed as if there were flags and groups of white tents at the end of every vista, and bugle-calls sounding every hour; across the river there were pennants streaming from the minarets of the great hotel; exotic trees and flowers bloomed with fantastic exaggeration in all the door-yards; and a band somewhere in the offing was playing vigorously. 'My gal is a high-bo'n lady,' it proclaimed in splendid time and tune. Something of the sanguine excitement communicated itself even to Lorrie's troubled spirit; and Van Cleve, after he had got them all safely installed in a boarding-house (on Florida Street, a common-looking little frame building which is still there, or I saw it the other day when I was in the town) that had been recommended to Miss Rodgers by some Red Cross authority, had all he could do to persuade the girl to stay there quietly while he himself went out and made inquiry for her brother. 'I'll find Bob if he's in Tampa, and I'll bring him to you, Lorrie, but you've got to stay here so I'll know where to find *you*. This is no place for women to be tagging, around after a man,' he said at last, shortly, quite unconscious of the harshness of his manner.

'Yes, Van, I'll — I'll do whatever you say,' said Lorrie, meekly. All at once she began to feel unnecessary and troublesome; and, after he had gone, crept off to the cramped, little, stuffy, boarding-house bedroom, and cried miserably to herself, with her face in the pillows. Van meant well, she knew that; about everything that *mattered*, he was as good and kind as could be, and thoughtful, too, but — but Philip would not have spoken to her that way!

CHAPTER XIII

IN WHICH A CERTAIN KIND OF NEWS TRAVELS FAST

The efficient Mr. Kendrick, starting out to explore Tampa in search of his friend, had no very clear idea where to go or whom to ask, for all his efficiency. Upon applying to the heads of Bob's paper, which he had had the forethought to do before leaving home, he had been told that they did not know where the young man was, and furthermore they added with some strong qualifying adjectives that they did not care; so far as the *Record* was concerned, there was one war correspondent less in Tampa or at the front, the management having dismissed (they said 'fired') Gilbert a few days previously.

'Why, was n't he doing all right?' Van Cleve asked, and was immediately conscious, with a kind of angry sinking of the heart, of the needlessness of the question.

'Doing all right?' repeated the authority whom he addressed — and whether this was the editor-in-chief or some other editor, or what position he occupied, Van, who had never been

inside a newspaper office before, was entirely ignorant; but the other man spoke like one of the powers. '*Doing all right?* Say, you *know* Gilbert, don't you? Well, then —!' He made a gesture. 'What's the use?'

What was the use, indeed? Van Cleve came away in a very gloomy mood; he had not the courage to tell Lorrie; the family had enough on their minds already, and they would learn this only too soon, anyhow. He felt an unhappy certainty that Robert would not come home because of being thus deposed; on the contrary, he was much more likely to stay with the army, loafing and drinking till his money gave out, and then getting somebody to stake him until that resource was exhausted, too; after which he might possibly beat his way home, or write for help — thus thought Van Cleve, out of temper and out of heart.

He went out now through the crowds and around to the corner of Tampa and Twiggs Streets, where was the home of that journal to whose care Bob's mail had been directed. The place was in a prodigious rush of business, — messenger-boys and reporters tearing back and forth, and bulletins tacked up outside, about which people were standing three and four deep in the glare of the sun, with the thermometer at ninety. There was a little entry on the ground floor, with offices opening on either hand. Van Cleve pushed his way in, and, feeling himself a nuisance, began on the first person he could reach, a shirt-sleeved lad pounding away on a typewriter in the corner, with his collar and tie undone, and the moisture beading off his chin. He did not even look up when Van spoke.

'Gilbert? Ump!' He made a negative motion with his head and at the same time contrived to twitch it in the direction of the other side of the room. 'Ask the boss.'

The boss was a stout man, chewing the butt of a cold cigar, and dictating to a young woman stenographer, with his foot cocked or braced up on the rung of her chair. He stared and considered. 'Gilbert? R. D. Gilbert? No, I don't remember him. How is that, anyhow?' he said to the stenographer vaguely. 'Do you know anything about any Gilbert?'

She did not; and they both eyed Van Cleve with a sort of fatigued hostility, the man gnawing at his cigar, the girl with her hand poised above the writing-pad.

'The man I mean is a war correspondent for a Cincinnati paper—' Van Cleve began again; 'he had his mail —'

'Sa-ay, how many correspondents d'ye think we've had here, son?' said the fat man, in benevolent irony; 'one or two? You've got another think coming. Anyway, they're all gone now. They went with Shafter two weeks ago. Don't you get to see the papers in Podunk?'

'I was going to say he had his mail sent here, so I thought possibly you'd know something about him,' Van explained. 'Don't you have the rural free delivery in Tampa?'

'Oh! Well now, Mr. Soyer attended to that, did n't he, Jennie? I can have somebody look that up, if you'll wait — we're kind of busy —'

It appeared, however, upon inquiry, that Mr. Soyer had gone out to the encampment at Tampa Heights; he had gone down to St. Petersburg; he had gone over to the hotel to interview somebody; in fine, Mr. Soyer was not to be found. Anyway, the probabilities were that the man the gentleman was looking for was in Cuba — that's where he ought to be if he was on his job. What paper did Van represent?

'I'm not representing any paper. I'm only trying to hunt this fellow up.

because he's wanted at his home. Sickness,' said Van Cleve, truthfully enough. It had occurred to him that he did not want to be taken for a private detective in search of a criminal — an aspect which the inquiry gave signs of assuming!

'Sickness, eh? Too bad! Because you're not going to have one easy time finding him,' said the other, perfunctorily, and resumed his dictation.

Van Cleve walked out again, baffled. He went up to the other newspaper office. There nobody had ever heard of Bob, either; but they suggested that he go down to Key West and wait until one of the Associated Press boats, which were constantly 'on the jump' between Cuba and the mainland, came in. His friend might be on any one of them. 'What regiment was he with? You might trace him that way. Most of them asked to be assigned to some particular regiment, you know,' somebody told him. 'They were all going and getting permits or credentials, you might call 'em, from the staff officer that had it in charge — Lieutenant Miley, I believe it was.'

'All right. Where'll I find Miley? He might know, or have it listed somewhere,' said Van, promptly.

But the others began to laugh.

'Lord love you, man, Miley 's gone to Cuba! Now the thing for you to do is to go on down to Key West, and just scout around for those dispatch-boats, like I'm telling you,' they advised him earnestly, with a good-natured interest.

Van Cleve gratefully shared among them the three cigars he happened to have on hand, and lingered awhile listening and asking questions, and hearing mostly that pleasingly free criticism of war proceedings at which civilians and onlookers are invariably so apt. As he left, they repeated their assurances. 'There'll sure be a battle before long; our fellows have landed, you know. And the minute anything happens, the press boats will be coming in, thick as flies. All you've got to do is to wait —' and so on.

He was not aware of having been any more communicative about himself and his business than was necessary, and later received a shock at reading under the caption, 'Personals. Arrivals in Tampa,' that Mr. and Mrs. Kendrick of Cincinnati, and party, were stopping at the Holt House!

Our friend had consumed most of the afternoon in this fruitless business, and now faced homeward, or boarding-houseward, in a disagreeably puzzled and undecided frame of mind. 'Nice time Lorrie would have had down here by herself!' he remarked inwardly; and then reflected with chagrin that her efforts could scarcely have been more futile and ill-directed than his own. He did not know whether to go to Key West or not; if the discharge had arrived in time, Bob might not have left with the army after all; he might be right here in Tampa; the plain truth was, Bob's whereabouts was a matter of pure guess-work. Van found himself exasperated by the inability to take some kind of definite action; never before in the whole of his narrow, resolutely ordered, undeviating career had he hesitated over his course or waited upon another person's pleasure. By and by he fell in with Miss Rodgers and the other nurse, who had gone out to discover what they might about their own assignment and were returning in a state of irritation similar to his own.

'It's the worst mix-up you ever saw!' Miss Rodgers complained volubly; 'nobody can tell us who the surgeon is, or where he is, that we're to report to. They don't seem to know anything about their own business, so I suppose it's not to be wondered at

that they don't know anything about ours. We've asked about forty dozen adjutants and captains and brigadier-generals and quartermasters, and not one of 'em can even give us a steer in the right direction. They keep telling us that the hospital ship was the Olivette, or that Miss Barton has gone to Cuba with *her* ship, and, anyway, we're too late to be of any use! "I know all that," s'd I to the last one; "if you'd just listen to what I'm telling you a minute," s'd I; and then I said it all over again: "I'm going to the military hospital *here* or wherever you need nurses." And he just looked wild-eyed, and said in that case we'd better see Major Thingummy or Colonel What's-his-name!'

The stout young woman chimed in: 'It made me so tired having 'em say they did n't know where the hospital was, I just said to one, "Well, for mercy's sake, why don't you get a pain in your toe or a case of appendicitis and *find out!*" He looked just as *mad* for a minute, and then he kind of laughed.'

'Well, it's all very nice to laugh — but I'm here to nurse sick men, I'm not here to chase around tra-la-ing with well ones,' said her superior, impatiently. 'If I could n't run an army better than this, I'd take a back seat and let somebody do it that could!'

'They're pretty nearly all volunteer troops, you know. The regulars are better managed, I guess,' Van reminded her.

'The Lord help 'em if they aren't!' retorted Miss Rodgers, fervently.

It gave Van Cleve a queer sense of comfort to hear the two hearty, capable women; and that they should be knocking about the camp among all the crowds and sights and sounds which he had so peremptorily forbade Lorrie's essaying, nowise offended him. Lorrie was different; these nurses could stand anything. For that matter, they themselves expected little or nothing of her. 'These society girls —!' the fat little nurse had remarked to Van Cleve privately, with a knowing smile; she did not finish, but it was amazing with what a world of tolerance, of patient and good-natured superiority, she charged the three words. Van Cleve understood; he was somewhat surprised to note how confidential Miss — er — no use, he could *not* get her name! — had become with him in the few days of their acquaintance. And now, studying his face, she said quickly, 'You did n't find your friend — Miss Gilbert's brother — you could n't find him, Mr. Kendrick? I'm so sorry.'

'Better luck to-morrow, perhaps,' said Van, trying to speak carelessly. As usual, when the name of Miss Gilbert's brother came up, the nurses asked no questions, sending each other a brief, warning glance. Something was wrong about that brother, they *knew* it!

They went back to Lorrie at the Holt House and had their supper, during which meal Van Cleve performed what was for him a prodigy of dissimulation by referring to his bootless search in a casual, off-hand manner, with no hint of any difficulties and with a matter-of-course air of expecting success at any moment. And he further gave it, as the result of his observations, that this war was going to turn out a picayune business after all — a deal of cry and no wool. The Spanish were notoriously much better at running away than fighting. They might do a little bushwhacking, perhaps, but stand against the advance of our army? Never! The minute our troops landed, every Spaniard in the neighborhood probably beat it for the tall timber, and left his gun behind — these were Mr. Kendrick's graphic

and humorous words. According to him there would be no danger, no wounds, no fever, no anything of any consequence. He gave a burlesque rendition of his interviews with the newspaper-men that sent Miss Rodgers and her colleague into fits of laughter, and even succeeded in brightening up Lorrie; he made amiable jokes about the eating, which, indeed, was very poor; he entered into affable converse with the darky waiter at their table; in short, never was there so light-hearted and care-free a person as he.

The nurses were immoderately entertained; they had not known that Mr. Kendrick was so *lively* and *easy* — easy as an old shoe! As for Lorrie, for whose sole benefit Van Cleve was painfully going through this exhibition, the girl ended by being at least half-convinced by it, and her spirits rose proportionately. Knowing Van as she did, she could not have believed him equal to so much humane hypocrisy; the young man, when he had time to think, listened to himself with astonishment. 'By Jove, I'm doing as well as Uncle Stan! I come by it rightly, I guess!' he thought mirthlessly.

After this they all went together to the Tampa Bay Hotel, upon the motion of that indefatigable entertainer, Van Kendrick, who seemed determined that nobody, including himself, perhaps, should be alone for any length of time, or have a moment for thought. 'Never mind letters, Lorrie; you have n't got anything to write about, and you'll have plenty of time after a while,' he ordered her. 'You want to get out and see all this. It's a very remarkable thing, really, and it won't happen again in our time. Come along now.' In fact, there was something very exhilarating in the lights and noise and movement, and the curious sense of nearness to all the other people, so many thousands of them. To feel one's self alone in a crowd is a dreadful experience, but nobody could feel alone in this crowd, not even in the bedecked corridors of the hotel, which the newspapers said were 'thronged with celebrities.' Van Cleve got his party four rocking-chairs around a teakwood stand in a corner encompassed by the bronze jardinières, and Chinese cabinets and ormolu mirrors and marble statuary and astounding tapestries and oil paintings with which the establishment is well known to be profusely furnished; and there they were all sitting when, for a final dramatic touch, an old acquaintance happened upon them, among all the aliens.

This was Mr. J. B. B. Taylor, of all men in the world, and he has since described the meeting with a good deal of interest. 'I was n't much surprised,' he says; 'you were n't surprised to meet anybody in Tampa those days. The ends of the earth came together there. And then, you know, I'm eternally on the move and running into people, anyhow. Just a minute before I had come across a man I knew, a Japanese, some kind of an attaché at their legation in Washington that his government had sent down to follow our army around, I believe — a little Mr. Takuhira — a nice little fellow. He'd been educated over here, and that's how I came to know him, meeting him at the Harvard Society banquets, — Class of '90 he was, a very pleasant fellow, — I think he's back in Japan now, in some big position over there. He knew a great many of the newspaper-men — of course he spoke English perfectly — and they called him Take-your-hair-off! But I was going to tell you about Kendrick. I was standing talking to Takuhira when I caught sight of him; there he was with Miss Gilbert, whom at that time I did n't know at all, and two other ladies that I'd never seen before

either, with some lemonades in front of them, listening to the music and watching the crowds and the epaulets and uniforms and all the rest of it, just as if it were the most natural thing in the world for them to be there. Van Cleve looked a good deal older than the last time I saw him, and, do you know, my first thought was, "Why, those are n't his own people! I 'd know the Van Cleve ladies anywhere, and those are n't any of *them*, and what 's become of the Major? Can Van possibly have got married and annexed another family to take care of?" Then he saw me, and got up and spoke right away.'

So J. B. was introduced to the assemblage, and Mr. Takuhira, too; and if the little Oriental gentleman was confounded at the spectacle of a single young man in company with three single young women voyaging about the country a thousand miles from home, unquestioned, and evidently entirely respectable, he was by far too mannerly to show it. 'Take-your-hair-off was used to American ways,' J. B. said; 'and of course the Red Cross explained everything, anyhow. You saw dozens of nice girls going around by themselves. I think Van Cleve was glad to see us; he looked fagged out, and, after we joined them, sat back and let us do the talking as if he wanted a rest. Miss Gilbert and Takuhira got on together wonderfully; it turned out that they had some mutual friends, — people they both knew, that is, — anybody's a friend when you meet away from home, — Boston and Washington people, and I believe some army and navy men. The two nurses talked mainly to me; they looked at Takuhira as if he were some kind of educated chimpanzee, and I'm sure that's how they classed him. That youngest nurse was rather making eyes at Van Cleve, I thought, but he did n't seem to be conscious of it at all; it was rather funny. He told me he was down on business, and then caught himself, and said, "That is — well, I'm taking a vacation — I'm making a vacation of it, you know." I thought he did n't look much like a man taking a vacation, but, of course, it was no affair of mine.'

They sat there talking, J. B. said, until quite late; and it was after they had all said their good-nights, and the others had been gone some time, and he himself was upstairs in his room getting ready for bed, that, on a sudden, a tremendous racket broke out in the streets of the town across the river, quickly spreading to the hotel side: bells ringing, whistles tooting, people running and yelling, and by and by guns or fire-crackers beginning to go off deafeningly. He hustled himself into some clothes again and ran out, meeting in the halls other half-dressed men, none of whom knew what was happening; they were guessing everything, from a fire-alarm to Spanish gunboats coming up to shell Port Tampa! Takuhira joined them. 'He was the least interested man present, you might have thought,' J. B. said afterwards, with a laugh; 'but, by George, he was the first to suggest that the telegraph office was the place to inquire. And he added, as calm as Buddha, that "very possiblee the boats mide have come outt." He meant Cervera's fleet, of course. It sounded so queer in his precise, grammatical way of talking, and with no more expression on his face than if he had been carved out of old ivory, with jet eyes. All the rest of us gesticulating and shouting like lunatics!'

As they were hurrying over the bridge, they ran into some men and boys who wildly reported that there had been a battle; there had been fighting at Santiago, and our boys had whipped, of course. In the town the

streets were full of hurrahing people, and all the bells and sirens were going madly; it was just before the Fourth, so there was a plentiful supply of cannon-crackers and bonfire material besides.

J. B. and the Japanese attaché made for a newspaper office; the crowd was so wedged together outside that it was impossible to get through, and on the skirts of it they fell in again with Van Cleve Kendrick. Van had taken his ladies to their hotel and was on his way to the cot he had secured in a rooming-house when the excitement began. Nobody seemed to know whence the information came, but everybody was sure it was correct. Victory! Hurrah! 'There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night' —!

'I suppose it's true?' Van Cleve asked the man next him. 'How did they get the news?'

'Why, it was telegraphed from Jacksonville, I believe —'

'*Jacksonville!*' ejaculated J. B. 'They could make up pretty nearly any story and send it here from Jacksonville!'

'No, no, it's a wire from Key West,' somebody else volunteered. Mr. Takuhira, however, told Van Cleve, in his neat English, that he understood most of the news was always sent by dispatch-boat from Kingston, or by the cable off Cienfuegos, which we had picked up after bombarding and destroying the Spanish station there.

Presently the crowd, in its constant shifting, allowed them to press farther in; bulletins were already posted, but the heads and hats were so thick in front of them that only the topmost lines could be seen from the edge of the sidewalk by a tall man like Van Cleve or J. B. Taylor. Those nearest the boards began obligingly to pass back bits of information. The first fight of the land forces had occurred at a place called Las Guasimas; the Rough Riders and Tenth Cavalry (all of them dismounted) had been engaged; they had driven the Spaniards back after a stubborn resistance; it was not possible at the moment of writing to estimate the loss on either side, but the Spaniards' had been the most severe; of the United States troops engaged, the following were known to have been killed: —

'Captain Allen Capron — it says Captain Allen Capron,' repeated the man in front of Van Cleve, turning; 'd 'ye know any of 'em?' he asked, parenthetically.

'I know one man,' said Van, outwardly calm at least. 'Much obliged. Can you read any more?'

'Can't read any. It's this fellow in front of me that's telling me; I can't see a thing. — Sergeant Hamilton Fish. Know him?'

Van Cleve shook his head. The man went on. 'He says there's a war correspondent killed — don't see what a war correspondent was doing up in front on the firing-line, do you?'

Van Cleve heard his own voice saying, 'What was that man's name?'

'I did n't catch it — wait a minute. — Say, say that over again, will you? Hey? It was a fellow by the name of Marshall. Friend of yours?'

'No,' Van said, with almost as much effort as before; he was trembling with relief, and at the same time adjuring himself impatiently not to be a fool; there must be a hundred correspondents in the field besides Bob.

'Here, now you can get in and read 'em for yourself, if you're quick about it,' said the other, good-naturedly, squeezing aside, as the crowd swayed open momentarily.

Van Cleve edged forward, and the aisle closed up on the instant. The two men immediately in front of him were stooping to read the last items at the bottom of the manila-paper

sheet, one of them copying rapidly into a notebook. Van craned over their shoulders. The list of the dead came first. He read, '—— Cortwright, shot through the heart.'

CHAPTER XIV

KEY WEST

The triumphant din went on more or less exuberantly until the small hours of that night at Tampa. The news flashed to the four corners of the country, and thousands read it next morning at their comfortable breakfast-tables, with unbounded martial pride and satisfaction; and numbers of honest, good-tempered citizens who had never quarreled with a neighbor in their lives, and who sang lustily in church every Sunday great words about Peace and Mercy and Patience and Brotherly Love, gave the children a quarter to buy fire-crackers with which to celebrate, and went out to their fields or factories or offices, telling one another it was just what they had expected and predicted from the start; that our men were the best all-round fighters in the world, invincible in open battle; and as for this guerilla style, why, they could fairly eat the other side up at *that!* That had been our natural way of fighting ever since the pioneers went into business against the Indians! And it was a pity about the poor fellows that were killed, but war was n't any picnic, we all knew that, and so did they when they went into it.

These, too, were the sort of reflections that would undoubtedly have occurred to Van Kendrick, if he had been at his normal occupations, under normal circumstances; and it is conceivable that he would have learned of the other man's death, had it been an ordinary one in bed after an ordinary illness, with no shock or regret. But, as it was, he presented a face of such ghastly consternation to the two gentlemen, his acquaintances, who were still hovering on the edge of the mob when he pushed his way out to them, that they both observed it, even by the artificial light, and exclaimed aloud with concern. Moreover, when Van Cleve told them, they were almost as much shocked as he.

'Good Lord, you say it's the man Miss Gilbert 's engaged to? The poor girl! Why, that's — that's a dreadful thing!' J. B. said in horror and compassion. He shook his head solemnly. 'It's the women that bear the brunt of it after all,' he said, in a lowered voice, thinking of his father who had fallen gallantly at Shiloh, of the grave in the little old Kentucky churchyard, and his mother's face when she went to lay flowers there. 'Poor girl! Poor thing! Do you have to go and tell her? Do you think you'd better?'

'It may not be the same man. It is written "Blank Cortwright," I think you said?' the Japanese gentleman pointed out practically.

'Yes, I know — I thought about that. This man's name is Philip, so there's a chance still. There might easily be some other Cortwright in the regiment. But do you suppose there's any way of finding out?' said Van Cleve, in a haggard anxiety. 'The uncertainty only makes it worse for her, you know,' he added out of his not inconsiderable experience with womankind.

They all three looked at one another blankly. 'All you can do is to wait, I'm afraid,' said J. B. at last. As they walked away, a sudden recollection prompted him. 'Cortwright? Why, I've met him, have n't I? Oh, yes, I remember perfectly now. I remember hearing about that engagement. I never had —' had any use for that young man, Mr. Taylor was on the

point of saying, but checked himself. Cortwright might be dead. The same feeling restrained Van Cleve even from admitting to himself that the fate of Lorrie's lover was, personally, a matter of entire indifference to him; he knew that at heart he did not care what became of Cortwright, one way or the other; but he was desperately sorry for Lorrie. She thought Cortwright was a hero, poor girl! Probably he did not lack the physical courage which is the least and commonest of man's gifts; and if he had borne himself well and died doing his duty, why, the best of us could achieve no more and make no finer end.

Van Cleve's own endowment did not include anything like tactfulness or capacity for expressing sympathy, — a fact of which he was ruefully conscious; and he carried this heavy news to Lorrie without the dimmest idea of how to 'break it gently,' as people say, to her. Van thought — and I am not sure, on the whole, that he was not right — that bluntness might be the best mercy. As it happened, however, she had already heard; the plump nurse came out of the room with a gravely warning and important carriage, and stopped Van Cleve on the threshold.

'No, she did n't faint, and she has n't been crying or anything,' she whispered, in answer to his questions; 'but she gave up right away that it was true. She says she does n't believe there was another Cortwright. Oh, Mr. Kendrick, is n't it awful?' she wound up, not without some enjoyment, in spite of her real kindness of heart and desire to help.

'Ask her if she'll see me, will you, Miss — er —,' Van said. He was wondering whether to tell Lorrie what he intended to do next; whether, indeed, she would be in a fit state to hear or consider his plans.

'My name is n't Miss Urr — urr —, Mr. Kendrick, I'm *Miss Crow*,' said the nurse, bridling a little and mimicking him roguishly; 'I do believe you've been forgetting it right along. Miss *Crow;* now do try and fix me in your mind.'

'All right — that is, I mean, I beg your pardon — much obliged,' said Van Cleve, clumsily, in his preoccupation; at his best, he would have been a mortally unpromising subject for a flirtation, and now he scarcely looked at the young woman, scarcely heard her. 'If you'll just ask Miss Gilbert if she minds speaking to me a minute —?'

Lorrie herself came to the door, and stood before the young man with eyes that seemed very large and bright and of soundless depth, in her white face. 'Have you found Bob, Van Cleve?' she said quite steadily. 'That is what we must do, whatever comes, you know that.'

Van Cleve felt something bravely self-forgetful in her speech and manner that touched him more than all the tears she could have shed. He took her hand. 'I'm sorry about this — this other thing — this report, Lorrie. But don't forget it may not be he. It may be some other man. I hope to Heaven it is!' he said, and meant the words. It made no difference who and what and how unworthy Cortwright might be, all Van Cleve's dislike and jealousy of him were swept away by an unselfish tenderness, to see the woman he loved so stricken.

She looked at him, tensely composed, with a kind of distance in her gaze, as from some far height; it almost frightened Van Cleve, this spectacle which he had never before witnessed, of the essential loneliness of sorrow. 'I think it is Phil. I think he is dead,' she said.

'Oh, you ought n't to make up your mind to it that way, Lorrie — it's only a report — they're all the time

making mistakes,' Van Cleve began, awkwardly trying to reassure her.

Lorrie made a little nervous gesture as of renunciation, with her two shaking hands. 'If it is so, it's for the best — I thought of that last night when I heard — it would be a noble way to die, Van Cleve — it would be the way of his choice,' she said in a pathetic exaltation, before which the young man stood silent and somehow shamed.

Van Cleve, having by dint of persistent inquiry made reasonably sure that Bob had at any rate left Tampa, now planned to go on down to Key West, as he had been repeatedly advised; he had made up his mind to go to Cuba, too, if need be, and, through the good offices of Mr. Takuhira, who was supplied with credentials or some unknown instruments of power everywhere, and who showed himself very active and useful, the trip might be arranged. The *attaché* himself had received orders from his chiefs to reach the army or fleet before Santiago without delay; everybody was expecting news of a big engagement on land or sea, perhaps both, at any moment. Lorrie must stay in Tampa, Van decided, until she heard from him; the two nurses who had finally got themselves officially recognized, would look after her, as far as their duties allowed; at least she would not be without a soul she knew in the place. They had ceased to expect her to act the part of volunteer nurse with which she had begun, and Van himself had ceased to play his own. It would have been better never to have attempted that petty farce, he thought; of necessity it would sort ill with the tragedies of these days, and, soon or late, they must abandon it. Lorrie acquiesced in everything he said; for the time all the spirit had gone out of the girl.

'Do you believe she'll ever get over it?' the younger nurse questioned; and prophesied that Miss Gilbert never would, recalling many instances of brokenhearted spinsters who had remained angelically faithful to an early love to the end of their days. She was in a fever of romantic interest, and felt as if they were 'living in one of Marie Corelli's works,' as she confided to her senior, adding that she 'would n't have missed it for anything!'

'Oh, yes, she'll get over it. Person has to, you know,' returned Miss Rodgers, who was of an eminently prosaic temperament. 'I've seen a raft of widows and widowers that were all broken-up right at first, but mercy me, they all got over it! — except some of the real old widows, that is. The men are generally pretty chipper inside of a year. It's not so awful when you come to think about it. Nobody can keep on grieving right along, day in and day out, forever. If they do, you can take it from me, something 's the matter with 'em!'

'Well, I think Miss Gilbert's the kind that would be loyal to the grave. *I* think it's lovely,' said the other with a sigh. She was at hand, accidentally, of course, when Van Cleve came, the next day, to say good-bye to Lorrie; and assured him earnestly that they would take good care of Miss Gilbert. 'She is the *sweetest* thing! And I hope we'll hear from you soon, Mr. Kendrick,' said the girl, wistfully.

'Why, I hope so myself. And I want to thank you very much for everything you're doing — you've been most kind, Miss — er — Miss Sparrow,' said Van, warmly, shaking her hand. He was off without another thought of her, as she dismally knew; and I believe they have never met since; when Van Cleve got back to Tampa, Miss Rodgers had been sent down to Egmont Key to the army hospital there, and he had not leisure to look up the other young woman.

So now Mr. Kendrick embarked for Key West, and he did not know how much farther. The vessel on which he and Takuhira secured passage put to sea in the august company of the troopship Niagara, now known as Transport No. 16, with seven hundred men aboard to reinforce Shafter before Santiago. And to Van's surprise, this large body of heroes left their native shores without any patriotic or sentimental to-do whatever, no flags, no salutes, no crowds of weeping women, no band playing 'The girl I left behind me,' — nothing that even Van Cleve's work-a-day spirit would have regarded as reasonable and appropriate. A fellow passenger going down on business connected with furnishing canned corned-beef to the government, enlightened him.

'The good-bye-sweetheart business is about played out,' he explained. 'You see when the order first came for the army to start, everybody went piling down to Port Tampa and gave the boys the biggest send-off they knew how. Well then, the last of the transports had hardly got past the bell-buoys when there came an order for 'em to come back home! Day or so after that, they tried it again. That time they only got about three hundred yards down the bay — same old song-and-dance! They just settled right down where they were and waited. It was two or three days after that, I think, before they finally did get off. Looked like starting and stopping was a kind of habit with 'em — "Farewell forever — forever farewell!" as the song says. Only people get tired farewelling, you know; they can't keep it up that long. Once is enough, it don't seem to have any point the second time. You can't get a rise out of anybody nowadays.'

It was a fact that Van Cleve himself began to feel, as it were, callous to further excitement; he had had enough of the alarums and excursions, the sight of fighting men and armaments. Transport No. 16, which had no time to spare, shortly left them behind, but the waters were full of other shipping, which Van barely noticed. There were moments when the whole adventure seemed to the young man's naturally slow and cool judgment absolutely insane. What was he, Van Cleve Kendrick, doing in this outlandish environment? Why, he was going a knight-erranting, to be sure — knight-erranting at the end of the nineteenth century, on a little steamer with a ridiculous comic opera name, crowded with men, tumbling about under the red-hot sky, with the gulls squeaking in their rear, and the low coasts of Florida simmering there ten miles off! And here, for a final incongruity, was a polite Oriental (in a straw hat and beautifully polished shoes!) at his elbow, proffering him a cigar! He took the cigar; he smoked and talked with the other men sitting in the narrow shade of the deck-house with their feet propped on the extra chairs. He might have been traveling down to see about tobacco contracts or canned corned-beef for the army like the rest of them, for all the excitement he showed or, indeed, felt; the commonplace attitude of his mind sometimes puzzled him.

Twenty-four hours brought them to Key West, on a hot, noisy morning; and in the paper Van Cleve bought on the dock he found a final report of the fight at Las Guasimas, much enlarged, with a complete and verified list of killed and wounded. Among the former, 'Troop X, Lieut. Philip Cortwright' appeared half-way down the page. So poor Lorrie was right in her sad presentiment; and she too must have seen this last dispatch by now. Van read the account of the battle. It did not seem to have been very spectacular; no charging up to breastworks, or hand-

to-hand struggle. Our advance had been through a practically pathless jungle; the Spanish used smokeless powder so that it was almost impossible to locate them — this statement was repeated continually with a child-like surprise and indignation; also their sharpshooting was very good; they had men posted in the trees; it had been no such slight skirmish as at first reported.

The United States troops had behaved with the greatest firmness and daring, as indeed the tale of losses showed; owing to the scattering nature of the fighting, it was not until after some time and search that it had been possible to get an accurate list of the casualties. Lieutenant Cortwright had pressed forward very eagerly, and was one of the first to fall with a bullet through the lungs (not the heart as previously stated); he died while being carried to the rear. Mr. Marshall, the correspondent, had not been killed, but so severely wounded that his recovery was improbable. In another column was the statement that all the bodies found had been buried on the field and could not be removed until after the close of the war — if even then. The graves were marked, and whatever small possessions of the dead men seemed worth while, had been taken charge of, in most cases, by some friend or 'bunkie.'

'Poor Lorrie!' said Van to himself again.

(To be continued.)

TO A MOTOR

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

To mark old hamlets, primrose-kirtled, where simple folk seem glad to dwell;
To mark in door and window hurtled the smudge and stench of chosen hell;
To mark his holiest necromancies befouled so never man can read them; —
You Thing! Suppose we part? My fancy's to throttle hatreds, not to feed them.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE OR WAR

BY EVERETT P. WHEELER

THE strikes that destroyed the peace of England during 1911, the coal strike in this country, which lasted from May 12 to October 23, 1902, and its threatened renewal during 1912, the threatened strike of locomotive engineers and firemen, the Lawrence strike, the hotel-waiters' strike in New York, the strike on the Boston Elevated Railroad, and the garment-makers' strikes, have led thoughtful men to realize the danger to American prosperity and liberty from the unsettled relation between capital and labor.

The old conception that the laboring man was weak and needed protection, that he could not stand out and higgle for terms, and must therefore receive special consideration from philanthropic people, still lingers, but is no longer true. Laboring men in many vocations have organized. They have energetic leaders whose counsels in the main they follow loyally. These labor organizations confront organizations of capital. In many parts of the country the two face each other with mutual distrust and animosity, like hostile camps. When the skirmishers give the alarm the armies are ready for battle, and enter upon the fray with no consideration for the suffering caused thereby to the great majority who take no part in the particular industry threatened by the war, but who are in various ways dependent upon the results. Of course, in one sense, everybody is a capitalist and almost everybody is a laborer. But in this article I use the words in the ordinary sense. The capitalist, in our usual parlance, is the man who controls large accumulated capital, much of it his own, much of it that of stockholders who intrust their share to his care. The laborer is he who earns wages in some business carried on by the capitalist.

Let us consider what can be done to prevent these disastrous wars. The fundamental American principle is 'Liberty, protected by law.' Edward Everett said that the love of this 'gave to Lafayette his spotless fame.' It is the principle embodied in the American Constitution. The latter undertook to insure to each man liberty to use his talents and opportunities in the way that seemed wisest to him, provided he did not infringe upon the equal right of his neighbor. The whole machinery of government described in the Constitution has for its principal object the protection of the individual in the exercise of this right. The right of the capitalists to combine for any lawful purpose, and that of the laborers to combine for any lawful purpose, are equally sacred. But each combination should be subject to laws made for the general welfare.

How then shall the enjoyment of the rights of each be secured without infringing upon the rights of the other? In an uncivilized country men fight for their rights. Civilization should provide tribunals before which individuals must appear who cannot agree, and who claim rights that conflict with each other. It enforces the judgment of these tribunals by the sheriff or marshal, by

the *posse comitatus*, and, if necessary, by the military. For it is an essential characteristic of a government really civilized, that the decision of the tribunal previously established, rendered after a full and fair hearing of both sides, must be obeyed.

One of the most familiar and accessible illustrations of the application of this principle is to be found in what is perhaps the earliest recorded account of a trade-union riot.[1]

'A Silversmith named Demetrius, who made silver models of the shrine of Artemis, and so gave a great deal of work to the artisans, got these men together as well as the workmen engaged in similar occupations [a sympathetic strike] and said: "Men, you know that our prosperity depends upon this work, and you see and hear that, not only at Ephesus, but in almost the whole of Roman Asia, this Paul has convinced and won over great numbers of people, by his assertion that those Gods which are made by hands are not Gods at all, so that not only is this business of ours likely to fall into discredit, but there is the further danger that the Temple of the great Goddess Artemis will be thought nothing of, and that she herself will be deprived of her splendor, though all Roman Asia and the whole world worship her." When they heard this, the men were greatly enraged, and began shouting, "Great is Artemis of the Ephesians!" The commotion spread through the whole city, and the people rushed together, dragging with them Gaius and Aristarchus, . . . who were Paul's traveling companions. . . .

'When the Recorder had succeeded in quieting the crowd, he said: "Men of Ephesus, who is there, I ask you, who needs to be told that this city of Ephesus is Warden of the Temple of the great Artemis and of the statue that fell down from Zeus? As these are undeniable facts you ought to keep calm and do nothing rash; for you have brought these men here, though they are neither robbers of Temples nor blasphemers of our Goddess. If, however, Demetrius and the artisans who are acting with him have a charge to make against any one, there are Court Days and there are Magistrates; let both parties take legal proceedings. But if you want anything more, it will have to be settled in the regular Assembly."'

In short, there was, under the Roman law, in effect, a court of arbitration, and an assembly to which matters justiciable before this court could be referred. Violence and riot were unlawful, and were promptly suppressed.

How comes it, then, that in this twentieth century we have not machinery adequate to accomplish this result? Our method is that of Sangrado: 'Warm water and bleeding — the warm water of our mawkish policy, and the lancets of our military.'

The old English law dealt with this subject in a different way. On the one hand, it allowed a borough to prohibit the exercise of a particular craft except by those who belonged to the guild of that craft. This was the closed shop, and in fact it existed in many English boroughs. This exclusive privilege was abolished by one of the reform laws of 1835. This law was considered, and was in fact, an act of emancipation. The legalized closed shop had caused such grievous abuses that it was no longer tolerable.

On the other hand, by the old English law, strikes were unlawful, and heavy penalties were imposed upon workmen who refused to work for the rate of wages fixed by local law. This combination act was repealed in 1825. Since then, in England and America, we have been trying experiments. Capitalists have formed their combinations.

[1] Acts XIX, 24–29, 35–39; Twentieth-Century Testament Version.

Laborers have formed theirs. The power and wealth of each have increased. The wars between them have become more bitter and more injurious to the public.

Finally, came the great strike in the year 1894. This grew out of a controversy between the Pullman Company and the workmen in the model town of Pullman — a town that had the most perfect system of drainage and the most comfortable tenements in the world. Nevertheless, owners and tenants could not agree. The tenants procured a sympathetic strike. Railway trains on all the railways leading into Chicago were held up by force. The United States mails could not be transported. Governor Altgeld refused to interfere, and had it not been for the courage and determination of Grover Cleveland and of Richard Olney, we should have had chaos in Illinois. The Federal troops were ordered out. General Miles took command. He replied significantly to the threats of Altgeld: If you persist in defying the laws of your country we will give you another Appomattox. And the insurrection was suppressed.

In this case the judicial power was appealed to. The judges of the Federal Circuit Court granted an injunction against the rioters. This was sustained by the United States Supreme Court in the Debs Case.[1] That injunction is sometimes cited as an instance of the hostility of the courts to organized labor. It was no more that than was the indictment of the McNamaras or of Darrow. It was hostility to murder and violence, and that hostility the judicial branch of the government should always manifest.

But this decision of the Court was not, and under our present system could not be, rendered until violence was threatened. In fact, neither that decision, nor its enforcement by the army, could have been obtained unless there had been actual riot and bloodshed. That is the defect of the present American system.

The suffering and loss of life caused by this strike led to the passage of the Erdman Act, June 1, 1898. This relates to carriers engaged in interstate commerce and their employees. It provides that when a dispute arises between them, either party may appeal to a tribunal of mediation consisting of the Commissioner of Labor and a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Since the organization of the United States Commerce Court, a judge of that Court may be called in. If this tribunal fails to secure an agreement it endeavors to induce the parties to submit the controversy to arbitration. If arbitration is agreed upon, each party selects one arbitrator, and these two choose an umpire. If they do not agree, the mediators name the umpire. The act provides 'that the respective parties to the award will each faithfully execute the same.' During the pendency of the arbitration, both lockouts and strikes are unlawful. Discrimination against members of labor organizations and blacklisting are prohibited by the act.

This act has been invoked in nearly sixty controversies during the last five years, and in every instance both parties have executed the award. It does not, in terms, provide for compulsory arbitration. It is like a law which should enact that if two neighbors cannot agree as to the boundary-line between their property, they may submit the question to arbitration in a certain prescribed manner. Failing this, they may fight it out. That certainly would not be considered a civilized way of settling such a controversy. Unfortunately there is such a lack of mutual confidence between labor and

[1] Reported 158, U. S. Rep., 564.

capital that nothing better has yet obtained their joint approval. And the majority, the general public, have been so busy about their own affairs that they have let the thing alone.

Inadequate, however, as the Erdman Act is, it is better than nothing. When, in 1902, the great coal strike broke out in Pennsylvania, there was no machinery for voluntary arbitration provided for the coal trade. The cruelty of the strikers to all who did not coöperate with them, the absolute barbarity with which they persecuted even the wives and children of all in the anthracite district who would not join them, justified Wayne MacVeagh's description: 'The strike of 1902 was a foretaste of hell. Each workman feels it is his personal quarrel; in each breast there are kindled feelings of enmity against all arrayed on the side of the capitalists.'

The effect of this strike, as usual, was most grievous to the innocent poor. Hundreds of thousands of poor people in Eastern cities suffered from cold and hunger during that evil winter of 1902–03, because they had to pay double for their pailfuls of coal. It often happens that the organized strikers and the organized employers care as little for the sufferings of those outside their organizations as did the Genius of War and Famine in Coleridge's famous poem: —

> The baby beat his dying mother,
> I had starved the one, and was starving the other.

They do not see these sufferings, and they ignore what is not under their eyes. All the more, therefore, is it the duty of the public to intervene and prevent the wars which cause the sufferings.

President Roosevelt never did a wiser thing than when he appointed a commission to 'inquire into, consider, and pass upon the questions in controversy in connection with the strike in the anthracite region, and the causes out of which the controversy arose.' A commission of seven was appointed, of which George Gray, presiding judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Third Circuit, was chairman. The mine owners and the 'striking anthracite-mine workers' appeared before the commission. The latter were represented by John Mitchell, who was also President of the United Mine Workers of America; but he did not appear officially in this capacity, because that organization included bituminous-mine workers, and it was claimed with some justice by the owners of anthracite mines, that the interests of the two groups were diverse.

The commission made its award March 18, 1903. This was observed by both parties, has been modified from time to time, but in its essential features has proved the basis of mutual agreement ever since it was made.

This award contains recommendations to which I now ask attention. They have been ignored for nine years. It is time to brush the dust from their leaves.

'The Commission is led to the conviction, that the question of the recognition of the union and of dealing with the mine workers through their union, was considered by both operators and miners to be one of the most important involved in the controversy which culminated in the strike. . . .

'The men employed in a certain line of work or branch of industry have similar feelings, aspirations, and convictions, the natural outgrowth of their common work and common trend or application of mind. The union, representing their community of interests, is the logical result of their community thought. It encourages calm and intelligent consideration of matters of common interest. In the absence of a

union, the extremist gets a ready hearing for incendiary appeals to prejudice or passion, when a grievance, real or fancied, of a general nature, presents itself for consideration. . . .

'Trade unionism is rapidly becoming a matter of business, and that employer who fails to give the same careful attention to the question of his relation to his labor or his employees, which he gives to the other factors which enter into the conduct of his business, makes a mistake, which sooner or later he will be obliged to correct. . . . Experience shows that the more full the recognition given to a trades union, the more businesslike and responsible it becomes. . . . If the energy of the employer is directed to discouragement and repression of the union, he need not be surprised if the more radically inclined members are the ones most frequently heard. . . .

'In order to be entitled to such recognition, the labor organization or union must give the same recognition to the rights of the employer and of others, which it demands for itself and for its members. The worker has the right to quit or to strike in conjunction with his fellows, when by so doing he does not violate a contract made by or for him. He has neither right nor license to destroy or to damage the property of the employer; neither has he any right or license to intimidate or to use violence against the man who chooses to exercise his right to work, nor to interfere with those who do not feel that the union offers the best method for adjusting grievances. . . .

'The non-union man assumes the whole responsibility which results from his being such, but his right and privilege of being a non-union man are sanctioned in law and morals. . . . The contention that a majority of the employees in an industry, by voluntarily associating themselves in a union, acquire authority over those who do not so associate themselves, is untenable. . . .

'It, accordingly, hereby adjudges and awards: That any difficulty or disagreement arising under this award, either as to its interpretation or application, or in any way growing out of the relations of the employers and the employed, which cannot be settled or adjusted by consultation between the superintendent or manager of the mine or mines, and the miner or miners directly interested, or is of a scope too large to be so settled and adjusted, shall be referred to a permanent joint committee, to be called a board of conciliation, to consist of six persons, appointed as hereinafter provided. That is to say, if there shall be a division of the whole region into three districts, in each of which there shall exist an organization representing a majority of the mine workers of such district, one of said board of conciliation shall be appointed by the operators, the operators in each of said districts appointing one person. . . .

'The right to remain at work where others have ceased to work, or to engage anew in work which others have abandoned, is part of the personal liberty of a citizen, that can never be surrendered, and every infringement thereof merits, and should receive, the stern denouncement of the law. . . . Approval of the subject of a strike, or persuasion that its purpose is high and noble, can not sanction an attempt to destroy the right of others to a different opinion in this respect, or to interfere with their conduct in choosing to work upon what terms and at what time and for whom it may please them so to do. . . .

'It also becomes our duty to condemn another less violent, but not less reprehensible, form of attack upon those rights and liberties of the citizen, which the public opinion of civilized

countries recognizes and protects. . . . What is popularly known as the boycott (a word of evil omen and unhappy origin) is a form of coercion by which a combination of many persons seek to work their will upon a single person, or upon a few persons, by compelling others to abstain from social or beneficial business intercourse with such person or persons. Carried to the extent sometimes practiced in aid of a strike, and as was in some instances practiced in connection with the late anthracite strike, it is a cruel weapon of aggression, and its use immoral and anti-social. . . .

'The practices, which we are condemning, would be outside the pale of civilized war. In civilized warfare, women and children and the defenseless are safe from attack, and a code of honor controls the parties to such warfare, which cries out against the boycott we have in view. Cruel and cowardly are terms not too severe by which to characterize it.

'Closely allied to the boycott is the blacklist, by which employers of labor sometimes prevent the employment by others, of men whom they have discharged. In other words, it is a combination among employers not to employ workmen discharged by any of the members of said combination. This system is as reprehensible and as cruel as the boycott, and should be frowned down by all humane men.'

The Commission finally recommended the substantial adoption of an act which was drawn by Charles Francis Adams. This is printed in the Appendix. It is entitled, 'An Act to provide for the Investigation of Controversies affecting Interstate Commerce and for other Purposes.'

'Section 1. Whenever within any State or States, Territory or Territories of the United States, a controversy concerning wages, hours of labor, or conditions of employment shall arise between an employer, being an individual, partnership, association, corporation or other combination, and the employees or association or combination of employees of such employer, by reason of which controversy the transportation of the United States mails, the operations, civil or military, of the Government of the United States, or the free and regular movement of commerce among the several States and with foreign nations is in the judgment of the President interrupted or directly affected, or threatened with being so interrupted or so directly affected, the President shall in his discretion inquire into the same and investigate the causes thereof.

'Section 2. To this end the President may appoint a special Commission, not exceeding seven in number, of persons in his judgment specially qualified to conduct such an investigation.'

It then proceeds to provide for the organization of the Commission, for a full hearing of the parties to the controversy, authorizes the Commission to administer oaths, to compel the attendance of witnesses and the production of books and papers. To this end the Commission may invoke the aid of the courts of the United States, and is vested with all the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the courts of the United States are required to render it aid to the same extent as aid is rendered to the Interstate Commerce Commission. It authorizes the Commission to 'enter and inspect any public institution, factory, workshop, or mine.' After the investigation of the controversy, the Commission shall formulate its report thereon, setting forth the causes of the same, locating, as far as may be, the responsibilities thereof, and making such specifications and recommendations as shall in its judgment put an end to such contro-

versy or disturbance, and prevent a recurrence thereof.

Unfortunately, this bill was not introduced in Congress. No state gave sufficient attention to the recommendation of the Commission to modify this bill so as to adapt its provisions to controversies within the state. It is true that some states have some legislation on the subject. But the best is insufficient because it fails to provide an adequate tribunal with adequate powers for the decision of these labor controversies. Apparently the American people prefer an occasional war to a continual peace. Is it not time to revise this conclusion and follow deliberately the things that make for peace? And how can there be peace without an arbitral tribunal, which is adequate to decide controversies without resort to war?

A bill to extend the provisions of the Erdman Act to the owners and lessees of coal mines, the produce of which enters into interstate or foreign commerce, and their employees, was introduced in the Sixty-second Congress by Mr. R. E. Lee of Pennyslvania,[1] was amended and reported by the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, but unfortunately did not become a law. It is a step in advance, and will, we hope, be pressed in the next Congress. It may lead to enactment of a more comprehensive measure, not only by Congress, but in every state. The need for this has never been better stated than by Governor Stone of Pennsylvania in 1902:—

'A law that would settle labor disputes between employer and employed must of necessity be a compulsory arbitration law, and the award must be final and conclusive. The law must be drafted for the protection of society, and must not be drawn in the interest of employer or employee. Experience teaches that strikes endanger life and property. When life and property are in jeopardy, society is menaced. The right of the public, the right of society, is greater than the rights of the participants on both sides in any strike.'

The objections to compulsory arbitration might be urged with equal force against our whole judicial system. This has jurisdiction over the most sacred of human relations. If a man and his wife cannot agree as to the custody of their children, either may compel the other to submit the controversy to the arbitrament of a judge. The court decides disputes between partners. It compels the specific performance of contracts. Why, then, should not the majority of our people provide by law a tribunal with powers adequate to decide controversies between capital and labor, and with power if necessary to enforce its decision?

But forcible enforcement would be unnecessary. Not once in a thousand times is the power of sheriff or marshal invoked to enforce the judgment of a court. The awards of the arbitral committees of the various exchanges are obeyed without formal compulsion.

In labor controversies the most effectual compulsion is the indirect method of prohibiting strikes and lockouts pending the arbitration. This prohibition obviates controversy as to whether picketing is peaceful and as to whether persuasion has developed into physical violence. In short, it provides for peace and prohibits war, and substitutes for war a tribunal with powers to decide conflicting claims upon their merits.

This system of conciliation and arbitration has been tried by several of the governments which are federated in Australasia, and on the whole with success. That does not of itself prove that it would work well in America. But we should be foolish, indeed, if we did not

[1] H. R. 22,012; in amended form, H. R. 25,109.

profit by the experience of others. No better plan has been suggested. The present situation is intolerable. Let us then give heed to the report of the State Labor Bureau of New South Wales, for the year ending June 30, 1909:—

'The Act has already lived down the bitter hostility of a section of the trade unions, the majority of them having already applied for the appointment of Wages Boards to determine rates of wages and conditions of labor in their particular industries. The opinion is fast gaining ground in industrial circles that greater benefits are likely to accrue from the operations of the Act than could be expected from the methods of a strike.'

The award of the Board of Arbitration, which a few months ago considered and decided the controversy as to wages between the locomotive engineers and the railroads of this country, had under consideration also the subject of arbitration. The facts presented to this board showed very clearly the great danger to the whole community incident to the possibility of a general railroad strike. It recommends a system of compulsory arbitration. The only dissent by one of the members of the board was on the ground that such a system would be impracticable. The answer to that is that it is competent for the legislature to declare that either a strike or a lockout is illegal until after a hearing before, and an award by, an arbitration tribunal. Such a system has succeeded in Canada and other countries where it has been tried. There seems to be no reason to doubt that it would be successful in the United States.

THE TELE-VICTORIAN AGE

BY JOHN H. FINLEY

In violation of one of the etymologist's rules, I have made two languages conspire to give name to the age in which we live — the age of the victory over the remote in space and time, the age of the conquest of the Far, the '*Tele-Victorian* Age.'

The ancient Hellenic age might fitly be called by contrast the *Perinikian* Age (to conform for the moment to the etymologist's requirements), the age of the conquest of the Near. The very language of that ancient age would intimate to us this characteristic even if we had no other testimony. In a standard Greek lexicon there are sixty-seven columns of words with the prefix '*peri*' (though in some of these words the prefix has not the significance of nearness, but the derived sense of completeness), and there are less than five columns of words with the prefix '*tele*.' And even these latter words, when they are defined in what is now known to be their geographical reach, are also but *peri* words — words that tell of what we should now call the Near. The striking afar of *telebolos* was not beyond the reach of the sling, the *telemachos* of the arrow. The *teleplanos*, far-wandering,

traveler had never journeyed farther on the earth's surface than one would now go in a day or two of twentieth-century locomotion. The *telekleitos*, far-famed, hero would be thought in this age to have but provincial reputation. The *teleskopos*, far-seeing, wise man could actually see no greater distance than his naked eye could distinguish objects from the tallest peaks of Greece. The *teleboas*, far-shouting, orator could make himself heard no farther than his stentorian voice could carry. The *telegonos*, far-born, foreigner came from a place probably no more distant than Chicago from Boston. And *telothi*, the far, far, far-away, was no more remote than San Francisco.

The brilliant author of *The World Machine*[1] has recently written of that age: 'Means of communication were then slow; no "liners" then raced straight and swiftly from port to port. Men did not venture far. Though there were records of the compass in use in China nine centuries back of this, it was unknown to the Greek and Tyrian mariners, who crept along the coast of the sea in Media-Terra, the known *terra*, and out through the Pillars of Hercules to the Ultima Thule. From the ports of Tyre to the Gateway of Night was scarce two thousand miles. The Hellespont and the Euxine carried the map-maker's stylus scarce another thousand eastward. Half this combined distance reached from the mythical borders of Hyperborea to the fabulous regions of the Upper Nile. The known earth was a rectangle of about the present size of the United States.'

The perimeter of the *telouros*, the distant-boundaried, territory was indeed but the circumference of the Near. Environment — adaptation to which has been defined by high authority as education — was within range of the eye, the ear, the foot, or the sail; and a much simpler matter adaptation, and so education, were, than they are in these days, when the adaptations have to be made to environments beyond all reach of these. Think of one man who was 'abreast if not in advance of the astronomy of his day,' who had, as he himself said, of all his countrymen, 'traversed the greatest part of the earth,' who wrote a treatise on navigation, who was learned in physics, discoursing on the Magnet, the Rays of Light, and the Water Clock; who was 'fond of music and poetry,' leaving works on Rhythm and Harmony and on the beauty of epic poems; who was a critic in matters of art; who must 'have been a physician' since he left a book on Fever, another on Prognostics, another on Pestilences, another on the Right Way of Living; who assumed to write authoritatively on such varied knowledges as Agriculture, Tactics, the Principles of Laws, the Calendar and Colors, Ethics, and finally on Cheerfulness; besides being a zoölogist, anatomist, and psychologist. But with all this reputed wisdom, his science was the science of the Near, the Visible, the Palpable, the Audible, even though his speculation was of the Afar.

Nor was it the age of the Near in space alone. The Greek chronology did not stretch backward beyond that which was accepted as the age of the world in my own youth. I remember distinctly that in my college days the chronology of Ussher was followed in fixing the date of the creation of man as the year 4004 B.C. Since then the earth has grown a million years or more older; and the age of man has been increased to at least two hundred thousand years.

And a few months ago I heard the great astronomer-physicist Arrhenius, speaking of the propagation of life through the universe, express the view

[1] *The World Machine.* By Carl Snyder.

that spores of life caught or propelled beyond one planet or star atmosphere, wandered in space until, brought within the force of another gravitation, they entered as immigrant star-dust the atmospheric shores of another planet or star, beginning a new life that was to evolve into the vegetable, and the animal, and the human, under new conditions, — and so led the imagination on from star to star and from eon to eon, till infinity of space and eternity of time became conceivable.

Not long after, I chanced to hear another Nobel Prize scientist who went in the other direction, as far as the microscope could go, to the fields farthest back toward the genetic eternity, to the land of the phagocytes, to the infinitesimal, to the atom, crying as the ancient poet who but dreamed of what his eyes could not see, '*considera opera atomorum.*'

Together have these and such men, astronomers, biologists, chemists, carried the boundaries of man's environment from one eternity to another.

Moreover, to consciousness of distance and time has been added mobility of human life.

One widely cherished recovery from that ancient age, the wonderfully beautiful statue of the Niké, the Winged Victory, of Samothrace, which Mr. H. G. Wells, after his visit to Boston a few years ago, referred to as the symbol of the 'terrifying unanimity of æsthetic discrimination,' was a few months ago reproduced by a cartoonist in intimation of the achievement of that pioneer of aviation, the first of the bird-men. But the Niké of Samothrace was, after all, perhaps but the figure-head of the prow of a boat. Her feet were fastened to a keel. The epinikian odes — the songs of victory — were of races whose distances were measured in stadia. The higher freedom, the mobility of wings, was but a possession of the gods, an aspiration of rash men, who, like Icarus, fell back to earth for their venturing.

Those who are familiar with the poet Maeterlinck's botany are aware that his story of the evolution of animal life from the vegetable is the story of the struggle of life to escape from a state of immobility into one of mobility, of auto-mobility; from a static slavery to roots into the joyous freedom of feet; for, as Maeterlinck says, it is its rôle 'to escape above from the fatality below, to evade, transgress the heavy, sombre law, to set itself free, to shatter the narrow sphere, to invent or invoke wings, to escape as far as it can, to conquer the space in which destiny encloses it, to approach another kingdom.'

And when we read on into the history of the development of the highest animal, man, we find that we are following the story of the same kind of evolution, the story of the struggle from a lower toward a higher and higher state of mobility. Primitive patriarchs walked. Abraham was commanded to walk through the land he was to possess. But, from the very first, man longed for a greater mobility than his feet permitted. The ideal, happy, perfect creature was one equipped with wings; one who had 'the wings of the morning,' who could travel afar, one who could see to the ends of the earth, one who had knowledge of all things that are in the earth, one who knew the beginning and end of time.

It is in this our age that this aspiration is being realized; this age, in which the man has indeed become the ἄγγελος, at any rate, in respect of locomotion; in which he has, in a sense, approached another kingdom. He is able to speak and to hear and to write around the world. He is able to see not only to the ends of the earth, but millions of miles into space. He can talk with the stars in a very literal sense,

for he has made a new alphabet of varicolored lines (spectra they are called instead of letters), in which the stars are able to reveal to him what is burning in their hearts or what is glowing in their skies. Greater space, longer time, higher mobility, and the flying of the images of all things to his senses! Day unto day utters a speech never heard in the days of the Psalmist, and night unto night shows a knowledge beyond the wisdom of the wisest of the elder age.

Lucretius, the ancient Epicurean poet and philosopher, in trying to explain perception of the nearer phenomena of life, assumed that all bodies were constantly giving off filmy images or idols of themselves, and that the air was crowded with millions of these images, along with less definite emanations — images ever passing and crossing each other, in every direction, some swifter, some slower, in infinite complexity, yet in no confusion, very substantial, yet keeping their forms as they sped on their way to the senses, and traversed by mind-images, infinitely finer and more subtle, and by those subtlest and swiftest of all, the majestic images of the gods who came flying from the unknown afar through all the rest, in never-ceasing flow. His only Afar was the dwelling of the gods. Thence their images came flying, majestically.

But now, — according to the most widely accepted view, — everything comes through the medium of waves; a scientific theory which will some day be poetically translated, so that every aroma will have its wave-image, even as the flower that sent it forth had its idol or image under the Lucretian theory. All light, sound, perfume even, are but different forms of motion, we are assured, revealing themselves in waves of varying length or frequency. Everything that comes to us from the outer world comes through the beating, the ceaseless beating, of these waves upon our bodies, our minds, which are as receivers of some sensitive, invisible, wireless system. When God said, 'Let there be light,' so science would now express it, He but caused the waves to vibrate at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand a second, and when He wished to diversify color, He but made waves of varying length.

The whole history of the human race, since the first cry of the first paleolithic infant and the first onomatopoetic verb of the paleolithic man, has been written in indestructible ether.

But most of the waves reach no human shores, except through other waves to which they give their impulses. I have often recalled hearing Justin Winsor of Harvard University say, 'If we only had instruments delicate, sensitive enough to record these unspent waves, what might we not hear? The prayer of Columbus out upon the ocean; the plash of the oars of Joliet and Marquette out upon the Mississippi; the footfall of Plato in the Academe.'

I once expressed the hope, in the presence of Mr. Thomas A. Edison, that he would some day become an ethereal archæologist and invent such an instrument: one that would bring to our eyes, ears, and nostrils the submerged waves of the long past, even as men dig up buried cities; that we might, for example, hear again the voice of Beatrice; that we might know the color of Helen's eyes, and enjoy the fragrance even of the flowers that once grew in the Garden of Eden.

For all that record is there, in imperishable ether, either in still persistent waves which carry their treasure and refuse to be dissipated, or in yet other waves to which they have given their dying impulses. What I am at this moment saying, what you are at this moment thinking, 'has come to us,'

says Carlyle, 'from the beginning of time, and will go on to an endless future.'

But whether the waves of the past are individually recoverable or not, or collectively distinctive, more and more are the waves of the present transmutable into human experience.

Not long ago I had an impressive illustration of this. I went one day to the laboratory of a physicist to witness an experiment. I was asked to stand in front of a rough detached frame in the corridor, where I could hear only the noise of students speaking or passing to and fro. But the moment I put to my ears a receiver, I heard exquisite music coming from some distant instrument, I knew not where. So full is the ether of harmonies and melodies, although there seem to be in our near environment only substantial walls and the commonplace noises of the day. I had but finished writing this line when, taking up a daily paper, I read that a bit of the 'Marseillaise' played on the shores of Algeria was heard across the Mediterranean in southern France. It is as if one side of the ancient world were singing to the other, Alexandria to Athens, across the sea in the middle of the earth.

But what of this age in which the perimeter has become as the centre, this age in which eternity of time has become conceivable, this age of angelic mobility, this age of instantaneous transmissibility of images, idols, and ideas?

The most obvious fact is, not that the Almighty has made of one clay all nations, but that this mobility and transmissibility are making of all nations one clay. One of our greatest jurists, in a letter which I was permitted to see a few days ago, quoted Tarde in the statement that while the former sanction was immemorial practice, now a new hat goes around the world in six months and is forgotten in a year; and he raised the question whether, instead of immortality, we should not now find our glory in 'illocality.'

I find a most pathetic support of this thesis of the great jurist in a letter from a missionary out upon the edge of the Orient who, writing to a friend here to thank her for sending a hat, inquired whether hats were at present worn with dents in the crown or whether those dents were made in transit. And another from a masculine source. Attending a high service in the Cathedral in Havana (where it is claimed the bones of Columbus were at that time reposing), a service celebrating the inauguration of the Republic, I saw walking in the recessional before the new President and the Archbishop, a tall priest carrying a salver, and on it the silk hat of the President of the Republic. The immemorial custom of bearing the crown or the sword as symbol of office was modified by a sense of democratic illocality.

Human experience is being put at the command of the whole earth, not only in images, in ideas, but in the substance of things wherever they can be carried afar, and where ships and trains offer, and tariffs do not interfere. Every great department store is an epinikian ode, and every jeweler's shop is a telenikian sonnet. Walt Whitman could have written a poem on democracy from a railroad time-table, and on the federation of the world from a metropolitan grocery catalogue. And I know a newspaper man who could make an Iliad from the weekly cotton bulletin, beginning with the reports from Bombay, or an Odyssey from Lloyds' reports on ships and shipping. Mistral might have added a notable poem to his *Poèmes du Rhone* if he had but put into verse the import of my seeing, on entering the gates of

Avignon, that city of the Palace of the Popes, a sign advertising the McCormick agricultural implements; and Daudet's Tartarin, who really lived in Nîmes, I am told, instead of Tarascon, had no more world-significant experience than I, who, when trying to get a good view of the historic Amphitheatre, all but fell over an Oliver chilled plough, from Syracuse (N. Y.), standing on the sidewalk to invite custom.

Mobility of person and transmissibility of ideas, one or both, are the prerequisite of a wide democracy. This republic of ours could not have become one, or remained one, except by means of both; the railroad, the telegraph, the newspaper, and the library, were necessary to 'union, one and inseparable,' unless there were in lieu of these a mighty standing army. And the more democratic form of government, which is now so vigorously advocated, and exemplified in the direct primary, the initiative and the referendum, and the like, is possible only by reason of this heightened mobility and transmissibility.

These are, also, it need hardly be remarked, a condition of planetary consciousness. Until this new day, as the author of *The Great Analysis* well says, 'we have not really inhabited an isolated sphere. Civilization has always been in contact with the Unknown.' 'But now there is no Unknown this side of the moon.' There are no new invaders to be feared, — not even the 'Hunnish bacteria.' We are prepared to think 'planetarily,' to act without fear of ambush in unexplored spots. Mr. Marconi said to me not long ago that the speed of wireless messages was retarded when the ocean was part dark and part light; and there will be retardation of ideas still as they pass into certain dark spots of earth from the light. Nevertheless, the waves do carry through them, as the conditions in China have demonstrated. And the speed of progress is likely to be quite as great in the next cycle of Cathay as in any now well-lighted tract of earth.

But with the passing of the unknown, with the coming of this complete 'planetary consciousness,' with this constant calling to our senses from the ends of the earth, what time the Near is not more demanding, with this increasing appeal of the road, the water and the air, is man to lose the old culture of the local, is he to throw away his inheritance of the immediate environments? It was the prodigal who, in the parable, went into the far country. And it was when he 'came to himself' that he went back to his family heritage. Is it now the wanderer, the mobile one, who is to find himself, and the immobile, jealous elder brother who is to miss again the greatest gifts? Is man to go out and buy his experience of the race instead of trying to raise it in his own little valley or street? And the neighborliness of the valley and the street, with all its homely virtues, — is the superseding neighborliness of the Afar to give something better? It is, indeed, to bring something better if it quickens our spirits to do for the impersonal and the illocal what our sympathies in narrower circles have driven us to attempt for the very personal anguish or pain. Simon Patten in his *New Basis of Civilization* has said in the same thought, 'Civilization,' that is, this far-seeing and far-calling and far-helping civilization, 'spares us more and more the sight of anguish, and our imaginations must be correspondingly sharpened to see in the checkbook an agent as spiritual and poetic as the grime and blood-stain of ministering hands.' Such an education must come with the Tele-Victorian Age if it is to carry to a higher virtue the

old neighborliness of the isolated, the provincial.

And I think of the exquisite joy of neighborliness that comes from Afar. With the aid of the waves of ether, transmuted or translated into waves of sound for those who have not eyes, or into light for those who have not ears, we may find neighbors where there is greatest need, or where our noblest need is best fulfilled. Mobility, transmissibility, are they not to bring mankind nearer, if not into, the higher kingdom, even as they brought the vegetable to be an animal, to approach, and then to enter its next kingdom? Arthur O'Shaughnessy, in that poem on John the Baptist which has for many months possessed my memory, wrote of him, —

> I think he had not heard of the far towns,
> Nor of the deeds of men, nor of kings' crowns,
> Before the thought of God took hold of him,
> As he was sitting dreaming in the calm
> Of one first noon upon the desert's rim.

And I have been asking myself often, are the noises of the far towns, these daily reports of the deeds of men, this gossip about kings' crowns, are these to take away all thought of the supernal even from those who dwell in wildernesses, penetrated as they are by telephones and newspapers? The majestic images of the gods, as we have observed, walked through every assemblage of the Lucretian, the *perinikian*, world; they inhabited every atmosphere. And in the indistinct light of the Middle Age, they were the supreme images. Even Dante employed angels to move the crystal spheres about in his universe. But it is the great problem of this day in which there are no longer secret places for the residence of the supernatural on the globe, in which there is nothing 'unknown this side of the moon,' in which the great mystery of creation has been pushed back millions of years, and beyond the sight of the strongest microscope, and the other great mystery of death forward into conceivable immortality, it is the great problem to keep the thought which took hold of John in the Wilderness, or even give it a chance to take hold of us. The victories of the physical Afar are, after all, of no value unless the spirits of men become more valorous, more independent of passion or prejudice, by reason of them; unless the mobile creature grows in its higher characteristics toward the perfect being, whom the Christian world has, in its imagery, endowed with wings.

It took the Almighty ages upon ages to evolve an animal that could fly, a bird, and it has taken ages and ages longer to evolve a human being that can fly; but if we, learning at last to fly, have not learned, also, more nobly to aspire and to live, the birds who have taken the short cut to aviation have the advantage over us.

I believe, however, that this conquest of the earth, water, air, which has given us planetary, if not cosmic, consciousness, is but preface to the lessening of racial, national, and provincial hatreds, antipathies, and jealousies, preface to the planning through local enlightenment for the good of humanity as a whole, and not for a selfish part of it, preface to the defining in ever higher spiritual terms of the ideals of mankind, and to the speaking of man to man, as through centuries each has spoken, in his own tongue, to his all-understanding deity.

THE BREATH OF LIFE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

When for the third or fourth time during the spring or summer I take my hoe and go out and cut off the heads of the lusty burdocks that send out their broad leaves along the edge of my garden or lawn, I often ask myself, 'What is this thing that is so hard to scotch here in the grass?' I decapitate it time after time and yet it forthwith gets itself another head. We call it burdock, but what is burdock, and why does it not change into yellow dock, or into a cabbage? What is it that is so constant and so irrepressible, and before the summer is ended will be lying in wait here with its ten thousand little hooks to attach itself to every skirt or bushy tail or furry and woolly coat that comes along, in order to get free transportation to other lawns and gardens, to fresh woods and pastures new?

It is some living thing; but what is a living thing, and how does it differ from a mechanical and non-living thing? If I smash or overturn the sundial with my hoe, or break the hoe itself, these things stay smashed and broken, but the burdock mends itself, renews itself, and, if I do not watch out, will surreptitiously mature some of the burs before the season is passed.

Evidently a living thing is radically different from a mechanical thing; yet modern physical science tells me that the burdock is only another kind of machine, and manifests nothing but the activity of the mechanical and chemical principles that we see in operation all about us in dead matter; and that a little different mechanical arrangement of its ultimate atoms would turn it into a yellow dock or into a cabbage, into an oak or into a pine, into an ox or into a man.

I see that it is a machine in this respect, that it is set going by a force exterior to itself — the warmth of the sun acting upon it, and upon the moisture in the soil; but it is unmechanical in that it repairs itself and grows and reproduces itself, and after it has ceased running can never be made to run again. After I have reduced all its activities to mechanical and chemical principles, my mind seems to see something that chemistry and mechanics do not explain — something that avails itself of these forces, but is not of them. This may be only my anthropomorphic way of looking at things, but are not all our ways of looking at things anthropomorphic? How can they be any other? They cannot be deific since we are not gods. They may be scientific. But what is science but a kind of anthropomorphism? Kant wisely said, 'It sounds at first singular, but is none the less certain, that the understanding does not derive its laws from nature, but prescribes them to nature.' This is the anthropomorphism of science.

If I attribute the phenomenon of life to a vital force or principle, am I any more unscientific than I am when I give a local habitation and a name to any other causal force, as gravity, chemical affinity, cohesion, osmosis,

or electricity? These terms stand for certain special activities in nature, and are as much the inventions of our own minds as are any of the rest of our ideas.

We can help ourselves out as Haeckel does, by calling the physical forces — such as the magnet that attracts the iron filings, the powder that explodes, the steam that drives the locomotive, and the like — 'living inorganics,' and looking upon them as acting by 'living force as much as the sensitive mimosa does when it contracts its leaves at touch.' But living force is what we are trying to differentiate from mechanical force, and what do we gain by confounding the two? We can only look upon a living body as a machine by forming new conceptions of a machine — a machine utterly unmechanical, which is a contradiction of terms.

A man may expend the same kind of force in thinking that he expends in chopping his wood, but that fact does not put the two kinds of activity on the same level. There is no question that the food consumed is the source of the energy in both cases, but in the one the energy is muscular, and in the other it is nervous. When we speak of mental or spiritual force, we have as distinct a conception as when we speak of physical force. It requires physical force to produce the effect that we call mental force, though how the one can result in the other is past understanding. The law of the correlation and conservation of energy requires that what goes into the body as physical force must come out in some form of physical force — heat, light, electricity, and so forth.

Science cannot trace force into the mental realm and connect it with our states of consciousness. It loses track of it so completely that men like Tyndall and Huxley and Spencer pause before it as an inscrutable mystery, while John Fiske helps himself out with the conception of the soul as quite independent of the body, standing related to it as the musician is related to his instrument. This idea is the key to Fiske's proof of the immortality of the soul. Finding himself face to face with an insoluble mystery, he cuts the knot, or rather, clears the chasm, by this extra-scientific leap. Since the soul, as we know it, is inseparably bound up with physical conditions, it seems to me that a more rational explanation of the phenomenon of mentality is the conception that the physical force and substance that we use up in a mental effort or emotional experience, gives rise, through some unknown kind of molecular activity, to something which is analogous to the electric current in a live wire, and which traverses the nerves and results in our changing states of consciousness. This is the mechanistic explanation of mind, consciousness, etcetera; but it is the only one, or kind of one, that lends itself to scientific interpretation. Life, spirit, consciousness, may be a mode of motion as distinct from all other modes of motion, such as heat, light, electricity, as these are distinct from each other.

When we speak of force of mind, force of character, we of course speak in parables, since the force here alluded to is an experience of our own minds entirely and would not suffice to move the finest dust-particle in the air.

There could be no vegetable or animal life without the sunbeam, yet when we have explained or accounted for the growth of a tree in terms of the chemistry and physics of the sunbeam, do we not have to figure to ourselves something in the tree that avails itself of this chemistry, that uses it and profits by it? After this mysterious something has ceased to operate, or play its part, the chemistry of the sunbeam

is no longer effective, and the tree is dead.

Without the vibrations that we call light, there would have been no eye. But, as Bergson happily says, it is not light passively received that makes the eye, — it is light meeting an indwelling need in the organism, which amounts to an active creative principle, that begets the eye. With fish in underground waters this need does not arise; hence they have no sight. Fins and wings and legs are developed to meet some end of the organism, but if the organism were not charged with an expansive or developing force or impulse, would those needs arise?

Why should the vertebrate series have risen through the fish, the reptile, the mammal, to man, unless the manward impulse was inherent in the first vertebrate; something that struggled, that pushed on and up from the more simple to the more complex forms? Why did not unicellular life always remain unicellular? Could not the environment have acted upon it endlessly without causing it to change toward higher and more complex forms, had there not been some indwelling aboriginal tendency toward these forms? How could natural selection, or any other process of selection, work upon species to modify them, if there were not something in species pushing out and on, seeking new ways, new forms, in fact, some active principle that is modifiable?

Life has risen by stepping-stones of its dead self to higher things. Why has it risen? Why did it not keep on the same level, and go through the cycle of change, as the inorganic does, without attaining to higher forms? Because, it may be replied, it was life, and not mere matter and motion — something that lifts matter and motion to a new plane.

Under the influence of the life impulse, the old routine of matter — from compound to compound, from solid to fluid, from fluid to gaseous, from rock to soil, the cycle always ending where it began — is broken into, and cycles of a new order are instituted. From the stable equilibrium which dead matter is always seeking, the same matter in the vital circuit is always seeking the state of unstable equilibrium, or rather is forever passing between the two, and evolving the myriad forms of life in the passage. It is hard to think of the process as the work of the physical and chemical forces of inorganic nature, without supplementing them with a new and different force.

The forces of life are constructive forces, and they are operative in a world of destructive or disintegrating forces which oppose them and which they overcome. The physical and chemical forces of dead matter are at war with the forces of life, till life overcomes and uses them.

The mechanical forces go on repeating or dividing through the same cycles forever and ever, seeking a stable condition, but the vital force is inventive and creative and constantly breaks the repose that organic nature seeks to impose upon it.

External forces may modify a body, but they cannot develop it unless there is something in the body waiting to be developed, craving development, as it were. The warmth and moisture in the soil act alike upon the grains of sand and upon the seed-germs; the germ changes into something else, the sand does not. These agents liberate a force in the germ that is not in the grain of sand. The warmth of the brooding fowl does not spend itself upon mere passive, inert matter (unless there is a china egg in the nest), but upon matter straining at its leash, and in a state of expectancy. We do not know how the activity of the molecules of the egg

differs from the activity of the molecules of the pebble, under the influence of warmth, but we know there must be a difference between the interior movements of organized and unorganized matter.

Life lifts inert matter up into a thousand varied and beautiful forms and holds it there for a season, — holds it against gravity and chemical affinity, though you may say, if you please, not without their aid, — and then in due course lets go of it, or abandons it, and lets it fall back into the great sea of the inorganic. Its constant tendency is to fall back; indeed, in animal life it does fall back every moment; it rises on the one hand, serves its purpose of life, and falls back on the other. In going through the cycle of life the mineral elements experience some change that chemical analysis does not disclose — they are the more readily absorbed again by life. It is as if the elements had profited in some way under the tutelage of life. Their experience has been a unique and exceptional one. Only a small fraction of the sum total of the inert matter of the globe can have this experience. It must first go through the vegetable cycle before it can be taken up by the animal. The only things we can take directly from the inorganic world are water and air; and the function of water is largely a mechanical one, and the function of air a chemical one.

I think of the vital as flowing out of the physical, just as the psychical flows out of the vital, and just as the higher forms of animal life flow out of the lower. It is a far cry from man to the dumb brutes, and from the brutes to the vegetable world, and from the vegetable to inert matter; but the germ and start of each is in the series below it. The living came out of the not-living. If life is of physico-chemical origin, it is so by transformations and translations that physics cannot explain. The butterfly comes out of the grub, man came out of the brute, but, as Darwin says, 'not by his own efforts,' any more than the child becomes the man by its own efforts.

The push of life, of the evolutionary process, is back of all and in all. We can account for it all by saying the Creative Energy is immanent in matter, and this gives the mind something to take hold of.

II

According to the latest scientific views on the question held by such men as Professor Loeb, the appearance of life on the globe was a purely accidental circumstance. The proper elements just happened to come together at the right time in the right proportions and under the right conditions, and life was the result. It was an accident in the thermal history of the globe. Professor Loeb has lately published a volume of essays and addresses called *The Mechanistic Conception of Life*, enforcing and illustrating this view. He makes war on what he terms the metaphysical conception of a 'life-principle' as the key to the problem, and urges the scientific conception of the adequacy of mechanico-chemical forces. In his view, we are only chemical mechanisms; and all our activities, mental and physical alike, are only automatic responses to the play of the blind, material forces of external nature. All forms of life, with all their wonderful adaptations, are only the chance happenings of the blind gropings and clashings of dead matter: 'We eat, drink, and reproduce [and, of course, think and speculate and write books on the problems of life], not because mankind has reached an agreement that this is desirable, but because, machine-like, we are compelled to do so!'

He reaches the conclusion that all

our inner subjective life is amenable to physico-chemical analysis, because many cases of simple animal instinct and will can be explained on this basis — the basis of animal tropism. Certain animals creep or fly to the light, others to the dark, because they cannot help it. This is tropism. He believes that the origin of life can be traced to the same physico-chemical activities, because, in his laboratory experiments, he has been able to dispense with the male principle, and to fertilize the eggs of certain low forms of marine life by chemical compounds alone. 'The problem of the beginning and end of individual life is physico-chemically clear' — much clearer than the first beginnings of life. All individual life begins with the egg, but where did we get the egg? When chemical synthesis will give us this, the problem is solved. We can analyze the material elements of an organism, but we cannot synthesize them and produce the least spark of living matter. That all forms of life have a mechanical and chemical basis is beyond question, but when we apply our analysis to them, life evaporates, vanishes, the vital processes cease. But apply the same analysis to inert matter, and only the form is changed.

Professor Loeb's artificially fathered embryo and star-fish and sea-urchins soon die. If his chemism could only give him the mother-principle also! But it will not. The mother-principle is at the very foundations of the organic world, and defies all attempts of chemical synthesis to reproduce it.

It would be presumptive in the extreme for me to question Professor Loeb's scientific conclusions; he is one of the most eminent of living experimental biologists. I would only dissent from some of his philosophical conclusions. I dissent from his statement that only the mechanistic conception of life can throw light on the source of ethics. Is there any room for the moral law in a world of mechanical determinism? There is no ethics in the physical order, and if humanity is entirely in the grip of that order, where do moral obligations come in? A gun and a steam-engine know no ethics, and to the extent that we are compelled to do things, are we in the same category. Freedom of choice alone gives any validity to ethical consideration. I dissent from the idea to which he apparently holds, that biology is only applied physics and chemistry. Is not geology also applied physics and chemistry? Is it any more or any less? Yet what a world of difference between the two — between a rock and a tree, between a man and the soil he cultivates. Grant that the physical and the chemical forces are the same in both, yet they work to such different ends in each. In one case they are tending always to a deadlock, to the slumber of a static equilibrium, in the other they are ceaselessly striving to reach a state of dynamic activity — to build up a body that hangs forever between a state of integration and disintegration. What is it that determines this new mode and end of their activities?

In all his biological experimentation, Professor Loeb starts with living matter and, finding its processes capable of physico-chemical analysis, he hastens to the conclusion that its genesis is to be accounted for by the action and interaction of these principles alone.

In the inorganic world, everything is in its place through the operation of blind physical forces; because the place of a dead thing, its relation to the whole, is a matter of indifference. But in the organic world, we strike another order, an order where the relation and subordination of parts is everything, and to speak of human existence as a 'matter of chance' in the sense, let us say, that the forms and positions of inani-

mate bodies are matters of chance, is to confuse terms.

Organic evolution on the earth shows steady and regular progression, — as much so as the growth and development of a tree. If the evolutionary impulse fails on one line, it picks itself up and tries on another, it experiments endlessly like an inventor, but always improves on its last attempts. Chance would have kept things at a standstill; the principle of chance, give it time enough, must end where it began. Chance is a man lost in the woods; he never arrives; he wanders aimlessly. If evolution pursued a course equally fortuitous, would it not still be wandering in the wilderness of the chaotic nebulæ?

III

A vastly different and much more stimulating view of life is given by Henri Bergson in his *Creative Evolution*. Though based upon biological science, it is a philosophical rather than a scientific view, and appeals to our intuitional and imaginative nature more than to our constructive reason. M. Bergson interprets the phenomena of life in terms of spirit, rather than in terms of matter as does Professor Loeb. The word 'creative' is the key-word to his view. Life is a creative impulse or current which arose in matter at a certain time and place, and flows through it from form to form, from generation to generation, augmenting in force as it advances. It is one with spirit, and is incessant creation; the whole organic world is filled, from bottom to top, with one tremendous effort. It is felicitously stated by Whitman, 'Urge and urge, always the procreant urge of the world.'

This conception of the nature and genesis of life is bound to be challenged by modern physical science, which, for the most part, sees in biology only a phase of physics; but the philosophic mind and the trained literary mind will find in *Creative Evolution* a treasure-house of inspiring ideas, and engaging forms of original artistic expression. As Mr. Balfour says, 'M. Bergson's *Evolution Créatrice* is not merely a philosophical treatise: it has all the charm and all the audacities of a work of art, and as such defies adequate reproduction.'

It delivers us from the hard mechanical conception of determinism, or of a close universe which, like a huge manufacturing plant, grinds out vegetables and animals, minds and spirits, as it grinds out rocks and soils, gases and fluids, and the inorganic compounds.

With M. Bergson, life is the flowing metamorphosis of the poets, — an unceasing becoming, — and evolution is a wave of creative energy overflowing through matter 'upon which each visible organism rides during the short interval of time given it to live.' In his view, matter is held in the iron grip of necessity, but life is freedom itself. 'Before the evolution of life . . . the portals of the future remain wide open. It is a creation that goes on forever in virtue of an initial movement. This movement constitutes the unity of the organized world — a prolific unity, of an infinite richness, superior to any that the intellect could dream of, for the intellect is only one of its aspects or products.'

What a contrast to Herbert Spencer's view of life and evolution! 'Life,' says Spencer, 'consists of inner action so adjusted as to balance outer action.' True enough, no doubt, but not interesting. If the philosopher could tell us what it is that brings about the adjustment, and that profits by it, we should at once prick up our ears. Of course, it is life. But what is life? It is inner action so adjusted as to balance outer action!

A recent contemptuous critic of M. Bergson's book, Mr. Hugh S. R. Elliot, points out, as if he were triumphantly vindicating the physico-chemical theory of the nature and origin of life, what a complete machine a cabbage is for converting solar energy into chemical and vital energy — how it takes up the raw material from the soil by a chemical and mechanical process, how these are brought into contact with the light and air through the leaves, and thus the cabbage is built up. In like manner, a man is a machine for converting chemical energy derived from the food he eats into motion, and the like. As if M. Bergson, or any one else, would dispute these things. In the same way, a steam engine is a machine for converting the energy latent in coal into motion and power; but what force lies back of the engine, and was active in the construction?

The final question of the cabbage and the man still remains — Where did you get them?

You assume vitality to start with — how did you get it? Did it arise spontaneously out of dead matter? Mechanical and chemical forces do all the work of the living body, but who or what controls and directs them, so that one compounding of the elements begets a cabbage, and another compounding of the same elements begets an oak — one mixture of them and we have a frog, another and we have a man? Is there not room here for something besides blind, indifferent forces? If we make the molecules themselves creative, then we are begging the question. The creative energy by any other name remains the same.

IV

At first glance one is at a loss to know what Sir Oliver Lodge had in mind when he said in a recent essay that, in his view, 'life does not exert force — not even the most microscopical force — and certainly does not supply energy.'

Sir Oliver is evidently speaking of life as some principle or entity apart from matter, some foreign influence or spirit using matter as its instrument. Taken in that sense, without its physical machinery, life of course cannot exert physical force, but when life enters or awakens in matter and animates it, may it not be said as literally to exert the force which living bodies show as, say, heat is the source of the expansive force of steam?

Apart from the force exerted by living animal bodies, see the force exerted by living plant bodies. I thought of the remark of Sir Oliver one day not long after reading it, while I was walking in a beech wood and noted how the sprouting beech-nuts had sent their pale radicles down through the dry leaves upon which which they were lying, often piercing two or three of them, and forcing their way down into the mingled soil and leaf mould a couple of inches. Force was certainly expended in doing this, and if the life in the sprouting nut did not exert it or expend it, what did?

When I drive a peg into the ground with my axe or mallet, is the life in my arm any more strictly the source (the secondary source) of the energy expended than is the nut in this case? Of course, the sun is the primal source of the energy in both cases, and in all cases, but does not life exert the force, use it, bring it to bear, which it receives from the universal fount of energy?

Life cannot supply energy *de novo*, cannot create it out of nothing, but it can and must draw upon the store of energy in which the earth floats as in a sea. When this energy or force is manifest through a living body, we call it vital force; when it is manifest through a mechanical contrivance, we

call it mechanical force; when it is developed by the action and reaction of chemical compounds, we call it chemical force; the same force in each case, but behaving so differently in the one case from what it does in the other, that we come to think of it as a new and distinct entity. Now if Sir Oliver or any one else could tell us what force is, this difference between the vitalists and the mechanists might be reconciled.

Darwin measured the force of the downward growth of the radicles, such as I have alluded to, as one quarter of a pound, and its lateral pressure as much greater. We know that the roots of trees insert themselves into seams in the rocks, and force the parts asunder. This force is measurable and is often very great. Its seat seems to be in the soft, milky substance called the Cambrian layer, under the bark. These minute cells when their force is combined may become regular rock-splitters.

One of the most remarkable exhibitions of plant force I ever saw was in a Western city where I observed a species of wild sunflower forcing its way up through the asphalt pavement; the folded and compressed leaves of the plant, like a man's fist, had pushed against the hard but flexible concrete till it had bulged up and then split, and let the irrepressible plant through. The force exerted must have been many pounds. I think it doubtful if the strongest man could have pushed his fist through such a resisting medium. If it was not life which exerted this force, what was it? Life activities are a kind of explosion, and the slow continued explosions of this growing plant rent the pavement as surely as powder would have done. It is doubtful if any cultivated plant could have overcome such odds. It required the force of the untamed hairy plant of the plains to accomplish this feat.

That life does not supply energy, that is, is not an independent source of energy, seems to me obvious enough, but that it does not manifest energy, use energy, or 'exert force,' is far from obvious. If a growing plant or tree does not exert force by reason of its growing, or by virtue of a specific kind of activity among its particles, which we name life, and which does not take place in a stone or in a bar of iron or in dead timber, then how can we say that any mechanical device or explosive compound exerts force? The steam engine does not create force, neither does the exploding dynamite, but these things exert force. We have to think of the sum total of the force of the universe, as of matter itself, as a constant factor, that can neither be increased nor diminished. All activity, organic and inorganic, draws upon this force: the plant and tree, as well as the engine and the explosive — the winds, the tides, the animal, the vegetable alike. I can think of but one force, but of any number of manifestations of force, and of two distinct kinds of manifestations, the organic and the inorganic, or the vital and the physical, — the latter divisible into the chemical and the mechanical, the former made up of these two working in infinite complexity because drawn into new relations, and lifted to higher ends by this something we call life.

We think of something in the organic that lifts and moves and redistributes dead matter, and builds it up into the ten thousand new forms which it would never assume without this something; it lifts lime and iron and silica and potash and carbon, against gravity, up into trees and animal forms, not by a new force, but by an old force in the hands of a new agent.

The cattle move about the field, the drift boulders slowly creep down the slopes; there is no doubt that the final source of the force is in both cases the

same; what we call gravity, a name for a mystery, is the form it takes in the case of the rocks, and what we call vitality, another name for a mystery, is the form it takes in the case of the cattle; without the solar and stellar energy, could there be any motion of either rock or beast?

Force is universal, it pervades all nature, one manifestation of it we call heat, another light, another electricity, another cohesion, chemical affinity, and so on. May not another manifestation of it be called life, differing from all the rest more radically than they differ from one another; bound up with all the rest and inseparable from them and identical with them only in its ultimate source in the Creative Energy that is immanent in the universe? I have to think of the Creative Energy as immanent in all matter, and the final source of all the transformations and transmutations we see in the organic and the inorganic worlds. The very nature of our minds compels us to postulate some power, or some principle, not as lying back of, but as active in, all the changing forms of life and nature, and their final source and cause.

The mind is satisfied when it finds a word that gives it a hold of a thing or a process, or when it can picture to itself just how the thing occurs. Thus, for instance, to account for the power generated by the rushing together of hydrogen and oxygen to produce water, we have to conceive of space between the atoms of these elements, and that the force generated comes from the immense velocity with which the infinitesimal atoms rush together across this infinitesimal space. It is quite possible that this is not the true explanation at all, but it satisfies the mind because it is an explanation in terms of mechanical forces that we know.

The solar energy goes into the atoms or corpuscles one thing, and it comes out another; it goes in as inorganic force, and it comes out as organic and psychic. The change or transformation takes place in those invisible laboratories of the infinitesimal atoms. It helps my mental processes to give that change a name — vitality — and to recognize it as a supra-mechanical force. Pasteur wanted a name for it and called it 'dissymetric force.'

We are all made of one stuff undoubtedly, vegetable and animal, man and woman, dog and donkey, and the secret of the difference between us, and of the passing along of the difference from generation to generation with but slight variations, may be, so to speak, in the way the molecules and atoms of our bodies take hold of hands and perform their mystic dances in the inner temple of life. But one would like to know who or what pipes the tune and directs the figures of the dance.

In the case of the beech-nuts, what is it that lies dormant in the substance of the nuts and becomes alive, under the influence of the warmth and moisture of spring, and puts out a radicle that pierces the dry leaves like an awl? The pebbles, though they contain the same chemical elements, do not become active and put out a radicle.

V

Life is versatile, inventive, expansive, original. To see how one organism can work its will upon another, behold the plant-galls. Nothing in nature is more curious and suggestive than these galls — the ease with which a tiny insect can cause the growing stalk or leaf to forget its own purpose and function and cut fantastic tricks in the interests of the insect, building it a cradle or a nursery for its own young. One day, in my walk, I gathered from a small oak tree four kinds of oak-galls differing

from each other in form and texture as much as any four different kinds of forest trees differ from each other. One kind of an insect stings a bud or a leaf of the oak, and the tree forthwith grows a solid nutlike protuberance the size of a chestnut, in which the larvæ of the insect live and feed and mature. Another insect stings the same leaf and produces the common oak-apple — a smooth, round, green, shell-like body, filled with a network of radiating filaments, with the egg and then the grub of the insect at the centre. Still another kind of insect stings the oak-bud and deposits its eggs there, and the oak proceeds to grow a large white ball made up of a kind of succulent vegetable wool with red spots evenly distributed over its surface, as if it were some kind of spotted fruit or flower. In June, it is about the size of a small apple. Cut it in half and you find scores of small shell-like growths radiating from the bud-stem, like the seeds of the dandelion, each with a kind of vegetable pappus rising from it, and together making up the ball as the pappus of the dandelion seeds makes up the seed-globe of this plant. It is one of the most singular vegetable products, or vegetable perversions, that I know of. A sham fruit filled with sham seeds; each seed-like growth contains a grub, which later in the season pupates and eats its way out, a winged insect. How foreign to any thing we know as mechanical or chemical it all is! — the surprising and incalculable tricks of life!

Yet another kind of insect stings the oak-leaf and there develops a pale, smooth, solid, semi-transparent sphere, the size of a robin's egg, dense and succulent like the flesh of an apple, with the larvæ of the insect subsisting in its interior. Each of these widely different forms is evoked from the oak-leaf by the magic of an insect's ovipositor. Chemically, the constituents of all of them are undoubtedly the same.

It is one of the most curious and suggestive things in living nature. It shows how plastic and versatile life is, and how utterly unmechanical. Life plays so many and various tunes upon the same instruments; or rather, the living organism is like many instruments in one; the tones of all instruments slumber in it, to be awakened when the right performer appears. At least four different insects get four different tunes, so to speak, out of the oak-leaf.

Certain insects avail themselves of the animal organism also, and go through their cycle of development and metamorphosis within its tissues or organs in a similar manner.

The chemico-physical explanation of the universe goes but a little way. These are the tools of the creative process, but they are not that process, nor its prime cause. Start the flame of life going, and the rest may be explained in terms of chemistry; start the human body developing, and physiological processes explain its growth; but why it becomes a man and not a monkey — what explains that?

A WELL-REGULATED FAMILY

BY C. F. TUCKER BROOKE

JOHN GATESDEN'S possession of the seven hundred ancestral acres of the Kingswell estate seemed to the community in which he flourished as inalienable a blessing as his possession of the straight Gatesden nose and the finest name in the county. The ownership of Kingswell, every one felt, would always be a more important factor in Gatesden's career than his profession of the law; though his choice of vocation, coming to him by heredity as naturally as his estate, had never during the thirty years he had lived been a moment in doubt.

Gatesden's law office — no unfair index to the character of its occupant — was regarded by the legal fraternity of Graysville with more of affectionate indulgence than respect. No door in the long low line of attorneys' quarters that flanks the court-house opened oftener than John's to admit a friend, and few remained less disturbed by clients. By common consent of the well-selected souls who had the entrée, Gatesden's office was the best place in town to idle away a vagrant half-hour in the discussion of books or travel, politics or balls.

Yet there was nothing flippant about either John or his office. The walls of the two rooms were lined to the ceiling with sheep-bound repositories of cases, statutes, and reports — the accretion of three earlier generations of Gatesdens, supplemented, however, in good judgment, by recent purchases. Two diplomas, hung unobtrusively low behind the desk, occasionally awoke the visitor to surprised remembrance that John Gatesden had done notably well some ten years before at the fine college which had educated his grandfathers, showing, as an old professor had declared, a marked hereditary aptitude for legal reasoning.

No one, indeed, could have said that the slight opinion of Gatesden's professional ability had arisen from any overt error or neglect. On the contrary, though the habitués of his office generally wasted his time and their own in miscellaneous chatter, John's mind did not the less dominate the discussion when a visitor introduced shop-talk in connection with some thorny current case. Not infrequently in the past years, his struggling and rising contemporaries had even admitted, with a freedom bred of the inconceivableness of rivalry, that the decisive argument in an involved suit had been suggested by a lightly offered reference or extemporary harangue of John's.

Some of the older practitioners, friends of his father, would still ask when John Gatesden was going to stop fooling and become a lawyer; but the general public, which in such cases is wont to assume what is most agreeable to it, had long settled that John would never amount to much in his profession. How could the community afford to exchange for a self-engrossed intellectual machine, this incomparable gentleman of leisure and letters, whose fine-flavored courtesy and charming mind lay always as freely and generously open as his office-door? Had not fate

itself foreordained through two hundred years that Gatesden of Kingswell should be free from sordid cares and ambitions?

The smallest hints of impracticality were in John's case joyously exaggerated into proofs of lovable incompetence. The weekly copy of *Le Figaro* on his desk, the annotated copy of Chaucer which a too boisterous intruder once snatched from his hand with shouts of laughter, were regarded as fatal symptoms of a digressive mind, and served to discourage clients as effectually as any spring-gun on the door. And yet no visitor to Judge Thornton's untidy adjoining office was ever rash enough to draw a similar inference from the hideous pile of dime detective novels with which that legal Trojan was used to relieve his orgies of work.

As the idleness of the vacations was followed each year by the more glaring inoccupation of the terms of court, Gatesden came more and more to accept the position which circumstances and opinion seemed to have prescribed for him. Pride itself helped to cover the springs of energy. Since the universe had gratuitously adopted this delusion concerning him, was it not more seemly to accept the false estimate with an inward shrug, as he might let pass some stranger's egregious blunder concerning him, rather than make himself ridiculous in the effort to vindicate his possession of a trait which was never disputed in many of his most commonplace associates?

The inward protest which the more ardent part of his nature did make from time to time against the trend of his existence was too gentle to sour his enjoyment of life; and it was everywhere noted that the years were dealing graciously with him. Since college, his fine-featured face had grown a shade rounder, his attitudes and movements more reposeful. Though no taint of fatness or self-indulgence had as yet begun to coarsen his refinement of look and manner, his personality now gave forth the companionable charm which comes with the knowledge how to get the fullest enjoyment out of every passing moment. No man could smoke a pipe with a more perfect balance between the nervous jerks that frustrate soporific pleasure and the apathy which grows oblivious of satisfaction. In his presence people realized for the first time how fine and rare an art it is to sit properly in one's chair.

Guests at the bachelor dinners at Kingswell used to comment on John's growing likeness to the portrait of his Revolutionary ancestor, Colonel John Gatesden, which hung behind the host's seat in the dining-room. He was in fact reverting to type, developing a more leisurely and stately manner, with smoother brow and slower movement than belongs to the gentleman of the present order. And, indeed, he was not ill-pleased to have this observed. The master of Kingswell would not be living in vain, he fancied, while he revived for the benefit of a too busy age the more charming traits of the early Gatesdens.

The Kingswell property, which was so largely responsible for John Gatesden's state of mind, was an object of pride not only to its owner, but to the entire region. Though reduced to less than a tithe of its colonial extent, it was still a very imposing tract, and almost alone of the old demesnes had been able to keep itself in the undisturbed possession of the family to which its original charter had been granted. The land had been strictly entailed from the first, and though the Revolution had annulled the legal force of the old tenure, it had in no way weakened the religious respect in which every Gatesden was taught to hold it. The duty of preserving the estate

indivisibly in the family, as their first ancestors had bequeathed it, had been instilled till it had become a racial instinct; and the land passed from eldest son to eldest son as regularly as if the law of primogeniture were still unquestionable. It was a point on which the Gatesdens were fanatic, a channel into which was turned from earliest youth the whole force of their family pride. Each will recorded in the Graysville court-house, generation after generation, continued the traditional disposal of the property.

For the younger branches of the family, no treason could seem blacker than that which might, for selfish ends, attempt the disruption of the estate. This was the doctrine in which John Gatesden had been bred up. It was a doctrine, moreover, which local feeling highly approved. Though the estates of the Washingtons and the Randolphs were falling, one by one, into the vandal hands of aliens, Virginians might expect Kingswell to stand intact against the tide of changing conditions so long as the Gatesdens were not unfaithful to the tradition of their race.

Gatesden's black caretaker, Dennis, moving with characteristic deliberation about the removal of dust and tobacco-ash, was startled one midsummer morning by an unwonted apparition. It was while Dennis, with head and shoulders bent far out of the front-office window, was wholly absorbed in the forbidden but labor-saving device of emptying a heaping dust-pan between the bars of the grating in the pavement below.

'I reckon Mister John Gatson lives here?' drawled the voice of an unseen speaker, belonging clearly to a circle of society in which Dennis and his master did not move.

Inasmuch as Dennis had cautiously scanned the pavement up and down before venturing to display the objectionable dust-pan, the interruption was distinctly alarming to an uneasy conscience. He raised himself with a haste which brought his shoulders into sharp contact with the uplifted sash and left him pilloried uncomfortably in the window, while the dust-pan, diverted from its aim, poured an accusing heap of cigar-stumps directly beside the doorstep.

It required several startled glances to discover the speaker, seated on a weather-beaten spring-wagon beside the curbstone, where he had been waiting irresolutely for several minutes. Losing his alarm, Dennis stared in growing disapproval at this intruder, who continued to sit on the hard, unbacked wagon-seat in a characteristic attitude of mingled apathy and nervousness. Arms and legs were twisted awkwardly as if their owner sought to deprecate their superfluous length. The face, that of a man of forty, was covered with a growth of sandy hair in which moustache and beard merged indistinguishably. The only visible garments, besides the rough shoes and wide, chip hat, were a collarless shirt of brown cotton check, and overalls, originally dark-blue, but worn to a faded gray at the knees and other points of friction. The wagon, drawn by an aged mule, was laden with home-made baskets containing berries. Evidently the stranger was a 'mountain man' from the Blue Ridge beyond the Shenandoah, a member of the class which in the judgment of the Negro population ranks lowest in the social scale.

'*Does* Mr. Gatson live here?' repeated Dennis derisively, forgetting his embarrassment in the agreeable sense of superiority to his interlocutor. 'Everybody that knows anything knows that Mr. Gatson re-sides at Kingswell!'

'Wall,' replied the stranger, 'they

tole me at the co't-house to count five doors up the street on the right, and this here is the fift', and yonder is his name.'

He pointed to the sign, 'John Gatesden, Attorney at Law,' beside the doorway.

'Dis here is Mr. Gatson's *orffice*,' acknowledged the Negro grudgingly, 'whar he comes to trans-form business with his friends, but he ain't never here befo' ten.'

'Kin I see him ef I wait till ten?' persisted the other, glancing at the clock on the court-house, which now pointed to nine-forty.

'I cain't exac'ly say,' replied Dennis. 'Mister John he don't have to be so powerful on time like a 'surance agent or that kin' o' trash; and he don't see folks 'cep' an' he wants to. How come he to know you?'

'He'll be bound to know me, all right, and my father, too. Leastways he had ought to, bein' as he's the son of Colonel Bevis Gatson.'

Dennis drew in his head with ponderous dignity and set about the completion of his duties without another glance at the occupant of the wagon. The antipathy between the mountain whites, the pariahs of the district, and the old family Negroes, who regard themselves as a part of the dominant class, is as natural as that between cat and dog. Dennis resented the intrusion of this 'po' white trash' as an affront to his own dignity and his master's. He would gladly have driven him away; but his only weapons, discouragement and condescension, were clearly ineffectual. Moreover, the Negro was a little impressed by the stranger's familiar allusion to Gatesden's father, and by his correct local pronunciation of the name. 'Gatson,' he had pronounced it. Had he said 'Gates-den,' as strangers often did, Dennis would have felt justified in turning him from the door as an arrant intruder.

Half an hour later, when John Gatesden walked into his office, after leaving his horse and buggy as usual at the livery-stable in the next street, he found Dennis abstractedly polishing the backs of his books, as if oblivious of every other concern.

'Nobody called this morning, Dennis?' he asked.

'No, Mister John,' answered the Negro; 'there ain't ben no callers — not' less you count a old mountain man with berries. He mought be out there still,' he continued, with an elaborate affectation of doubt concerning the continued presence of the stranger. 'I jes' knowed you did n't want to see the likes of him; but them folks is powerful hard to decompose when they gets set on a thing.'

A glance through the window in the direction of Dennis's scornful nod showed John the previously unnoticed mountaineer, still immobile on the wagon-seat. Gatesden returned to the door.

'I am afraid you have been kept waiting for me,' he said, with his charming smile. 'I am Mr. Gatesden.'

For answer, the mountaineer straightened out his long legs and climbed stiffly out of the wagon. From among the litter of baskets behind, he took a stained and misshapen leather receptacle about the size of a long boot. Then he followed Gatesden into the office. Simultaneously Dennis retired with stately disgust through the door into the rear room.

At the threshold the visitor stopped nervously.

'My name is Jackson,' he said; 'Bevis Jackson from Otter Crick over thar in the mountain, fifteen mile t' other side of the river. My father was Bevis Jackson too, and he was in

Colonel Gatson's regiment in the wah.'

'Oh, I have often heard my father speak of him,' exclaimed John, real interest replacing quizzical curiosity in his face. 'When he raised a company, Bevis Jackson was one of the first to volunteer. He was his companion twice on scouting duty, and it was Bevis Jackson that dragged him to shelter when he was shot in the last charge at Malvern Hill.'

'The old Colonel allers treated Pap real handsome when he come to town. He wanted to deed him our land in Otter Crick, because he said it was down in the co't-house books that it belonged to the Gatsons. But Pap he would n't take no new deed, for we uns allers knowed that the land is ours. We ain't never been squatters and our papers is all in here,' Jackson concluded, as he laid the old leathern bag on the desk.

'Of course, you know that your possession will never be interfered with by any of us, even if we should be able to do so; but if you will accept the formal deed to your farm which your father declined, we can quickly make your title absolutely clear.'

'T ain't that that made me come to you,' answered Jackson, quickly. 'We know that you all would n't never make us no trouble, and we know the land has always been rightly ourn. But this here lumber company from Roanoke has been nosin' about, and they have drove stakes clean across our wood-lot. The engineer fellow allows as how it belongs to them. So I thought if maybe you could look through this here and tell me how things stand, I'd feel safer like when them folks comes back to begin choppin'.'

He pushed the bag farther across the desk in Gatesden's direction.

'I shall be delighted to do so,' said John. 'It will be only a small repayment of the debt we owe you. Leave me the papers and come back, if you can, about one o'clock.'

The man nodded with an abruptness which was far from uncivil.

'I got to peddle my berries aroun', and buy some truck. I reckon I'll be back by one.'

He climbed into his wagon and after clucking several times to the irresponsive mule, lumbered down the street at an irregular trot which drove the berry baskets clattering from side to side.

John took up the bag from the desk and looked at it curiously. It weighed perhaps five or six pounds, and though much discolored and misshapen, was still so stout as to seem almost air-tight. It was clearly a saddle-bag of the type carried by gentlemen of the eighteenth century, when travel in this region was all by horseback. Evidently, too, it had belonged to a person of distinction, for the mountings were of silver and a great plate of the same metal on the flap bore the armorial badge of some family, now tarnished beyond recognition. The lock John found much stronger than he would have imagined from its small size and ornamental appearance. Though the silver key had been left within the keyhole, it refused for a long time to turn. Apparently the lock had set from long disuse.

John poured a drop of machine-oil into the keyhole, and, while waiting for the lubricant to work, occupied himself with the engraved silver plate. Taking the chamois-skin cover of his watch, he rubbed the tarnished metal several minutes, till the inscription began to grow legible.

As the letters under the arms appeared, he uttered an exclamation. It was the Gatesden motto, '*Jus suum cuique*,' that the bag bore. On the shield above could be traced, though very dimly, the outline of the scroll and balance of the Gatesden crest. Tense with interest, John turned again to

the lock. The oil had had its effect, and the key now turned.

The first glance inside the case was disappointing. It revealed only a squat little volume, mouldering with damp and age, a Greek Testament with the imprint, 'Oxoniæ, 1760.' Laying it aside, John examined the bag itself more particularly, and discovered, sewed against the side, a kind of oil-skin envelope designed for the carrying of papers. He unbuttoned this inner case and drew forth several documents which, though yellowed, had been preserved from decay. The largest paper was a rent-roll of the Gatesden property, drawn up in the year 1774. An official parchment beside it proclaimed the appointment of Bevis Gatesden, of the county of Frederick in Virginia, Esquire, stamp commissioner for western Virginia, and representative, under Lord Dunmore, of the authority of King George the Third.

A rough note, written as John recognized in the hand of his Revolutionary great-grandfather, was the only other paper. It ran as follows: —

Williamsburg, June 8, 1775. Honoured Brother: It seems my duty to acquaint you, as our late Father's representative and the Head of our Family, that I have this day taken an action, which, though it may not occasion you surprise, will, I doubt not, give you vexation and grief. I have bound myself with many Gentlemen of the Colony to resist the enforcement of His Majesty's late measures and the will of his Governor. Lord Dunmore hath retired in anger from the city and the burgesses no longer venture to hope for a peaceful issue. I have not the hardihood to flatter myself that you will regard my step without anger; but I beg you to reflect that, should our undertakings miscarry, you are like at least to be no more troubled by a young half-brother who has already caused you too much displeasure. I am, Sir,

Your obedient, humble brother,

JOHN GATESDEN.

For a long time Gatesden fingered the papers. What an interesting relic of his old Tory ancestor, of whose passionate loyalty to King George many stories were still rife! By what curious accident, he mused, could this memorial of his family have lain for generations in the possession of the Jacksons? And then he suddenly remembered. Otter Creek lay deep in the heart of the Blue Ridge, visited even to-day by none but its sparse mountaineer population and a few hunters of wild turkey. Gatesden himself had never been there. It was somewhere in this inaccessible part of the county that old Bevis Gatesden had been killed, according to family history, in a desperate attempt to secrete the King's munitions from the rising colonists. Overtaken in a ravine of the mountains, the old fellow had long fought in defense of the royal stores, and finally, after the dispersal of his followers, had ridden off the field like Hampden, wounded and alone, to die, it was supposed, somewhere in the wilds. The body was never recovered; but there stood in the burying ground at Kingswell a monument to his memory with the inscription, '*Officio fortiter perfunctus pro rege et fide vitam deposuit.*'

The saddle-bag had doubtless been taken from the old man's horse by the mountaineers who witnessed his death. It was a most precious heirloom, to be recovered at all costs and treasured with the other family relics at Kingswell. John carefully replaced the papers in the pocket from which he had taken them, revolving in his mind as he did so the arguments by which he might best obtain Jackson's surrender of the curio.

As he rebuttoned the pocket, his eyes fell again upon the Testament. Holding the little volume in both hands, he carefully opened the stiffened leather and turned over the pages in search of annotations. On the fly-leaves at the back of the book he found several pages of manuscript, written in inferior ink and much more weather-stained than the papers in the pocket.

As Gatesden slowly deciphered the faded writing, the look of satisfaction died out of his face. His cheeks flushed uncomfortably, and he felt a chill settling about his heart. According to the inscription on the Kingswell cenotaph, old Bevis Gatesden had died in 1775; but the first note in the book was dated 1778. This is what John read: —

October 9, 1778. I, Bevis Gatesden, late representative of His Majesty in these parts, was this day married by a travelling parson, one Thomas Eckles, to Joan Ellerslie, a peasant wench by whom I have been nursed these three years past through wounds and fever. This I have done in sound mind, though still infirm health, being determined to pass the poor remainder of my days among these people who have sheltered and preserved me when my own have cast me off. God knows I can do naught else, for my lands, save these barren hills, are in possession of the rebels, and my fractured thigh prevents me from sitting horse again in His Majesty's service.

The next entry, written in a hand yet more wavering and illegible, ran crookedly across the middle of a page:

March 4. 1780. On this day was baptized my son Bevis, called by the name of his forefathers, though like to know naught of his heritage. Better that my unhappy strain continue in obscurity than that it contaminate the Gatesden stock with peasant blood and enjoy its patrimony by truckling to disloyalty and rebellion!

To John Gatesden, as he pored over the last crabbed letters, the whole story became suddenly clear. He was unconscious of any course of ratiocination, however short; nor did he feel the slightest doubt concerning the overpowering conclusion to which his mind leaped. This mountaineer, Bevis Jackson, bearing like his father the unusual Christian name of the Gatesdens, was the descendant of the elder Bevis of the Revolution, the old Tory whom the family records assumed to have died without issue. It was he, not John, who represented the senior branch and to whom, according to the inviolable rule, the family estate should have descended. Even the name Jackson, which he now bore, was convincing evidence. Gatesden was in vulgar pronunciation Gatson, and Gatson would inevitably pass into Jackson among the leveling influences of the backwoods.

The hours which dragged away before the return of Jackson were for John Gatesden the most poignant of his life. Too honest to dodge realization of the new state of affairs, he was yet incapable of perceiving any tolerable course of action. What could he do which should be just and honorable at once to this uncouth stranger, to himself, and to his trust as fiduciary of the family dignity? Like all men bred to a high sense of personal responsibility, he had a horror amounting almost to physical repulsion for anything flashily melodramatic or hysterical. By heaven, if this man, whose existence shook down about him all the stately edifice of his self-satisfaction, were an equal, a gentleman, he could see his way and follow it to its logical end of personal renunciation. But to

make himself and all that his birth and position represented a butt for wide-mouthed gossip by investing this vulgar jay in the plumes which had lain so gracefully upon his ancestors and himself — to do this wantonly, without legal compulsion, for the gratification of a whimsical, squeamish honor — would be not noble, but hideously grotesque.

To John there seemed no escape from the horrible dilemma. Before his brain three ideas kept repeating themselves monotonously, as though he should never be able either to dismiss or to harmonize them. The family motto on the bag, *Jus suum cuique*, 'To every man his due'; the old law of the exclusive right of the elder branch, which seemed the holier now that it depended no longer upon legal force but upon race loyalty and devotion; — these seemed to keep hammering themselves upon his throbbing temples; while beside them kept rising in hideous discord the image of the mountaineer, himself the negation of the qualities of hereditary nobility which all this rigid machinery of succession had been framed to perpetuate.

The actual appearance of Jackson, standing in the doorway, unannounced by knock or salutation, was a relief. Something in the man's shyness appealed to John's own embarrassment. He felt that they were less rivals than comrades in the bizarre adventure which fate had suddenly let fall upon them.

'Sit down,' he said, after a glance of friendly hesitation. 'How much can you tell me about the original owner of these things?' he asked as he began again to take out the contents of the bag.

'The old squire, you mean?' answered the other. 'He was Pap's grandfather, but he died long before Pap was born, I reckon. They say he never got over the wounds he got when he first come into Otter Crick. He'd been fighting the Injuns or Britishers, I reckon. His hoss brought him up to our cabin and after he had got a little better he was married to Pap's grandmother. He is buried in the buryin'-ground at the forks of the road. They allers said as how he was a great man at home, but we never rightly knowed jest whar he come from.'

'His name was really Bevis Gatesden. He was the owner of the Kingswell estate, which passed to my great-grandfather, because he was supposed to have died unmarried. According to the family rules, the property should have remained with your branch and descended to you, I suppose, not to me.' John went on slowly. 'Here is the evidence of your ancestor's marriage and of the birth of his son.'

He read aloud the entries in the Testament.

'And you mean that the law would take your land and give it to me, if this here was known?' asked Jackson, in supreme astonishment.

'Probably not; but we have always settled our family affairs without invoking the law, and we have settled them justly. The question is, what *is* just here?'

'It says thar in the book that the old squire did n't want Pap's father to get the land.'

'That would n't bar his title,' answered John. 'It looks to me as if the property is rightfully yours.'

'You don't mean that you would give it to me without having to?'

'I don't know. You must help me to decide. I don't see how I could keep what is morally not mine.'

The mountaineer sat for a moment downcast. The unconscious melancholy of his expression was intensified as he thought. John bit his lips as he stared at the wall, irritated with himself for

his inability to deal decisively with the situation.

After two or three minutes, Jackson looked up. The shy awkwardness of his manner, which astonishment had for a moment shaken off, was again upon him.

'If you please, Mister Gatson, do you reckon that I could see this place that was my — that was the old squire's?'

'Certainly,' answered John. 'I drive back for lunch. Come with me now.'

Gatesden's fast trotter covered the two miles to Kingswell in ten minutes. Neither man spoke during the drive. John was a prey to the keen annoyance with himself, which fills the conscientious person when he scents unpleasant duty and cannot decide upon his course of action. The stranger gazed wide-eyed at the evidences of prosperity along the road, at the handsome iron gates adorning the entrance to the estate, at the long avenue, and the low, capacious sweep of the house's façade.

Seated tête-à-tête with John in the long dining-room, under the withering scowls of the waiter, Jackson won the cordial respect of his host. To the natural dignity of the mountaineer he joined a quick power of observation which preserved his manners from rudeness even in the unfamiliar environment. John's rare gift of hospitality was called into play as he led his guest to forget his embarrassment and entertained him with family anecdotes. By the end of the meal all stiffness had disappeared.

In the spirit of congeniality which arises from the recognition of common interest, the two men passed from a survey of the portraits on the walls to the examination of the tombstones in the burying-ground outside. Still occupied with question and answer about the family and the history of Kingswell, they returned to the town.

The old gray mule, standing disconsolate before the office door, seemed to wake Jackson from a dream. In a kind of stage fright he tumbled from the cushioned seat upon which he had been reclining in unembarrassed ease, and stood twirling his hat nervously between his fingers.

'You have given me a day, Mr. Gatson,' he stammered, 'that I won't ever forget, and — and that will maybe help me to make something of myself. And if you are still agreeable to let me have a deed for the Otter Crick land, I'll take it and thank you.'

'But, my dear fellow,' answered John in surprise, 'we can't dispose of the matter so easily. Don't you see that as the representative of the elder branch of our family, you should be the owner of all my property — not by the present law, perhaps, but morally and according to the intention of the original proprietors of the estate?'

'Me?' cried Jackson, in genuine fright. 'Do you think I could be mean enough or fool enough to take that? I'd be plain miserable, anyway, with them niggers and the other folks scoffin' at me.'

'Well, that's our problem, cousin,' said John, frankly. 'I can't fancy myself standing in another man's shoes.'

'Tell me,' asked Jackson suddenly, 'why they started this silly rule about the property.'

'Why, mainly to insure its remaining intact in the family.'

'And you feel uncomfortable about it because I am the oldest son of the oldest son all the way down?'

'Yes.'

'But if I had an older brother, or my father had had, then it would go to him, and I would n't have no claim?'

'That was the old principle.'

'Then you need n't be nowise dis-

turbed, sir,' said Jackson, looking his hearer clearly in the eye, 'for Pap had an older brother named John, who left home befo' the wah. I reckon he went out West when they was talkin' so much about gold in Californy. We ain't heard nothin' of him lately, and we ain't likely to; but even supposin' he war my own brother and the dearest kin I had, I'd throw him off clean ef he would do sech a low-down mean thing as take a penny's worth of what is yourn. You see, sir,' he went on with a flushed face, 'we uns has allers had our pride too. That's why we would n't take the old colonel's offer to deed us that land — he bein' a stranger, as we thought. And now, ef we can think of you, livin' here so fine and noble, as our kin and what you call the head of our family, it'll make us a deal happier than ten times the land would. It'll do me real good, sir, that will, and maybe help me to get over bein' so shiftless and no-count.'

He wrung John's hand hard and mounted his old wagon. The mule trotted once more down the street. The empty baskets rattled. John Gatesden looked after the man with friendly eyes. Then he turned into the office. The prim tidiness of the room smote him suddenly with sharp reproach. How amateurish and ineffectual his life was! How ready he had been to deck himself in borrowed plumes! The rude awakening to his false position had taught him his lesson, thank God! The Kingswell heritage, falsely his, which had so long lulled him in complacent idleness, would be in future his sharpest goad.

One possible avenue of escape into the world of living activity lay before him. An election for the office of prosecuting attorney of the county was nearly due. In this region, with its large tracts of mountain wilderness, it was a post of much labor, and even danger, and of infinitesimal profit, sought usually only by desperate beginners at the law. He would be ridiculed for desiring it, but he could doubtless have it for the asking. It would give him at the least hard work and a start.

He crossed the room to the neatly folded *Figaro* on his table, tore it, and flung the fragments into the scrap-basket. The old exhilaration of his college days beat intoxicatingly about his temples; the very office air seemed wine and iron. In the flush of the new dawn his mind turned again to the image of the departed mountaineer.

'He's worthy of his stock,' he murmured. 'I suppose he was lying in what he said about his uncle? Who knows? But he is right. The trust is mine, and with God's help I will hold it as highly as I may.'

IDYLLIC

BY ROBERT M. GAY

In a city of frame houses and brownstone houses, each with its twenty-fifth of an acre of grass-plot in front and its sixth of an acre of yard in back, a high wall of gray stone inclosing whole acres of lawn and plantation was unusual enough to excite anybody's interest. As for me, I was quite sure that its blocks of granite were about as big as the sandstone blocks of the Great Pyramid. I used to walk down of an evening just to run my fingers over them and to scratch with my nails the scum of green lichen that spread over the mortar after a rain. There was a gate, too, of cyclopean planks banded with wrought iron, swung between square stone columns. On top of these were globes of granite big as prize pumpkins. When I applied my eye to the crack of the gate, my nose caught whiffs of lilac and syringa mingled with the smell of hay and stables, and my ears detected often, faintly, the stamping of horses; but, beyond the edge of a dunghill and the gray side of a shed, my eyes were unrewarded. The gate was never opened.

The street on that block was as a rule singularly quiet. Few vehicles went by, perhaps because the cobbles diverted traffic into smoother avenues. Grass and chickweed grew among the stones near the curb and between the flags of the sidewalk. The few maples that, last of their clan, carried on a losing struggle with dust and gas, were honeycombed with the tunnels of black ants; and, in August, their leaves were decimated by legions of tussock caterpillars which amused themselves between meals by dangling in the face of the passer-by. As for the human inhabitants, I knew 'all their tricks and their ways.' I knew them for humdrum citizens, to whom a wall was merely a wall, and a cat looking over in the dark never by any possibility an owly-headed monster. The smell of soapsuds exhaled by their front windows on a Monday morning was no less familiar than the odor of pies and cakes on a Saturday. I knew perfectly well that they all dressed up on Sunday and proceeded demurely to the Methodist church at one end of the block or the Baptist church at the other. I knew that they shot off fire-crackers on the Fourth of July with all the solemn industry of true patriots, bobbed for apples religiously on Hallowe'en, gorged themselves more or less thankfully at Thanksgiving, and scrupulously performed all the stocking, Christmas tree, and Santa Claus rites at Christmas. In short, I knew that they were just such people as I was myself in my social capacity. Whether they ever had hours such as mine between seven and eight of an evening, when I was completely unsocial, and therefore original, it never occurred to me to ask. I felt all the scorn of them that childhood can feel for steady-going age, never understanding — until later — that the smallest hall-bedroom in any one of their houses might contain more of mystery and romance than even my wilderness over the wall, however 'spacious' it might be 'in dirt,' however

peopled with rocs, unicorns, and hippogriffs.

It would sound very silly to narrate what I did there on spring evenings between seven and eight. It may be that I rode winged steeds with Astolpho, and swam Hellesponts with Leander, slew dragons on Glittering Heaths with Siegfried, and fought, knee-deep in the ford, side by side with Cuchulain against the hosts of Queen Maeve. Perhaps so, perhaps not. I luckily had a speaking acquaintance with the policeman on that beat, and he was indulgent.

It had never before been my custom thus to moon about of an evening. Dick, my chum, had been the sharer of all my adventures; but even him, during this one hour, I now assiduously avoided, picturing him as at home studying his lessons, while I was encountering gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire; but I little guessed the truth till one evening my attention was attracted by the odd deportment of a boy across the street. For three successive nights I had seen him go past, but, intent upon perilous quests, had not looked at him closely. I scanned him carefully now, however, and, to my surprise, recognized him as Dick.

Dimly to be discerned in the penumbra of the street-lamp light, with the utter gloom of a weedy vacant lot for a background, he was standing on the curb with his back to me, gazing up sidewise at a second-story window within which, behind a drawn shade of yellow holland, was burning a lone gas-jet. His position was a difficult one to maintain, but was necessitated by the cornice of the front stoop, which shut off all view of second-story windows to people on that side of the street. I reasoned that, wishing to be as near to the window as possible, he had foregone the less neck-breaking position of vantage that I held; but, unable to guess why he was so intent upon that particular window, I withdrew into the murky corner behind one of the gate-posts and watched him as he teetered precariously. The window presented only a canary-colored rectangle innocent of shadow.

For perhaps five minutes he continued his scrutiny, and then turned and peered cautiously up and down the street and across. As the light fell on his face I was startled. He had pulled his hair down on his forehead until it hung below his cap in two long curved locks like the claws of a crab, his cap being the crab; and the solemnity of his expression and the stealthy discretion of his demeanor made my flesh creep. Evidently satisfied that he was unobserved, however, he turned again toward the window and, after another glance hither and thither, stretched out his arms toward it, 'front oblique, hands supine,' as our declamation teacher used to say; then, gallantly, with the passionate grace of a Malvolio, he wafted a kiss upward; and then, stricken with sudden bashful panic, he turned and fled up the street toward home.

I was by this time convulsed with derisive merriment. I saw it all! Now at last I understood. Many a time I had noticed, without really looking at it, silhouetted against that shade, a trim head from which stuck out stiffly an attenuated pig-tail, motionless, slightly inclining as if over a book. Many a time, toward the end of my hour, I had seen the pig-tail grow restive and bob up and down on the shade and grow longer and shorter with the turning of the head to which it was attached. Many a time I had seen the shade fly suddenly upward and the window-sash follow and the trim little head thrust itself through the aperture. All this I had observed, negligently, without emotion, docketing the head

in my mind as belonging merely to a girl.

Dick was in love! As in a flash I understood many other things, too: why, for instance, he had suddenly taken to blacking his shoes and washing his hands and going regularly to Sunday School. It was exceedingly funny. I laughed. I had at last a thorn to prick him with when he grew supercilious; material for waggish innuendos such as I had heard facetious elders use for purposes of torture. I gloated in anticipation.

When I came into his presence next day, however, I found myself suddenly bashful. Try as I would to be funny at his expense, my words were stifled. I found myself covertly looking at him with a touch of awe as at one who had drunk deep the cup of experience. His shiny shoes and face seemed the outward badge of an inward mysterious condition which I was unable to share.

I set out on my adventures that night in a thoughtful mood. The head showed very black and impudent upon the shade, but Dick did not appear. I knew why. He had refused to eat his potatoes at supper and had been condemned to sit at table until he ate them. The peculiar stubbornness of Dick's disposition can be gauged by what he sacrificed for a principle on this occasion. While he sat at home malevolently regarding two large cold potatoes, I was feasting my eyes upon the effigy in jet of his lady-love.

But this is not to be a confession of treachery. I did not scheme to supplant my friend. I did not like the tilt of the effigy's nose. Yet to be standing there in the dark quiet street watching the unconscious shadow-play on the curtain gave me a new kind of thrill.

I had planned for that evening a deed of daring far on the ringing plains of windy Troy, — some such small matter as assuming the part of Deiphobus and rescuing Hector from the wrath of Achilles during their famous circumambulation of the walls; but, somehow, although the stage was set and the lights suitable, I could not act with my usual absorption. I tried to pretend that the young lady at the window was Andromache, but her impertinent nose and quivering pigtail were hopelessly out of character. I started Hector and Achilles on their rounds, and stood ready to sally forth at the proper moment. Their shadowy forms flashed by once, twice, — and disappeared. I had forgotten all about them. I was in a brown study.

The silhouette was growing restless. It flounced about, it yawned and stretched, it threw its book on the floor in a spasm of vindictiveness; and then the shade flew up and the head appeared, craning to see up the street. It seemed very nice to be in love. I decided to be in love, too.

When I came, however, to think over the eligible little girls of my acquaintance, I rejected them all in scorn. They were mere infants, given to hoops and jacks. But next Sunday in church I found that not impossible She sitting in the choir. She had just joined. She sang soprano. She was dark, — black hair and eyes and gipsy complexion. She sat very straight and never smiled. She sang easily, without making faces. As to her age, I indulged in no vain speculations about that.

The choir sat at the front of the church behind the minister. During the preliminary service they were hidden from view by a green curtain except when they were singing; but when the minister rose to preach, the curtain was pulled aside with a loud rasping of rings. I had the object of my devotion at my mercy, then, for an hour, morning and evening, to gaze at as I chose. From that day I became a confirmed church-goer. If my wor-

ship was misdirected, it was probably of as high a quality as that of many of the rest of the congregation.

I now set myself to study the gentle art of being in love, and, I must confess, put myself to a good deal of trouble. I tried to lose appetite and sleep, according to the books, but did not succeed very well. However, when it comes to pretending, it is as easy to pretend to be wasting away as anything else; and I took a sombre satisfaction in pushing aside my plate when I was not very hungry.

With considerable difficulty I learned where the fair incognita lived, — a few blocks off, — and my evening walks took a new direction. A small frame house on a quiet side-street became the shrine of my pilgrimage, and I fixed upon a second-story front window as probably hers. For several weeks, rain or shine, I went there every evening, to mope dramatically with a curious pleasurable sadness; only to discover at last that I had expended my sighs over the wrong house, because she lived next door. By this time, however, I was too far gone to see any humor in the blunder. From making believe that I was in love, I had come really to believe that I was; and when one is in that condition of mind, a difference of one street-number is a small matter. The aura of the beloved fills the whole street.

Now for the first time I began to think of my clothes and to yearn for long trousers. From rebelling against the barber, I became his best youthful customer, and the family were thrown into transports of astonishment over my neckties and my ablutions. They thought, of course, that I was ill, and I took no pains to enlighten them. I made a confidant of no one, not even of Dick, looking upon his affair as the merest calf-love.

Throughout I was fortified by the illustrious example of Dante, whose love, I still imagine, may have begun very much as mine. I had often pored over the horrific pictures of Doré in a great flat folio of the *Inferno* which, with another of *Paradise Lost*, formed one of the ornaments of the parlor. From shuddering over the talking trees and the sinners carrying their heads under their arms, I naturally became curious to know more of the author. Johnson's *Encyclopædia* and Beeton's *Dictionary of Universal Knowledge*, tried friends and true, served only to whet a hunger which sent me off to the circulating library.

A friend of mine maintains that in a thousand of those who read the *Inferno* not one hundred read the *Purgatorio*, and that not ten of the hundred read the *Paradiso;* and probably he is right. When I told him, therefore, a while ago, that I had read all three with great relish at the age of thirteen, I could see that his politeness was having a hard struggle with his incredulity. He knew nothing of my incentive, and in such matters the incentive is everything. I once found a little cash-girl in a department-store reading Jakob Böhme. What *her* incentive was, I could not prevail upon her to say: perhaps the old theosopher had for her some of the fascination of a puzzle; perhaps she was suffering from religious doubt; at any rate, she said that she 'enjoyed him very much.' I imagine that there are some astonished immortals in Elysium if they know to what strange uses their books are put.

I read the *New Life* and the *Purgatory* and the *Paradise*, and bought a plaster bust of the Father of Tuscan song for my room, and cut from a magazine a picture of a dark beauty who, I thought, looked like my inamorata. The original painting from which that print was made I discovered recently — with what tender memories can be

imagined — in the waiting-room of a New York Hotel. I used to sit on the edge of my bed before I turned in for the night, and study the picture and the bust.

> Could any Beatrice see
> A lover in that anchorite, —

or in me? I used (in effect) to ask myself. Still, it was something to love even hopelessly in such company. Across the gulf of six centuries the sad old Florentine, however stern of lineament and grim, stretched a sympathetic hand to a little moon-struck boy who sat dreaming and dreaming; and from beside the shiny little yellow bust gazed down the cold dark beauty; and to me as that other to him, but with how different meaning, she said (again in effect), —

Guardami ben: ben son, ben son Beatrice!

Ah, well, as Alighieri himself has said, 'love and the gentle heart are one same thing'; and my love was so far from being fiery that I purposely neglected opportunities to meet my Beatrice. On one occasion Fate literally threw us at each other's head and I, if I may use so vulgar a figure of so fair an object, dodged.

In the silent fervor of my passion, as I have said, I haunted church and Sunday school and fed my flame by bashfully ogling. The extent of my surrender to the little blind god is shown by the fact that I permitted myself to be inveigled into participating in a Christmas entertainment merely because She was to recite a piece.

Faithfully I went to each rehearsal, bravely I mounted the platform and recited the silly stanza that fell to me, meekly I submitted to the jibes of the Philistines, and all to listen to a voice that spoke to others, to treasure up smiles that were not for me. Strange as it may seem, however, this was quite enough. I had no grudge against fate. I was content to sit and gaze.

It was at the last rehearsal, however, that She entered the chapel to find all the seats near the platform occupied except the one next to mine.

O my heart, how didst thou palpitate then! O feet and hands, how excessively large did ye suddenly become as, graceful and self-possessed, She came tripping toward ye! O ears, how did ye then incarnadine yourselves, and what a roaring was in ye louder than the

> Six hundred thousand voicèd shout
> Of Jacob camp'd in Midian put to rout!

She draws near, she pauses, she speaks. 'May I sit beside you?' she asks, with gracious condescension.

Here is my opportunity. Here at last are 'the time and the place and the loved one all together!' A thousand golden witty sayings have I coined for this juncture; but do I deliver them with all the composure that I have displayed when practicing them before her putative picture at home? I do not. I forget my cues. I fumble, I stammer, I swallow, and fall into silence. She bends her gaze upon me and inclines her ear, but in vain. I achieve no intelligible articulation.

As soon as I could escape I fled into the night and walked around the block rapidly six times. As I was passing the church for the seventh time, the others were coming out and some boys hailed me. They were going to the drug-store for soda-water; but I shook my head darkly. No fleshly enticements had power to lure me tonight. I stood in the shadow of a tree and watched the girls come out. As She passed under the light in the lobby, she was talking happily with a youth several years older than I. Together they descended the church steps and made their way slowly toward the drug-store.

The next evening I went back to the wall; but not to play at potting dragons

and unicorns. I had aged. It was time to put away childish things. I went to meditate, to school my spirit, to fortify my soul. It was very pleasant to feel so old, so sophisticated, and I practiced all the poses of dejection; but in time the quiet of the familiar street shed its balm upon me. I reflected that Dante had been true to Beatrice, even after he had married and she had died, for some thirty years. Should I grow discouraged in scarce as many days?

Suddenly I looked up. Over the wall were peering two large round yellow-green eyes.

'It's an orc!' I whispered to myself.

Now, I had long since devised a method of dealing with orcs. It consisted in whirling round and round on the pavement immediately beneath them until they became dizzy and fell off the wall, when they could be easily dispatched with a sword; and so I began whirling on my heel. So intent was I on this exercise, looking up meanwhile into the scared eyes of the cat above, that I was unaware that some one was approaching. Any one who has ever tried spinning like a whirligig while looking upward has probably fared as I did. I turned giddy much sooner than the orc and sat suddenly down directly in front of a young lady who, vibrating above me, gave voice to a musical little shriek, half of laughter, half of terror. It was my Beatrice.

There is no more to tell. I had no precedent for any such exigency as this. Dante could not help me. My love-affair ended there and then.

A few weeks ago I saw the wall again after many years. There was a cat sitting on top in the sun. She could hardly have been the orc. I put my hands on the coping and pulled myself up and looked over. I wish I had not done so.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE CASE OF THE MINISTERS

THERE has always been to me something pathetic about clowns and jesters, but for many years I did not know why. At last I found out: it was because they were compelled to make their living by means of laughter. Now laughter is, or should be, a spontaneous, even a capricious thing. It is one of the delicious 'extras' of life, it comes with an enfranchisement, momentary perhaps, but real, from the pressure of sterner realities. That this gay, free thing should be put in harness, and made to serve these sterner realities, — therein lay the pathos that I had always dimly felt. From such a lot might every one I loved be delivered! Let them work hard — break stone, dig ditches, what you will — but let their laughter be unenforced!

Such is still my prayer, but it has enlarged its scope. For I now see that there are other things which should be left free. Laughter, let us say, is the gleam of sunlight over life. By all means let us not try to turn it into 'power.' But there are other gleams: the moonlight of poetry, the white light of religious experience, the radiance of love. And in my prayer I include all these.

It is no needless prayer. Thousands

and thousands of men are suffering to-day, perhaps without knowing it, because the prayer has in their cases not been answered, because they are compelled, in the pursuit of their livelihood, to exploit some one of these.

I am thinking particularly of the clergy. They have come to seem to me even more to be pitied than the clowns. Laughter, indeed, is precious, but that which our ministers are required to put in harness is even more precious: it is the impulses and experiences of the religious life.

In all the discussion about the ministry and the church which is now so rife, no one seems to have a word of pity for the men who are being forced continually to do the impossible, the unthinkable thing, namely, to exploit their own spiritual nature in the earning of their daily bread. Some discipline is doubtless good for us. To be compelled to chop wood when one is weary, to keep books when one loathes accounts, to sit behind a desk or teach spelling when one longs to go fishing, these things may be good for one's moral fibre, or again they may not. But to be compelled by one's 'job' to 'make a prayer' when one does not feel prayerful, to be obliged to talk about spiritual realities which are at the moment, or perhaps usually, not felt as realities at all, — this can never be good for the moral fibre; it must be disintegrating to it. This is not discipline, but the most disastrous form of slavery. It is a slavery that demoralizes sometimes past hope of recovery, for it strikes at the foundation of character: spiritual honesty.

There is one thing to which, even more than to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, every one has a right, and that is, the possession of his own depths of selfhood. There is in all of us a hidden life, often unacknowledged, usually unexpressed, which is sacred. With most of us it is protected from violation by all the bars of reserve. Not so with the ministry! With them the bolts are shot back at the stroke of an hour, or there are no bolts, and the latchstring is out for every passer-by to pull. Their religious life, their deepest convictions, their profoundest visions, these are, to put it most crudely, their stock in trade, their business capital. That which with most of us forms the background of life, with ministers constitutes the foreground. It is this that makes the anomaly, the preposterous anomaly, of their position. It is useless to declare that they have private rights like other men. Practically they have not. Even theoretically they scarcely have. What is the good of talking about private rights when a man is liable at any minute to such demands as these: pray with me; talk to me about God; make an emotionally satisfying address over the coffin of my dead mother.

Contrast the conditions under which men work in the other professions. The lawyer, through years of training, to which he brings some natural aptitude, makes himself master of certain branches of the law. In these he is more or less of an expert, and he earns his living by a combination of honesty, industry and skill in applying his expert knowledge. All this he can do, and still preserve that sacred something we have called selfhood.

With the physician it is the same: he has the aptitude, he equips himself with the knowledge and the skill. He offers these to society, and society gladly avails itself of them. In both professions, to be sure, the self behind the day's work is what gives the day's work its final value, but it is always *behind* the work. It is not served up as the very work itself. These men may have sympathy, inspiration, reverence, faith, love. They must have them, in

some degree, but they are forces that underlie and compel.

The case of the minister may, indeed, be stated so as to make it seem parallel. He too, starting with some natural aptitude, spends years acquiring knowledge and skill. He masters ecclesiastical history, he delves in theology, he studies church government, he practices oratory. Along these lines he too becomes to some extent an expert.

This sounds well, but it will not bear scrutiny. For, whereas the expert equipment of the lawyer or the doctor is what gives him his value and ensures his measure of success, the minister's expert equipment, except perhaps his training in oratory, and this only in a minor degree, has very little to do with his value or success. What we want in a lawyer is mastery of the law, what we want in a physician is mastery of the conditions of health, but what we want in a minister is not mastery of church history, theology, church government, or even oratory. The thing we really demand of him is the possession of a vivid religious life and the power to make 'telling' use of it so that it gets a real grip on the spiritual lives of others. Without this the rest of his equipment is useless. With this, the rest may be dispensed with.

That is, his sympathy, inspiration, reverence, faith, and love, instead of being the underlying forces of his nature, must be kept on top all the time, ready to pass out to people at a moment's notice. At certain hours of the week the minister must summon from its hiding-place the spirit of prayer, he must literally exploit it for the edification of three hundred or five hundred or a thousand listeners. At certain other hours he must call forth his most solemn convictions about life and death, and exploit them in the same way. And at uncertain times, at any and every time, week in and week out, he must have his personality ready to deliver when called for.

Is this fair? Can we wonder that the weakness of the ministry is along the line of hypocrisy, of the over-facile in expression, of the cheaply ready in sympathy? that ministers sometimes develop a professional manner as marked as the professionally sympathetic manner of the undertaker? Is it surprising that in self-defense they should build up for themselves an armor, not of obvious reserve, but of glib expressiveness which meets the same end? If they were always really turning themselves inside out, as they are nominally supposed to do, there would be nothing left of them, they would be worn to a frazzle in three months. Some there are who really do this, and these are usually indeed worn to a frazzle. Or, to use the conventional term, they 'break down.' Most of them do not do it, and they survive, but ideals suffer.

There is something wrong. It is the wrong of professionalizing what ought to be left free. We see this quickly enough in other cases: poetry is a lovely thing, but so soon as it becomes professionalized, it is in danger. Personal charm is an adorable thing, but when the actor makes it a daily offering to an expectant public its finer bloom is too apt to vanish. Love and friendship are the greatest things in the world, but when they are habitually exploited, they lose part if not all of their greatness. The court favorite, paid for his devotion, the lover or the mistress, paid for their favors, compelled to render them without regard to the spontaneous impulse behind them, these are in danger of falling very far short of greatness. Perhaps Tolstoï was right, and every man should have some tangible work to do, not perhaps with his hands alone, but using his whole practical equipment of skill,

knowledge, and aptitude, and allowing for an overflow of energy which should follow whatever channels it found open, without being forced into pipes, to turn wheels and push pistons.

Such, indeed, was to some extent the life of the monks of old. They worked their gardens, they nursed the sick, they made medicines, they taught, they printed books; and these activities formed as large a part of their lives as their daily office, often a larger part. But back of all this, the daily round of tangible duties, lived the ardors of conviction and faith, flashing through sometimes in a radiance of inspiration, oftener perhaps smouldering unrecognized in the depths of an unchallenged and unexploited reserve.

This was a healthy life. And there are some ministers to-day whose lives are much like this. There might be more. For there is enough practical work waiting to be done to keep all the ministers busy, if they never again made a reluctant prayer or delivered an enforced sermon. There are many people who think that an institutional church and a liturgical service is the ideal for the future. But there are many also who deny this. And meanwhile, the public accepts, and demands, this living sacrifice of its ministry. It is imposing a compulsion which cannot help sapping some of the honesty, the vitality, the spontaneity, that are our most precious possessions.

A DICKENS DISCOVERY

By rights, the little man with whom I am acquainted should belong to Dickens. He must have been lost from the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and placed, by a trick of Fate, in this hustling, conventional young Southern town. I chanced to step into the printing-office one day, and paused upon the threshold with a Columbus-like thrill at my discovery. The little old man, his plump person stuffed into a chair, was seated at what might be called a desk, though no self-respecting desk would recognize it. Newspapers in wild disorder surrounded him; letters bulged from numerous pigeon-holes; 'copy' straggled out of dusty corners; and a manuscript, folded with some pretense at neatness and no doubt awaiting a day of judgment, stuck one ear out of a half-open drawer. An editorial, overcome by the heat of its attack upon the unsanitary conditions existing in a baker's shop, reclined against an ink bottle for support. From this chaos emerged his squarish head, with a round hat distantly related to a breakfast muffin perched upon it. A high collar, in a vain effort to meet in front, and lacking two inches of accomplishing its purpose, encircled his neck. A smart white tie, realizing its superiority over the collar, met in front and formed a stiff bow. The shirt was an old friend showing signs of frequent contact with ink. Nondescript gray trousers clung tightly round his waist, but flared out generously where they touched his boots. The boots which completed this costume were square, and dented and covered with dust. Stay! Had I come unawares upon a friend of Mr. Pickwick, or a cousin of the Cheeryble Brothers? No; I was about to address the uncle of dear Tom Pinch. At my greeting he rose and clasped my hand warmly, while his blue eyes, behind a pair of large spectacles, beamed kindly into mine. From that moment our friendship is dated.

But the printing-office without the Uncle would be in a far more sorry plight than the Pecksniff household without Tom. For the strong moral tone of Tom's master proved a sufficient prop even after Tom had been dismissed, but the printing-office — what a spineless affair it would become

were the Uncle to leave! Pray, who would collect the bills or read the proof? Who would conscientiously discharge these and other duties filled as they are with a mass of petty and irritating detail? Who indeed, but the Uncle! The Editor cannot steal time for such matters. Stirring and eloquent articles glide from his pen; opinions, buttered and sugared to suit the taste of questioners, drop from his lips, Smooth and suave and sure he is — the flint-hearted fellow! For five-and-thirty years the Uncle has shouldered the responsibilities of the newspaper business, receiving small reward. What high ambitions may have been stifled beneath the weight of unavoidable duties! Yet not a breath of complaint escapes him. He always has a ready smile, a twinkle in each eye, and a hand that flashes out in welcome whenever he meets you. Everybody knows and likes the Uncle, but few detect the heart of gold beating under the ink-spotted shirt.

And what would the weekly paper be without the Uncle's contributions? He writes under the name of the 'Rambler,' and the information gathered from his daily rambles appears in the Mayfield *News*. Readers are told that Timothy Dowdle's new barber shop will be a thing of beauty; that one of our permanent and popular places of amusement has passed to new management; that the sweetness in Mayfield is not wasted on the desert air, but put up in cans by the Syrup Factory. Or perhaps the alarm of fire was sounded about one o'clock Tuesday morning, indicating that the scene of conflagration was in the second ward; or the *News* joins in wishing the newly married couple a happy and prosperous voyage o'er the seas of life. The Uncle himself is a bachelor, yet he seems to impart an air of would-be domesticity. If he could but have found the right little woman of Dickensesque style! Perhaps there was a bright spot of romance coloring the past prosaic years.

After each meeting with him, I fall to wondering about his childhood days. Did he romp and shout and play as other boys do? No; my fancy calls for a lad with a deep love of books, who could be caught any fine summer day stretched out under a shady apple tree, *Treasure Island* with its wealth of adventure close by, and in his hand a mammoth pippin slowly passing out of sight. Or the question recurs: where does he find his clothes? For they are undoubtedly lineal descendants of Noah's wardrobe. He could not have selected them from a general stock, such clothes as he wears would suit no one but himself. They were made for him; they strike one as being an indispensable part of the man.

Just recently I saw him on the corner, a bulky umbrella hooked over his arm, his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the ground, coming with great deliberation toward me. He wore a tall, square, black hat set firmly on his head, and a voluminous alpaca coat reaching to his knees. He waved his hand in a salute and moved on. Farther on he stopped a passer-by and engaged in a wordy bout. Was he lonely, I pondered? It was Sunday, and he should have been returning to a cottage with roses tumbling over it in pink confusion. There, a comfortable little lady would have the supper spread out on a round table made for two. And he would know that she shared not only the meal, but all his joys and sorrows.

During our strawberry season, he took me aside to confide, 'I thought that I would purchase several boxes of strawberries and bring them up, if you will make me a real shortcake.' Then, in a telling whisper, 'You know I've never had enough!' Of course I promptly agreed, smiling in remembrance of meagre boarding-house helps.

So he came to dinner, and when the cake was brought to the table in all its luscious glory, three layers topped with fruit, we turned to each other with a look of understanding. And let me tell you that my friend measured his appetite by the Dickens standard!

He is often a subject of affectionate discussion in our home.

'Suppose,' says one, 'that he were thin.'

'The loss of a pound would spoil him,' I declare.

'It would never do,' gravely answers great-aunt Madeline.

'Can you imagine him with a red necktie?' queries another.

'A tan shoe with a pointed toe' — suggests a third.

'Oh!' I implore, 'any such innovations — and he would no longer be the Uncle.'

It is unfortunate that Dickens never found him, but good fortune left him for me. I discovered him!

LEO TO HIS MISTRESS [1]

I

DEAR Mistress, do not grieve for me
Even in such sweet poetry.
Alas! It is too late for that,
No mistress can recall her cat;
Eurydice remained a shade,
Despite the music Orpheus played;
And pleasures here outlast, I guess,
Your earthly transitoriness.

II

You serious denizens of Earth
Know nothing of Elysian mirth.
With other shades I play or doze,
And wash, and stretch, or rub my nose.
I hunt for mice, or take a nap
Safe in Iphigénia's lap.
At times I bite Achilles' heel
To learn if shadow heroes squeal,
And, should he turn to do me hurt,
I hide beneath Cassandra's skirt,

III

But should he smile, no creature bolder,
I lightly bound upon his shoulder,
Then leap to fair Electra's knee,
Or scamper with Antigone.
I chase the rolling woolen ball
Penelope has just let fall,
And crouch when Meleager's cheer
Awakes the shades of trembling deer.
I grin when Stygian boys, beguiled,
Stare after Helen, Ruin's child;
Or, should these placid pastimes fail,
I play with Cerberus's tail.
At last I purr, and sip and spatter
When kind Demeter fills my platter.

IV

And yet in spite of all of this,
I sometimes yearn for earthly bliss,
To hear you calling 'Leo!' when
The glorious sun awakens men,
Or hear your 'Good-night, Pussy' sound
When starlight falls on mortal ground;
Then, in my struggles to get free,
I almost scratch Persephone.

[1] Memorial verses to Leo, a yellow cat, by his Mistress, appeared in the *Atlantic* for February. — THE EDITORS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1913

THE PHILIPPINES BY WAY OF INDIA

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

THE Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* has been good enough to ask me if there is anything I can say about the task of the United States in the Philippines — the difficulties that arise from such a relationship between a Western democracy and an Eastern people, and in what way they can be surmounted.[1]

I have never been to the Philippines. The nearest I have been is Hong Kong, and the only Filipinos I have seen are the quartermasters on the P. & O. boats running from Hong Kong to Japan. Neither have I been to the United States, though I have many friends there. Of first-hand knowledge, therefore, I have none. Yet I think there are some things I can say.

The Filipinos are an Eastern people, not so very far removed, according to what I hear, from some other Eastern peoples whom I know well; the United States holds a people which is cousin to my own, removed in distance and in circumstance, yet akin, and the task before the United States and the Philippines — how mutually to aid in the task of creating a stable and a good government in those Islands — is the same task that has confronted, and that still confronts, us in India. In greater things, therefore, there is a similarity between the English in India and the Americans in the Philippines, and the differences are only of local circumstances of time and place and persons. The objective and the principles are the same.

I will therefore ask the reader to come with me first to India and to Burma, to see somewhat of things there: how the same problems which confront America in the Philippines confront us there; what lies below those problems; and the only possible solution there is for them. We may so acquire some principles and some ideas which are not merely local, but are universal; not temporary, but permanent; not true only of the English in India, but of the Americans in the Philippines. They would require adaptation in method and in detail, but that is little. When you know what to aim at, you will find out how to hit it.

The first knowledge to acquire is, not that of forms, institutions, customs, habits, conventions, parties, but that of humanity itself. For that includes all things, and conventions of all kinds are but garments it endues to keep it warm, or ornaments to render it attractive, or fetters bound upon it by

[1] The request of the *Atlantic* will be readily understood by any one who has had the durable satisfaction of reading Mr. Hall's sympathetic volumes on the Burmese: *The Soul of a People*, and *A People at School*. — THE EDITORS.

circumstance or fate. Let us therefore look at humanity in the East.

When you go there, the first impression it gives you is of its apartness. All seems so different from what you are accustomed to at home. It is not only that the setting — of blue skies, of palms and tropic flora, of a strange architecture, all bathed in sunlight — is so strange; it is the people. Their skins are black or brown; their faces, their hair, their clothes, their voices, are quite different. Their ways are not our ways; even their walk is different. It cannot be, we think, that any common humanity binds us two. Theirs is a life apart; within their skins there is a soul apart, an Eastern soul, unlike the Western, hardly akin to it, a thing divided far from us.

Even when time has brought us a little familiarity with these people the strangeness is not lessened. It grows. All that we observe of them denotes difference, and not likeness, to ourselves. In their ways of life, their marriages, their religions, they are apart from us. We do not understand them.

We cannot understand them. Therefore why try? The Oriental mind is inscrutable. Could you understand it, it were not worth the trouble. Therefore why bother? They are our servants, laborers, we buy and sell for them, we rule them. Enough. Leave it at that. And there for the most it is left.

Yet for him who will not stop there, for whom a barrier exists only to be climbed, who cares to go behind the appearances of things to things themselves, a way soon opens. Gangler, the World-Seeker, went beyond this barrier to the land of Utgard and learned secrets; come with me beyond this deceptive zone of outward things into the heart of the East, and you, too, shall learn secrets. They may be useful. Let us see.

All this apartness is but surface. It is the expression which differs, not the emotion or the thought sought to be expressed. Humanity is one, has the same hopes and fears, moves toward the same ideals, and there is no difference East or West.

Of course this knowledge comes but slowly, and by bits. You note, for instance, that when husband and wife go traveling together, the man walks in front, careless and free, and the woman walks behind, carrying the bundle. Therefore you say, 'The Oriental cares not for his women; he despises his wife and uses her as a beast of burden.' Most Occidentals never get further than that. But if you are observant you go out in the jungle yourself, and you discover things. When you walk abroad there are difficulties and dangers. The paths are overgrown and thorny, creepers must be cut back, there are cattle and buffaloes to be driven off, and buffaloes are ugly creatures; there are snakes. In the villages are village dogs which snarl and snap. You are a man, yet you will be glad of some one to go in front of you with a hatchet to clear your way. No woman would walk in front, and the man must be free. Now you see the reason why the man walks in front. If you want to confirm it you inquire and find that this is true. Thus the Japanese, the Burman, goes in front of his wife for the same reason that the Occidental goes behind — from courtesy. If he continues to do so when it is unnecessary, as in towns where there are roads, it is because a convention once formed is hard to break, East or West.

With this as a clue you can go on and make discovery after discovery, and finally you learn to know this, that East or West the instinctive relationship of the sexes is the same. The ideal is the union of one man and one woman: first, into one flesh, and following

that, into one spirit. Polygamy, infant marriage, and all other deviations, are the result of environment.

Polygamy had its origin in the surplus of women over men due to the loss of the latter by war or the dangers of uncivilized life. Infant marriage and zenanas were barriers raised by subject nations against the lust of conquerors or of priests. Polyandry was due to the necessity of restricting population by killing the female babies; the means of subsistence had reached its limit. Human nature is forced into these channels by circumstance first, and they are perpetuated by convention, because afterwards each child is educated to believe in the ways of its fathers as it grows up. It is convention fossilized. But human nature is not altered; and underneath, the soul is the same. It would burst these bonds if it could; it does when it can.

Read their folk tales, their love stories, those which warm the hearts of boys and girls, of men and women, ay, even of the old; those which, rising from the heart, appeal unto the heart. Their ideals are our ideals. We do not in the West reach very near them yet; they reach less near, perhaps, but that is circumstance and flesh, not soul. It is the hardness of our hearts. It will take us long ages yet to reach our ideals. As it is with love, which is the mother emotion of all the emotions which are life, so with all others. Easterns wish and strive for just what we wish and strive for. The method is different, must be different. 'A cosy fireside' appeals not to them, nor does 'the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land' appeal to us Northerns, but the ideal is the same. The soul of humanity, the World-Soul, is one. Its infinite variety of expression is due to the different media through which it is exhibited. It strives ever toward the same ideals, to be realized by different methods, because there is no absolute, but all things are relative, to time, place, and person.

It is the same with governments. The first ideal of every people in its government, in forming or accepting it, is to attain freedom. There is freedom from attack from without, freedom from anarchy within; that is the first necessity. These may be achieved under many forms of government; they accept that which offers the best possibility of individual freedom. A foreign despotism may be the best at the time. But, later on, other necessities manifest themselves, and a people becomes conscious that to develop individually it must develop corporately as well, that an individual is but a cell in the life of a nation. To develop the nation, local government is a necessity, but it is a later necessity than the two first mentioned.

All this was manifested very clearly in India. Long ago there were self-governing communities in India, with a wide degree of individual freedom, sex equality, and a relatively high civilization. These decayed under the stress of various forces, the most powerful of which was religion. Anarchy began to appear, and consequent on anarchy there was the foreign domination of the Moguls. This was accepted as a lesser evil than anarchy. But this rapidly decayed, and anarchy again arose. Then the English appeared, and the country for the most part accepted their rule gladly, because it insured peace, internal and external, and a relatively high system of jurisprudence and administration. India was able to recover from the wars which had desolated it and to draw free breath again. The Mutiny was not, for the most part, a people's war, but an insurrection of mercenary troops who strove for empire. In the whole course of the history of our Indian conquest there was

only one people's war, and that was in Burma in 1885–90.

When we had made our conquests we had to organize a whole system of administration. Of the old indigenous systems of a thousand years ago nothing was left. The Mogul system which we had succeeded disappeared on the defeat of its heads. It was not founded in the soil. It was a government from above. Its local officers were not heads of local organisms; they had not grown up, but stretched down. The heart was not in the people below, but in the emperor or ruler at the top. When he was deposed, all his fabric of government fell with him. It was not indigenous. Nothing remained but innumerable villages, each a community in itself.

We therefore set to work to establish a new system of government. Again, it was not indigenous. It was imported, like the officials who worked it. True, it had strong roots, but they were in England, not in India. It is from England that the government derives its strength. It is a branch of a great tree whose roots are six thousand miles away. It is adapted to the needs of India, but is not Indian. Were we defeated in the North Sea it would disappear as rapidly and completely as the Mogul Empire did; its trunk being felled, it would wither away. It cannot draw any nourishment from India.

Now you can begin to see how the present discontent in India has arisen. For long, India was content. It wanted peace, and we gave it peace; it wanted time to grow, and we gave it time and opportunity. We were, under the circumstances, not only the best available government, but the best conceivable government. I do not say that we acted from altruistic motives, but I do say that the results were admirable.

But things have changed. India has had a hundred years of peace and individual liberty, it has now begun to realize that life holds more than this. Its various nations are realizing their nationhood, and wishing to express it in more than words. They are also realizing many other things. Our laws are better than no laws at all, but they are defective; our administration is better than anarchy, but it is alien and unsympathetic. Not being rooted in the soil, it does not respond readily to the people's needs. It has to reason out things. Now reason is a very bad substitute for that instinctive knowledge which comes from identity.

Hence the very natural unrest, an unrest which grows, and must grow, because it is in the nature of things for it to grow. India is chafing at her swaddling-bands, and the older and stronger she grows, the more she will chafe.

What is to be done?

Indianize the government, say some. Appoint Indians instead of Englishmen to be administrators. Gradually replace the personnel till India is governed entirely by Indians.

There could not be a more disastrous mistake than to attempt this. The cry is founded on a complete misunderstanding of the nature of governments, their functions and duties, the causes of their stability and health. You cannot Indianize an English institution. You cannot put Indian wine into English bottles.

A government to be strong and healthy must be rooted firmly in some soil. Where would an Indianized government of India be rooted? Not in India. It would not be representative of anything there. It would be responsible to Downing Street, not India. It would take its orders from England; it would look to England for help in difficulties. It is a perfectly impossible thing to imagine a government of India with Indian officers.

Then establish local parliaments, say some.

With what functions?

To rule? They could not rule. The government of India, which is a branch of the Imperial government, could not be controlled, even in details, by any local assembly. How could it?

To advise? There is nothing so absolutely futile as an individual or an assembly whose sole duty is to advise. The only assurance that the advice offered will be reasonable comes from the fact that the adviser accepts the responsibility if it be wrong. But to give these assemblies responsibility would be to give them power. They would be untried, made up of men with no experience of government: lawyers and newspaper editors for the most part. They would rest on nothing. A limited franchise would be useless, and to enfranchise three hundred millions is impossible. They could have no knowledge, nothing behind them. They would simply invite disaster.

What then is to be done?

India cannot go on as it is. Even down to the peasants the unrest is real, if inarticulate. And it is well-founded.

There is only one thing to be done. You must begin at the beginning and cultivate again in India a local tree of self-government. The germs are there. All India is made up of local communities called villages (not necessarily one hamlet). These have had from time immemorial a common life. Each is an organism in itself and accustomed to self-government.

Unfortunately, the village organism has been greatly injured by us. My experience is of Burma and Madras, but what is true of them is true universally. We have weakened and debilitated the self-governing unit by continual interference. This has been done with the best motives, of course. We have sought efficiency and justice. But you can get neither in this way. The village community itself can alone manage its communal affairs with any efficiency or justice. Interference makes bad worse. I know by much personal experience that there is nothing they dread and hate like this interference. If the villages were maintained on their old basis, no interference would ever be necessary. If it seems so now it is because the organism has been weakened by injudicious and ignorant interference till it sometimes will not work at all. These should be restored to their original status, and helped to develop themselves naturally, to grow and expand. Little by little, greater powers and responsibilities would be given them. Then they would naturally fall into groups, — there were such in old days, — natural groups, not artificial like our districts; and to each group a council and executive — the direct outcome of the village council and executive — could be allowed. To these bodies greater powers could be assigned.

In this way a natural, and therefore efficient, system of self-government could be encouraged. What exact form it might take as it grew, no one can tell. It would become manifest in the working. The principal condition for its health is that it be not interfered with. If rightly constituted, it would require no interference, only encouragement and help. Thus under the shadow of the English Tree of Government, a local tree with a myriad roots would slowly rise, and as it rose the English Tree should retract its shadow. So alone would a firm, a living organism of government be built up, that would be so securely founded as to fear no storm.

How long it will take the English government to see this, I do not know; but it is the only way, and in time it must be seen. It will take time to

succeed. Nations are not made in a day. But it is bound to come.

Now let us see whether from the state of India we cannot deduce principles that will apply equally to the Philippines. I think we can.

The first is that individual liberty must be secured. This is the condition on which all else depends and grows; it can be done only by the American government.

It can be done only by the American government in its own way. It cannot be done in the Philippine way, or by Philippine agency. The American government of the Philippines must be American first. It must be as far as possible in sympathy with the Philippine people, but it must never allow that to affect its efficiency. It can only be efficient by being purely American, drawing its strength, its ideas, and its methods from America. By methods I do not mean methods of constituting a government — election and representation; but methods of administration which should be adapted *mutatis mutandis* to the Philippines. Americans can efficiently work only American methods, just as we in India can efficiently work only English methods.

Therefore do not allow Filipinos, however well-educated and able, to enter your superior service. It has been tried in India, and has failed. The causes of failures are many, and are obvious. The machinery of the higher government being American, only Americans can work it efficiently. An American alone thoroughly understands the object of the laws and can administer them. The American alone has that camaraderie with other officials and with non-officials, merchants, bankers, etcetera, which is so absolutely necessary in order that the machinery may run smoothly. An American alone has the necessary authority; and, moreover, the people dislike and distrust their fellows who enter what is really a foreign service. This is very noticeable in India. The people at large accept an Englishman's rule because he is an Englishman, and England rules India. But the Indian in our service they regard rather as a traitor. He has left them; he has accepted foreign ideas; he rules his fellow men not by reason of their suffrage, but by reason of foreign appointment. He is, and must be, inefficient. He cannot represent the people before government because he is himself a government official. Therefore keep your higher administration purely American.

But that government must be in sympathy with the people, and make things as easy for them as possible.

It is exactly here that the difficulty begins.

I suppose it is natural for all of us, English or American or German, for every nationality, to think that in its methods it has discovered not merely what is best relatively to itself and its times, but to the absolute. We think our laws approximate to the absolutely right, our courts to the absolutely just, our land and revenue systems to the absolutely efficient. We have only to transplant them as they are, to insure good results. There could be no greater mistake, for there is no absolute in these matters. They are all relative.

To begin with, there are the courts of criminal justice. Do not suppose you can take your codes and apply them in the Philippines as in America. You cannot. Every people has its own ideas on certain matters connected with crime, which differ from those of other peoples. For instance, in English law an assault is little; a theft, no matter how small, is a serious matter. To the Oriental it is the reverse; a theft is a small matter, an assault a great one; he estimates his self-respect and dignity above his pocket.

Again, no Oriental believes in severe punishment for crime. He considers our punishments wickedly severe, therefore he often will not complain, or give evidence, or he gives false evidence. Remember that '*summum jus, summa injuria*,' and where juries do not exist to mitigate and put common sense into law, great harm may be done. It is done in India.

Therefore try to find out how the people at large regard crime; try to get their perspective. You will find that it differs from yours considerably, owing to the difference of circumstances. It is as true a view as yours; as regards the actual circumstances, a much better view. They want to prevent and stop crime quite as much as you do. Therefore get your courts into accordance with the consciences of the people. Otherwise they will become what ours are in India.

It is the same with civil law. Our procedure is far too complicated and too expensive. For all small cases it should be made cheap, expeditious, and sensible. An Oriental wants a case settled. He would far rather have it settled against him than that the case should drag out indefinitely. They have often told me this. Do your best, therefore, to make the first hearing complete, and have no appeals. It is advocates who create the delays. Do not let your courts, and therefore your justice, fall into the hands of barristers, pleaders, or advocates. As matters stand in India, the barristers or advocates are usually the principal parties, the judge is no one. The people hate this; they misuse it and abuse it.

If the people had their way, there would be no one between the judge and the parties. He would have subordinate officials to prepare each case for his hearing under his directions, and there would be no advocates.

Consider now what an enormous amount of money goes to lawyers and barristers. For what? Mainly to obscure and pervert justice. Do not let the Filipinos be lawyer-ridden as we are in India.

Do not try to reform the people by laws, as we have tried to do by the gambling acts. Law is to preserve public morality, not private morality.

Remember that if you get your courts out of touch with the people you will not only encourage perjury, as in India, but you will make them hated and inefficient.

As to land, bear in mind that the objective is an industrious, independent peasantry. Great estates are injurious, and give rise to political discontent. Therefore so frame the land laws as to tell for the former, and against the latter. To keep the small farmer independent there should be Raiffeisen banks [1] in every village, such as I began in Burma. Their value in every way is great; it is beyond computation, not merely financially, but as an educative force.

And whatever you do, never allow the Filipinos to be exploited by your own people — monopolists, great corporations, and so on. In India we have almost, though not quite, escaped this; and it is greatly to our advantage. In their own places they have great value in encouraging and building up industries. But there is danger. Remember that the people do not differentiate much between a foreign company and a foreign government. They see a connection — even if we do not.

Finally comes education; that is to say, helping the children to develop their powers of observation and intelligence and self-command. That is the only education. Reading, writing, and

[1] A clear account of the working of these banks may be found in the article entitled 'The Farmer and Finance,' by Myron T. Herrick. See the *Atlantic* for February, 1913. — The Editors.

all other matters which are taught are instruction, which is quite different. Instruction has its value, but it is nothing compared to that of education.

Therefore let your schools be secular, because religions of all kinds are more apt to dull the intelligence than to develop it. If the parents want their children to learn religion, let them arrange it. The duty of the American government in the Philippines is, not to any form of religion, but to the intelligence of the children. You will find that the people will like this. They dislike the subsidizing of denominational schools of all sorts, even of their own denomination. They do not like the mixture. It is a Western idea to mix up education and religion. I do not say that it is not done in the East, but I do say that the people do not approve of it.

But of what use to enter into details. If your officers, and therefore your administration, have sympathy, that is to say, understanding, if your administration can look at things as the people do, it will soon see how best to adapt itself to the people. If it be remembered always that the people have common sense, that they think and reason just as you do, only from data which are different because their circumstances are different, the difficulty soon disappears. It requires no special gift to understand an Oriental people; anybody can do it if he will give up his prejudices and self-righteousness and try.

So, having established an administration in sympathy with the people, an administration purely American, strong and living because a branch of the American government at Washington, you can with a clear conscience take the next step. Under the ægis of this administration, a local system of government should be encouraged.

This will be an even greater difficulty. It will require great study, great tact, great self-repression, a sympathy which does not mean being sorry for the Filipinos, but being able to see things with their eyes. It must not be an imported system, but a natural and indigenous system. Unless it is that, it is worth nothing, for it will have no life.

Villages should be granted as much autonomy as possible. Each village should have its council and headman, its village fund, its duties, and its powers. The headman should be considered, not a government official, but the representative of the village before government.

Every village organism should have the power of trying all petty cases of crime, or civil disputes, without appeal. And no advocates or lawyers should be allowed on either side. In small cases the headman and a councilor can discover truth far better without such interference.

Then, villages should be grouped in natural divisions, each group with its council and its fund, for, say, local roads, bridges, and so on, with, again, local jurisdiction in certain matters.

A local government board should be formed at headquarters to supervise this local self-government, and this board should be, if not at first, certainly before long, purely native. This is where your educated and able native will come in; here he will be invaluable.

And so gradually the organism, and the ability of the people for managing it, would grow; and it would become stable. As they grew, more and more duties and powers should be handed over to it. Gradually American protection and direction could be withdrawn, until at length from these local bodies you could draw a truly representative and effective assembly to govern the whole country.

I do not say that it would be easy to do this. It would be most difficult, but it would be worth doing.

Meanwhile have nothing to do with elective assemblies, or assemblies of any kind which would have power of advice without responsibility. They would be fatal. Do not be affected by the discontent of a small educated class. They are not the people.

You must not deliver from one tyranny to raise another, which would be the worse because it would have America behind it.

So will you establish eventually your principles of no taxation without representation. You will render representation not only possible but true: a representation, not of individuals, but of communities. And when the Philippines have grown to be a nation, they will be a daughter nation to you.

I know no other way in which you can accomplish this.

AMERICAN CONTROL OF THE PHILIPPINES

BY BERNARD MOSES

I

DEPENDENCIES in revolt have sometimes found it advisable to proclaim in their declarations of independence principles which no independent nation would be willing to incorporate in a statement of its national policy. The inhabitants of the British colonies in America affirmed that the consent of the governed is essential to the existence of a just government; but, having become an independent nation, they are no more willing to accept this idea as a principle of national conduct than is the most arbitrary government on earth. If the citizens of California, irritated by the interference of the Federal government in their public schools, or in other matters within their exclusive jurisdiction, should not consent to a further exercise of Federal authority within their territory, the government of the United States would, nevertheless, proceed to perform its functions in the territory in question without the consent of the governed. The Civil War, between 1861 and 1865, showed with unmistakable clearness the practical attitude of the nation toward this question. Individual persons and political parties are using the notion of the consent of the governed in advocating the independence of the Philippine Islands; but an argument based on this idea does not rest on a solid foundation, and is no more conclusive in this case than it would be in the supposed case of California.

The title under which the United States exercises its sovereign authority in the Philippine Islands is not less valid than that under which this nation assumed control of California. The Philippine Islands have been under American sovereignty about as long as that state had been at the beginning of the Civil War; and when California, at that time, seemed to be on the point of withdrawing her consent to the con-

tinuance of Federal rule within her borders, the government at Washington was not disposed to allow the political future of that region to be determined by the consent, or non-consent, of the governed. It is idle, therefore, for any person or any party, wishing to sever the connection between the United States and the Philippine Islands, to affirm that it is the policy of this nation not to exercise its sovereignty over any of the great districts under its jurisdiction except by the consent of the inhabitants of that district.

The attitude of those persons who would have the United States withdraw from the Philippines is evidently not produced by a desire that the Islands should fall under the domination of some other power, but by a misconception of what would be their fate if they were not connected with some nation of superior civilization. Many of the citizens of the United States are especially liable to error in thinking on a subject like this. They possess the political instinct in a more marked degree than the members of any other nation. A group of Americans of Anglo-Saxon stock, without much education or cultivation, set down in the wilderness, would proceed at once, under the force and guidance of their political instinct, to organize and administer a government, and the government thus inaugurated would have many of the qualities of a good government. This instinct is to such an extent an element of their character that it is difficult for them to conceive that it is not a universal element of human nature. With very little knowledge of other peoples, they are moved by the belief that a group of persons from any one of them would act as they themselves would act under similar circumstances. When they think of independence for the Filipinos, they presume a people possessed of a political instinct sufficiently powerful to direct them in the organization of a government that would facilitate for them the attainment and preservation of liberty. But in this they fail to take into account the fact that the dominant elements of the Filipino's character have been formed by the traditions of millenniums of barbarism, in which political experience had no place, and by submission to the autocratic rule of Spain.

Some of the Filipinos stand among the most advanced members of the Malay race, but besides these there are representatives of various grades of human cultivation down to the untamed Negritos. Yet even the small minority of persons most advanced in the way of civilization have not been in a position to enjoy an enlightening political experience. Those who lived at the ports or in the principal towns, during the centuries of Spanish domination, were under a politico-ecclesiastical régime, which tended to eliminate their recollection of their ancient tribal relations; but from the absolute political government and the still more absolute church they were not able to derive any idea of liberty or any conception of the principles on which alone it is possible to establish a free government. At the close of Spanish rule, there were not a score of men born in the Islands who had a conception of government comparable with that entertained by the bulk of the citizens of the more liberal Western nations. There were, however, more than a score who wished the Islands to be independent, and by independence they understood the rule of a small body of persons empowered to carry on the only kind of government of which they had any knowledge, a tyrannical oligarchy administered for the good of the governing.

At the time of the formation of the civil government under American authority, the ablest and best educated men in the Islands had an opportunity to express their opinions on all of the important questions of government under consideration; and their utterances furnished an excellent index of the political views and aspirations of the most worthy representatives of the people. Even the idea of political independence was now and then brought into the discussion; and, on one occasion, a Filipino, arguing in favor of it, affirmed the fitness of his people to assume it on the ground that there were as many educated men in the Islands as there would be offices to be filled. On another occasion, when advice was sought from the principal men of the province as to the best method of increasing the provincial revenue, one of the leading men of the province argued in favor of imposing a special tax on what he called the proletariat, — the great mass of the inhabitants with little or no property, who were gaining a precarious living by their daily labor. There were a few persons wiser than these, but a very small number whose fundamental ideas of government differed widely from those which are somewhat vaguely indicated by these illustrations.

This attitude of the leading Filipinos toward questions of government ought not to surprise us, when we reflect on the influences under which their political opinions and political spirit were formed. In the first place, their whole existence, and the existence of their ancestors for uncounted generations, has been passed in the atmosphere, and under influences proceeding from the spirit, of the Orient; and, in the second place, they were dominated for nearly four hundred years by ecclesiastical-secular institutions, the spirit of which laid special stress on the good of the governing; and it is impossible to conceive as proceeding from these influences any spirit more liberal or generous than that of an oligarchy ruling without much solicitude for the welfare of the great unenlightened and helpless majority.

II

No one is able to form an adequate conception of the task undertaken by the United States in the Philippines without taking account of the racial qualities of the Filipino, the environment under which he had lived, the traditions which had modified his development, and all of the other forces which contributed to make him what he was at the close of Spanish rule.

In attempting to improve the condition of members of one of the less-developed races, whether in America or Asia, the Spaniards, by seeking to change the most fundamental and permanent of all racial ideas, — the idea of religion, — began at the point where success is practically impossible. The Americans, on the other hand, holding that much can be done for the advancement and cultivation of a people without imposing upon it a specific religious creed, have directed their efforts to the task of communicating to the Filipinos a knowledge of the practical achievements of the Western nations. They found, for example, that the inhabitants of the Islands had no common language, and that, consequently, they were divided into a large number of antagonistic groups. The ideas of each group were narrowly confined to their petty provincial affairs. The practical remedy adopted to improve this state of things was to give to the Islanders a knowledge of English, through which social sympathy might be substituted for social antagonism, and means established for

facilitating the creation of an extensive commonwealth. The Americans found, moreover, that all but a small percentage of the Filipinos were ignorant of the language of any civilized people, and that they were consequently unable to acquire any valuable information of the ideas and practices of civilization. Without the assistance of this information, they were doomed to remain in, or to drift toward, the stagnant state of isolated barbarians.

Knowledge of a European language, possessed by at least a considerable part of the inhabitants of the Islands, is thus essential to the progress of the Filipino people. Without it, their fate would be that of the Malay race generally, which, in none of its branches, without foreign assistance, has risen above a low stage of semi-civilization; and, in this day of civilized aggression, the inhabitants of no large and desirable territory can have any security for their integrity or their individual development, except by so organizing their political and social life that the rest of the world will recognize them as belonging in the ranks of civilization.

The gloomy forebodings entertained by many minds forty or fifty years ago — when Mr. Pierson wrote his able book on the wrong side of the question, expressing the views of a large number of persons, that the white race and its cultivation were to be swamped by the colored races — have disappeared before the apparent determination of the white nations to arouse themselves and rule the world. There is now no secure standing-room for an independent semi-civilized people. There is no place for the Filipino people, except as attached to a strong civilized nation.

In opposition to this view it is said that the Philippines should be independent and neutralized. It is possible to neutralize a state that has a well-ordered and approved government competent to give protection and security to the life and property of aliens within its borders; but, unless this condition is fulfilled, foreign nations will intervene in obedience to the law of self-protection, and the independence of the incompetent state will disappear.

The guaranty of an alien's property rights and of the security of his life by a foreign state, when that state is not responsible for the internal government where the alien resides or where his property exists, is a political absurdity; and the United States will not undertake to furnish such a guaranty for an alien in the Philippines while the American citizens retain their sanity. There is no reason to suppose that the government at Washington will undertake to guarantee the security of life and property in the Philippines, except while the internal government of the Islands is subject to the sovereignty of the United States; and in the present condition and prospects of the Filipinos there is nothing to furnish them a reasonable ground for seeking to place themselves in a situation where an appeal to a foreign state might be necessary. In spite of the possible errors of judgment which may be made by the American members of the Filipino government, the Filipinos at present occupy a position especially favorable for the maintenance of internal peace between the various antagonistic tribes, for the preservation of the integrity of the people, and for the development among them of the ideas and practices of civilized life. They enjoy an exceptional opportunity among dependencies with respect to the acquisition of a European language; and the spirit of the people of the United States, and the nature of their government, offer them a prospect of a larger measure of autonomous existence than is enjoyed by any

other people in the world possessing a similar degree of cultivation.

It was the policy of the Spaniards in the Philippines, and of the Dutch in Java, not to mention other nations, to discourage, if not to prohibit, natives from acquiring and using the language of the dominant nation. By this policy a line of discrimination was drawn, and the native, confined to the use of his own uncultivated speech, was made to feel his inferiority. The determination of the United States not only to permit the Filipinos to use the English language, but also to provide for them the most ample facilities for learning it, was regarded as a concession in favor of equality, and helps to explain the remarkable zeal with which the youth turned to the study of English.

This and other concessions, made to a people who had lived for centuries subjected to the arbitrary and uncompromising domination of the Spaniards, in so far as they were grasped by the dull minds of the poor and oppressed toilers of the country, were regarded as a ray of light in the darkness of their prospects. To a number of mestizo dwellers in the larger towns, who had acquired a little knowledge, uncompromising domination meant real superiority, and, consequently, concessions intended for the welfare of the people indicated weakness on the part of those who made them. The concessions made by the Americans tended, therefore, to belittle them in the eyes of this class, and to lead this small body of ambitious Filipinos to exaggerate their own importance.

For a large part of the American press and for the anti-expansion orators, this conceited and noisy group of superficial persons became the Filipino people. It is to their voice that Congress is asked to listen. The seven millions of workers, who are trying by the rudest means to make a living for themselves, are nowhere heard; and independence for the Islands would mean complete liberty for a hundred and fifty or two hundred agitators, under the system of *caciqueism*, to dominate and plunder the rest of the inhabitants. The welfare of the *gente*, as they are called, the mass of the common people, has never entered into the plan or purpose of the Filipino advocates of independence; and the establishment of independence, if this were possible, before the inhabitants have obtained a much more effective control over the forces that make for cultivation, would put off indefinitely the civilization of the Islands.

III

It ought not to surprise anybody that some of the Filipinos are opposed to the continuance of American rule in the Islands; for as long as the government of the United States is maintained there, the little oligarchic company of native 'statesmen' will not have the desired opportunity to dispose of the revenues, since these revenues are controlled by a central treasury and provincial treasuries, so arranged that the central treasurer holds a check on the provincial treasurers, and through his agents supervises their accounts. The feature of the financial management which astonished even the more cultivated Filipinos is that, in the expenditure of public funds, the welfare of the *gente* is considered. Moreover, the rule established by the Americans, that the provincial revenues should be expended in, and for the benefit of, the province where they are raised, and not be taken to Manila as heretofore, was a measure of vast importance for the provincials. It meant that the provinces might have good roads, might build bridges over their rivers and con-

struct public buildings for their own use. It meant, in fact, that the common man might have facilities for reaching a market with his products, and have a decent school for his children.

The effect of Spain's politico-ecclesiastical absolutism was to weaken the influence of the tribal bosses, or *caciques*. There was thus prepared the way for a régime which would encourage the development of individuality and personal independence. But the kind of independence that the Filipino agitator demands, is the freedom of the caciques to reëstablish their domination over groups of the common people. The kind of independence imperatively needed, in the interests of humanity and progress, is the independence of the common man; and the régime which will secure and guarantee this independence is demanded by a higher authority than the will of any group of professional politicians.

The government which exists in the United States has doubtless weaknesses and imperfections, but the government of no other great nation rests on an equally broad conception of liberty and personal independence. It is clear to any one who knows the Filipinos of all ranks, and has some understanding of their social history, that they have great need of independence, but of the personal independence of the individual man; and it is also clear that this lies nowhere within the horizon of the present, except under the sovereignty of the United States. To reëstablish the power of the cacique would be to deprive the mass of the people of a large part of whatever advantage has come to them through their connection with civilization.

The Filipinos have need not only of personal independence but also of peace; in fact, their personal independence can be achieved only under the conditions of peace. When they are at war the power of the leaders is absolute, and the habit of war would mean that the bulk of the people would remain in a state of subordination. It is apparently supposed by those persons who advocate the withdrawal of American authority, that, in case of the execution of their plan, the ancient antagonisms and tribal ambitions, now suppressed by the presence of a common superior, would be put aside and abandoned. This opinion is evidently held in ignorance of the fact that there are several great sections of the population which are as unlike one another as are the nations of Europe. They occupy different parts of the insular territory; they speak different languages; and they have learned enough about war to know that it is not without its compensations, — that power, distinction, and even respect and honor among their fellows, are often the achievements of battle. If European nations, with all their cultivation and their knowledge of the advantages of permanent international peace, cannot be induced to cease their ruinous preparations for war, it is folly to suppose that the Tagalogs and the Illocanos, the Visayans and the Moros, will lie down together in peace and harmony, if there be no superior power to discountenance their hostility.

The moral effect of the presence of the American garrison is to strengthen the faith of the Filipinos in the beneficence of peace. The supposition that this faith would thrive without this stimulus leaves out of account the restless and ambitious character of the Tagalogs, who, by their previous conduct, have given a sufficient indication of their desire to dominate the archipelago, while some of the other sections of the population have shown with equal clearness their desire to be free from Tagalog rule. There is no evidence, nor even a probability, that a

subjected tribe would find the rule of the conquering Tagalog, or of any other conquering native, more beneficent than the administration under which all sections of the inhabitants now live in peace, and as equals.

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the state of affairs in the Philippine Islands imposes upon the government of the United States the duty to maintain in the Islands forces making for civilization at least equal to those which have been set aside as a consequence of American occupation. The importance of this obligation will appear when one reflects that practically all of the evidences of civilization in the Islands are the result of their connection with Spain; and that, with a few exceptions, all of the inhabitants who, at the time of the transfer of the sovereignty, appeared as the leaders of civilized life in the various communities, were Spaniards, or mestizos, or foreigners of some other nationality.

The churches, the schools, the banks, the commercial houses, and all of the trading establishments except the petty shops and the produce markets, had been created and were conducted by men who were what they were by reason of their foreign blood. Since the overthrow of the Spanish government by the United States, the increase of mestizos of the first degree has ceased, and the mestizo part of the population tends necessarily toward the elimination of its Spanish blood. In the future, with each succeeding generation, the Spanish strain will be weakened, and this gradual return of the stock to its primitive Malay quality means a gradual diminution of the forces that have introduced into the larger towns certain features of progress. Therefore, in the course of time, if conditions were established that would cause foreign immigration to cease, the Islands would present not a state of progress, but a state of retrogression; and under these conditions foreign capital would not be invested, except with such arrangements as would enable the capitalists to control the government; but a government thus subject to the dictation of capitalists, many of whom would be nonresident foreigners, would be the worst conceivable government for a people in a low state of social development. A government thus nominally independent, but dominated by industrial corporations, would present the most favorable conditions for merciless exploitation. To abandon the Philippines would be to acquire the discredit of having destroyed the forces that have given the Islanders an impulse toward civilization, and then left them either to become subject to a less liberal power or to drift backward toward barbarism.

IV

In establishing and administering a government in the Philippines, the United States undertook to carry on every branch of beneficent public activity which had been relinquished by the Spaniards, and to lay stress on certain functions which had been neglected by them. The new government, however, confined itself to secular matters, and left the church freedom in the performance of its functions. This removal of all governmental pressure from ecclesiastical affairs was followed by striking religious aberrations on the part of large numbers of the common people. In some districts, hundreds and even thousands abandoned their ordinary occupations to follow self-announced religious leaders, whose strange ideas indicated a reversion to the barbaric notions of their pagan ancestors. Some showed intimations of their Christian instruction when they proclaimed themselves as the Virgin or

the Christ, and under these names obtained a following. The readiness with which these impostors, or self-deluded creatures, gained the adherence of the multitude, indicated that the bulk of the inhabitants of the rural districts had not departed widely from the benighted state of the tribesmen who had preceded them.

The doctrine of the philosophers as to the permanence of racial ideas of religion has found abundant illustration in the Philippines. The Spaniards, in the Philippines and in their American possessions, appeared to think that when the Filipinos or the Indians were baptized and brought into the church, their minds were at once enabled to grasp the fundamental features of that intricate system of thought known as Christian doctrine, and that by this process they were civilized.

It was fortunate that the government of the United States was practically prohibited from becoming a positive teacher of any religion, and was made to rely on secular means for promoting the progress of the Filipinos. But in applying such means as, for example, instruction in a trade-school, or an apprenticeship in the government's printing establishment, it ran counter to the aspirations of a limited middle class, composed chiefly of mestizos resident in the larger towns, and violated their views concerning their capacity and the position they were destined to fill in the world. To a young Filipino of this class, it seemed strange, if not insulting, that one should urge him to learn the proper use of tools, or to enter the printing-office as an apprentice, and become familiar with the operations of the machinery. In his little knowledge and the conceit which often attends it, he felt that he was born for higher things.

In order that Filipinos of this class may become effective contributors to the advancement of their country, it is necessary that some means should be discovered for eradicating their inordinate conceit, and for making them willing to do what their hands find to do. The members of this class have little or no initiative in practical affairs. The tradition respecting the attitude of a certain class of Spaniards toward work is familiar to them. The teaching which they have received has generally dealt more with the intangible things of heaven than with the material and tangible things of earth. In youth the ambition of each of them is to become an *escribiente*, or clerk; and their ideal occupation, at all ages, is to sit at a desk in a government office. Before the age of disillusionment, they bestow much attention on their personal appearance, and find great satisfaction in being able to wear a clean white suit, a neat straw hat, and patent-leather shoes. In Java, this class of Eurasians has proved to be an embarrassing element in the population. Their European blood has given them a sense of superiority to the natives of pure Malay stock, and made them reluctant to engage in the ordinary occupations of their communities. But, like the great mass of Eurasians everywhere, they have shown themselves incompetent to fill the positions to which they have aspired.

Besides the millions of the common people and this so-called middle class, there is a class very much smaller than either of the others, which is composed of those persons who have acquired a more or less extensive education. This class embraces the men who have studied for a profession, and those who have attained a position in commercial life. Among these, a large part of whom live in Manila, are found men of widely different qualities; there are a few of solid attainments and sober judgment, but their names are not

heard in connection with revolutions or demands for independence. There are others of brilliant minds, who have a certain degree of education, but whose tempers are such that they seem to be incapable of dealing soberly with questions that touch their prejudices or personal interests. In this class, moreover, are found the politicians and all of those persons who, having recently obtained a larger measure of freedom than they had ever enjoyed before, have very naturally moved forward from demanding liberty to demanding political superiority.

With respect to the development of the Islands and the progress of the Filipinos, this group embraces the least useful members of the population as a whole, — the agitators, who, for their own advantage, play upon the ignorance of the common people. Some persons who are disposed to estimate social events everywhere in terms of American life, would measure these disturbers of the public peace by the patriots of the American colonies. But the political situation in which they are involved is as far from that of colonial New England or Virginia as the East is from the West. These are they whom certain American politicians visiting the Islands have flattered and encouraged by calling them the Washingtons and Lincolns of the Philippines.

By the efforts of the United States, order has been established where there was social chaos twelve years ago. The task was difficult, but it was accomplished with so little of the pomp and circumstance of power, that the Filipinos who were interested in the process were apparently convinced that the organizing or the administering of a government was, after all, only a simple matter.

In fact, one of the striking characteristics of the Filipino Eurasian of some education is the facility with which, in his opinion, he acquires the mastery of a subject. After studying English for a few weeks, he is willing to undertake to defend his views of pronunciation or construction against the world; and at the time of the creation of the existing civil government, as political order gradually supplanted confusion, and one province after another was organized and brought into relation to a central authority, he seemed to see no difficulties in the art of government. His inexperience, his half-knowledge, was the basis of his confidence; but, if the present régime is continued for some generations, the Filipino will acquire a general education of the Western sort, and through this he will acquire also some measure of political knowledge; and what is more hopeful is the fact that habit, established by long practice, will supplement his knowledge, and furnish his certain direction in the conduct of affairs.

But, cut loose from foreign political influences, he would run a very serious risk of lapsing into a state of social confusion relieved only by tribal rule. The Spaniards having departed, the Spanish language would gradually disappear; and the English, only recently introduced and used chiefly by the youth and the children, would be forgotten. Independence within the next forty years, if it were possible, would mean a return of the people to their native dialects, and the abolition of the existing system of instruction. After this, the forces of ancient tradition would have an opportunity to reassert themselves without effective opposition.

V

The preceding statements, which suggest a national duty, have no significance with respect to the future conduct of the United States in relation to the Philippines, unless a nation by

its acts, somewhat after the manner of an individual person, may contract, or place itself under, a moral obligation.

A person might, as an unanticipated result of the pursuit of another end, destroy the sole legitimate guide and protector of a child. He might then, in the absence of any other guardian, assume this office; but, after ten or twelve years, having become tired of his charge, he might cast off the child before he had attained sufficient maturity or sufficient knowledge of the world to enable him to avoid the dangers by which his life would be surrounded. It would be generally held that this person, partly by an unforeseen consequence of one of his acts, and partly by voluntarily assuming the control and guardianship of the child, had placed himself under a moral obligation, the repudiation of which could not but leave a disgraceful stain on his character.

If nations are subject to a moral law, this case represents not unfairly the position of the United States in relation to the Philippine Islands. When we saw that the guardian had been destroyed, we might have left the ward to the wolves, — and there were wolves in those days. But we voluntarily assumed the charge, and placed ourselves under a very grave obligation. The former Spanish ward became our ward; and now, — almost at the beginning of our guardianship, — the demands of a little group of Filipino politicians, without experience in governing, and with no adequate appreciation of the difficulties of their position, do not furnish the United States a sufficient reason for renouncing an obligation, which was assumed under an international treaty, and is rendered more solemn by our relation to millions of people, who, released from the hard rule of Spain, would be in danger of falling under the more galling rule of a native oligarchy.

The majority of American citizens have an acute appreciation of the moral aspects of public questions; and it is this surviving moral sense in the people which often arouses itself to prevent a false step, when political traders are scheming for material advantage. But, unfortunately, popular judgments, whether involving moral or any other considerations, are important only where the issue is clear. The question of the annexation of territory to the national domain is attended with great difficulties in this connection, because the ordinary man is not in a position to grasp and interpret the multitude of facts that affect the question. Even the simpler side of the case, the problem of material advantage, is seldom seen until after the passage of the years required for adjustment and development under the new conditions. No one at present denies that the bitter opposition to the annexation of Texas and California was short-sighted. Neither those who favored nor those who opposed it had any clear vision of the future. The peculiar advantage which those persons expected who desired the annexation of Texas, has long since disappeared; and the fears which especially moved the opposition, vanished before a score of years had passed.

It is quite as difficult to divine the future now as it was in the middle of the last century. The strong opposition which was aroused by the annexation of Texas and California disappeared in the course of time as the advantages of the connection became clearly manifest. The commissioners who negotiated the purchase of Louisiana, having agreed to pay the price demanded, wished to receive only a comparatively small tract about the mouth of the Mississippi, but they were virtually forced to accept the vast

region west of that river and north of the present State of Louisiana, a tract equal to a dozen states of the Union, which France threw in as a gratuity. We gained an empire, but the acquisition reflects no credit on the wisdom of the commissioners, or on the political prevision of their contemporaries.

The advantage which was sought in the Louisiana Purchase was access to the sea through the mouth of the Mississippi; but when railroads running east and west were developed to furnish an outlet to the ocean for the interior of the country, it was seen that this advantage had been greatly overestimated. The real advantage of the purchase was entirely unforeseen; and this is to a very great extent true with respect to every addition that has been made to the national domain. The Philippine Islands, with respect to the time and expense of transportation, are nearer the centre of population of the United States than was California at the time of its annexation; and in view of the vast but undeveloped resources of the Islands, and the unforeseen consequences of the transformation which the Orient is to undergo in this century, there is no wiser course open to the nation, even with reference to its own material advantage, than to adopt a waiting policy unembarrassed by pledges or promises.

Waiting is often less expensive than the consequences of precipitate action; and waiting in this case need not involve the United States in any extraordinary expenditure; for the revenues of the Islands under the control of the United States are sufficient to maintain their government and to carry on the requisite internal improvements. Those persons who look for a better condition of affairs under the supposed state of independence, should keep in mind the fact that the Islands have now the advantage of a public income which is greater than it would be if they should be left to the domination of a Malay or Eurasian oligarchy, unless new and more burdensome taxes were imposed; for, under native rule, the public revenue might be expected to decline on account of the withdrawal of capital, and by the lessening of imports consequent on the diminution of that part of the population which is accustomed to demand foreign wares; and this decline would make unavoidable the neglect of certain internal improvements, as well as of important departments of the public service — both significant steps backward toward a lower state of society.

Writers who have juggled with the statistics of Philippine revenues and expenditures have sometimes counted the cost of maintaining the American garrison as an item of expense imposed by the Philippines on the Federal treasury. But it is clear that if the soldiers of this garrison were not maintained in the Islands, they would be supported elsewhere, and consequently the only item properly chargeable to the Philippines is the comparatively unimportant cost of transportation over what would be incurred for similar service if these troops were stationed in another part of the United States. For this expense there is a certain compensation in the enlightenment which officers of the army derive from experience outside of the continental limits of the country. Officers have need of some other outlook upon the world than that which may be acquired under the deadly monotony of garrison duty in Arizona, or on some other part of the frontier. With neither adequate opportunity nor sufficient means to enable them to reside for periods of military study in foreign countries, their service in the Philippines, under new conditions, and face to face with unfamiliar problems, gives them the

advantage acquired by the study and solution of these problems.

It is possible that the consequences of victory may be quite as embarrassing temporarily as the consequences of defeat. But whatever embarrassment the United States may have suffered by the acquisition of the Philippines has been to a very great extent set aside by the efforts of the last twelve years. The social chaos of the years of transition has been reduced to order, and a government designed to increase the well-being of the whole population has been established and made effective throughout the archipelago. The public forests, of nearly fifty million acres, have been placed under regulations which the government of the United States might copy with great advantage to the present and future of this country. Courts have been created before which all cases, by whatever social class presented, may be considered freely and without prejudice. Provision for a revenue sufficient to maintain a proper government has been made without oppressive taxation. Five hundred thousand children and youth have been assembled from year to year in schools under intelligent instruction. In a legislative assembly, representatives of the people have an opportunity to participate in the work of governing, and to learn the meaning of liberty.

RENTON'S MOTHER

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

RENTON'S mother stood with one slim hand on the library mantel. Her eyes, which had been fixed on the portrait over it, were narrowed now, looking speculatively into the fire. Renton must be got away to New York. That was clear to her.

Though Renton's mother had idealized her husband; had consulted him on every question, large and small, and had abided by his decision, yet, after his death — and Renton's father died when Renton was a baby — she suddenly developed a genius, or what may have been previously a latent longing, for management. She had arranged and planned her son's life entirely. She had brought him up to obey her and respect her; yet she gave few commands, one might say none.

The boy grew up sensitive and appreciative of her every wish, swayed by her unspoken desires. You have seen a high-strung horse trained so sensitively; such a horse is called 'bridle-wise.' A mere turn of the bridle, a mere slight touch of the lines on one shoulder or the other, and it goes into the gait desired. It was a little like that. You can imagine with what nicety and firmness of hand, with what kindness and gentleness of touch, such a thing is accomplished.

His boyhood safely past, his mother had arranged for him, on his return from the university, what had the ap-

pearance of a chance meeting with the girl she had had in mind for him ever since he was a slender shock-headed lad of fourteen. The result was what she had hoped, and was indeed hardly to be wondered at. It might be unfair to say that Renton's mother made the match, because the girl's beauty itself might so easily have made it. There was a quiet fawnlike loveliness about her, something aristocratic that matched Renton's own fine high-bred air.

Somewhat later, when he had been engaged a little more than a week, Renton came to his mother one moonlight night and broke to her the news of this thing. Well, she had planned for it during some eight years, and had worked for it definitely, though unsuspected, for some five months or more, but she took it exactly as he gave it to her — as a piece of news that she, as his mother, was entitled to know. He hoped she would understand and approve, but in any case, in matters of this kind a man must be his own master, his own judge, utterly.

Renton's mother made no show of surprise, made no confession that this had long been her wish; instead, she kissed him sedately on the lips, with her two slim, condescending hands hollowed about his fine head.

'In this, as in other things, my son, I trust you — as you know — wholly. You are right. There is one choice of all others that should be a man's own. I pray God may bless you both.'

When he was gone to his room to dream dreams of this girl of his choice, Renton's mother sat in the cretonne chair in her bedroom looking out ahead of her. She was no longer first in her son's affections. But she had met that thought and disposed of it months before. Her thoughts now were glad but careful ones of future years. She was planning already how Renton's children should be raised.

Another woman might have spent some moments on her knees in humble gratitude that her son had selected for a wife a girl of the type of this girl whom Renton loved. Not so Renton's mother. She was a devout woman, but she believed in thanking God for causes, not for effects. So, while Renton lay sleepless, with white fire licking through his veins, and the devotion of a modern knight of the grail coursing through him, she knelt and thanked the Lord that he had given her the brain and judgment to direct her son's life as she had directed it; to make him the clean, sensitive fellow she had made him; and that she had been able to direct him to the love of this woman.

She tasted a little the joy of creation. She had made him what he was. In this world of her making — his world — she had said, 'Let there be light!' and there was light. She had separated the sea and the land for him; set the sun and the moon in his heavens. While he slept, as it were, she had given him a woman for his mate. It was creation, — on a small scale if you like, but it was creation. It had taken her not seven days, but twenty-eight years, altogether, of days and nights, to accomplish it; but it was hers, the work of her hands. That Renton knew nothing of all this, — believed himself to be the master of the beasts and birds of his fields, and of that paradise in which he found himself, — what was that to Renton's mother? Perhaps that was a part of her plan, too. If she could not afford generosity, who indeed could?

The engagement was like many another. Renton's mother was gracious, tactful, and the girl bent easily to her, like a young birch in a warm south wind. If, at times, it seemed to the older woman that this girl carried about her an imperturbable mystery, a kind of sacredness of possession — yet Renton's

mother turned to her own blessings, reassured. Had she not twenty-eight years, the making of his world, and all motherhood, the start of this girl? The girl would be the mother of other men, perhaps (she hoped so, a marriage without children she had always dreaded for him), but never *his* mother; that was her own part, and hers only, in the whole wide world.

When, after six months of unspoiled joy, the girl died, suddenly, Renton's mother found herself with new problems to face; perhaps, an entire world to reconstruct. The sea and land, which she had separated for him, threatened to rush together again. Would the sun and moon keep their places in his heavens? She watched apprehensively the swaying of her system. But after one night of passionate, blinding storm that rocked the faith she had taught him, and overthrew the poise in which she had trained him, Renton met the grief as she had planned and believed all her life he must and would meet grief when it came — quietly and with reserve. The sun and moon would resume their duties.

Even the day that the girl's portrait (for Edith Carter had left to Renton a portrait of herself, in a brief will she had made) came to take its place with them, Renton was as calm as his mother had all her life planned he should be in great crises. He himself superintended its placing above the mantel in the library. Only, that evening he insisted on staying late in the library, and for the first time it was he, not his mother, who was the last to go upstairs for the night.

From then on, his sorrow was a closed door to her. She knew that he suffered in some inner room, yet she never once laid a hand on the latch; though how often she stood outside the door, one hand pressed against her cheek, listening, it would be difficult to say. Renton's mother could wait. When the time came, and it would, he would speak to her. Nothing of this sort must be hurried.

After five months, she came one night, later than usual, to bid him good-night, and found him seated by the fire below the portrait, his head in his hands. That he did not look up as she entered, nor attempt to hide his mood from her, gave her rights and privileges. For the first time the door to his sorrow stood open ever so little. She was quick to note it. She had been waiting for just this moment for a long, long time. She laid her hand and arm about his shoulder. When he raised his face it was haggard and looked ill.

'Edith has been here,' he said, without preliminary, 'more real than ever, to-night. I can feel the touch of her hand when she comes; and now and then, — never at my solicitation, but of her own will, — now and then, when for her sake I have conquered something, — have done what I believed to be right, — she rewards me: she kisses me on the lips.'

His mother had not reckoned on this. For a moment she said nothing, only kept her arm about him, protectingly. At last she looked out ahead of her, trying to speak smoothly: —

'We must get it clear in our minds, Renton, just what service to her is best, just what service is the service she herself would wish. That you should remember her — keenly, keenly, yes, that is normal, natural, and as it should be. But that she should seem to you actually present — It is in that direction that men's minds' — She knew suddenly that she had taken a false step. To accuse him of a kind of madness — Besides, was it madness? She had never settled for herself the question of realities. She believed dimly in certain spiritual presences, which 'exerted certain influences.' She felt about

for the right words. Then she put one hand on his head. 'I am not out of sympathy with you, you understand that.'

He rose away from her arm, and stood looking at the portrait.

'Her hand leads or detains me, will lead or detain me all my life,' he said. 'Not the memory of her, you understand, but her hand, as actually on me as it is there on the chair in the portrait, where she stands. I used to be afraid at first that she might have gone beyond reach; but now I know that she has not; that she will not. She can hear as well as you or I. She will not leave me, thank God! As to its being a morbid fancy, do you think she would not know that and leave me if it were? Do you think she, most of all in heaven and earth, has not my good and happiness at heart? I can trust myself in her hands. In her hands!'

His mother was behind him now without a word. His voice broke into the full rhythm of verses she knew and distrusted. She had never believed it good for a man to read Rossetti. For sensual beauty in verse, Keats and Tennyson and Shelley went far enough. It came to her somewhat as a shock that he not only had read these verses, but that he recited them with so much familiarity, almost as though they had been his own. Doubtless he and Edith Carter had read them and enjoyed them together.

> 'The blessed damozel lean'd out
> From the gold bar of Heaven;
> Her eyes were deeper than the depth
> Of waters still'd at even.
> She had three lilies in her hand,
> And the stars in her hair were seven.'

He raised his head listeningly: —

> '(Ah, sweet! Even now in that bird's song,
> Strove not her accents there,
> Fain to be hearken'd? When those bells
> Possess'd the mid-day air,
> Strove not her steps to reach my side
> Down all the echoing stair?)
>
> '"I wish that he were come to me,
> For he will come," she said.
> "Have I not pray'd in Heaven? — on earth,
> Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
> Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
> And shall I feel afraid?"'

When at last he turned to his mother the intense mood had slipped from him somewhat. She stood, her closed hand against her cheek, dragging her lip down a little, that was all.

'You need have no fear,' he said, turning to her, 'I am sound in mind. I am like other men, only different in this, that I have a dead girl to whom my life is dedicated. I might have gone to the devil like many another man, who has had all the light and purpose taken from his life. But you can trust me. Edith Carter's hand is on me; as long as that is so I am safe, and shall be worthy of her.'

So it was that Renton's mother knew clearly and immediately that he must be got away to other surroundings. She who had always directed his life must rid him now of this influence which threatened her plans for him. She had a deep respect for occult powers. Like most of us, she did not know how much she believed in the dead; but this much she knew: Edith Carter, or were it only the memory of her, had vital power in her son's life, and this was to be reckoned with and broken. The hand that was on him, whether it was a mere remembered thing, or the actual touch of the dead, if you wished to go so far, — she did not, mind you, — was to be loosened, that was all. How strong the influence of memory might be, she had hardly dreamed till now, nor how potent the presence of the remembered dead. Yet she was not discouraged.

To another woman this influence in Renton's life might have seemed as it seemed to Renton, a thing beneficent, protecting. Not so to Renton's mother. She had not planned for him a complete life, with wife and friends

and children of his own, to have that plan frustrated now by a fancied memoried thing, the hand of some dead girl, some phantom on his shoulder.

After this, she used often to stop before the portrait of Edith Carter when Renton was not about. She meant to know Edith Carter better, as Renton himself knew her; to understand Edith Carter's memoried power over Renton — the better to cope with it. She stopped day after day, again and again, before the mantel, and looked into the sensitive, melancholy face of the portrait.

The girl might have been twenty-two, perhaps more; the portrait did not tell accurately, not more than portraits ever do. In pose it was as though, leaving the room, she had been stopped by some question, had paused and turned to answer. The head and face, singularly beautiful, were lifted just a little.

It was, perhaps, most of all the line of neck sweeping into the shoulder and up into the mass of hair, which gave the slender figure its patrician grace. At one moment it was as though the girl would linger still a little while; at another it was as though, detained only by a word, Edith Carter did not mean to stay.

II

Though it was certainly not as adviser that Renton's mother had asked Cousin Benjamin to come to Brent Hall, yet, owing to the wording of her letter, he believed himself to have come in that capacity, and was no little flattered and alarmed by the distinction. Cousin Benjamin was one of those inadequate souls who believe themselves particularly adequate, and especially adapted to the giving of advice.

He had been at Brent Hall some days. He came into the room one afternoon and found Renton's mother in front of the portrait. He stood beside her, silent, a moment. Then he drew his handkerchief across his forehead, as though he were warm, spread his hands to the blaze as though he were cold, shivered his shoulders straight, and cleared his throat.

'I tell you, Cousin Matilda, it 's suicidal for him to keep that thing before him. It ought to be got clear out of his sight. Why, I had a poor photograph, just a poor photograph, mind you, of Molly, — my youngest girl, you know, — taken with her hair down her back. It had the trick of her eyes — that little twinkle in the left one — (you never saw Molly, though) — well, I tell you, I put the thing away; yes, I did; for good and all. "Molly's gone," I said; "she's happier where she is. She's with her ma," I said, and I packed the thing away. I don't think I tore it up, but I should if I ever came across it again; 'pon my soul, I should.'

'Oh, no, you would n't,' Renton's mother said quietly. 'You can't tear up a thing of that kind. I fed on a photograph once myself. You actually feed on them, you know.' She narrowed her eyes with the memory. 'Then you make up your mind not to look again. Then you get so hungry, sickening hungry for the reality, that you look again; and there is the actual person looking out at you. It is that way with Renton and this portrait.'

He looked uncomfortable, and took a side glance at her. She was forever meeting him at corners with some shadowy truth which his practical brain had dodged for years. He had had exactly that experience, but had never admitted it. Now he ignored her words.

'Why should I mince matters,' he said. He spoke with noticeable gentleness, laying the matter smooth on the palm of one hand with the forefinger

of the other. 'My advice is — get the boy off *as soon as possible* to New York.'

He swept one hand off to the right decisively, to indicate that city and have done with it. Then he jerked his shoulders, ran his hands a little farther through his cuffs, brought his elbows in tight to his sides, and began laying the matter smooth again on his palm, like a man about to say something vital and important.

'Get him off to New York; *then* — have something happen to *that*.' He nodded once toward Edith Carter.

Renton's mother picked an imaginary something from her sleeve, and rid her thumb and forefinger of it very deliberately.

'I am not quite sure yet what we must do. If the girl were here I should appeal to her. Her influence must be broken. If she could be got to take her hand off him. And yet — he protests it is just she who saves him from himself.' She narrowed her eyes again.

Cousin Benjamin jerked his head back and his stomach out and shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows and brought them down nervously, then up, then down again.

'Of course — if you consider *him* a *fit judge!* If you mean to talk to me about dead women as though, as though — she's dead how many months, you say? Seven. Yes, seven months. Why should we mince matters? My dear Cousin Matilda, I do declare and profess, you talk as though she were outside the door yonder!'

His hand pointed to the door. His knees bent a little in enthusiasm for his argument, then they straightened, his body swayed back somewhat and then regained its balance, as though the matter were settled.

Renton's mother seemed pausing wisely. She had been looking into the fire a long time.

'To him she is much nearer than that.' There was silence a moment; then she spoke very deliberately. 'He tells me this himself. It is because of her that he lives as he lives. You have only to look in the boy's face to know. He is dedicated to her, body and soul.'

Cousin Benjamin took up the argument again, like a man vindicated.

'Just what I tell you. *Just* what I tell you! Get him away. Get him away!' He held his hands out as though to show her the matter once and for all, clean and plain, and for the last time. 'Is he to go on like this? Tell me, *is* he?'

Renton's mother put her forehead against her hand on the mantel, and looked into the fire, like a woman who has time, much time, to think. Cousin Benjamin filled the pause with his handkerchief, for which he found a hundred nervous uses in and out of his coat-tails and around his collar.

'When I think of the boy after I am gone' — Her speech went slowly as though impeded by some heavy thought.

'That's it!' Cousin Benjamin felt of his coat-tails again, sent his arms shooting through his cuffs a little, with a jerk, to gain courage; wiped his fingers of some imaginary something. 'That's it, exactly!'

'Alone,' she continued, uninterrupted, 'with no woman in his life' — she narrowed her eyes the better to scan the bare waste of it, — 'no physical realities; with no children, — then I feel it is a matter I cannot leave to God. I must manage it myself, you see.' There was something proudly insistent, yet explanatory in her tone. — 'I am his mother.' She smiled and added, — not to Cousin Benjamin, not to any one; a mere fact stated — and she managed to state it without irreverence — only there was something a little weary

and condescending in her voice, — 'Even God had a mother.'

Cousin Benjamin took another sidewise look at her, then began again on his argument: —

'Look at his life as it is; and look at what it ought to be. I can see him in me mind's eye: a cosy room,' — he closed one eye as though the better to see, — 'at the other side of the table a real flesh-and-blood woman. Roses in her cheeks, lace and things round her neck, and sewing on little frocks by the light of the evening lamp. Children playing around (the crowning blessing of love!). What if death does come. Suppose even the *second* woman dies! He's got real things left. He is forced to live for the future of his children.'

He paused, and with a few nervous gestures got ready for the rest of his argument.

'Take a girl like Louise Henry, for instance. I was telling you about her — She's the kind! — real and warm as a bird. Have n't you ever held a warm bird in your hand?' He drew back as she shuddered. He remembered now she had always been afraid of birds. ''Fraid of 'em? Well, some women are. Louise Henry is like that, though. I tell you, get him away! Then look at that girl as nothing but paint and canvas and get *her* away. Cut her out of the frame. Lord! burn her up!'

'I mean to get him away, of course,' she said quietly. 'It was for that I asked you to come. I wanted you to tell me very exactly about New York.'

It took Cousin Benjamin a moment to right himself. All his argument had been unnecessary, then; a kind of useless extravagance. He took a quick, half-baffled, half-disconcerted look at her. Her eyes were on the portrait. He took a look at it, too.

Edith Carter's eyes met theirs with the same sureness, the same melancholy. The pause in her going seemed very slight. The pose was a strangely living one. She seemed almost on the point of departure.

There was a step outside. The door into the hall opened and Renton came in. For a moment no one spoke. There was among them the unbroken chill of the inopportune moment. Then Renton threw his whip and riding-cap and gloves on the table.

'It is snowing,' he said, with the air of a man who speaks for courtesy's sake.

III

From New York Renton wrote often; but the letters which Renton's mother opened first, and not always with steady fingers, were addressed in the large flowing hand of Cousin Benjamin. They were, oftenest, short; sometimes mere bulletins; but she read and reread them, and sometimes carried them in her bosom. A less sensitive woman would have read them less often; but to Renton's mother there was much to be got out of them, even at a tenth reading.

To most people those days at Brent Hall might have seemed — would have been — killingly void. To Renton's mother they were full to the brim. Every detail of the plan for her son was to be thought out.

As yet no very great encouragement had come through the letters she received. Cousin Benjamin's were sanguine, but reported Renton as reserved, untouched, so far; yet he took a bit of interest, too, in the city. 'Off to himself a great deal, — but Rome was not built in a day, my dear Cousin Matilda.' She wearied of the reiteration of a tiresome sentiment which she knew as well as, or better than, most people.

One day, pausing before the portrait, she spoke to it suddenly, softly: —

'Why don't you help me, my dear? It is for his good.'

After that, for several days she avoided the library altogether; then afterwards for several days more, whenever she entered, she opened the door half apologetically. About ten days later, as she was leaving the room for the night, she paused and spoke once again to the portrait, almost pleadingly this time: —

'Let him see the world a little, my girl, — it is every man's right; and other women — other women than yourself.'

One day, about three weeks after this, her cheeks flew a flag all day. For the first time Renton's letters mentioned Louise Henry, though she knew, from Cousin Benjamin's letters, how long a time before that Renton had met her.

The sentence ran, 'She is a distant cousin of the Ratcliffes, and beautiful like them. You would like her. She has good blood — the thing you make such a point of. She is patrician. She has the clear look in between the eyes that comes with nothing else, and the easy grace and the lofty gentleness.'

Her heart quickened somewhat as she read, and re-read, this sentence many times. She glanced at the portrait. Edith Carter, meeting her look, was patrician, too, — the clear look between the eyes, the lofty gentleness, — Renton's entire description was there. Not that the women were alike, exactly, but in essentials, in essentials, she told herself. Then she looked at the matter more closely. Was the likeness an encouraging or a discouraging thing? Might not Louise Henry only remind him of Edith Carter?

So the flag fluttered and drooped, fluttered and drooped again, in her cheeks all day.

She sat longer than usual in front of the library fire that evening, until the shadows had crept up around the portrait. She rose at last and peered through these shadows at the girl's face.

'I wish,' she said at last, — she looked about her to make sure no one was near to overhear, — 'I wish you would think of his good as I do. Think it over, my dear; I don't ask you to decide at once.'

The winter passed slowly. Then some indescribable ennui settled down beside Renton's mother; such unbearable tedium as comes with waiting for a letter that never arrives. Not that letters lacked, but Louise Henry was not mentioned in them; scarcely even in Cousin Benjamin's now, except very occasionally, very trivially.

Cousin Benjamin was vague, almost equivocal, full of a persistent cheer that might, however, mean one thing, might mean another. As to Renton's letters — although studiously regular, they lacked fire and intimacy.

Renton's mother considered whether it might not be best for her to go to New York, herself. Once on the ground she could judge better. She wrote to Cousin Benjamin. In return she had this letter, much underlined: —

'If he sees you it may *perhaps* bring him right back to Edith Carter, who I have reason to think he is forgetting. Not *altogether*, you understand. One cannot expect that. *Rome was not built in a day*. In any case he is seeing life and real people; *not* dead ones. He has taken to going to the theatre of late. My opinion is you must let him alone; let him take *his own* course. Even if he chose to go in for wine and fast women, I'd still say, *let him alone*. Plenty of men go in for that sort of thing. It's *real*, anyway. I'd rather have him with a flesh-and-blood woman — I *would n't care who* — than to have him spending his days and nights with a phantom.'

Yes, she believed in leaving him alone, certainly; else why should she be here and he there. But there was

the question how far one dared trust Providence.

She wrote to Cousin Benjamin in her neat, somewhat illegible hand, —

'I have decided not to go to New York. As to wine and fast women, I thank God, who permitted me to give him better ideals.'

Later she wrote, —

'In one of your former letters, you spoke vaguely of a great variety of classes of women in New York, for a man to choose from. One of his own class, exactly, is what I would wish for him. Not having seen Louise Henry, I cannot tell. But I shall drive to Charlottesville when the roads are passable, to see the Ratcliffes, who know her, and will write you then. Tell me frankly, when you write, if she cares for my boy.'

If she did not care, then the path was clear to Renton's mother, she would go to New York — and handle the matter herself. The girl must be got to care. Girls — beautiful ones especially — rarely know their own minds. Youth and beauty flaunt, and presume on good fortune, like daffodils in the first warm breezes of March. Louise Henry would thank her later.

In reply, however, Renton's mother had this: —

'Yes, the girl *does* care. Why should I mince matters? There's no doubt in my mind, not a particle. Not breaking her heart, she is n't that kind — but *cares*' (three times underscored). 'Let him take his time, though. Rome was n't built in a day. After all you can't tell. He has n't found himself yet.'

By-and-by she wrote, —

'I have been to Charlottesville. I have seen Louise Henry's photograph. The oldest Ratcliffe girl has one. She has a beautiful face. I am very pleased with it.'

In reply came this: —

'Louise Henry *is* the girl, *exactly*, to be his wife, and the mother of his children. There's only *one* kind of woman for that. The trouble is — he *is n't free just now* to see her for the stunning fine girl she is. That's the point. You used to speak of Edith Carter having her hand on him. Well, he is being held fast. What he needs is to be free. You can't run the universe — more's the pity. If you could, I'd say, "*Hands off!*" that's all. I'd have him free, scot-free, twenty-four hours from the hand of *any* woman, alive or dead. When he woke from the unreal things that spoil his life — maybe he'd wake to Louise Henry. Maybe he'd see her as the girl to fulfill his manhood. I don't know. The point is — I say — hands off! The question is, *how*. You've just got to leave the thing to chance. Rome was n't built in a day. — I know I say it often; but it's true.'

Here was a letter, indeed! Renton's mother read it and re-read it. It was by all odds the least satisfactory letter Cousin Benjamin had written her. It was full of vague things that you might interpret this way or that. He practically owned himself defeated, yet he admitted that she was right about Louise Henry. She ran her eye over the lines again. 'You've just got to leave the thing to chance.' She pressed her thin lips together. That might be the solution for Cousin Benjamin, scarcely for the mother of Renton. To chance! Scarcely! There were several things she might do. She might go to him at once — but no, that might bring the home associations about him more strongly than ever. She would write a letter to him, such a letter as would put a duty on him, stronger than any duty in his life.

Throughout the day she said over sentences that might sway him; weighed sentiments which might bend him;

thoughts or phrases that might stir him. It was no light matter, nor to be done with haste or ease. Late in the afternoon she began writing. After supper she went back to the library table. Every now and then she would stop, with her head on one side, her closed hand on her cheek, to re-read, her lips moving without sound. In almost every case the sheet was discarded for a fresh one.

At last she gathered up all the papers slowly, tore them this way and that, and put them in the fire.

A dry branch tapped against the north window. She paused a moment to look in that direction through the shadows; then she seated herself uneasily before the fire, on the edge of her chair. Once she glanced up at the portrait; once she looked over her shoulder. At last she got up and, with another quick glance around the room, went to the portrait and looked at it. Her lips moved. The words were just audible.

'I don't know *how* to deal with you,' she said softly. 'I *wish* you were living. I *wish* you could hear me.'

The portrait's eyes met hers, as they met all things, with heavy-lidded, half-sad gaze.

Renton's mother turned and walked away a little, with her head bent. Then she stopped and came back and laid one hand on the mantel.

'I think you are living somewhere,' she said softly. 'You have heard me, and you do hear me now. You must.' She put her other hand on the mantel. They were powerful slim hands, with delicately blue veins on them. 'It is this way, my dear. You love him and I love him. We are the two who love him longest and best. But now there is another woman. It appears she loves him, too. If he, in turn, should love her, you would, of course, no longer be his first thought. It would be with you as it was with me when he began to care for you. But don't think of yourself. I did not.' She paused and looked away and spoke, not to the girl, but to herself. 'Why, I am his *mother*, — and you, my girl, are only his first love.' Her glance came back. 'Besides, it is a woman's place to forget herself for the man she loves. When I chose you for him a long time ago, I chose you because of that. I said, "She will be a worthy wife, a girl who can lose her interests in his; a girl who will gladly go into the valley of death to bear him a child, — who would give up her life gladly, gladly for him, if occasion called." Now think a minute. Can't you do this thing I ask of you? — Can't you give him up? — For his good, you know. This other woman loves him. She will bring him the real things of life. She will bear him children, — flesh and blood.'

She looked about her, conscious of having reached the most difficult point. When she turned back from the shadows to the portrait, it was cautiously, as though she were afraid to meet the heavy-lidded eyes.

The same dead branch tapped against the window, warningly. She stopped to listen, and it stopped. She turned to the portrait once more. 'Let him be free, Edith Carter; let him be free to go to the woman who draws him. Let him have a man's part. You who profess to love him, take your hands off him to-night. Let him have a real woman of flesh and blood in his arms to-night, not you — not you. Loose him and let him go. I do not mean to be cruel. You will always be his first love; the sweetest of all his memories. He will turn to you many a time; you may even to the end be the lady of his soul. But this other woman' — She was pleading now with a kind of cunning. 'I only ask you, my dear, for twenty-four hours. After that — come

back to his memory, if you like. I merely want to try the experiment, for his good. For his good, you know. You can still serve him, by sacrificing yourself in this matter. Think of his good. I am his mother. Go! Go!' She paused a moment. 'Take away your white dead hand from him,' she said. 'Take it away, if you love him.'

There was absolute silence. Not even the little branch said anything. The flames in the grate had all died down; there were only red coals, — a bed of them. The shadows in the past quarter of an hour had crept slowly, cautiously, with innumerable little retreats, while the fire still flickered, closer to the grate. Once a little spent flame flared suddenly, and they leaped back softly behind the chairs and sofas and retreated to the corners. Then, as the flame died down, they approached again, soft-footed, formless things. They were crouched close to the hearth now as the glow in the grate died — and they laid unfelt hands on the skirt of the woman who stood before the portrait.

Renton's mother turned her head slowly, very slowly, like one afraid to look over her shoulder. This thing, of talking to the dead, had wrought upon her imaginative nature. One gaunt hand, the one which wore its wedding ring, pressed her cheek heavily and drew down her lip at the corner. She faced the room, her head up, like one who has fears, yet is not afraid. She made a step or two forward, then paused, then went to each window and pulled down each blind, sharply, softly. She went to the door leading into the hall. She did not once look toward the portrait. As she opened the door the little branch beat again insistently, as though it still had something to say. She paused, and lifted her head, a little as though daring it. It stopped. She stepped into the hall, pulled the door to softly after her, turned the key heavily in the lock. She made her way up the bare stairs in the dark, her gown slimping after her.

At the top of the landing she started and paused abruptly, one hand tense on the banister. There was a dull crash below stairs. It might have been the overturning of something in the library. The sound was gone quickly, and the silence stepped in softly again. She glided down the broad upper hall in the dark, toward her room, like a shadow in a dream, only the frightened flush-flushing of her skirt following her rapidly along the matting. She locked her door after her that night, as was not her custom.

IV

She did not go into the library to investigate. For two days the door to it remained locked. She was unwilling to meet the eyes of the portrait. There had been some sort of psychological reaction. She felt that she had done some absurd and morbid thing, something abnormal, which yet was so far real that she half believed in it. She avoided the portrait as she would have avoided a person, yet remembering perfectly, too, that it was only a portrait. She had placed the key to the library under her prayer-book, on the little table at her bed's head.

She waited for the mail with a kind of feverish anxiety. A letter from Cousin Benjamin made her heart beat.

'Mind you, I don't say yet that it is advisable that you come. It may be. If I think so I will send for you.'

There was no word from Renton. — She turned over in her mind how she could touch up her black silk. She had a pride in being her best before Louise Henry. Not that one Virginia woman needs a silk dress in the presence of another; but a man's mother —

Two days went by, and in these no letters. Then — She looked up suddenly, her needle poised. The station fly was rumbling up the driveway.

She put her sewing by with a little frantic hurried movement, rose and stood still, one hand on her breast. Was Renton returning? Had all her care been for naught?

The fly did not come up to the door. It stopped halfway, and Cousin Benjamin got down from it and walked toward the house.

She laid down her needle with a trembling hand, and went down the steps to the lower hall and opened the door and drew him in. Her face was between apprehension and pleasure.

'You need me? You wish me to come at once?' she said. 'Why did you come?'

He rid himself of his overcoat, hung it on the hat-rack, and turned to the library.

'No, not there,' she said; and crossed to the unused parlor. In it, she turned on him suddenly, with the fingers of one hand on her brooch.

'Why did you come?' — Then, as he did not answer, — 'Is it good news?

Cousin Benjamin looked helpless, then he coughed.

'No, — it is n't good news; — er — why should we mince matters? It's anything but good news. God help me. — It's a sorry business.'

Her hand went up to her throat, like a knowing thing, and as though it might help her to speak.

'He does not care for her? It is all useless? He is coming back with Edith Carter still in his heart.' She nodded once toward the library door. 'Is that what you came to tell me?'

Cousin Benjamin got out his handkerchief, drew it across his forehead; wadded it, and drew it across his forehead again. He was in great trouble, no doubt.

'Sit down,' he said, indicating, with the wadded handkerchief, a low armchair. He seated himself on a little spindle-legged chair opposite her. 'My dear Cousin Matilda, the ways of God are inscrutable. Nor you nor I can explain them.'

'What do you mean to tell me?' she said, almost a little hoarsely. 'What is the worst that can have happened to him?'

'I spoke to you of wine and women' —

She nodded.

'Well, I kept it from you. You seemed so sure of him right along. He had better ideals, you said. I thought he had, too. I thought he'd never get into that sort of thing. And yet, a man, even if he does not actually expect that kind of thing of another man, still knows it is likely to happen. — You see, I thought it was a phase only. Moreover, I remembered the Carter girl. I'm not sentimental, Lord, no! But somehow I thought she'd save him; the memory of her. I'd got it in my head she'd keep her hand on him; would n't let him go, you know. Then, there was Louise Henry, too; I never gave up hoping he 'd care about her. But Louise Henry, though she loved him, never had the power.' He shook his head. 'Never had the power. And the dead girl — I don't know what happened to her. — You said she had a hand on him; that she kept him from himself. Well, she took her hand off him that one night. She must have let him go. He forgot her. She forgot him. Something got in his blood. I don't know. — The other woman was beautiful, you see. He believed in her at first. They generally do. — You know Kipling's "Vampire"?'

'I do not know anything of Kipling's,' she said, with tense control. 'Let me demand of you to tell me a plain story plainly.'

'Why should I mince matters!' The man spoke helplessly, and with effort. 'I did not see the whole cause of it. I believe now, he tried to keep true to the best in himself, — to the dead girl yonder, if you like, — until the very last. Yes, I'm sure he tried. Then, two nights ago — I suppose the thing was hard. You know, — no, you don't know, — how a man's passion can rise suddenly and sweep him off his feet.' He flung out one arm. 'Maybe he wished to be strong — most men who have led his life — She was the sort of woman to lead a man on, and he never guessing it. — You did n't bring him up right. You never warned him of the danger a man meets in his own passions. He did n't know the world. He believed in women — all women. I don't know what he went through. I only know your dead girl did not save him.'

The woman's hands went up, supplicating, then quieted themselves, each in each, again.

'Yes? And then?' She waited, awfully.

'Why should we mince matters! Two days ago — I was called up at three o'clock at night — by telephone. The woman — It was in her house — Why should we —' He broke off abruptly. 'I cannot go on' — he said, rising.

Renton's mother rose also. One hand still quieted the other tightly.

'Why should you be a coward?' she said softly. 'Look at me. Why in heaven's name should *you* be a coward? There are other things left in life after disgrace. Don't you suppose that to a man's wife — to a man's mother — Do you suppose anything, *anything* matters to a man's mother? Go on — It was in her house — *What?*'

'That he was found' —

'Yes. — Go on.'

'That he was found — dead.'

Some fearful light glowed up in her a moment; then she took a step and steadied herself with one hand against a chair; the other, tight-closed, was pressed against her cheek, dragging her lip down. It was easier for the man to speak now than to endure her silence, and he hurried on with his excuses.

'I did not let you know. There was nothing to be done. I knew you were alone here. I feared you might — well, I did n't know what you would do. I only knew I could save you two days knowledge, until I myself could explain. — It seemed merciful. — I could bring the poor boy back myself —'

He thought she would have cried out. Instead she slipped sidewise into her chair. Her voice when she spoke was not weak: —

'It was by his own hand?'

Cousin Benjamin did not speak.

She put her face in her hands, and rocked herself slightly. 'Ah!' she said, letting her breath out softly, as though in pain. When she spoke her voice was low and hoarse: —

'Oh, Cousin Benjamin, if you had not tried to direct things yourself, manage them yourself. What *right* had you?' She stopped and looked out helplessly ahead of her, her hands drawn half down her face. 'You should have sent for *me*, — for his mother.'

Cousin Benjamin got up and walked back and forth. When he turned, her face was in her hands again. She was murmuring something softly to herself. A few moments later she rose and glided past him and up to her own room.

An hour or more passed before he saw her again. Before he was aware of her, she had glided into the hushed parlor and put her hand on his arm. Her face was haggard. In the other hand she held a key.

'Come with me,' she said. 'We must open the library for him.'

They stood inside the doorway. The room was cold and dark, the blinds all down. In a peevish east wind the little bough tapped insistently against the north window — as though it had known all the while, had warned and warned repeatedly, and had been disregarded, and would call attention to that fact.

Cousin Benjamin and Renton's mother did not hear or notice it. Before the empty fireplace, face forward, the portrait lay. The sharp corner of the iron fender had cut into it in its fall. Renton's mother went to it, a few hurried steps; then, there was a hushed pause. Cousin Benjamin raised the portrait and steadied it, so that it leaned against the brasses of the fireplace. Renton's mother stepped back from it and steadied herself with one hand on the table, the other, closed, pressed against her cheek.

The picture in its fall had struck the iron fender, and a dark gash cut it across — marring the face, part of the body, and one of the delicate hands.

Renton's mother drew her eyes away at last and held out her hand to Cousin Benjamin.

'Come away,' she said.

They left the room with steps that tried not to be too hurried, and somewhat like children who dare not look back.

They did not speak of the portrait until late that night when Renton's body lay in the unaccustomed parlor.

'You will do with the picture what you think best,' she said, in answer to Cousin Benjamin's rather nervous question.

He waited until early daylight of the morning after the funeral. He would rather not have any one to give him advice in the matter. He kindled a fire in the empty fireplace, cut the marred picture from its frame, doubled it somewhat to fit the grate, laid the tongs against it to keep it from falling outward on the hearth, made sure it had caught fire, left the room, and held the door to by its knob for several minutes.

When he went back to make sure that all was safe, only the shadowy semblance of a burned thing lay in the grate, and fell into flaked ashes as he removed the tongs.

Two days later, Renton's mother, one thin hand holding together a little worsted shawl, stood on the verandah, bidding Cousin Benjamin good-bye.

'Tell Louise Henry that some time, some time I shall wish to see her. Not yet; by-and-by. Tell her I am glad she loved him.'

The rain beat in on the verandah in dreary gusts.

'Go back, I beg of you! You will take cold!'

Cousin Benjamin pressed her hand again, put his hat on securely, with both hands, back and front; held his head sidewise a little against the beat of the wind, and hurried down the steps.

The station man, his head on one side also, already held open the door of the station fly. Cousin Benjamin entered. The door was banged to. The station man mounted, folded the skirts of his coat about him carefully, wrapped the lap-robe outside of these, sat down, took up the rains, shook them out a little.

The station fly moved off at a brisk trot. Cousin Benjamin leaned forward with his hat raised. Renton's mother watched him drive away until the curve of the roadway hid the fly from view. Then she turned and went back into the empty house. From the window of the sitting-room where she often sat to sew, she could see the new-made grave. At her wish they had made it there, just at the foot of the lawn, where she could keep watch of it.

THE COST OF MODERN SENTIMENT

BY AGNES REPPLIER

We are rising on the crest of a great wave of sentiment, rising swiftly, strongly, and without fear. When the wave breaks, we may find ourselves submerged and in some danger of drowning; but for the present we are full of hope and high resolve. Thirty years ago we stood in shallow water, and mocked a little at the mid-Victorian sentiment, then ebbing with the tide. We have nothing now in common with that fine, thin conception of life and its responsibilities. We do not prate about duty and domesticity. Humanity is our theme. We do not feel that fastidious distaste for repulsive details which made our grandparents culpably negligent. All knowledge, apart from its quality, and apart from our requirements, now seems to us desirable. Taste is no longer a controlling force. We in no wise resemble the sentimentalists of Germany, who played with personal emotions, who found expression in music and in literature, who debauched their intellects with wild imaginings, treating love as a whirlwind, and suicide as an inspiration; but who left us out of that mad chaos some grace of human understanding. Our beliefs and our aspirations are more closely akin to the great enthusiasms which swept France before the Revolution: enthusiasms nobly born, and profoundly unballasted, which promised unity, and which gave confusion, which sought practical outlets, and which fell, shattered by currents they could not control.

The sentiment of to-day is social and philanthropic. It has no affiliations with art, which stands apart from it, — a new experience for the world. It dominates periodical literature, minor verse, and serious fiction; but it has so far given nothing of permanent value to letters. It is strong politically, and is echoed from all party platforms. It is sure of a hearing, and it is held too sacred for assault. It is a force to be reckoned with, and to be controlled. It is capable of raising us to a better and clearer vision, or of weakening our judgment, and shattering our common sense. If we value our safety, we must forever bear in mind that sentiment is a subjective and a personal thing. However exalted, and however ardent, it cannot be accepted as a weight for justice, or as a test of truth.

The three issues with which our modern sentiment chiefly concerns itself are the progress of women, the conditions of labor, and the social evil. Sometimes these issues are commingled. Always they have a bearing upon one another. There is also a distinct and perilous tendency toward sentiment in matters political and judicial; while an excess of emotionalism is the stumbling-block of those noble societies which work for the protection of animals. As a single example of this last unfortunate proclivity, I quote a paragraph copied from one of Mrs. Annie Besant's wild rhapsodies, which I found offered as a serious argument in the accredited journal of an American philanthropic society.

'The killing of animals in order to

devour their flesh is so obviously an outrage on all humane feelings, that one feels almost ashamed to mention it in a paper that is regarding man as a director of evolution. If any one who eats flesh could be taken to the shambles, to watch the agonized struggles of the terrified victims as they are dragged to the spot where knife or mallet slays them; if he could be made to stand with the odors of the blood reeking in his nostrils; if there his astral vision could be opened so that he might see the filthy creatures that flock round to feast on the loathsome exhalations, and see also the fear and horror of the slaughtered beasts as they arrive in the astral world, and send back thence currents of dread and hatred that flow between men and animals in constantly re-fed streams; if a man could pass through these experiences, he would be cured of meat-eating forever.'

Now when one has belonged for many years to the society which reprinted this precious paragraph, when one has believed all one's life that to be sentient is to possess rights, and that, not kindness only, but justice to the brute creation is an essential element of decent living, it is hard to be confronted with unutterable nonsense about astral visions and astral currents. It is harder still to be held indirectly responsible for the publication of such nonsense, and to entertain for the thousandth time the weary conviction that common sense is not a determining factor in philanthropy.

Mr. Chesterton, upon whom the delight of startling his readers never seems to pall, has declared that men are more sentimental than women, 'whose only fault is their excessive sense.' Also that the apparent absorption of the modern world in social service is not the comprehensive thing it seems. The general public still remains indifferent. This may or may not be true. It is as hard for Mr. Chesterton as for the rest of us to know much about that remnant of the public which is not writing, or lecturing, or collecting data, or collecting funds, or working for clubs and societies. But no one can say that the social reformer is the slighted creature that he was half a century ago. He meets with the most distinguished consideration, and he is always accorded the first hearing in print and on the platform. He commands our respect when he deals soberly with sober facts in sober language, when his conclusions are just, his statements irrefutable. He is less praiseworthy when he flies to fiction, an agreeable but unconvincing medium; or to verse, which, as the theologian said of *Paradise Lost*, 'proves nothing.' It is very good verse sometimes, and its grace of sentiment, its note of appeal, find an easy echo in the reader's heart. A little poem called 'The Factories,' published in *McClure's Magazine* for September, 1912, gives an almost perfect example of the modern point of view, of the emotional treatment of an economic question, and of the mental confusion which arises from the substitution of sympathy for exactness.

I have shut my little sister in from life and light
(For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair),
I have made her restless feet still until the night,
Locked from sweets of summer, and from wild spring air:
I who ranged the meadow-lands, free from sun to sun,
Free to sing, and pull the buds, and watch the far wings fly,
I have bound my sister till her playing-time is done, —
Oh, my little sister, was it I? — was it I?

I have robbed my sister of her day of maidenhood
(For a robe, for a feather, for a trinket's restless spark),
Shut from Love 'till dusk shall fall, how shall she know good,

How shall she pass scatheless through the sin-lit dark?
I who could be innocent, I who could be gay,
I who could have love and mirth before the light went by,
I have put my sister in her mating-time away, —
Sister, my young sister, was it I? — was it I?

I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast
(For a coin, for the weaving of my children's lace and lawn),
Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that cannot rest:
How can she know motherhood, whose strength is gone?
I who took no heed of her, starved and labor-worn,
I against whose placid heart my sleepy gold-heads lie,
Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn —
God of Life — Creator! It was I! It was I.

Now if by 'I' is meant the average woman who wears the 'robe,' the 'ribbon,' the 'feather,' and possibly — though rarely — the 'wreath across my hair,' 'I' must protest distinctly against assuming a guilt which is none of mine. I have not shut my little sister in a factory, any more than I have ranged the meadow-lands, 'free from sun to sun.' What I probably am doing is trying to persuade my sister to cook my dinner, and sweep my house, and help me to take care of my 'gold-heads,' who are not always so sleepy as I could desire. If my sister declines to do this at a wage equal to her factory earnings, and with board and lodging included, she is well within her rights, and I have no business, as is sometimes my habit, weakly to complain of her decision. If I made my household arrangements acceptable to her, she would come. As this is difficult or distasteful to me, she goes to a factory instead. The right of every man and woman to do the work he or she chooses to do, and can do, at what wages, and under what conditions he or she can command, is the fruit of centuries of struggle. It is now so well established that only the trade unions venture to deny it.

In that vivid and sad study of New York factory life, published by the Century Company a dozen years ago, under the title of *The Long Day*, a girl who is out of work, and who has lost her few possessions in a lodging-house fire, seeks counsel of a wealthy stranger who has befriended her.

'The lady looked at me a moment out of fine, clear eyes.

'"You would not go into service, I suppose?" she asked slowly.

'I had never thought of such an alternative before, but I met it without a moment's hesitation. "No, I would not care to go into service," I replied; and, as I did so, the lady's face showed mingled disappointment and disgust.

'"That is too bad," she answered, "for, in that case, I'm afraid I can do nothing for you." And she went out of the room, leaving me, I must confess, not sorry for having thus bluntly decided against wearing the definite badge of servitude.'

Here at least is a refreshingly plain statement of facts. The girl in question bore the servitude imposed upon her by the foremen of half a dozen factories; she slept for many months in quarters which no domestic servant would consent to occupy; she ate food which no servant would be asked to eat; she associated with young women whom no servant would accept as equals and companions. But, as she had voluntarily relinquished comfort, protection, and the grace of human relations between employer and employed, she accepted her chosen conditions, and tried successfully to better them along her chosen lines. The reader is made to understand that it was as unreasonable for the benevolent lady — who had visions of a trim and white-

capped parlor-maid dancing before her eyes — to show 'disappointment and disgust' because her overtures were rejected, as it would have been to charge the same lady with robbing the girl of her 'day of maidenhood,' and her 'little souls unborn,' by shutting her up in a factory. If we will blow our minds clear of generous illusions, we shall understand that an emotional verdict has no validity when offered as a criterion of facts.

The excess of sentiment, which is misleading in philanthropy and economics, grows acutely dangerous when it interferes with legislation, or with the ordinary rulings of morality. The substitution of a sentimental principle of authority for the impersonal processes of law confuses our understanding, and undermines our sense of justice. It is a painful truth that most laws have had their origin in a profound mistrust of human nature (even Mr. Olney admits that the Constitution, although framed in the interests of freedom, is not strictly altruistic); but the time is hardly ripe for brushing aside this ungenerous mistrust, and establishing the social order on a basis of pure enthusiasm. The reformers who lightheartedly announce that people are 'tired of the old Constitution anyway,' voice the buoyant creed of ignorance. I heard last winter a popular lecturer say of a popular idol that he 'preferred making precedents to following them,' and the remark evoked a storm of applause. It was plain that the audience considered following a precedent to be a timorous and unworthy thing for a strong man to do; and it was equally plain that nobody had given the matter the benefit of a serious thought. Believers in political faith-healing enjoy a supreme immunity from doubt.

This growing contempt for paltry but not unuseful restrictions, this excess of sentiment, combined with paucity of humor and a melodramatic attitude toward crime, has had some discouraging results. It is ill putting the strong man, or the avenging angel, or the sinned-against woman above the law, which is a sacred trust for the preservation of life and liberty. It is ill so to soften our hearts with a psychological interest in the law-breaker that no criminal is safe from popularity. More than a year ago the *Nation* commented grimly on the message sent to the public by a murderer, and a singularly cold-blooded murderer, through the minister who attended him on the scaffold. 'Mr. Beattie desired to thank his many friends for kind letters and expressions of interest, and the public for whatever sympathy was felt or expressed.'

It sounds like a cabinet minister who has lost an honored and beloved wife; not like a murderer who lured his wife to a lonely spot, and there pitilessly killed her. One fails to see why 'kind letters' and 'expressions of interest' should have poured in upon this malefactor, just as one fails to see why a young woman who shot her lover, a few months later, in Columbus, Ohio, should have received an ovation in the court-room. It was not even her first lover (it seldom is); but when a gallant jury had acquitted her of all blame in the trifling matter of manslaughter, 'the crowd shouted its approval,' 'scores of women spectators rushed up to her, and insisted upon kissing her,' and an intrepid suitor, stimulated by circumstances which might have daunted a less venturesome man, announced his intention of marrying the heroine on the spot. It must be a mighty rebound from the old callous cruelty, — the heart-sickening cruelty of the eighteenth century, — which has made us so tender to criminals, and so lenient to their derelictions.

Imprisonment alone is not
A thing of which we would complain,
Add ill-conwenience to our lot,
But do not give the convick pain.

Sentiment has been defined as a revolt from the despotism of facts. It is often a revolt from authority, which to the sentimentalist seems forever despotic; and this revolt, or rather this easy disregard of authority, is fatal to the noblest efforts of the humanitarian. The women of position and wealth who, three years ago, threw the weight of their sympathy into the cause of the striking shirtwaist makers were all well-intentioned, but not all well-advised. In so far as they upheld the strikers in what were, on the whole, just and reasonable demands, they did good work; and the substantial aid they gave was sweetened by the spirit in which it was given, — the sense of fellow feeling with their kind. But there is also no doubt that one of the lessons taught at this time to our foreign-born population was that the laws of our country may be disregarded with impunity. The rioters who attacked the 'scabs,' and were arrested for disorderly conduct, were immediately and enthusiastically released, to become the heroines of the hour. When I remonstrated with a friend who had given bail for a dozen of these young law-breakers, she answered reproachfully, 'But they are so ignorant and helpless. There were two poor bewildered girls in court yesterday who did not know enough English to understand the charge made against them. You could not conceive of anything more pathetic.'

I said that a young woman who bowled over another young woman into the gutter understood perfectly the charge made against her, whether she spoke English or not. One does not have to study French or Spanish to know that one may not knock down a Frenchman or a Spaniard. No civilized country permits this robust line of argument. But reason is powerless when sentiment takes the helm. It would be as easy to argue with a conflagration as with unbalanced zeal. The amazing violence of the English militant suffragists, a violence at once puerile and malicious, like the rioting of bad children, affords the liveliest possible example of untrammeled emotionalism. A rudimentary sense of humor would prevent such absurdities, a rudimentary sense of proportion would forbid such crimes. Michelet defined woman as a creature always feeble and often furious; but although, individually, her feebleness may cost her dear, collectively, she loses only through her fury. The vision of a good cause debauched by hysteria is familiar to all students of history; but it is no less melancholy for being both recognizable and ridiculous.

Perhaps a moderate knowledge of history — which, though discouraging, is also enlightening — might prove serviceable to all the enthusiasts who are engaged in making over the world. So many of them (in this country at least) talk and write as if nothing in particular had happened between the Deluge and the Civil War. A lady lecturer, very prominent in social work, made last year the gratifying announcement that 'the greatest discovery of the nineteenth century is woman's discovery of herself. It is only within the last fifty years that it has come to be realized that a woman is human, and has a right to think and act for herself.'

Now, after all, the past cannot be a closed page, even to one so exclusively concerned with the present. A little less lecturing, a little more reading, and such baseless generalizations would be impossible, even on that stronghold of ignorance, the platform. If women failed to discover themselves a hundred

or a hundred and fifty years ago, it was because they had never been lost; it was because their important activities left them no leisure for self-contemplation. Yet Miss Jane Addams, who has toiled so long and so nobly for the bettering of social conditions, and whose work lends weight to her words, displays in *A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil* the same placid indifference to all that history has to tell. What can we say or think when confronted by such an astounding passage as this?

'Formerly all that the best woman possessed was a negative chastity, which had been carefully guarded by her parents and duennas. The chastity of the modern woman of self-directed activity and of a varied circle of interests, which give her an acquaintance with many men as well as women, has therefore a new value and importance in the establishment of social standards.'

'Negative chastity!' 'Parents and duennas!' Was there ever such a maiden outlook upon life! It was the chastity of the married woman upon which rested the security of the civilized world; — that chastity which all men prized, and most men assailed, which was preserved in the midst of temptations unknown in our decorous age, and held inviolate by women whose 'acquaintance with many men' was at least as intimate and potent as anything experienced to-day. Committees and congresses are not the only meeting-grounds for the sexes. 'Remember,' says M. Taine, writing of a time which was not so long ago that it need be forgotten, 'remember that during all these years women were paramount. They set the social tone, led society, and thereby guided public opinion. When they appeared in the vanguard of political progress, we may be sure that the men were following.'

We might be sure of the same thing to-day, were it not for the tendency of the modern woman to sever her rights and wrongs from the rights and wrongs of men; thereby resembling the disputant who, being content to receive half the severed baby, was adjudged by the wise Solomon to be unworthy of any baby at all. Half a baby is every whit as valuable as the half-measure of reform which fails to take into impartial consideration the inseparable claims of men and women. Even in that most vital of all reforms, the crusade against social evils, the welfare of both sexes unifies the subject. Here again we are swayed by our anger at the indifference of an earlier generation, at the hard and healthy attitude of men like Huxley, who had not imagination enough to identify the possible saint with the certain sinner, and who habitually confined their labors to fields which promised sure results. 'In my judgment,' wrote Huxley, 'a domestic servant, who is perhaps giving half her wages to support her old parents, is more worthy of help than half a dozen Magdalens.'

If we are forced to choose between them, — yes. But our respect for the servant's self-respecting life, with its decent restraints and its purely normal activities, need not necessarily harden our hearts against the women whom Mr. Huxley called Magdalens, nor against those whom we luridly designate as 'white slaves.' No work under heaven is more imperative than the rescue of young and innocent girls; no crime is more dastardly than the sale of their youth and innocence; no charity is greater than that which lifts the sinner from her sin. But the fact that we habitually apply the term 'white slave' to the willful prostitute as well as to the entrapped child, shows that a powerful and popular sentiment is absolved from the shackles of accuracy. Also that this absolution confuses the minds of men. The sentimentalist

pities the prostitute as a victim, the sociologist abhors her as a menace. The sentimentalist conceives that men prey, and women are preyed upon; the sociologist, aware that evil men and women prey upon one another ceaselessly and ravenously, has no measure of tenderness for either. The sentimentalist clings tenaciously to the association of youth with innocence; the sociologist knows that even the age-limit which the law fixes as a boundary-line of innocence has no corresponding restriction in fact. It is inconceivable that so many books and pamphlets dealing with this subject — books and pamphlets now to be found on every library shelf, and in the hands of young and old — should dare to ignore the balance of depravity, the swaying of the pendulum of vice.

It was thought and said a few years ago that the substitution of organized charities for the somewhat haphazard benevolence of our youth would eliminate sentiment, just as it eliminated human and personal relations with the poor. It was thought and said that the steady advance of women in commercial and civic life would correct the sentimental bias which only Mr. Chesterton has failed to observe in our sex. No one who reads books, or listens to speeches, or indulges in the pleasures of conversation, can any longer cherish these illusions. No one can fail to see that sentiment is the motor-power which drives us to intemperate words and actions, which weakens our judgment, and destroys our sense of proportion. The current phraseology, the current criticisms, the current enthusiasms of the day, all betray an excess of emotionalism. I pick up a table of statistics, furnishing economic data, and this is what I read. 'Case 3. Two children under five. Mother shortly expecting the supreme trial of womanhood.' That is the way to write stories and, possibly, sermons; but it is not the way to write reports. I pick up a newspaper, and learn that an English gentleman has made the interesting announcement that he is a reincarnation of one of the Pharaohs, and that an attentive and credulous band of disciples are gathering wisdom from his lips. I pick up a very serious and very well-written book on the Brontë sisters, and am told that if I would 'touch the very heart of the mystery that was Charlotte Brontë' (I had never been aware that there was anything mysterious about this famous lady), I will find it — save the mark! — in her passionate love for children.

'We are face to face here, not with a want, but with an abyss, depth beyond depth of tenderness, and longing, and frustration; with a passion that found no clear voice in her works, because it was one with the elemental nature in her, undefined, unuttered, unutterable!'

It was certainly unuttered. It was not even hinted at in Miss Brontë's novels, nor in her voluminous correspondence. Her attitude toward children — so far as it found expression — was the arid but pardonable attitude of one who had been their reluctant caretaker and teacher. If, as we are now told, 'there were moments when it was pain for Charlotte to see the children born of and possessed by other women,' there were certainly hours — so much she makes clear to us — in which the business of looking after them wearied her beyond her powers of endurance. It is true that Miss Brontë said a few, a very few, friendly words about these little people. She did not, like Swift, propose that babies should be cooked and eaten. But this temperate regard, this restricted benevolence, gives us no excuse for wallowing in sentiment at her expense.

'If some virtues are new, all vices

are old.' We can reckon the cost of misdirected emotions by the price paid for them in the past. We know the full significance of that exaggerated sympathy which grows hysterical over animals it should try in soberness to save; which accuses the consumer of strange cruelties to the producer; which condones law-breaking, and exempts a 'cause' from all restraints of decency; which confuses moral issues, ignores experience, and insults the intelligence of mankind.

The reformer whose heart is in the right place, but whose head is elsewhere, represents a waste of force; and we cannot afford any waste in the conservation of honor and goodness. We cannot even afford errors of taste and of judgment. The business of leading lives morally worthy of men is neither simple, nor easy, nor new. And there are moments when, with the ageing Fontenelle, we sigh and say, 'I am beginning to see things as they are. It is surely time for me to die.'

THE SILVER RIVER

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

FAREWELL, I said, sweet meadow-grass;
Farewell, I let the light wind pass;
I watch the shadows, one by one;
Farewell, thou gold slow-setting sun.

I go within and fold my hands.
Oh, wondrous are the day's bright lands
And evening's robe of roseate hem,
But dearer now my dreams of them.

The stars I know creep to the sky;
The moon will soon be swimming high;
O light-filled pools and silver streams!
O silver river of my dreams!

INSECTS AND GREEK POETRY

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

[The English-speaking world that knows of Lafcadio Hearn as the subtlest interpreter of the life and thought of Japan is less familiar with the important work done by Hearn in conveying to his Japanese students the spirit of the West. His method always was to select for discussion with his classes in English literature those topics and subjects on the surface least alien from the Japanese mind, and thus by a delicate initiation to lead the class to a better comprehension of Western ways of thought and feeling. In the Appendix to the official *Life and Letters of Hearn* was printed an excellent illustration of his method, a lecture on 'Naked Poetry.' Here, by the close examination of certain poems by William Allingham, Kingsley, and the exquisite French lyric beginning,

La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'amour,

— poems almost Japanese in their compelling simplicity, — he proceeded by suggestive parallels and nice distinctions to give his students an insight into the essential nature of European poetry. A still better example of the tact of his method and the charm of his manner is to be found in the lecture on 'Insects and Greek Poetry,' which is here printed from his manuscript. The Japanese habit of keeping musical insects had deeply impressed Hearn's imagination, and had been the subject of one of his best-known essays, 'Insect Musicians,' which is printed in his *Exotics and Retrospectives*. To his richly stored mind, this custom recalled the numerous references to the singing of insects in the Greek Anthology, and suggested a fresh means of opening Japanese minds to Western imagery. The result was this charming and illuminating lecture. — THE EDITORS.]

THE subject which I have chosen for to-day's lecture might seem to you rather remote from the topic of English literature, at least, from the topic of English literature as taught in Japan. Here the Chinese language represents, in your long course of studies, what Greek and Latin represent to the English student. But in England, or in any advanced European country, the subject would not be remote from the study of the native literature, because that is carried on from first to last upon a classical foundation. Any good Greek scholar knows something about the Greek poetry on the subject of insects, and knows how to use that poetry in compositions of his own; so I think that this departure from our routine work is quite justified, and I believe that you will find the subject interesting.

Last year, when lecturing about Keats's poems, I remarked to you that he was one of the very few English poets who wrote about singing insects — I refer, of course, to his poem on the cricket. Most modern European poetry is barren on the subject of crickets, cicadæ, and insects generally — with the exception of butterflies and bees. Tennyson, indeed, has given attention to dragon flies and other insects. But, as a rule, it is not to European poetry of modern times that we can look for anything of an interesting kind in regard to musical insects. We must go back to the old Greek civilization for that. You know that the old Greeks were endowed far beyond any modern

races of the West: their literature, their arts, their conception of life, have never been equaled in later times, and probably will not be equaled again for thousands of years. And it should be interesting to the Japanese student of literature to know that his own people accord with the old Greeks in their appreciation of insect music as one of the great charms of country life.

Most of the Greek poems about insects are to be found in what is called the Greek Anthology. Besides the distinct works of great authors which have come down to us, there have been preserved collections of very short poems — collections which were made by the Greek, themselves, or by Greek scholars of a later day, many centuries ago. None of these collections are complete: a great deal has been lost — to the eternal regret of all lovers of poetry. But those that we have represent an immense variety of little poems upon an immense variety of subjects; and among these are a number of poems about insects. To-day I want to quote some of these to you, in an English prose translation. There are many poetical translations, also; but no modern poet can reproduce the real charm of the Greek verse. Therefore it is just as well that we should read only the plain prose.

The greater number of these poems are between two thousand and twenty-five hundred years old. Some of them were composed in cities that no longer exist; some of them were written by persons whose names have been lost forever; this makes them all the more precious. They show us how very much like modern human nature was the human nature of those vanished people. And they show us also that there were many points of resemblance in the old Greek and in the Japanese character.

It is possible that the Greeks used to keep insects in cages, for the pleasure of hearing them sing. We have in the first Idyl of Theocritus a description of a boy taking charge of a vineyard to protect the grapes from the foxes, and occupying his time by 'plaiting a pretty locust-cage with stalks of asphodel, and fitting it with reeds.' Also we have in one of the poems of Meleager a reference to the feeding of crickets with leeks cut up very small — which would seem to show that the experience of Greeks and Japanese in the feeding of certain kinds of insects was much the same. A leek, you know, is a kind of small onion, and the soft inner part of a similar plant is used in Tokyo to-day by insect-feeders.

The poems refer principally to cicadæ, musical grasshoppers, and some kinds of night crickets, and these three classes of musical insects correspond tolerably well to three classes of Japanese musical insects. But whereas, in Japan, the sound made by the semi is considered to be too loud in most cases to be musical, it is especially the cicada that is celebrated in the Greek poem. This fact would not, however, indicate a real difference in the musical taste of the two races; it would rather indicate a difference in the species of the insect. Probably the Greek semi were much less noisy than their relations in the Far East. But, at the same time, perhaps most beautiful of all the Greek poems about insects is a poem about a night cricket. It is attributed to Meleager — one of the sweetest singers of the later Greek literature.

'O thou cricket that cheatest me of my regrets, the soother of slumber; — O thou cricket that art the muse of ploughed fields, and art with shrill wings the self-formed imitation of the lyre, chirrup me something pleasant, while beating thy vocal wings with thy feet. How I wish, O cricket, that thou wouldst release me from the troubles

of much sleepless care, weaving the thread of a voice that causes love to wander away! And I will give thee for morning gifts a leek ever fresh, and drops of dew, cut up small for thy mouth.'

The great beauty of this little piece is in the line about 'weaving the thread of a voice that causes love to wander away'; listening to the charm of the insect's song at night, the poet is able to forget his troubles. The expression, 'thread of a voice,' exquisitely represents what we would call to-day the *thin* quality of the little creature's song. It is also evident that the Greeks observed such insects very closely and noticed how their music was made. The cricket is correctly described as striking its wings with its feet. But in the cicada the stridulatory organ is not in the wings but in the breast; and the old poets observed this fact also.

It would also appear that Greek children kept insects as pets, and made little graves for them when they died, just as one sees Japanese children doing to-day. Here is a little poem twenty-six hundred years old, written by a Greek girl of Sicily, a poetess named Anyte. It is the epitaph of a locust and a tettix — by which word we may understand cicada. 'For a locust, the nightingale amongst ploughed fields, and for the tettix, whose bed is in the oak, did Myro make a common tomb, after the damsel had dropped a maiden tear; for Hades, hard to be persuaded, had gone away, taking with her two playthings.'

How freshly do the tears of this little girl still shine to-day, after the passing of twenty-six hundred years! There is another poem on the very same subject, by a later poet, in the Anthology, — also celebrating the grief of Myro.

'For a locust and a tettix has Myro placed this monument, after throwing upon both a little dust with her hands, and weeping affectionately at the funeral pyre; for Hades had carried off the male songster, and Proserpine the other.'

But if little girls in old Greece were so tender-hearted as this, I am sorry to tell you that little boys were not. They caught cicadæ much as little boys in Tokyo to-day catch semi, and they were not very merciful, if we can judge from the following poem, intended to represent the death-song of a cicada:

'No longer shall I delight myself by singing out the song from my quick-moving wings; for I have fallen into the savage hand of a boy, who seized me unexpectedly, as I was sitting under the green leaves.'

You must know that the cicada received religious respect in some parts of Greece; it was believed to be the favorite insect of the goddess of Wisdom, and it was often represented in statues of the goddess. I do not mean that the Greeks worshiped it, but they had many religious traditions concerning it. At one time the Athenian women used to wear cicadæ of gold in their hair; and this ornament was afterwards adopted by Roman ladies. As for the merits of the insect we have a very curious little poem in which it is celebrated as a favorite of the gods: 'We deem thee happy, O cicada, because, having drunk like a king a little dew, thou dost chirrup on the tops of trees. For all those things are thine that thou seest in the fields, and whatever the seasons produce. Yet thou art a friend of land-tillers, to no one doing any harm. Thou art held in honor by mortals as the pleasant harbinger of song. The muses love thee. Phœbus himself loves thee and has gifted thee with a shrill song, and old age does not wear thee down. O thou clever one, — earth-born, song-loving, without suffering, having flesh without blood, — thou art nearly equal to the gods.'

Another poet speaks more definitely about the relation of the insect to the goddess of Wisdom — putting his words into the mouth of the insect. 'Not only sitting upon lofty trees do I know how to sing, warmed with the great heat of summer, an unpaid minstrel to wayfaring man, and sipping the vapor of dew, that is like woman's milk. But even upon the spear of Athene, with her beautiful helmet, will you see me, the tettix, seated. For as much as we are loved by the Muses, so much is Athene by us. For the virgin has established a prize for melody.'

Meleager also celebrates the tettix: 'Thou vocal tettix, drunk with drops of dew, thou singest the muse that lives in the country, thou dost prattle in the desert, and sitting with thy serrated limbs on the tops of petals, thou givest out the melody of the lyre with thy dusky skin! Come thou, O friend, and speak some new playful thing to the wood nymphs, and chirrup a strain responsive to Pan, in order that, after flying from love, I may find mid-day sleep here, reclining under a shady plane tree.'

But the most remarkable poem about a cicada in the whole Greek collection is a little piece twenty-three hundred years old, attributed to the poet Evenus. It was written upon the occasion of seeing a nightingale catching a cicada. Evenus calls the nightingale, 'Attic maiden,' because in Greek mythology the nightingale was a daughter of an ancient king of Attica; her name was Philomela, and she was turned into a bird by the gods out of pity for her great sorrow.

This is the poem: —

'Thou, Attic maiden, honey-fed, hast chirping seized a chirping cicada, and bearest it to thy unfledged young — thou, a twitterer, the twitterer; thou, the winged, the well-winged; thou, a stranger, the stranger; thou, a summer child, the summer child! Wilt thou not quickly throw it away? For it is not right, it is not just, that those engaged in song should perish by the mouths of those engaged in song!'

This poem has been put into English verse by several hands. Most of the verse translations are very disappointing; but in this case one translation happens to be tolerably good, so that we may quote it: —

> Honey-nurtured Attic maiden,
> Wherefore to thy brood dost wing
> With the shrill cicada laden?
> 'T is, like thee, a prattling thing,
> 'T is a sojourner and stranger,
> And a summer child, like thee.
> 'T is, like thee, a wingèd ranger
> Of the air's immensity.
> From thy bill this instant fling her, —
> 'T is not proper, just, or good,
> That a little ballad-singer
> Should be killed for singer's food.

Another ancient poem represents the insect caught in a spider's web and crying there until the poet himself came to the rescue.

'A spider, having woven its thin web with its slim feet, caught a tettix hampered in the intricate net. I did not, however, on seeing the young thing that loves music, run by it, while [it was] making a lament in the thin fetters, but, freeing it from the net, I relieved it, and spoke to it thus, "Be free, thou who singest with a musical voice!"'

Like the poets of the Far East, the Greek singers especially celebrated the harmlessness of the cicada. We have already had one example in the poem beginning, 'We deem you happy,' etc., by the great poet Anacreon. Here is another very old composition, of which the authorship is not known.

'Why, O Shepherds, do ye drag, by a shameless captivity, from dewy boughs, me a cicada, the lover of solitude, the roadside songster of the nymphs, chirping shrilly in mid-day heat on the

mountains and in the shady groves. Behold the thrush and the blackbird — behold how many starlings are plunderers of the fields! It is right to take the destroyers of fruits. Kill them. What grudging is there of leaves and grassy dew?'

Occasionally, too, we find the Greek poet, like the Japanese, compassionating the insects of autumn, and lamenting for their death. The following example is said to have been composed by an ancient writer called Mnasolcas:

'No more with wings shrill sounding shalt thou sing, O locust, along the fertile furrows settling; nor me reclining under shady foliage shalt thou delight, striking, with dusky wings, a pleasant melody!'

By the word locust here is probably meant a kind of musical grasshopper — of the same class as those insects which are so common in this country. In England and in America the word locust commonly refers to an insect frequenting trees rather than grass.

We may now attempt a few remarks upon the social signification of this old Greek poetry, and its charming suggestion of refined sensibility and kindness.

You will not find Roman poets writing about insects — at least not until a very late day, and then only in imitation of the Greeks. This little fact, insignificant as it may seem, serves us as an illustration of the vast difference in the character of the two races. Grand in many respects the Romans were — splendid soldiers, matchless architects, excellent rulers. They had all the qualities of power and foresight, and executive ability. But at no time did they ever reach the standard of old Greek refinement, — not even after they had been studying Greek literature and philosophy for hundreds of years. Something of the savage and the ferocious always remained in Roman character, which finally developed into the most monstrous forms of cruelty that the world has ever known, the cruelty of an age when the greatest pleasure of life was the spectacle of death.

On the other hand, even in the times of their degradation under Roman rule, the Greeks could not be coldly cruel. They resisted the introduction of the Roman games into their civilization; they opposed, whenever it was possible, the sentiment of humanity and pity to gladiatorial shows. A people who enjoyed seeing men killing each other for sport could not have written poems about insects. And a people that wrote poems about insects could not find pleasure in cruelty.

Indeed, I think that the capacity to enjoy the music of insects and all that it signifies in the great poem of nature tells very plainly of goodness of heart, æsthetic sensibility, a perfectly healthy state of mind. All this the Greeks certainly had. What most impresses us in the tone of their literature, in the feeling of their art, in the charm of their conception of life, is the great joyousness of the Greek nature, — a joyousness fresh as that of a child, — combined with a power of deep thinking, in which it had no rival. Those old Greeks, though happy as children and as kindly, were very great philosophers, to whom we go for instruction even at this day. What the world now most feels in need of is the return of that old Greek spirit of happiness and of kindness. We can think deeply enough; but all our thinking only serves, it would seem, to darken our lives instead of brightening them.

Now, as I have said before, there was very much in the old Greek life that resembled the old Japanese life; and there was certainly in old Japan a certain joyousness and gentleness for which the Western World can show no

parallel in modern times. We should have to go back to the Greek times for that. Were some great classic scholar, perfectly familiar with the manners and customs of this country, to make a literary study of the parallel between Greek and Japanese life and thought, I am sure that the result would be as surprising as it would be charming. Although the two religions present great differences, the religious spirit offers a great many extraordinary resemblances. It was not only in writing about insects that the Greek poets came close to the Japanese poets: they came close to them also in thousands of little touches of an emotional kind, referring to the gods, the fate of man, the pleasure of festival days, those sorrows of existence also which have been the same in all ages of humanity. I wonder if you remember a little poem in the *Man yo shu*, attributed to a Japanese poet named Okura, in which, lamenting the death of his little son, he begs that the porter of the underworld will carry the little ghost upon his shoulder because the boy is too little to walk so far. Is it not strange to find a Greek poet writing the very same thing thousands of years ago? The Greek poet was called Zonas of Sardis by some writers, by others he was called Diodorus, — his poem is addressed to the boatman who ferries the souls of men over the river of death.

'Do thou, who rowest the boat of the dead in the water of this lake full of reeds, for Hades, having a painful task to do, stretch out, dark Charon, thy hand to the son of Cinyrus, as he mounts on the ladder by the gangway, and receive him. *For his sandals will cause the lad to slip, and he fears to put his feet, naked, on the sands of the shore.*'

Again, just as it is the custom for little Japanese girls to make offerings of their dolls and toys to some divinity, in various parts of the country, so we find little Greek poems written to celebrate the doing of the same thing by Greek girls, ages before any modern European language had taken shape. The poet says in one of these, 'Timarete has offered up her tambourine and her ball and her doll and her doll's dresses to thee, goddess, and do thou, O goddess, place thy hand over the girl and preserve her who thus devotes herself unto thee.'

Hundreds of examples of this kind might be quoted. I mention them only by way of suggestion.

At the beginning of this lecture I remarked to you on the absence of poems about insects in the modern literature of the West. Of course, such absence means that the Western people have not yet perceived, much less understood, certain very beautiful sides of nature, — in spite of their study of the Greek poets. There may be reasons for this of another kind than you might at first suppose. It would not be just to say that Western people are deficient in æsthetic and ethical sensibility, — though they have not yet reached the Greek standard in that respect. It is not want of feeling; it is rather, I think, inability to consider nature in the largest and best way, because of the restraints that the Christian religion long placed upon Western thought. Christianity gave souls only to men, — not to animals or to insects. Familiarity with animals, however, compels men to recognize animal intelligence even while not daring to contradict the opinion of the Church.

Familiarity with insects, however, could not be obtained in the same way, nor have the like result. Even when men could recognize the spirit of a horse or the affectionate intelligence of a dog, they would still, under the influence of the old teaching, think only of insects as automata. In modern times, science has taught them better;

but I am speaking of popular opinion. On the other hand, the philosophy of the Far East, teaching the unity of all life, would impel men to interest themselves in all living creatures, — just as did the Greek teaching that all forms of life had souls. One thing certainly strikes me as being very interesting. The few modern writers, in France and in England, who write about insect music, are men troubled by the mystery of the universe — men who have faced the great problems of oriental thought, and whose ears are therefore open to all the whispers of nature.

TURKISH PICTURES

BY H. G. DWIGHT

I

SAN STEFANO

It is strange how San Stefano, in spite of herself, — like some light little person involuntarily caught into a tragedy, — seems fated to be historic. San Stefano is a suburb, on the flat northwestern shore of the Marmora, that tries perseveringly to be European and gay. San Stefano has straight streets. San Stefano has not very serious-looking houses standing in not very interesting-looking gardens. San Stefano has a yacht club whose members, possessing no yachts, spend most of their time dancing and playing bridge. And a company recently bought land and planted groves on the edge of San Stefano, with the idea of making a little Monte Carlo in the Marmora. Whether San Stefano was trying to be worldly and light-minded as long ago as 1203, when Enrico Dandolo, Doge of Venice, stopped there with the men of the Fourth Crusade, I cannot say — nor does Villehardouin. But the Russians camped there in 1878, under circumstances of great bitterness for the masters of San Stefano. In 1909, the events which preceded the fall of Abdul Hamid turned the yacht club for a moment into the parliament of the empire, and the town into an armed camp. Turned into an armed camp again at the outbreak of the Balkan War, San Stefano soon became a camp of a more dreadful kind.

I did not see San Stefano, myself, at the moment of its greatest horror. When I did go there, one cold gray autumn morning, it was rather unwillingly, feeling myself a little heroic, at all events wanting not to seem too unheroic in the eyes of the war correspondent who invited me to go. I did not know then, in my ignorance, that cholera can be caught only through the digestive tract. And my imagination was still full of the grisly stories the war correspondent had brought back from his first visit.

There was nothing too grisly to be seen, however, as we landed at the pier. Chiefly to be seen were soldiers, coated and hooded in gray as usual, who were transferring supplies of different kinds

from some small ships to the backs of some smaller pack-animals. The correspondent accordingly took out his camera. But he pretended to focus it on me, knowing the susceptibility of the Turks in the matter of photography—a susceptibility which has been aggravated by the war. Seeing that the men were interested rather than displeased at his operations, he went about posing a group of them. Unfortunately, an enterprising young police sergeant appeared at that moment. He took the trouble to explain to us at length that to photograph soldiers like that, at the pier, with hay on their clothes and their caps on one side, was forbidden. People would say, when we showed the photographs in our country, 'Ha! That is a Turkish soldier!' and get a wrong impression of him. The impression I got was of his size and good looks, together with a mildness amounting to languor. I don't know whether those men had been through the two great battles or whether the pest-house air of the place depressed them. A Greek who witnessed our discomfiture came up and told us in French of a good photograph we could take, unmolested by the police, a little way out of the village, where a soldier sat dead beside the railway track, with a loaf of bread in his hands. We thanked the Greek, but thought we would not trouble him to show us his interesting subject.

As we went on into the village we found it almost deserted except by soldiers. Every resident who could do so had run away. A few Greek and Jewish peddlers hawked small wares about. A man was scattering disinfecting powder in the street, which the wind carried in clouds into our faces. Patrols strolled up and down, sentinels stood at doors, other soldiers, more broken than any I had seen yet, shuffled aimlessly past. We followed a street that led toward the railway. On the sea side of it we came out into an open space inclosed between houses and the high embankment. The grass that tried to grow in this space was strewn with disinfecting powder, lemon-peel, odds and ends of clothing, — a boot, a muddy fez, a torn girdle. They were what was left of the soldiers who strewed the ground when the correspondent was there before. There were also one or two tents. Through the open flap of the nearest one we saw a soldier lying on his face, ominously still.

We followed our road through the railway embankment. Sentries were posted on either side, but they made no objection to our passing. On the farther slope of the bank men were burning underbrush. A few days before, their fellows, sent back from the front, had been dying there of cholera. A little beyond we came to a large Turkish cholera camp. By this time all the soldiers seemed to be under cover. We passed tents that were crowded with them, some lying down, others sitting with their heads in their hands. A few roamed aimlessly in the open. The ground was in an indescribable condition. No one was trying to make the men use the latrines which had been constructed for them. I doubt if any one could have done so. Some of the soldiers, certainly, were too weak to get so far. After all they had gone through, and in the fellowship of a common misery, they were dulled to the decencies which a Mohammedan is quicker than another to observe.

Near the station some long wooden sheds were being run up for the men already in San Stefano, and for those who were to come. We made haste to get by, out of the sickening odor and the sense of a secret danger lurking in the air we breathed. We crossed the track and went back into the village,

passing other soldiers. Some were crouching or lying beside the road, one against the other, to keep warm. I could never express the shrunken effect the big fellows made inside their big overcoats, with doglike eyes staring out of sallow faces. Some of them were slowly eating bread, and no doubt taking in infection with every mouthful. Vendors of lemons and lemon-drops came and went among them. Those they seemed to crave above everything. In front of the railway station were men who had apparently just arrived from Hademkeuy. They were being examined by army doctors. They submitted like children while the doctors poked into their eyes, looked at their tongues, and divided them into different categories. In a leafless beer-garden opposite the station, tents were pitched, sometimes guarded by a cordon of soldiers. But only once did a sentry challenge us or otherwise offer objection to our going about.

We finally found ourselves at the west edge of the village, where a street is bordered on one side by open fields. This was where, until a few days before, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men had lain, the dying among the dead, with no one to lift a finger for them. The ground was strewn with such débris of them as we had seen under the railway embankment, but more thickly. And, at a certain distance from the road, was débris more dreadful still. At first it looked like a heap of discarded clothing, piled there to be burned — until I saw two drawn-up knees sticking out of the pile. Then I made out, here and there, a clenched hand, a gray face. A little omnibus came back from somewhere in the fields, and men began loading the bodies into it. The omnibus was so short that most of the legs stuck out of the door. Sometimes they had stiffened in the contortion of some last agony. And half the legs were bare. In their weakness the poor fellows had foregone the use of the long girdle which holds together every man of the East, and as they were pulled off the ground or hoisted into the omnibus their clothes fell from them. We did not go to see them buried. There had been so many of them that the soldiers dug trenches no deeper than they could help. The consequence was that the dogs of the village pawed into some of the graves. The dogs afterwards went mad and were shot.

There are times when a man is ashamed to be alive, and that time, for me, was one of them. What had I done that I should be strolling about the world with good clothes on my back and money in my pocket and a smug feeling inside of me of being a little heroic, and what had those poor devils done that they should be pitched, half naked, into a worn-out omnibus and shoveled into trenches for dogs to gnaw at? They had left their homes in order to save their country. They had suffered privation and neglect; starved, sick, and leaderless, they had fallen back before an enemy better fed, better drilled, better officered, fighting in a better cause. Attacked then by an enemy more insidious because invisible, they had been dumped down into San Stefano and penned there like so many cattle. Some of them were too weak to get out of the train themselves and were thrown out, many dying where they fell. Others crawled into the village in search of food and shelter. A few found tents to crowd into. The greater number lay where they could, under trees, against houses, side by side in fields, and so died. Out of some vague idea of keeping the water uncontaminated the sentries were ordered to keep the poor fellows away from the public drinking-fountains, and hundreds died simply from thirst.

The commander of an Austrian man-of-war, hearing of this horrible state of affairs, went to see San Stefano for himself. He made no attempt to conceal his disgust and indignation. He told the authorities that if they wanted to save the last vestige of their country's honor they should within twenty-four hours put an end to the things he had seen. The authorities did so by shipping several hundred sick soldiers — prodding them with bayonets when they were too weak to board the steamer — off to Touzla, on the Asiatic shore of the Marmora, where they would be safely out of sight of prying foreigners.

We were told several times, both by residents of the village and by outsiders, that they were actually prevented from doing anything to help, because, forsooth, the sick men had betrayed and disgraced their country and only deserved to die. I cannot believe that any such argument was responsibly put forward, unless by men who needed to cover up their own stupidity and criminal incompetence. Nevertheless the fact of San Stefano remains, too great and too horrible to be passed over.

How could human beings be so inhuman? Were they overwhelmed and half-maddened by their defeat? And, with their constitutional inability to cope with a crisis, — with the lack among them of any tradition of organized humanitarianism, — were they simply paralyzed by the magnitude of the emergency? I am willing to believe that the different value which the Oriental lays on human life entered into the case. In that matter I am inclined to think that our own susceptibility is exaggerated. But that does not explain why the Oriental is otherwise. Part of it is perhaps a real difference in his nervous system. Another part of it is no doubt related to that in him which makes him a mediæval man. Human life was not of much account in Europe a few hundred years ago; and in the back of the Turk's brain there may be some proud Islamic view of battle and falling therein, descended from the same remote Asiatic conception as the Japanese theory of suicide. Certainly the Turk fears death less, and bears it more stoically, than we. Does that give him the right to think less of the life of his fellow beings?

The Austrian officer raised his voice, at least, for the soldiers in San Stefano. The first to lift a hand was a Swiss lady of the place. Her name has been pronounced so often that I shall not seem yellow-journalistic if I mention it again. Almost every resident who could possibly leave San Stefano had already done so. Fräulein Alt, however, remained. She carried the soldiers the water from which the sentries kept them. She also made soup in her own house and took it to the weakest, comforting as best she could their dying moments. It was, of course, very little that she could do, among so many. But she was the first who dared to do it. She was soon joined by another lady of the place, Frau Schneider; and presently a few Europeans from the city helped them make a beginning of relief work on a larger scale. One of the new recruits was a woman also, Miss Graham, of the Scotch mission to the Jews. The others were Mr. Robert Frew, the Scotch clergyman of Pera, Mr. Hoffman Philip, first secretary of the American embassy, and two gentlemen who had come to Constantinople for the war, the English writer, Maurice Baring, and Major Ford of our own army medical staff. The American Red Cross and English friends contributed help in other ways.

These good Samaritans left their own affairs and did what they could to make

a hospital out of a Greek school into which sick soldiers had been turned. It was a heroic thing to do, for at that time no one knew that the men were chiefly afflicted by dysentery brought on by privation; and Red-Cross missions were hesitating to go. Moreover, the sanitary condition of the school was something appalling. Six hundred men were lying there, on the filthy floor, in a shed which was the rainy-day playground of the school, and in a few tents in the yard. Some of the soldiers had been dead two or three days. Many of them were dying. None of them had had any care save such as Fräulein Alt had been able to give them.

I felt not even a little heroic when I went into the yard of this school, next the field where the heap of dead men lay, and saw these voluntary exiles coming and going in their oilskins. I felt rather how rarely, in our modern world, is it given a man to come down to the primal facts of life. This reflection, I think, came to me from the smart yellow gloves which one of the Samaritans wore, and which, associating them as I could with embassies and I know not what of the gayeties of life, looked so significantly incongruous in that dreadful work. The correspondent, of course, was under orders to take photographs; but his camera looked incongruous in another way — impertinent, I might say, if I did n't happen to like the correspondent — in the face of realities so horrible. A soldier lurched out of the school, with the gait and in the necessity characteristic of his disease. He looked about, half-dazed, and established himself at the foot of a tree, his hands clasped in front of his knees, his head sunk forward on his breast.

Other soldiers came and went in the yard, some in their worn khaki, some in their big gray coats and hoods. One began to rummage in the circle of débris which marked the place of a recent tent. He picked up a purse, one of the knitted bags which the people of Turkey use, unwound the long string, looked inside, turned the purse inside out, and put it into his pocket. An older man came up to us. 'My hands are cold,' he said, 'and I can't feel anything with them. What shall I do?' We also wore hats and spoke strange tongues, like the miracle-workers within: I suppose the poor fellow thought we could perform a miracle for him. As we did not, he tried to go into the street, but the sentry at the gate turned him back. Two orderlies came out of the school carrying a stretcher. A dead man lay on it, under a blanket. The wasted body raised hardly more of the blanket than that of a child.

When we went away the sick soldier was still crouching at the foot of his tree, his hands clasped in front of his knees and his head sunken on his breast.

II

OUT OF THRACE

Deep in the Golden Horn, where it curves to the north beyond the city wall, lies, in a hollow of converging valleys, the suburb of Eyoub Sultan. If you know Loti, you already know something of Eyoub, with its hill of cypresses overlooking the historic firth and the two beetling cities. The holiest mosque in Constantinople stands at the foot of this hill, among gravestones and old trees. The mosque perpetuates the memory of a friend of the Prophet, his standard-bearer, Eyoub Ansari, who took part in the Arab siege of the city in 668, and fell outside the walls. When Sultan Mohammed II made his own siege eight hundred

years later, the last resting-place of the Arab hero was miraculously revealed to him, and he afterwards built there a mosque and a tomb. They have since been restored or rebuilt, but every succeeding sultan has gone there to be crowned — or rather to be girded with the sword of Osman. Until the reëstablishment of the constitution in 1908, no Christian had ever been, unless in disguise, into so much as the outer courtyard of that mosque. Even now it is not easy for a Christian to see the inside of the sacred tomb. I have never done so, at all events. But I count myself happy to have seen its outer wall of blue and green tiles, pierced in the centre by an intricate grille of brass which shines where the hands of the faithful pass over certain mystic letters. On one side is a small *sebil*, — a pavilion where an attendant waits to give cups of cold water to the thirsty. On the other side, another grille, of small green-bronze hexagons, opens into a patch of garden where rose-bushes grow among gravestones. And in the centre of the quadrangle, between the tomb and the mosque, stands an enormous plane tree, planted there by the conqueror five hundred years ago. Other plane trees shadow the larger outer court, where also is a central fountain of ablution, and painted gravestones in railings, and a colony of pigeons that are pampered like those of St. Mark's.

The quarter that has grown up around this mosque is one of the most picturesque in Constantinople. No very notable houses are there, but the streets take a tone from a great number of pious institutions which line them — mosques, monasteries, theological schools, drinking-fountains, and the domed tombs of great people. The good Sultan Mehmet V has built his own tomb there, between the great mosque and the water, that he may lie to the last day in the company of so many saintly and famous men. Even the commoner houses, however, have the grave dignity that the Turks succeed in putting into everything they do. The streets also take a tone from them, — of weathered wood, — and from their latticed windows, and from their jutting upper stories, and from the many cypress trees that stand about them. And sometimes a mysterious procession of camels marches from nowhere to nowhere. You never meet them in other parts of the city.

They do not like Christians to live in Eyoub, I am told. But they are used by this time to seeing us. A good many of us go there to climb the hill, and look at the view, and feel as sentimental as we can over Ayizade. And certainly the good people of Eyoub made no objection to Lady Lowther, when she established in their midst a committee for distributing food and charcoal and clothing to the families of poor soldiers and to the refugees of the war. The hordes of Asia had not stopped pouring through the city on their way to the west before a horde from Europe began to pour the other way.

In all Thrace, from the Bulgarian border to the Chatalja lines, I do not suppose there can be a Turk left. It is partly, no doubt, because of the narrowness of the field of operations, lying as it does between two converging seas, which enabled the conquering army to drive the whole country in a battue before it. But I cannot imagine any Western people trekking with such unanimity. They would have been more firmly rooted to the soil. The Turk, however, is still half a tent-man, and he has never felt perfectly at home in Europe. So village after village harnessed its black water-buffalo, or its little gray oxen, to its carts of clumsy wheels, piled thereon its few effects,

spread matting over them on bent saplings, and came into Constantinople. How many of them came I do not imagine any one knows. Thousands and tens of thousands were shipped over into Asia Minor. Other thousands remain, in the hope of going back to their burned villages. The soldiers and the sick had already occupied most of the spare room in the city. The refugees had to take what was left. I know one colony of them that lives in the fishing-boats in which they fled from the coast villages of the Marmora.

So it is that Eyoub has taken on a new tone. Being myself like a Turk in that I make little of numbers and computations, I have no means of knowing how many men, women, and children, from how many villages, now swell the population of the sacred suburb. I only know that certain mosques have been entirely given up to them, that they are living in cloisters and empty houses, that their own people have taken in a goodly number, that sheds, storerooms, stables, are full of them. I even heard of four persons who had no other shelter than a water-closet. And still streets and open spaces are turned into camping-grounds, where small gray cattle are tethered to big covered carts and where people in veils and turbans shiver over camp-fires — when they have camp-fires to shiver over. But they can always fall back on cypress wood. It gives one a double pang to catch the aroma of such a fire, betraying as it does the extremity of some poor exile and the devastation at work among the trees which make so much of the color of Constantinople.

In distributing Lady Lowther's relief we do what we can to systematize. We spend certain days in visiting, quarter by quarter, to see for ourselves the condition of the refugees and what they most need. I have done a good deal of visiting in my day, being somewhat given to seeking the society of my kind; but it has not often happened to me, in the usual course of visiting, to come so near the realities of life as when, with another member of our committee, I visited the mosque of Sal Mahmoud Pasha in Eyoub. Like its more famous neighbor, it has two courts. They are on two levels, however, joined by a flight of steps and each opening into a thoroughfare of its own. How the courts of Sal Mahmoud Pasha may look in summer I do not know. On a winter day of snow they looked very cheerless indeed, especially for the cattle stabled in their cloisters. The mosque itself was open to any who cared to go in. We did so, lifting up the heavy flap that hangs at any public Turkish doorway. We found ourselves in a narrow vestibule in which eight or ten families were living. One of them consisted of two sick children, a little boy flushed with fever, and a pale and wasted little girl, who lay on the bricks near the door without mattress or matting under them. They were not quite alone, we learned. Their mother had gone out to find them bread. The same was the case with a larger family of children who sat around a primitive brazier. The youngest was crying, and a girl of ten was telling him that their mother would soon be back with the bread.

We lifted a second flap. A wave of warm, smoky air met us, sweetened by cypress wood, but sickeningly close. Through the haze of smoke we saw that the square of the interior, surrounded on three sides by a gallery, was packed as if by a congregation. The congregation consisted chiefly of women and children, which is not the thing in Turkey, sitting on the matted floor in groups, and all about them were chests and small piles of bedding and stray cooking utensils. Each of these

groups constituted a house, as they put it. As we went from one to another, asking questions and taking notes, we counted seventy-eight of them. Some four hundred people, that is, — many houses consisted of ten or more members, — were living together under the dome of Sal Mahmoud Pasha.

In the gallery, and under it, rude partitions had been made by stretching rope between the pillars, and hanging up a spare quilt or rug. In the open space of the centre there was nothing to mark off house from house save the bit of rug or matting which most of the families had had time to bring away with them, and such boundaries as could be drawn by the more solid of the family possessions, and by the row of family shoes. Under such conditions had not a few of the congregation drawn their first and their last breath.

Each house had a brazier of some sort, if only improvised out of an oil-can. That was where the blue haze came from, and the scent of cypress wood. Some had a little charcoal, and were daily near asphyxiating themselves. Others had no fire at all. On some of the braziers we noticed curious flat cakes baking, into whose composition went bran or even straw. We took them to be some Thracian dainty, until we learned that they were a substitute for bread. The city is supposed to give each refugee a loaf of bread a day, but many refugees somehow do not succeed in getting their share. A few told us they had had none for five days. It struck me, in this connection, that not in any other country I knew would the mosque carpets still have been lying folded in one corner, instead of making life a little more tolerable for that melancholy congregation.

Of complaint, however, we heard as little as possible. The four hundred sat very silently in their smoky mosque. Many of them were ill and lay on the floor under a colored quilt or a rug. Others had not only their lost homes to think of. A father told us that when Chorlu was spoiled, as he put it, his little girl of nine had found a place in the 'fire-carriage' that went before his, and he had not seen her since. One old man had lost the rest of his family. He had been unable to keep up with them, he said. It had taken him twenty-two days to walk from Kirk-Kilisseh. A tall ragged young woman who said that her *effendi* made war in Adrianople, told us she had three children. One of them she was rocking in a wooden trough. It only came out by accident that she had adopted the other two during the hegira from Thrace. I remember, also, a woman sitting beside a brasier with her two grown sons. One of them, fearfully pitted by smallpox, was blind. The other answered our questions so vaguely that the mother explained that he had no mind in his head.

Having visited, we give the head of each house a numbered ticket which enables him or her to draw on us for certain supplies. We then take in the tickets and give out the supplies on our own day at home. They say it is more blessed to give than to receive. I find, however, that it is more possible to appreciate the humorous or decorative side of Thrace on the days when we receive, in the empty shop which is our headquarters. It is astonishing how large a proportion of Thrace is god-daughter to Hadijeh or Ayesha, mothers of the Moslems, or to the Prophet's daughter, Fatma. Many, however, remind one of Madame Chrysanthème and Madame Butterfly. On our visiting list are Mrs. Hyacinth, Mrs. Tulip, Mrs. Appletree, and Mrs. Nightingale. I am also happy enough to possess the acquaintance of Mrs. Sweetmeat, Mrs. Diamond, Mrs. Air,

— though some know her as Mother Eve, — Miss May-She-Laugh, and Master He-Waited. This last appellation seemed to me so curious that I inquired into it, and learned that my young gentleman waited to be born. These are not surnames, you understand, for no Turk owns such a thing. To tell one Mistress Hyacinth from another you add the name of her man. And in his case all you can do is to tack on his father's — you could hardly say, Christian — name.

If we find the nomenclature of Mistress Hyacinth and her family a source of perplexities, she in turn is not a little confounded by our system of tickets. We have one for bread. We have another for charcoal. We have a third which must be tied tight in a painted handkerchief and never be lost. 'By God!' cries Mistress Hyacinth, according to her honored idiom, 'I know not what these papers mean.' And it is sometimes well-nigh impossible to explain it to her. A good part of her confusion, I suspect, must be put down to our strange accent and grammar, and to our unfamiliarity with the Thracian point of view. Still, I think the ladies of that peninsula share the general hesitation of their race to concern themselves with mathematical accuracy. Asked how many children they have, they rarely know until they have counted up on their fingers two or three times. It is evidently no habit with them to have the precise number at their fingers' ends, as it were. So when they make an obvious mistake we do not necessarily suspect them of an attempt to overestimate. As a matter of fact, they are more likely to underestimate. Other failures of memory are more surprising, as that of a dowager in ebony who was unable to tell us her husband's name. 'How should I know?' she protested. 'He died so long ago!'

Altogether it is evident that the indirections of Mistress Hyacinth obey a compass different from our own. I remember a girl not more than sixteen or seventeen who told us she had three children. Two of them were with her: where was the third, we asked? 'Here,' she answered, tapping herself with a simplicity of which the Anglo-Saxons have lost the secret. Yet she was most scrupulous to keep her nose and mouth hidden from an indiscriminate world. Another woman, asked about a child we knew, replied non-committally, 'We have sent him away.' 'Where?' we demanded in alarm, for we have known of refugees giving away or even of selling their children. 'Eh, he went,' returned the mother gravely. 'Have you news of him?' one of us pursued. 'Yes,' she said. And it was finally some one else who had to enlighten our obtuseness by explaining that it was to the other world the child had gone. It is a miracle that more of them do not go. One day when we inquired after a pet baby of ours his mother said he was sick: a redness had come upon him. The redness turned out to be scarlet fever. As for smallpox, no one thinks any more of it than of a cold.

With great discreetness does Mistress Hyacinth come into our presence, rarely so far forgetting herself as to lean on our table or throw her arms in gratitude about a benefactress's neck. For in gratitude she abounds, and in such expressions of it as, 'God give you lives,' and 'May you never have less.' With a benefactor she is, I am happy to report, more reserved. Him she respectfully addresses as 'my brother,' 'my child,' 'my little one,' or, haply, 'my mother and my father.' I am now so accustomed to occupying the maternal relation to ladies of all ages and colors, that I am inclined to feel slighted when they coldly address me as their master.

In the matter of discretion, however, Mistress Hyacinth is not always impeccable, so far at least as the concealment of her charms is concerned. Sometimes, indeed, she will scarcely be persuaded to raise her veil for a lady to recognize her; but at other times she appears not to shrink even from the masculine eye. One day a Turk, passing our shop, was attracted by the commotion at the door. He came to the door himself, looked in, and cried out, 'Shame!' at the disreputable spectacle of a mild male unbeliever and a doorkeeper of his own country within the same four walls as some of Lady Lowther's fairer helpers and a motley collection of refugee women, many of them unveiled. But the latter retorted with such promptness, that the shame was rather upon him for leaving the *ghiaour* to supply their needs, that he was happy to let the matter drop. On this and other occasions I gathered a very distinct impression that if Mistress Hyacinth should ever take it into her head to turn suffragette, she would not wait long to gain her end.

The nails of Mistress Hyacinth, I notice, are almost always reddened with henna — and very clean. The henna sometimes extends to her fingers as well, to the palms of her hands, or even — if she happen to be advancing in years — to her hair. There is no attempt to simulate a youthful glow. The dye is plentifully applied to make a rich coral red. In other points of fashion Mistress Hyacinth is more catholic than her sisters of the West. What the ladies of Paris wear must be worn by the ladies of London, St. Petersburg, New York, or Melbourne. But no such slavishness obtains in Thrace, where every village seems to have modes of its own. I can only generalize by saying that Mistress Hyacinth seems to prefer a good baggy trouser, cut out of some figured print, with no lack of red about it. Over this she should wear in the street a shapeless black mantle that often has a long sailor-collar, and she covers her head in various ingenious, but not very decorative, ways.

The consort of Mistress Hyacinth, as is general in the East, is outwardly and visibly the decorative member of the family. He inclines less to bagginess than she, or than his brother of Asia. He affects a certain cut of trouser which is popular all the way from the Bosphorus to the Adriatic. This trouser, preferably of a pastel blue, is bound in at the waist by a broad red sash which also serves as pocket, bank, arsenal, and anything else you please. Over it goes a short zouave jacket, with more or less embroidery, and round my lord's head twists a picturesque figured turban with a tassel dangling in front of one ear. He is surprisingly well-featured, too, — like Mistress Hyacinth herself, for that matter, and the rolypoly small fry at their heels. On the whole, they give one the sense of furnishing excellent material for a race — if only the right artist could get hold of it.

REAL SOCIALISM

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

We'd have been a very pleasant, conversable company, but for the presence of one man. There was a lawyer with a hobby for anarchism; a banker who was an enthusiastic Socialist from 3 P.M. to 10 A.M.; a prominent magazine writer, who specialized in women; an archdeacon with a fondness for metaphysics and a doctrine of his own discovery, which he called the Conservation of Sin; one real Socialist and a dramatic critic. You can see in a minute that the possibilities for conversation were simply unlimited, — if it had n't been for the Obstacle.

He was a returned traveler from the Tropics, and he was an infernal nuisance. Whenever any one started a new topic of conversation, he appropriated it. If we tried to talk about aviation, he described the superior aëroplaning properties of certain queer tropical birds. We mentioned the Red-Light district and the police and launched him into a discussion of the superior depravities of Singapore. And when the Dramatic Critic tried to talk art, and mentioned Mary Garden, he insisted on telling us about the superior frankness of the costume worn by the ladies of Zamboango, or some such sounding place. We could n't even speak about the weather, without being told that we had never seen a real rain storm or a real sunset or anything that could properly be called the light of the moon. The man was a perfect pest.

At last, to silence him, we resorted to drastic treatment and began talking Socialism, — a topic which you would think would silence anybody. But the Banker, the Magazine Man, and the Archdeacon had no more than fairly got going on a three-cornered discussion of Thorstein Veblen's theory that the withdrawal of the interstitial adjustments from the discretion of rival business men will result in an avoidance of that systematic mutual hindrance which characterizes competition, when the Pest took a long preliminary drink and butted in.

'Speaking of Socialism,' he said, 'in the course of my travels through the Tropics, I visited a Socialist state.'

'Don't try to spring New Zealand or New South Wales or any of those places on us,' said the Banker, — carelessly, I'll admit. 'They are n't Socialistic in any true sense.'

'And they're not in the Tropics in any sense,' said the Traveler, blandly. 'There's no such thing as a popular knowledge of geography. Here you are, a group of fairly educated men, and I'll bet every one of you thinks Vladivostock is north of Nice.'

'Never mind Vladivostock,' said the Real Socialist. 'Where is your Socialist state?'

'Do you mean to say you don't know?' inquired the Pest. 'Here's a completely organized Socialist state, with thirty thousand inhabitants or so; been running for years; and you sit up here and theorize about what would happen under Socialism, and never even have heard of what is happening right under your nose.'

'If you can get away with that,' said the Socialist, 'I'll cheerfully pay for all the drinks that are consumed by this company while you're doing it. If you can't make good, you'll have to pay for them yourself. And I warn you that if your remarks are as dry as I have found them since you became a returned traveler, the consumption will be enormous.'

The Pest shook his head sadly.

'There's no real drinking outside the Tropics,' he said.

'You told us all about that last Friday,' said the Archdeacon, politely. '*Revenons à nos moutons.*'

'It's got to be real Socialism, mind you,' said the Real Socialist. 'Municipal ownership and state pawnshops and the rest of those dinky little parlor experiments don't go.'

'You yourself shall be the judge,' the Pest retorted; and to show his confidence in the outcome, he ordered a fresh half-litre.

'To begin with,' he said confidently, 'this state owns all the land. It leases certain portions of it, such as are n't required directly for the public use, for agricultural purposes. But it purchases the product and reissues it to the citizens in exchange for labor coupons.'

The Socialist looked a little startled, and wanted to know who issued the coupons.

'The state, of course,' said the imperturbable Pest, 'it being the only employer of labor.'

'Is this an excerpt from the proof-sheets of some work of fiction?' asked the Magazine Man.

'This is no traveler's tale,' the Pest assured us. 'All of my observations can be verified in the published annual reports of the state I am talking about, and these reports are to be found in any library.'

'There 's a joker somewhere,' said the Banker. 'How about the finances of this state?'

'Its credit is excellent,' the Pest assured him. 'It can borrow all the money it wants at from two to two-and-a-half per cent.

'The state not only employs its citizens, it houses and feeds them. There are some fifteen types of quarters, a certain type of house going with a certain class of work. The man who does the most difficult, highly skilled, and responsible sort of work, lives, of course, in the best house. Also, there is a distinction, naturally, between the quarters provided for married and single men.'

'Then where does the equality come in?' demanded the Anarchist.

'Equality,' said the Pest, 'is not one of the cardinal principles of Socialism. I have heard my friend over there proclaim from many a soap-box, that the stimulus to ambition afforded by exceptional rewards would be even greater under the Socialist régime than under what he calls the Capitalistic. I was glad to find his contention so well borne out when I visited this Socialist state.'

'Come down to brass tacks,' said the Real Socialist. 'Does private property exist, or does it not? That's the test.'

'There is no real private property,' said the Pest, 'because the state owns all the land and all the buildings. There is no legal prohibition against private personal property. As a matter of fact, the amount of it is negligible within the boundaries of this state, because no one has any particular use for any. Except, of course, his clothes, which, in the nature of things, are bound to be privately and individually possessed anywhere.'

'How about household furniture and so on?'

'I include that under housing,' said

the Pest. 'The state provides everything necessary for domestic purposes, down to knives and forks, pillow-cases and dish-towels; the quantity and quality of these, like the houses themselves, being graded according to the value of the service which the citizen performs. It might be expected that a certain class of persons would wish for personal possessions of a sort superior to those furnished by the state, but there are two causes which render this wish inoperative. The climate is destructive for one thing, but there is a much stronger reason in the fact that such possessions would accomplish nothing in the way of proclaiming social superiority. The classification of citizens is perfectly understood to be upon the basis of serviceableness to the state. It is proclaimed quite finally and irrevocably by the type of house you are assigned to live in, and by the number of table napkins which the government issues to your wife. Private possessions can add nothing to it. In other words, no one has any reason for keeping up a front.'

'You say the state feeds its citizens as well as houses them,' observed the Anarchist. 'Is the same nice classification you have been speaking of carried out in the ration which is issued to citizens? Is the valuable citizen, that is to say, compelled to eat pâté-de-foie-gras while the less valuable members of the community are permitted to thrive on mush and milk?'

'Not at all,' said the Pest. 'Every one eats exactly what he likes. A certain portion of his remuneration from the state consists of what are known as commissary coupons. The prices in coupons are the same to all. These are published weekly. Up to the limit of his coupons, the least valuable citizen may eat the most valuable food, if he prefers.'

'Is the issue of these coupons sufficiently liberal,' inquired the Real Socialist, 'to provide for the adequate nourishment of these least valuable citizens?'

'Not only that,' said the Pest; 'you remind me that I must make a correction. I said that he purchased what he liked. But the state has found it necessary to establish a minimum per diem of food-consumption among the less enlightened members of the community, in order to maintain their working efficiency. A man who can't give evidence that he has consumed a sufficient quantity of food to keep his physical status unimpaired, is liable to the rigors of the law.'

'I thought you were going to stick to facts,' grumbled the Banker.

'I am sticking to the facts,' insisted the Pest. 'It's all perfectly true, it's all happening every day, only you fellows are too busy theorizing about the labels on things to scrutinize their contents. Consequently, your ignorance of this state is wholly natural, because the founders of it are wholly unconscious that it is a Socialistic state, and have never advertised it as such. In fact, if they were ever to learn that their governmental activities were described in such terms, they would be horrified beyond belief.'

'Do you mean to say,' demanded the Real Socialist excitedly, 'that this state has simply made up its own Socialism spontaneously, as it has gone along?'

'Precisely,' said the Pest. 'Paying no royalties whatever to Carl Marx or subsequent patentees.'

Once more he fixed us with his glittering eye and resumed his tale: —

'The state stands, as the schoolmasters used to say, *in loco parentis* to its adult, as well as its juvenile population, and as physical well-being is a prime consideration, it goes to almost incredible extremes in its detailed

supervision of public health. Sanitary inspectors go everywhere and keep a watch on everything, and the most trivial infraction of the sanitary code is considered too serious a matter to be overlooked.

'Of course there are no doctors in private practice. Whenever a citizen is ailing, he gets not only medical attendance, but the medicines themselves, free. If his case is serious enough to warrant such a course, he is taken at once and put into a hospital, where also the treatment is gratuitous. When a patient is sufficiently recovered to be discharged from the hospital, but is not yet well enough to resume his duties, he is sent to a convalescent station in an exceedingly beautiful, quiet, isolated spot, where he is cared for until fully restored to health. And I will say for your benefit,' here the Pest addressed himself particularly to the Anarchist, 'that there is no distinction in this course of treatment between the more and the less valuable citizen, the health of one being considered as indissolubly related to the health of all.'

'Are you sure,' asked the Banker, 'that the establishment of this system is not a direct result of the teachings of Mr. Bernard Shaw? It is exactly the system for which he pleads so eagerly and eloquently in one of his numerous prefaces.'

'I doubt very much,' said the Pest, 'whether Mr. Shaw is any better aware of the existence of this state than you yourselves are. Certainly it fails in one important particular to fulfill his prophecies. Mr. Shaw says, very confidently, that if such a system of medical practice ever existed, it would put an end, quite finally, to vaccination and other immunizing devices; to the prescription of expensive drugs as remedies, and to the use of formaldehyde and other germicidal agencies in places where infectious diseases have existed; it being Mr. Shaw's idea that all these practices are mere superstitions, fostered in order to provide the private doctor with a livelihood. So exactly contrary to the fact is this prophecy, that the number of vaccinations in a year is over forty thousand, even the most transient visitor being required to submit to the operation; that over two hundred pounds avoirdupois of quinine alone are consumed monthly, while the disinfection brigade for such diseases as pneumonia and tuberculosis last year disinfected and fumigated two hundred and thirty houses, and totally demolished thirty-two. It only remains to say that this state, which in the past has had the reputation of being one of the unhealthiest places in the world, is now able to show a death-rate which entitles it to be considered as a health resort.

'The principal care of the state is for the health of its citizens, but it also makes some attempt to provide for their other wants with churches, schools, libraries, and club-houses of various sorts, where certain social amusements are provided. There is also a public brass band for whose intentions I have nothing but praise.

'I don't feel, however, that this state shines particularly in the encouragement it gives to the æsthetic development of its citizens. In the matter of decoration, for example, only one kind of paint is used, and this is applied indiscriminately to everything. The formula, which I took pains to inquire about, was cheerfully furnished me. It consists of coal-tar, kerosene, and Portland cement, in a fixed proportion. It combines the merits of cheapness and permanency in a high degree. That is all, I believe, that any one would say for it.'

'What do they do,' inquired the

Banker, 'besides look after their health and hear the band play?'

'The industrial activities of any country are generally pretty well reflected by its railways. In this case, of course, the railway is a state affair. I am sorry to say I have n't the figures by me, but I know that it is extremely profitable and I should be greatly surprised to learn that any railroad in the United States hauled a greater annual tonnage per mile. Of course the industrial enterprises of this country are very intimately correlated, all the power being developed at the most naturally advantageous points and conveyed wherever needed, generally in the form of electricity, although there is a ten-inch pipe-line of compressed air running from one end of the country to the other. The government itself, of course, conducts all these enterprises, and, indeed, they are by far its most important function. Providing its citizens with food, houses, laundry facilities, taking care of the public health, and providing such æsthetic pleasures as are afforded by that band, are mere incidentals.'

'So completely is this state absorbed in its industrial and engineering works, that it denies the exceptional advantages its organization provides, to all but workers. A casual visitor is not permitted to patronize the commissary or the public laundries, nor is he received at the regular state hotels. There is, indeed, one large caravansary built for the accommodation of visitors, but even here the visitors are charged twice as much for accommodation as are the regular working citizens of the state. This is partly, no doubt, to prevent it from getting overcrowded by an idle, pleasure-loving class, whose presence would hinder the furtherance of the great works which the state is prosecuting, but is also a measure of protection to the merchants, innkeepers, and so forth, of the neighboring state, who would infallibly lose all their customers unless such a regulation were adopted.'

'I am curious,' said the Real Socialist, 'to know something more about the organization of the government. Any government that can administer such a multiplicity of activities in a manner at all satisfactory, — and I gather from your remarks that the manner is satisfactory, — must possess a high degree of ability and skill.'

'Nominally,' said the Pest, 'the government is by commission. The public health is in charge of a sanitary commissioner. There is a commissioner in charge of the commissary and of other supplies; another in charge of the civil administration, while the great engineering and industrial enterprises I have spoken of are under the charge of other commissioners.'

'Why do you say nominally?' asked the Socialist.

'Because, as a matter of fact, the chairman of the Commission is a dictator. He can issue administrative orders to suspend the operation of existing orders, without the advice or consent of the other members of the Commission. Indeed, he is under no legal obligation ever to summon a meeting of the Commission.'

'Is this chairman,' inquired the Socialist, 'elected in the first place by the Commission and from their number, or is he elected directly by the vote of the people?'

The Pest smiled, and finished his second half-litre.

'Neither,' said he. 'The chairman is appointed by the President of the United States.

'Of course,' he went on, after a rather blank silence, 'you can have been in no doubt for some time back that the place I have been talking about is the Panama Canal Zone.'

Well, we all began talking then, more or less at once, and the consensus of opinion was that the Pest had n't played fair. He had no business to speak of the Canal Zone as a state.

Thereupon, the Pest wanted to know why not.

'Of course it is n't sovereign,' he admitted, 'but there are plenty of states that are n't, except as a matter of polite fiction. Take the one ruled by the Sultan of Brunei, or by the Gaekwar of Baroda. For working purposes, the Zone is a state. It enforces its own body of laws. It's got a postal system'—

'It has n't any foreign relations,' interrupted the Magazine Man.

'Has n't it, just!' said the Pest. He had picked up this Briticism presumably on his travels. 'Go down and run it for a while and see if you have n't foreign relations enough with the Republic of Panama to keep the whole State Department busy.'

'That's neither here nor there,' said the Socialist. 'It is n't a state, because its government does n't spring from its people. In a word, it has no foundation whatever in Democracy.'

'Precisely,' said the Pest, with an affable smile. 'That's what is so wonderfully fitting about it. Because there 's nothing democratic about Socialism.

'It has been my fate,' he went on, 'to hear all the phases of Socialism discussed on innumerable occasions and by all sorts of Socialists. They disagree almost as enthusiastically as the early Christians, but there is one point on which there is no diversity of opinion. When we have got the Socialist state in full operation, we always find that it is administered by an oligarchy of highly intelligent persons, like the speaker, while the "mere unthinking voter" ramps around and amuses himself with the illusion that it is all his own doing.'

'You're a trifler,' said the Socialist severely, 'with no social consciousness whatever, and I fear that you are an incorrigible individualist.'

'If you want real individualism,' said the Pest, 'you've got to go to Canton, China. The merchants there'—

At this point we rose as one man and threw him out. But we made the Socialist pay for the drinks. Well, it's lucky these Socialists are all so rich.

CHRISTIAN UNITY

BY FRANKLIN SPENCER SPALDING

I

THE new sense of social service in all the churches, and the movement for union among the churches, are closely related. So long as the chief business of ecclesiastical organizations was to teach dogma, isolation was inevitable and desirable. The right of those who do not care to believe a particular creed to choose another creed must be recognized. When, however, religious societies accept the obligation of social service, combination is necessary for efficiency.

When the motive of the foreign missionary was to persuade the heathen to believe a special creed, each missionary tried to keep himself and his converts as far away as possible from every other missionary. But when the object of the foreign missionary is to build schools and hospitals and to bring to the heathen the benefits of Christian civilization, the necessity of coöperation is forced upon him.

This practical desire to get helpful things done is the popular reason for the increasing interest in Christian Unity. But there is here a very real danger. Intense interest in Social Science at home and abroad may make us forget that the churches are primarily religious institutions, not organized charity societies. It is true that the names of those who love their fellow men will head the list of those who love the Lord, but there are other legitimate ways of expressing love for God and receiving his help, which must not be overlooked. There may be scores of societies designed to teach men to do justly and to love mercy, but the Church is the sole means of teaching men to walk humbly with God.

The danger, to-day, is that those who are planning for Christian Unity, in their zeal to supply man's physical needs, will forget that he also has spiritual needs. We must thank the social experts for their protest against selfish sectarianism and impractical otherworldliness, but if they are intelligent they will let the psychologists tell them that *man* cannot live by bread alone, even though every child be given plenty of it, because the human soul is athirst for the Living God. The help of the social expert must be the help of a friendly outsider. He may tell the churches as forcefully as he will that sensible humanitarians consider their divisions inexcusable and shameful, but he is powerless to tell them how to unite. The movement for Christian Unity is not a humanitarian, but a religious, movement.

At this point the theologian offers himself as a guide. We owe him a debt of gratitude which we earnestly acknowledge. He has shown men that God's revelation of Himself in Jesus Christ 'is the fullest disclosure of the nature of God,'[1] and 'that its interpretation of God in terms of divine fatherhood, and man in the terms of sonship, and the final end of life as a kingdom in

[1] 'The Divine Revelation and the Christian Religion,' by Daniel Evans: *Harvard Theological Review*, July, 1912.

which all men realize their nature, is alone adequate.'

The importance of this service few will dispute, but writers of creeds are rarely able to see clearly when their task is done, and the attempts of the theologians to substitute for the religion of Jesus their various theological speculations have caused more disunion than peace. We can, therefore, no more let the theologian lead us than the humanitarian. The movement for Christian Unity is not a philosophical or a metaphysical, but a religious movement.

Offers of guidance from the theologians are numerous. The followers of Alexander Campbell, who spent his life trying to unify Christendom, ask this question as of fundamental importance: 'Do you believe that the Protestant Bible is an all-sufficient statement of Doctrine, of Worship, and of Service?' The question is not an invitation to peace, but a challenge to fight.

The peace proposals of the Protestant Episcopal Church are also suggestive of the dogma which makes for disagreement. The committee it has recently appointed to advance the cause of Christian Unity is named, 'A Commission on Faith and Order,' and it asks us to pray that the day may be hastened, 'when all men shall be enabled to see that Christians endeavor to keep the Unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace'; that among men 'there is one body and one spirit, — one hope of your calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all and through all and in all.'

It would hardly be possible to put more theology into the same number of words, and it is the object of this paper to prove that if we are ever to have Christian Unity it will be because this prayer is not used.

The following statement by Andrew D. White in the preface to his *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom* expresses probably the feeling of the most thoughtful men today: 'My conviction is that science, though it has evidently conquered Dogmatic Theology based on biblical texts and ancient modes of thought, will go hand-in-hand with religion; and that although theological control will continue to diminish, religion as seen in the recognition of a "power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," and in the love of God and of our neighbor, will steadily grow stronger and stronger, not only in the American institutions of learning, but in the world at large.'

This contention, that the fundamental, permanent element in our ecclesiastical organizations is not theology but religion, is no new discovery. Lord Bacon in Essay 3, 'Of Unity in Religion,' said the same thing. 'Religion being the chief band of human society, it is a happy thing when itself is well contained within the true band of unity. The quarrels and divisions about religions were evils unknown to the heathen. The reason was, because the religion of the heathen consisted rather in rites and ceremonies, than in any constant belief.'

Surely a candid study of the history of the Christian Church shows clearly that religion — not theology — is the important basic matter. The Nicene or the Augustinian or the Mediæval theologies, each and all, no more exhaust the full meaning of man's relation to God than the Ptolemaic, the Newtonian, or the Darwinian theories of the physical universe exhaust the full meaning of man's relation to nature. Because man has a mind he cannot but attempt to formulate his discoveries about God and about nature into systems of theology and of science, but those systems

lose their value when they are considered final and not tentative. They are ways of approach, and not ends of journeys.

For one ecclesiastical institution to suppose that its creedal statement expresses the final truth about God and immortality is as absurd as to suppose that Newton's *Principia* or Darwin's *Origin of Species* gives final and complete knowledge of sky and earth. To assert that the sacramental means of grace performed by one accredited order of priests is the only way of appropriating divine strength is as untrue as it would be to claim that one type of engine utilizes the whole power of steam.

The real value of any movement for Christian Unity depends on the progress it makes toward securing for all an adequate expression of their religious life. The sole test of the worth of theological formularies is their helpfulness toward that end. If that end is conserved, then the dogmatic statement is useful; if not, it is useless. The end in view is an adequate supply of spiritual and moral strength, not a final, unchangeable statement of theological truth. It is not denied that such a statement of truth would make men free from moral weakness and spiritual deadness. What is insisted on is that we can only arrive at the doctrine by doing the work, and that, therefore, in planning for Christian Unity, ethical and religious values are of the first importance; theological definition can be left to look after itself. Right conduct and humble worship are the only ways of becoming acquainted with God, and until men become acquainted with God they cannot write creeds which state exactly what his nature is.

What is desperately needed to-day is not a creed so exact that it contains all the truths that have ever been discovered about God, but a society in which every child of man can find moral strength and spiritual joy. The problem is psychological, not theological. If the problem were theological it would be hopeless, but because it is psychological it is solvable. We can learn about human nature if we try; and when we know human nature we can so order it that God can find his way in; but by searching, we cannot find out God.

II

Although man has been unconscious of it, the varieties of human nature have always influenced the organization of religion. The Methodist revival in England is an illustration of the successful demand of a kind of temperament for religious satisfaction which the old organization was not supplying, —though that demand could not define itself in exact terms. It is true that followers of Wesley developed a doctrine of the Holy Spirit unfamiliar to the Church of England, but they carried with them the doctrinal statements of the Mother Church, and there would have been no charge of heresy had they remained in the fold and taught 'Christian Perfection.' The real causes of separation were psychological, not theological. They had to do with the nature of man, not the nature of God. We are now able to recognize this basic fact, and in planning for Unity we must give it its place of supreme importance.

This will not be easy, and before we try to discover the types of human nature which must be satisfied, attention may well be called to two obstacles in the way of progress which are so illogical and unjustifiable that once they are known they ought to be quickly removed. The first is practical, and if we resummon the social expert

whom we dismissed a moment ago, he will help us to see the unworthiness of one of the causes of a divided Christendom. The World Almanac for 1911 names 166 different Christian organizations in the United States; and, either consciously or unconsciously, the heads of each organization, the editors of all the papers published in the interest of each of the organizations, the professors in the training schools for ministers of all these denominations, the writers and publishers of all the books in defense of the peculiar tenets of each of these 166 churches, oppose any consolidation which would put them out of business. If Christian Unity were realized in the state in which I live, one man from one office could do the work now done by seven highly paid and respected officials. The influence of the sectarian press is a striking example of sectarian inertia and opposition to progress toward Unity.

In the United States, 86 papers are published in the interest of the Protestant Episcopal Church. These papers support wholly, or in part, a large number of editors, printers, and contributors. Other denominations use even more printers' ink. In the very nature of the case these editors, printers, and contributors must take themselves very seriously as useful public servants, and that seriousness blocks advance toward Unity.

There are in the United States 162 theological seminaries, whose 1350 professors are engaged in earning their salaries by teaching coming clergymen that the particular emphasis for which their church stands in divided Christendom is still worth fighting for. It seems, therefore, as if the leaders of thought were, by a cruel necessity, opposed to unity.

On the other hand, just because they are leaders of thought, there is hope that they will see the strength and the righteousness of the movement toward Unity and be willing to lay down their official lives to advance it. The pressure of the demand of the missionary who sees the weakness of a divided front in the foreign field is forcing our Board officials to think seriously. The growing influence and circulation of undenominational Christian weekly and quarterly publications is showing open-minded editors the stupidity of trying to compete in influencing public opinion.

Theological seminaries are coming into closer relation with great universities, as in the cases of Union with Columbia and Andover with Harvard, and such association must make for breadth. There is, therefore, proof that even these naturally opposing forces are weakening their opposition to the great cause of the Unity of Christendom. When the men who constitute them realize the situation, they will rapidly remove such opposition, and laymen will follow their lead. Just because this is not an age interested in theological speculation, those who still attend church are most obedient to authority. They will let their leaders think Unity for them as willingly as they now let them think sectarianism for them.

The other obstacle is found in the inconsistent way in which even enlightened thinkers use the Bible as an authority. Very few advocates of verbal inspiration can be found to-day. Indeed, most leaders of thought in all the churches have accepted in part at least the Higher Criticism. But when it comes to the proof texts of their own sectarian basis, then they forget their modern scholarship and criticism, and go back to verbal inspiration.

A Baptist scholar may agree that St. Paul's rabbinical training made him adopt a mode of exegesis not binding on a modern thinker, but when it comes

to the statement in Romans VI, 4, that Christians are buried with Christ in baptism, he insists that every word is straight from God. There is to-day in the Methodist Church a distinctly rationalistic tendency in its thought of inspiration. Many Methodist scholars teach that St. John's Gospel is an interpretation rather than a verbatim report, but they know that the thought in the third chapter of that Gospel, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God,' fell in exactly those words from the lips of the Lord.

I suppose the majority of Anglican scholars accept the documentary hypothesis of the Gospels, agreeing that in the First Gospel we have a compilation freely made of older documents, and that some of the words put into the mouth of Jesus are not the very words he spoke, but words which the Evangelist felt expressed his meaning. Most of them, however, forget their scholarship when they quote St. Matthew XXVIII, 20, and insist that Jesus uttered the very words, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,' and that He meant, as the Prayer-Book puts it, that He 'would be with the ministers of apostolic succession.'

In this very discussion of Christian Unity, we continually hear men of very liberal views of inspiration say, 'We must work and pray for what our Lord prayed for, for in his high priestly prayer did He not say, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us."'

If they were consistent they would recognize that these may not be the words of our Lord at all, but the words which the author of the Fourth Gospel thought that He may have prayed.[1]

Still, there are tendencies at work which will force greater consistency. The interpretation of the Bible which is really being read to-day is not issued in the interest of any sect, but by publishers bidding for a wider circle of readers than the membership of any one society. They encourage non-partisan teachers in unsectarian universities to publish their opinions, and even sectarian teachers, writing for commentaries like the Expositors, the International, and the Westminster, or for modern Bible dictionaries and encyclopædias, make an earnest effort not to write as special pleaders, but as careful and judicious scholars.

Sometimes, it is true, sectarian bigotry is commended as church loyalty. In one of our Episcopal papers a thoughtful writer recently suggested that the difference between a loyal investigator and a disloyal rationalist was that the one approached all debatable questions with a bias in favor of the Church's past belief, while the disloyal rationalist began his investigation with a feeling that the Church was probably wrong and that he could prove it if he tried.

The distinction seemed to me an important one when I read it, but the very next day a prominent Mormon — a graduate of the University of Michigan — to whom I had given a copy of Dr. I. Woodbridge Riley's psychological study, *The Founder of Mormonism*, said to me, 'The trouble with that book is that the author approaches the study of Joseph Smith with a prejudice against him. He begins with a definite belief that the

[1] 'These chapters were written down and became accepted Scripture not less than three quarters of a century after they were spoken, by one who, in common with likeminded companions, had experienced the faithfulness of our Lord's promises.' — BISHOP BRENT, *The Sixth Sense*, page 95.

founder of my church was not a prophet of God, and that he must try his best to prove it. But I, as one brought up in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints, feel strongly that such a bias disqualifies the writer for my respect.'

If this apparently admirable point of view of the prejudiced investigator prevented Mormons from seeing the truth about their false prophet, I was forced to wonder whether it was a helpful point of view for any one to take. Why need there be any more bias in the mind of the investigator of spiritual problems than in the mind of the investigator of scientific matters? Perhaps when we make religion, and not theology, the important matter, partisanship will cease. The theologian reasons deductively, and deductive reasoning requires making assumptions and holding to them dogmatically. The study of religion, on the other hand, can be carried on inductively, and preconceptions of any kind are a recognized hindrance to honest inductive investigation.

III

There seems, then, to be hope that progress can be made, and it becomes increasingly important to see which way is really forward. If our argument is valid we must try to ascertain what the religious needs of man actually are, so that the United Church of the future may provide for them. It is believed that there are really but three varieties of religious experience; but three ways in which men approach God, or, perhaps we ought to say, are reached by God.

Some men have always satisfied their religious craving through the senses, — music for their ears, vestments and lights, color and images for their eyes, incense for their noses, beads for their fingers. In the oldest branches of the Christian Church, the Greek, the Roman, and the Anglican, provision for these means of grace has been especially provided. If it be insisted that such methods of worship were far from the mind of Christ and were borrowed from paganism, such an insistence but increases the proof that some men always have felt and probably always will feel after God, and find Him through their senses. Though superstition and idolatry have resulted from such sensuous means, it is also true that a high type of Christian mysticism has been developed, and noble saints through these visible emblems have found Him who is invisible. The holiness of beauty and the beauty of holiness are related to each other. Art and music have advanced because religion has used them. Religion has been a power to millions because art and music have helped her. Therefore, the United Church of the future must provide for ritualistic worship and for experts to conduct it.

But there always have been, and always will be, those who are irritated rather than helped by elaborate ceremonial. Like Hegel, they worship by thinking. Doubtless many of them will always be individualists, but those who assemble themselves together will do so to listen to addresses by thoughtful, ethical teachers delivered in lecture halls rather than in churches. Their leaders are prophets and not priests. Unitarians and Friends, among the sects of to-day, illustrate the extreme of this type, and they have won credit for intellectual courage and moral earnestness. There can be no doubt that they find God by thus mentally feeling after Him, because they have an heroic passion for truth and righteousness which God alone can inspire. In a United Christendom, provision must be made for those who find God through

the rational and logical powers of the mind.

And in the third place there are the 'twice-born,' those who satisfy their religious craving through the emotions. To the thousands who were spiritually dying in spite of the ritual of Romans and the intellectualism of Anglicans, the appeal to the emotions by Wesley and Whitfield brought the breath of life. The leaders of the old historical churches, with their dignified and stilted ritual, and the preachers of a rational gospel of conduct may feel that the revivalist is irreverent and illogical, but they cannot deny that many — who have not been reached by them — he brings to God through the Christ who, they know, has saved them from their sins. And the emotional appeal finds as many responding hearts to-day as it ever did. Gypsy Smith and Billy Sunday continue the work of Whitfield and Finney and Moody.

The United Church of the future will not be Catholic unless it provides for those to whom God comes in a subliminal uprush. The story is told of a prim English curate, who once entered a meeting-house in which a company of Holy Rollers were manifesting the fruits of the Spirit. He pushed his way to the platform and at last got a hearing. 'Don't you know,' he said, 'that God is not the God of disorder but of harmony? When Solomon built a temple to his glory we are told that there was neither the sound of axe nor hammer, but in holy silence the sacred walls arose.' To which the exhorter retorted, 'But, parson, we aren't building a house, we're blasting the rocks.'

No doubt these three methods of religious expression and divine appropriation combine in different ways. Ritualistic priests deliver thoughtful sermons, and some of them preach revivals which they prefer to call 'Missions.' Puritan reasoners introduce liturgical services of a restrained and limited character. They even replace the stained glass which their fathers smashed. Christian Scientists do not appropriate grace by what other people call logic, and they must, like the twice-born, get it through the subconscious mind, and yet their public services are as unemotional as Quaker meetings. 'Blasters of the Rocks,' like Dowie and General Booth, array themselves in Episcopal vestments and decorate themselves with brass buttons. Still it is believed that these three are the basic types, and that if provision is made in one organization for them, that organization will give adequate spiritual help to the vast majority of men.

Is it possible to evolve or to create such an organization? Unless it can be done, Christian Unity is not desirable, because the religious necessities of all sorts and conditions of men will not be provided for. If our argument is valid, a Church which does not want Christian Unity on such a basis does not honestly want Christian Unity at all.

IV

A group of influential theologians will protest at once that the proposal to *create* an organization is a heresy which denies the faith. They will urge, that, in the mind of Christ the Church is one already, and therefore all we need to do is to *realize* that Unity.

'The Church is essentially one, as there is one God, one Christ, one Spirit, one fellowship.[1] The Unity of the Church is not produced by man. We may strive in vain to produce it. It

[1] Prof. Edward L. Brown. From a paper read at a conference on Christian Unity of Ministers of the Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal Churches.

already exists. It is an actual organic unity of believers through Christ, which we can deny, but which we can neither create nor destroy.'

Surely this is misty mysticism. One may talk in the same vague way of the 'Solidarity of the Human Race' and the 'Brotherhood of Man,' because God has made of one blood all nations of men, but that does not mean that the parliament of nations and the federation of the world has been realized, or can be, simply by thinking so. The President of Oberlin is a Congregationalist, and perhaps therefore a hopeless individualist, but there is much wisdom in this warning in his *Reconstruction of Theology*. 'In truth it needs to be said with emphasis that we understand better what we mean by personal relation and by friendship, than we do what we mean by organic relation and organism.'

This contention that the Christian Church is an 'organism' is the theological obstacle in the way of Christian Unity which will die hardest, because it lies at the basis of the dogma of 'the Valid Ministry' held so tenaciously by those churches which call themselves 'historic.' They insist that the life of the organism depends on its continuity, and that, therefore, the tree of Christianity must be in connection with the apostolic root or it will die even though it have a name to live. It is contended that St. Paul argues for this conception of the Church in the First Epistle to the Corinthians and in the Epistle to the Ephesians, and that his argument is in harmony with the argument in the fifteenth chapter of St. John where the analogy of the Vine and its branches is used. I remember well a picture which once hung in the library of a High-Church bishop. In the centre was a great tree with three branches. The trunk was the undivided Church of the first three centuries. The branches were the Roman, the Eastern, and the Anglican churches, all in vital connection with the trunk of the tree. Perched on little branches were foolish heretics sawing themselves off from the great branches. Off in the corners of the picture were Luther and Calvin and Servetus and Wesley and Joseph Smith, Jr., and other ecclesiastics, each planting a poor sickly twig, cut from the great tree of the Catholic Church. But this picture when carefully considered, fails to prove its point, for even the Joseph-Smith-Jr. cutting, once it takes root, becomes just as much of an organism as the parent tree, and it is conceivable that such a cutting may grow into a tree which, judged by its fruits, is a better organism than the old tree itself. As has been wisely said by the Bishop of Michigan, 'It is by fruits, not by roots, we are to be judged.'

An illustration from another form of group-life will make this truth still more clearly evident. The American revolutionists deliberately broke with the mother country and created a new nation. Their Constitution provided for a radically different method of national solidarity and continuance; but will any one assert that at the present day the United States of America is not a living organism in as real a sense as the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland?

Theology may make connection with God depend upon theories of valid ordination, but religion has a confidence of its own that 'God is no respecter of persons but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him,' even though he be not purified according to accredited theological methods. Therefore, even if this organic conception of the Church were true, it would not prove that men's religious needs might not be better provided for if

that article of the theological creed were denied. We are not interested in preserving dogma, but in saving life.

V

What, then, shall this organization be? What is necessary is an organization of religion which shall, with equal authority and credit, provide for the three forms of religious need so that one in search of his soul's health may pass from one to the other with no more suspicion or loss of standing than a citizen of Massachusetts experiences in going from Boston to Los Angeles in search of his bodily health.

Present forms of organization must, of course, be given fair consideration. The Congregational will hardly serve, because it is rather a protest against organization than a form of it, and the present development of organization in the Congregational and Baptist and Campbellite bodies, because of the need of missionary enterprises, is admittedly illogical. The Presbyterian and the Episcopal forms of organization remain, and of the two the Episcopal form has proved itself rather more permanent, and yet more adaptable and flexible than the Presbyterian, which historically was created in the interest of a definite theological system. Indeed, to-day, the distinction between the Congregational and Presbyterian is rapidly disappearing.

Against the Episcopal form of organization is the undoubted fact that it easily falls into sacerdotal temptation, and, because of its historical association, is almost inevitably aristocratic. Possibly the Methodist form of Episcopal leadership may be more useful than either the Roman, the Anglican, or the Greek, though it must be admitted that the Methodist bishop is considered quite as impressive a personage as others who hold that title. But when once the theological dogma of sacerdotalism is gone, that matter can be decided on practical grounds. By the preservation of the historic Episcopate this truth of fundamental importance will be safeguarded, and it is a truth so important that risks may well be taken to prevent its being forgotten — that Christianity is a historic religion.

The Holy Catholic Church must not only welcome to-day and to-morrow all sorts and conditions of men who profess and call themselves Christians, but she must also claim kinship with all the saints of all the Christian centuries, and make her own the fruits of their victories over weakness and sin. None of the churches of to-day appropriate the Christian heritage, because they are interested in dogma rather than life. Those who boast that they are 'historic' overlook the values of the last five hundred years of Christian history; while the nonconformist churches fail to make their own the treasures of the first five hundred years. Is not the Anglican Church right in the feeling that the possession of the historic Episcopate gives a title to this whole heritage and a continual reminder of its value? Therefore, is not the proposal to give Episcopal orders to the churches that have lost the apostolic succession one which should be seriously considered? There seems to be no more certain way of making the Church, as a wise householder, take out of the treasure things new and old.

The revival of interest in Christian Unity dates from the Edinburgh Conference. Here two thousand earnest men agreed to forget their differences, which meant their theology, and plan together to give the heathen what they all agreed the heathen really needed — the Christian Life. Such a wonderful exhibition of brotherly love suggested

the idea that it might be possible to hold an equally representative conference in which the religious values that all agreed upon should be put in the background, and where there should be a frank discussion of the theological dogmas about which most of them differed.

This was much as if, because a convention of mothers had shown complete unanimity of opinion in praising the glory and dignity of motherhood and the beauty and promise of childhood, some wise one should decide that it would be a good time to secure agreement on the best formula for sterilizing milk.

The suggestion to call a world conference to consider matters of theological difference seemed to be inspired by the spirit of truth; but if our argument is valid, it might rather have come from that other spirit who, on occasion, is said to disguise himself as an angel of light, and who, Milton to the contrary notwithstanding, has a sense of humor and perhaps said to himself, 'How much more exciting it would be to see these pious brethren fight!'

The real lesson to be learned is that the Edinburgh Conference was only possible because the tolerant charity of religion was for the time given full sway, the divisive influence of theology being excluded. Christian Unity will never come until the followers of Jesus Christ realize that his religion depends, not upon exact thinking, but upon Christlike living.

THE MAGIC OF GUAM

BY MARJORIE L. SEWELL

In the midst of lapping waters floats a far-off, magic island, whose purple mountain-peaks rise from the mists of the sea. The slow-heaving swells turn white along its shore, and rocky cliffs, resounding to the boom of surf on the reef, encircle the same harbor into which Magellan sailed in 1521. There stands Fort Santa Cruz, as it was when so lately fired upon by an American vessel, and there are the white roofs of Piti, from which a barge put out that day and pulled up alongside the American battleship in order to explain that there was no powder on the island with which to return the salute. But it was not a salute, and although *El Gobernador* had not heard of the war between Spain and the United States, he at least realized the fact, when, tied to a creaking bullock-cart, in the hot sun, he was slowly conducted back to Agaña, the last of the Spanish governors.

So now the Spanish régime had passed away, and the echoing corridors and sunken gardens of the old 'palace' resounded to the shouts and laughter of small Americans. It was a strange environment for a western child. In the case of a little girl of twelve, there was, of course, the usual routine life of the tropics, — lessons in the morning with a governess, and a siesta in the

afternoon. Now and then a guest would take tiffin at the Government House; the captain of a schooner who had lived for sixty days on copra, and who told wild tales of the Arctic storms; or a German from distant islands, escorted by his bodyguard of savages, whose ear-lobes touched their black shoulders, so heavy were the beads they wore. And once a month, on transport-days, when the mails came, and every *quiles*[1] and bull-cart was pressed into service, as well as the daily ambulance with the blind mule, to carry the passengers from Piti to Agaña, why then all thought of routine was abandoned, even lessons, and a palm tree was cut down, so that the strangers might enjoy a palmetto salad. Then, too, a native swimmer would dive deep into the sea to draw from his home in a coral cave that delicacy, the crawfish. But this, of course, was seldom.

At four o'clock you put on a fresh white dress, socks, and sandals, and then the day really began. If the water was too hot for a swim at Dunker's beach, a romp with the little native girls was the next best thing, — shy children with bright eyes, and eager to learn English. Or, you went to see the fat lady, who made wonderful baskets, or Señor Martinez, the silversmith, who would pound three dollars Mex into a bracelet or spoon if you gave him five.

Sometimes, even, you peeped into Mr. Lhemkuhl's garden, where paw-paw and mango trees were combined in a bewildering maze with every kind of tropical and temperate vegetation, overshadowed by the tall stack of the ice-plant. But that was a joke you could never quite appreciate. And besides, not all the interesting things were in the city. Beyond lay the rice-paddies, the yam- and taro-fields, and, best of all, the ranchos, for there you caught and plucked a chicken, and, as it fried over the fire of cocoanut husks, you sat native-fashion eating rice in the doorway of a *nipa* hut. Above roosted hens in woven baskets, beneath grunted the black pig, tied by one hind leg. And there you could suck sugar-cane to your heart's content, fill your pocket with coffee-berries, and cocoa-beans, and then, with oranges dangling from your saddle, race home on a trotting cow.

While the Pacific cable was still under way, and before the first official message went round the world in nine minutes, the child often visited the cable station, a cluster of temporary buildings in a grove of banyan trees. And when weary of the clicking keys and of sending nursery rhymes hundreds of miles along the ocean bottom by Morse code, she would climb high into a labyrinth of banyan branches, where flowers and ferns grew sixty feet in air, until, terrified by the great height, she was rescued, and descended on the shoulders of a strong young operator, who slid down one of the straight roots to the ground.

So the American child learned many things. Learned? No, rather absorbed, and without effort, for she had merely a growing consciousness of the joy of living. To be up with the sun, and, leaving the world wrapped in mist, to plunge through thick jungle, urging the pony on with caresses, — and kicks, — while wet branches brushed the cold dew against the face, and lemon *china* bushes scratched the arms, — this was to live. Then, suddenly, she might look into the depth of a still black pool, surrounded by gigantic trees, gray lichen, and matted,

[1] 'Quiles' is probably a Chamorro word. It is applied to a two-wheeled cart drawn by one horse and seating a driver and four people. It is used at Guam, and throughout the Philippines. — THE AUTHOR.

hanging vines. At one side the spring had overflowed to form a gliding river, through waving pampas-grass, and near the outlet, where the water bubbled over glistening pebbles, stood two ruined pillars of stone. One could not learn about these, but one could feel the hush and awe of that enchanted spring, as it had been felt by an ancient, unknown civilization centuries ago.

And there were other things that could be only felt, — the hoof-beats of the pony on the hard sea-sand, the fresh, salt wind, and the knowledge that this was perfect happiness, free as the trampling surf. And in this beauty, untouched and unharmed by man, one felt akin to the fawn that nibbled morning-glories without trembling, the wild boar that gruffly turned and fled into the jungle, and the stupid blue starfish that could be gathered from the saddle where the water was shallow.

There were moments too from a fairy tale, when the black Alphonso swam and dived about the horse's legs, rubbing them with a split cocoanut-shell, while the Princess of Piti perched high on Demonie's back, till the morning bath was over. Then, snorting through cool lilies on the river-banks, they pranced from the shadows into glistening sunshine, and would have flown, had not the bugle sounded 'colors' and held them motionless.

Another phase of the life greatly impressed the child with the reality and power of the elements. It was first evident one day at dinner when a low rumbling was followed by severe shocks, a lamp fell from a shelf, a wall split, each half falling in a different direction, and the old shaven St. Bernard calmly walked out on the terrace. For he knew, as does any painted junk on the China sea, that it was merely the island's stubbing its toes on a coral reef. But earthquakes were not the only evidence of nature's power. One dark night, the lightning flashed so incessantly that the *Ordenancas* could be distinctly seen patrolling up and down the plaza. Within, the matting rose and fell in the long, draughty rooms, and a little white-clad figure, creeping into her sister's bed, was mechanically thrust out, and spent the rest of the night on the great eifel-wood table in the salon, with only a small Jap poodle. By daybreak the wind had become a circling typhoon, and though there was a lull at noon, while its centre passed over the island, when the natives might rest from the tiring position of sitting on their roofs to keep them down, yet again the wind blew as fiercely, and again it raised and flattened the bamboo band-stand, but now in the opposite direction, as well-regulated typhoons always do.

When the sun came out after that storm and the trade-winds blew great balls of cotton cloud across the sky, a thrill of patriotism swept over the whole island. Against the clear, deep blue darted all sorts and kinds of kites, and halfway up the line of the largest, was run the American flag. Then of a sudden on the horizon appeared a white battleship, and then another, and another, until at last the whole Asiatic squadron was steaming by like so many white swans on the blue water.

In sharp contrast to the military atmosphere of the island, was the fervent, childlike worship of the natives, all Christians. Now and then, on a well-worn road, one would pass a lonely shrine, covered with creepers and decked with bunches of wild-flowers. And then, on nearing the town at dusk, a tolling bell would break the stillness of the warm night air, and presently, with lighted candles and

bared heads, a long procession would pass by, carrying images of the saints; and winding on, would disappear again into the dusk.

At night the silvery-haired old padre, who knew more about the island and its inhabitants than any one else, would sometimes consent to tell the children stories. They were weird, wandering stories about the *gente del monte* (mountain spirits) or *tauto monos* (giant people), but sooner or later always came the favorite one, the story of why the carabao can only squeak. Of course you know that the carabao is the big, slaty-blue buffalo with long horns, that is always wallowing in the soft, oozy mud with only its eyes and nose out of water. Well, once upon a time, the Virgin Mary was singing the Christ-Child to sleep, when down the street galloped a carabao, bellowing with all his powerful might, and waking up the baby. Whereupon the Virgin Mary pulled off her slipper and tapped the carabao's nose with it, to teach him better manners. And so from that day to this the carabao has been able to make no more noise than a little, tiny mouse.

They were only stories. But in the deep silences of the night, when the Southern Cross and the Scorpion shone bright in the heavens, and when a meteor turned the whole world now red, now green, now yellow, and disappeared behind the hills, then the spirits of the Anitos lay no longer lost and buried in the jungle, but walked abroad, and the *tauto monos* bathed in the sea by Devil's Point, or, as of old, hurled great rocks to stop the flight of the Chamorros in their swift canoes.

Once, the western child, called by these spirits of the night, could sleep no longer, but crept from bed, and out upon the terrace. The world was very still, — only the dull, distant boom of the surf and the tread of a sentinel on his beat, then — silence. The air was laden with the fragrance of opopanax, and the blossoming ling-a-ling; and blinking from a branch of the lemon tree hung a bat. Below in the old, walled garden, the moonlight cast strange shadows through the tracery of branches, and, as the child flitted with these shapes and thoughts, she breathed the magic of the night, and knew that this was life in the Southern Seas.

THE MONEY TRUST

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

PERHAPS no public question of our time has involved considerations of more dramatic possibilities — financial, industrial, social, and, therefore, political — than what is commonly known as the problem of the Money Trust. Stated in its most general terms, the proposition which is to be proved or disproved, and the proof of which, in the view of many people in the United States, has been obtained in the recent public inquiry by the sub-committee of the House of Representatives' Banking and Currency Committee, is the proposition that a comparatively small group of wealthy financiers control in their individual interest, and can utilize for their selfish purposes, the banking machinery of this country, and, through that machinery, all of the country's industries. They can, it has been more or less generally assumed, obstruct the progress of independent industry, can fix not only money rates, and not only prices of Stock-Exchange securities, but prices of merchandise. It has been argued on the floor of Congress, that they can create at will, and do create for their own selfish purposes, 'booms' and panics, prosperity and adversity. On this supposition, their power over the business fortunes and personal welfare of the country as a whole, and of every individual in the country, would be supreme.

Manifestly, if this description of the condition of things were correct, or if the tendency of existing affairs were strongly in such a direction, the problem would be fundamental to all others in social and political discussion. I propose to discuss this problem without fear or favor; with full and fair consideration of the arguments, both of those who uphold the conclusions as outlined above, and of those who deny them absolutely.

I

Before taking up the particular grounds of the present controversy, it will be advisable to inquire to what extent the indictment of the so-called Money Trust is a wholly new phenomenon of the day, and how far it is simply repetition, in a new form, of the complaint, common to all the past centuries of organized society, over the encroachments of the wealthy and moneyed classes on the interests of society at large.

The question as it is discussed today could not in fact exist before a period when credit on an enormous scale was utilized, not only for loans to governments and individuals, but for the capitalizing and equipping of great companies in the field of transportation and manufacture. It could hardly have antedated the day of the hundred-million-dollar corporation. We are accustomed to regard the crusade of President Andrew Jackson against the United States Bank as a fight with the Money Power; and so its author declared it to be. But that contest was avowedly against the Money Power in politics, not in trade. Jackson's cabinet

memorandum of 1833 asserted that if the bank were permitted longer to hold the public deposits, 'the patriotic among our citizens will despair of struggling against its power'; and his annual message denounced it on the ground of what he considered the 'unquestionable proof that the Bank of the United States was converted into a permanent electioneering engine.'

That episode, therefore, is something different in essential respects from the present Money-Trust agitation. An accusation, closely resembling that referred to at the beginning of this paper, was voiced with passionate emphasis in the national platform of the People's party, at the opening of the Presidential campaign of 1892. Among its other indictments of what was then commonly styled the Money Power were the following: —

'The newspapers are largely subsidized or muzzled; public opinion silenced; business prostrated; labor impoverished; and the land concentrating in the hands of the capitalists. . . . The fruits of the toil of millions are boldly stolen to build up colossal fortunes for a few, unprecedented in the history of mankind; and the possessors of these, in turn, despise the republic and endanger liberty. . . . Silver, which has been accepted as coin since the dawn of history, has been demonetized to add to the purchasing power of gold by decreasing the value of all forms of property as well as human labor; and the supply of currency is purposely abridged to fatten usurers, bankrupt enterprise, and enslave industry. A vast conspiracy against mankind has been organized on two continents, and it is rapidly taking possession of the world. If not met and overthrown at once, it forebodes terrible social convulsions, the destruction of civilization, or the establishment of an absolute despotism.'

At first glance, this declaration of more than twenty years ago would appear to have in mind the identical conditions alleged to exist at the present day. Close examination, however, will show some rather important divergencies. The gravamen of the charge of 1892 was the allegation that advocacy of the gold standard of currency was prompted by a wish to reduce the money supply, increase the purchasing power of gold, and thereby enable the Money Power to obtain possession of the people's property through the resultant reduction of prices for land, commodities, and labor.

It may doubtless be argued that the prophecies of the platform of 1892 would have been fulfilled but for the then quite unanticipated discovery of new gold fields in the Transvaal, the Rocky Mountains, and the Klondike. But even if this were to be conceded, the fact would remain that the Money Trust was attacked in 1892 for its work in putting down prices, whereas it is attacked in 1913 for putting them up.

II

When we now approach the consideration of the problem as it stands today, our first difficulty is one of definition. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, in his testimony of December 19 before the Pujo Committee, declared that 'all the banks in Christendom could not control money; there could be no "Money Trust."' This was, to be sure, the opinion of a prejudiced witness. But the counsel of the committee, whose attitude on the general question is far from that of Mr. Morgan, said in a public address in December, 1911, —

'If it is expected that any Congressional or other investigation will expose the existence of a "Money Trust," in the sense in which we use the word "trust," as applied to unlawful indus-

trial combinations, that expectation will not be realized. Of course, there is no such thing. There is no definite union or aggregation of the money powers in the financial world. There certainly is none that can be said to be in violation of existing law.'

It is, perhaps, quite as well to emphasize this admission in the beginning; for, although to people conversant with the financial and banking methods of the day, Mr. Untermyer's statement may seem a mere truism, there are unquestionably thousands of readers of the discussion who have regarded the alleged 'Money Trust' as in all respects in the class of the Standard Oil and American Tobacco trusts. We should not get far in our argument if we did not first reject and dismiss this crude conception of the problem.

It is on the floor of Congress that the most explicit charges have been made against the organization which, for the sake of convenience, I shall continue to describe as the Money Trust. On February 24, 1912, when urging the Congressional inquiry which has since been held, Mr. Henry of Texas, chairman of the Rules Committee, remarked in the House of Representatives, —

'It is sufficient to say that, during the last five years, the financial resources of the country have been concentrated in the city of New York, until they now dominate more than 75 per cent of the moneyed interests of America, more than 75 per cent of the industrial corporations which are combined in the trusts, and practically all of the great trunk railways running from ocean to ocean; until these great forces are in such combination and agreement that it is well-nigh impossible for honest competition to be set up against them. . . .'

On December 15, 1911, Mr. Lindbergh of Minnesota, arguing before the House Rules Committee for his own resolution of inquiry, thus referred to the Money Trust and the banks controlled by it:—

'We know that a few men and their associates control, by stock holdings and a community of interest, practically all the most important industries and also the transportation systems on which the products of all industries must be carried from producers to consumers. These same few men control the finances of the country and may bring on a panic any day that such would suit their selfish ends. We need no evidence of that fact.'

Finally, I may cite some passages from a long speech delivered in the United States Senate on March 17, 1908, shortly after the panic of 1907 had spent its force, by Mr. La Follette of Wisconsin. He began by submitting a list of one hundred men, 'to whom I have referred as controlling the industrial life of the nation.' The places held by these men on various company directorates amounted to 'evidence that less than one hundred men own and control railroads, traction, shipping, cable, telegraph, telephone, express, mining, coal, oil, gas, electric light, copper, cotton, sugar, tobacco, agricultural implements, and the food-products, as well as banking and insurance.'

There was, Senator La Follette went on, 'every inducement for those who controlled transportation and a few great basic industries, to achieve control of money in the financial centre of the country. . . . With this enormous concentration of business it is possible to create, artificially, periods of prosperity and periods of panic. Prices can be lowered or advanced at the will of the "System." '

'Taking the general conditions of the country, it is difficult to find any sufficient reason outside of manipulation for the extraordinary panic of October,

1907. . . . There were no commercial reasons for a panic.

'The panic came,' Mr. La Follette proceeds. 'It had been scheduled to arrive. The way had been prepared. Those who were directing it were not the men to miss anything in their way as it advanced. The historic third week of October arrived; "the panic" was working well. The stock market had gone to smash. Harriman was buying back Union Pacific shorts, but still smashing the market. Morgan was buying in short Steel stocks and bonds, but still smashing the market. The Morse group had been disposed of. Standard Oil had settled with Heinze. . . .

'The smashing of the market became terrific. Still they waited. Union Pacific declined $10\frac{1}{2}$ points in ten sales. Northern Pacific and other stocks went down in like proportion. Five minutes passed — ten minutes past 2 o'clock. Men looked into each other's ghastly faces. Then, at precisely 2.15, the curtain went up with Morgan and Standard Oil in the centre of the stage with money, — real money, twenty-five millions of money, — giving it away at 10 per cent. . . . And so ended the panic.'

III

It is necessary first to inquire if the declarations and descriptions are accurate. In so far as the above-cited speeches set forth what is the actual situation regarding concentrated control of manufacturing and banking institutions, they are dealing with ascertainable facts, of which I shall presently have more to say. Let it for the moment suffice to remark that a concentration of power, quite unexampled in history, over the large banking institutions of the leading cities and over the huge railway and industrial corporations, is not disputed; and has, in fact, been admitted by competent witnesses in the recent House Committee inquiry.

Mr. George M. Reynolds, president of the Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago, the largest institution of the sort in the country outside of New York City, repeated in his evidence a previous statement of his own that, 'the money power now lies in the hands of a dozen men,' of whom 'I plead guilty to being one'; and he added to the committee, 'I am inclined to think that excess of power in a limited number of men always is a menace.' Mr. George F. Baker, chairman of the First National Bank of New York, perhaps the most powerful of the so-called 'Morgan institutions,' testified regarding the control of credit, represented by control of banks and trust companies, 'I think it has gone about far enough.' To go further 'might not be dangerous. In good hands, I do not say that it would do any harm. If it got into bad hands, it would be very bad.' These statements would certainly seem to prove the general allegations of concentrated control — though they do not prove, and nothing in the Pujo Committee's hearings has proved, the sweeping declarations which place not only the banking, transportation, and manufacturing industries of the country, but its agricultural production, in the hands of a Money Trust.

But if, as Mr. Henry declares, these few capitalists 'are the supreme dictators of the financial situation'; if, as Mr. Lindbergh assures us, they 'may bring on a panic any day that such would suit their selfish ends,' and if, as Senator La Follette concludes, they did, single-handed, and for purposes of selfish gain, deliberately create in 1907 a panic for which there was no other cause or explanation than their wicked purposes — then we should manifestly

be confronted with a public enemy, which must be utterly destroyed before such a thing as legitimate finance and industry can again exist in the United States.

But the truth of this matter is, that no intelligent man, in the least conversant with the facts, has ever taken seriously these specific accusations of the three statesmen. To be 'the supreme dictator of a financial situation,' a man or a body of men must control not only supply on the security and commodity markets, but demand; not only production of iron and copper and tobacco, but of wheat and corn and cotton. Whoever is for any consecutive time arbitrarily to dictate money rates, must do so through controlling the course, not only of bank loans and liabilities, but of bank reserves, and to be the 'supreme dictators' in such directions, must control such matters as the world's production of gold, the foreign exchanges, the requirements on home or foreign markets arising from war, from large harvests, from political apprehension, from destruction of capital through fire or earthquake, or from a hundred other influences familiar to the calculations of business men, in this year as in all others.

It may be briefly stated, further, in regard to a few of Mr. La Follette's facts, that it is not at all 'difficult to find any sufficient reason, outside of manipulation, for the extraordinary panic of 1907.' The crisis was world-wide; it was due to a world-wide overstrain on credit. It had been predicted by European economists, on the basis of such conditions, months before it swept over the United States; and it broke out in other parts of the world — Egypt, Japan, and Hamburg, in particular — before it touched New York.

As for the picture drawn by Mr. La Follette of the panic itself, the most that can be said is that it represents in no single point anything more than the vivid imagination of an excited person almost wholly unacquainted with the facts of that particular episode, and extremely ignorant of the ordinary principles of finance. Nothing in the Pujo Committee's lengthy examination confirmed in a single particular the Wisconsin Senator's extraordinary version of the story. Indeed, nothing stood forth more impressively, in those critical days, than the consideration that the investments and property of no man in the money market, however powerful, were safe unless the panic itself were checked.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson, in his speech of August 7, 1912, accepting the Democratic nomination, said, 'There are vast confederacies (as I may perhaps call them for the sake of convenience) of banks, railways, express companies, insurance companies, manufacturing corporations, power and development companies, and all the rest of the circle, bound together by the fact that the ownership of their stock and the members of their boards of directors are controlled and determined by comparatively small and closely inter-related groups of persons who, by their informal confederacy, may control, if they please, and when they will, both credit and enterprise. There is nothing illegal about these confederacies, so far as I can perceive. They have come about very naturally, generally without plan or deliberation, rather because there was so much money to be invested and it was in the hands, at great financial centres, of men acquainted with one another and intimately associated in business, than because any one had conceived and was carrying out a plan of general control. But they are none the less a potent force in our economic and financial system on that account. Their very exist-

ence gives rise to the suspicion of a Money Trust — a concentration of the control of credit which may at any time become infinitely dangerous to free enterprise.'

It will be observed that this statement of the case, though conceived in an altogether different spirit from the sweeping and detailed assertions of the Congressional orators previously cited, none the less pictures a state of affairs which calls for very serious and impartial consideration. From the temperate statement of Mr. Wilson's speech of acceptance, and from the frank admissions, already cited, of Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Baker, one conclusion becomes inevitable; and that is, that we are in the presence of a novel and striking condition of things in American finance, whereby active or potential control of a very great part both of our financial institutions and of our industrial institutions, is concentrated in the hands of a comparatively small group of financiers. If, as President Wilson has said, this 'came about very naturally' and 'without plan or deliberation,' all the more reason is there for inquiring what were the circumstances and conditions of its origin.

IV

Notwithstanding the Populist party's allegation of 1892, already cited, the historical fact is that the state of things in American finance and industry which is the basis of the pending discussion had its origin during the period following the panic of 1893. Low prices, over-production, agricultural depression, speculative over-construction of railways, speculative over-capitalization of manufacturing enterprise, had brought the country into a state of very general insolvency, which, through mismanagement of the national finances, had all but touched the government. Of the country's railways in particular, more than sixty per cent of the outstanding capital stock was receiving no dividend, and twenty-five per cent of it represented companies in the hands of receivers.

Ownership and control of these railways had been widely distributed; there was actually less of concentrated domination, by a few capitalists or groups of capitalists, than had existed a dozen years before the panic of 1893. Ownership of the comparatively new industrial trusts (a good part of which came to grief financially in 1893, or shortly afterward) was hardly concentrated at all. There was no joint control of groups of banking institutions; in New York City itself, each of the great banks was an independent power.

But the problem confronting the community when the panic of 1893 had spent its force, was one of financial reconstruction. The work was long surrounded with discouragement; for, in order to place these great corporations on their feet again, large amounts of fresh capital were necessary, and an even larger command of credit. These requirements arose at a time while the country itself was poor; when available capital was lacking, and credit hard to obtain because of the doubt and suspicion surrounding the previous history of the enterprises. It was natural, and indeed inevitable, that the owners of these insolvent properties, having failed to obtain consent of the conflicting interests to their plan of reorganization, and having failed to obtain assurance of the fresh capital required, should have asked the powerful international banking-houses to undertake the task.

It was then that the contrivance of the 'voting trust' — another much-discussed phenomenon of the Pujo inquiry — began to play an important part. The reasons for that departure

from ordinary company management obviously were, that many of the corporations in question had lately been wrecked by incompetent managements, and that subscribers of the requisite capital for reorganization laid down the stipulation that, for a stated term of years, selection of directors and general oversight of the companies' finances should be irrevocably placed in the hands of the banking-houses which had assumed the task of reorganization, and in whose financial sagacity and financial probity confidence was general.

So far nothing had happened which, in the light of the actual situation, was not logical and reasonable. What would have followed, had the ensuing decade been one of slow and deliberate industrial expansion, is not wholly easy to conjecture. Within half a dozen years, however — partly because of the world-wide recovery in staple prices, partly because of great good fortune of American agriculture, partly because of the disappearance of the depreciated-currency peril — a wave of extraordinary prosperity swept over the United States. One speedy result of this remarkable turn in the situation was that capitalists of every stamp began snatching for control of properties in some one else's hands.

From 1899 to 1901 inclusive, three tendencies shaped the financial history of the period. One was the excited bidding of rival groups of capitalists, to get possession of one or more of the great railways and industrial corporations. Another was the effort to avert mutual hostility and destructive competition by arranging that two or more rival companies should have representation in one another's directorate. The third was the buying-up of outright control in a group of competing corporations, either through actual purchase, by one of the companies, of the outstanding shares of its competitors, or through organization of an entirely new company, which bought and held a controlling interest in the shares of its competitors.

To what extent the second and third of these processes were, in their origin, simple protective measures, honestly adopted by conservative banking interests to safeguard a given corporation from outside attack or from capture by unscrupulous adventurers, and to what extent they were suggested by growing ambition for centralized control, it is not easy absolutely to measure. The public-spirited motive certainly played some part in dictating the policy, especially during the earlier year or two of that extraordinary period; that fact will be admitted by all who studied the episode at close range, and who knew the personal character and principles of the newly-made millionaires who were then conducting their campaign of booty. There was at least the conceivable possibility of another era of Jay Goulds, Jim Fisks, and Commodore Vanderbilts, with another orgy, on a far larger scale than that of 1869, of corrupt and dishonest administration of the affairs of corporations.

As late as 1902, one of the most important railway companies in the United States actually passed, through the medium of Stock-Exchange trading, from the control of conservative English capitalists to the control of an American gambler and speculator, who had acquired his fortune by company promotions of an altogether unscrupulous sort. It was rescued from his grasp through its purchase by another railway company controlled by conservative banking interests, and thus, apparently without any such original purpose on their part, became a link in the concentration of control over corporations. This was only one out of numerous similar instances.

V

But movements of this nature very rarely stop with the achievement of their original purpose, and there were special reasons why that movement did not stop. The period in which it occurred was itself of a character to stimulate enormously the movement of corporate concentration, and it was manifest from the start that a mixture of motives was at work in it. An era in which unprecedentedly easy credit and unprecedentedly large supplies of capital seeking investment, coincided with the letting-down of the bars against unlimited combination of corporations, was bound to arouse the activities of ambitious financiers. Some of them bought up rival companies and merged them with their own, simply to crowd aggressive competitors out of the field. Some of them grasped at such other corporations merely to insure their own personal supremacy. Some of them bought up one company, or a group of companies, in order to sell the whole property, at a large advance in price, to some one else.

On the one hand, the speculators grew to believe that they had found the philosopher's stone of profit; on the other, the serious promoting financiers began to talk of an age in which business could no longer be done save under such auspices. It was from this period that there dated the subsequently familiar talk, repeated *ad nauseam* in the Anti-Trust law controversies and in the last presidential campaign, about the impossibility of America's 'keeping in the race of industrial competition' unless equipped with these monstrous corporation mergers.

The Standard Oil, the American Tobacco, the Amalgamated Copper, the billion-dollar United States Steel, the International Mercantile Marine — these and a hundred other less celebrated 'holding-company' enterprises were organized and floated during a period of hardly four consecutive years, from 1899 to 1902 inclusive. The whole thing happened so suddenly and swiftly that the community scarcely seemed to be aware what was happening.

Mr. J. P. Morgan, in a certain famous statement to the court, set forth, in the manner of one inviting unqualified approval, his belief in a system of corporations so large that nobody could get control of them, and that no existing management could be dislodged. Mr. Morgan was right in assuming that, if the 'holding company's' capital was large enough, there was no human possibility of its management being dislodged. It was, however, a justice of the Supreme Court who pressed the logic of this new machinery of corporations pitilessly to its real conclusion. Pending the hearing on appeal, he asked the counsel for Northern Securities — the holding company in which had been lodged two rival railways and two rival interests in one railway — why the same contrivance might not be utilized 'until a single corporation whose stock was owned by three or four parties would be in practical control of both roads, or, having before us the possibilities of combination, the control of the whole transportation system of the country.' The eminent lawyer who represented the holding company replied that such a thing was possible, even though improbable.

VI

Such was the situation which was coming to exist in 1902. Because it was an unprecedented situation, however, it did not necessarily follow that it was a mischievous or an undesirable situation. With their recollection fixed on the reckless and unprincipled guer-

illas of high finance in that and the three preceding years, the bankers who were riveting this machinery of concentration publicly contended that, so far from being either mischievous or undesirable, it was altogether for the best interests of the investing public. But that assumption naturally remained to be proved.

It was disputed, first, by a question immediately put to the promoters of the impregnable corporate strongholds, and reflected with curious exactness, a decade afterward, in Mr. Baker's testimony before the Pujo Committee. Even supposing the financiers, now irrevocably occupying the Seats of the Mighty, to be men so perfectly disinterested and capable in their policies that no minority shareholder would wish to dislodge them, who was to answer for their successors? For, manifestly, those successors would be virtually named by the present incumbents, and would be equally free from any fear of discipline by shareholders for blunders and malfeasance in office. The assumption appeared to be that no mistakes could be made in selecting the heirs to such responsibilities. Whether or not the public mind would have been willing to surrender itself to an inference so foreign to its ordinary instinct and experience, a highly instructive test was soon to be applied to the question of the impeccability even of existing managements of these colossal corporations.

A series of events raised the question whether the mere possession of such power had not perverted the ordinary business common-sense of the supposedly infallible directorates. Two of these companies, so organized that permanency of existing managements was insured, were the Amalgamated Copper and the United States Steel. Beginning with 1901, the career of the Amalgamated holding company was, from the copper trade's own point of view, a story of stupidity and misjudgment such as, if practiced by the managers of a ten-thousand-dollar company, would have necessitated their summary and contemptuous ejection from office. The directorate of this corporation displayed a complete and constant misjudgment of the market for their product. When the price of copper was abnormally high, they not only held back their own metal from market, but bought the metal of their competitors. When, on the contrary, it was abnormally low, as a result of the collapse which inevitably followed, they were heavy sellers. The only principle of trade of which they ever demonstrated their mastery was the principle that copper-producing companies would pay larger dividends with copper at 16 or 20 cents a pound than with copper at 10 or 12, and their only distinct programme of policy was based on their idea that a producing company with money enough to hold back its output for an abnormally high price could make the consumer buy it at that price, in the usual quantity.

The United States Steel began by paying dividends on an inflated common stock, largely exchanged for stock of other companies on which no dividends had ever been earned or paid. When it was discovered — what conservative steel experts had predicted from the start — that the company's preferred stock would probably, on occasion, fail to earn its stipulated dividend, the management proposed to turn something like half of the $500-000,000 seven per cent preferred stock into five per cent bonds — an expedient worthy of the infancy of financial science, and yet for insuring which, millions were handed over to underwriting syndicates; an expedient which was eventually stopped by the protest of some of the company's own directors.

These incidents I mention merely to show that there are flaws in the theory that the interests of the investing public are safe with any corporation in the hands of self-perpetuating directorates, whatever their prestige or affiliations. As events turned out, however, this tendency to the rapid and permanent massing of the agencies of production and manufacture in the hands of a few autocratic groups of financiers encountered a different and more effective challenge than that of minority shareholders or outside critics.

The Anti-Trust law of 1890 was drawn with a clear view to such future possibilities; for the process of concentrated control of various industries had begun even then. That law unquestionably voiced a public sentiment which has prevented, during the twenty-two subsequent years, any weakening of its legitimate scope or force. The Northern Securities dissolution, in accordance with the Supreme Court decision of 1904, supplemented by the Standard Oil and American Tobacco dissolutions after the decisions of 1911, put a definite end to the process of gathering productive industry into the hands of a few huge corporations, under the management of small groups of men who could never be unseated.

Now, the fact of particular importance, in the chapter of history which I have just reviewed, is that the movement, whether accidental or deliberate, toward monopoly of transportation and industrial production, has been definitely blocked. An attempt to-day to organize another holding company such as the Northern Securities or the United States Steel, would almost certainly encounter a Federal injunction which would strangle it in its cradle. New Jersey itself, whose lax and mischievous corporation laws, adopted twenty years or so ago, made of that state a nest for the new corporations — the Steel Trust, the Tobacco Trust, the Northern Securities, the Standard Oil, the Mercantile Marine — which wanted charters permitting them to do anything they should choose, has this year repealed those laws in favor of a sound incorporation statute which will surround both new and old companies with restrictions from which no American corporation ought ever to have been free. Under the proposed provisions, the 'holding-company' device can never be invoked again, and mergers of corporations will be permitted only subject to the approval of the Public Utilities Commission.

One after another, the most dangerous of the combinations of 1899 and 1901 have been dissolved and reduced to their component parts. It was none too soon; for although a complete private monopoly of industrial producing agencies could never have been realized, continued and unhindered progress toward such monopoly, in default of the Anti-Trust law, would probably have invoked, in the public defense, the establishment of a national bureau to fix the maximum prices for the products of such concerns. And if the maximum prices, then, in due course (as the Interstate Commerce Commission's regulation of the railways indicates), the minimum prices also. In other words, granting the permanent supremacy of these enormous holding companies in all avenues of productive industry, we should presently have been confronted with a public declaration that the law of supply and demand no longer operated, and with governmental commissions to fix the cost of living.

That this formidable step in the direction of state socialism should actually have been proposed by the executive head of the largest of these industrial holding companies, was conclusive proof that the promoters had aban-

doned all hope of unimpeded control of the avenues of production. A political party and a Presidential candidate last year repeated this proposal, on the grounds, first, that disruption of the trusts meant economic chaos; and secondly, that the companies already formed out of such dissolutions were making too much money. But the very absurdity and contradiction of the reasoning showed that the country had not yet reached the necessity for any such alternative. Nothing could have demonstrated more conclusively than the sequel to such dissolutions of holding companies, without disturbance to their respective industries, that the argument from the necessity of these colossal mergers to our national progress is nonsense, that 'Big Business' can be conducted as successfully and as profitably without them as with them; in other words, that the 'holding company' on the scale of the speculative decade 1899–1907 is a malignant excrescence on the economic organism.

VII

But after all this corrective process, which is still uncompleted, there was left another field for the activities of concentrated capital. A dozen years ago, when organization of the huge industrial trusts was the order of the day, the problem of having such promotions originally financed by powerful banking institutions, was a part of the calculations. Since financial rivalries, disputes as to the wisdom of the undertaking, and doubts over the propriety of devoting fiduciary funds in large amount to purposes of the sort, were bound to arise, it became a manifest advantage for the organizers of the industrial combinations to possess a voice in the councils of the banks themselves.

That such influence was an essential factor in the ambitious enterprises of the day, was never questioned or denied. In 1899, one of the largest national banks in New York City audaciously handed over its facilities to the promoters of the Copper Trust, to facilitate an operation so surrounded with questionable financial methods that even Wall Street protested angrily against it. When the utterly unsound and obnoxious plan to convert the Steel Trust's preferred stock into bonds was intrusted to an underwriting syndicate, powerful banks were again brought in among the underwriters. Both operations, in my judgment, were illegal under the National Banking law. When Wall Street high finance became sharply divided into two contending factions, which collided with disastrous results in the famous battle of 1901 for control of Northern Pacific stock, the great banking institutions of New York were already becoming known as 'Morgan banks,' or 'Harriman banks.' No one who kept abreast of Wall Street affairs during that period, will have forgotten the extraordinary rise in the market for stock of both kinds of institutions — a rise which carried prices of such shares to heights out of all relation to the net investment-yield from dividends.

The panic of 1907 — which, like all great panics, marked the end of an epoch of whose financial extravagances it was the natural result — necessarily altered this situation. The government's successful challenge of the movement toward industrial monopoly through holding companies would of itself have put an end to the huge railway and manufacturing promotions. No such exploits as the Northern Securities railway merger, or the Steel and Harvester combinations, have even been attempted since the Supreme Court's dissolution decree of 1904. New laws, enacted as a result of the scandals of

1905 in the life-insurance field, and of 1907 in the domain of the trust companies, have fixed a barrier against such use of those institutions' funds as prevailed in 1901 and 1902, and even if the old-time facilities were still open, the panic has taught an impressive lesson as to the dangers of such enterprises.

When, therefore, we talk of the concentration of banking power since 1907, we are discussing a different situation. The process of drawing powerful banking institutions under the general control of other groups or institutions has undoubtedly been pursued, since 1907, in some respects on an even more extensive and ambitious scale. But its immediate purpose has necessarily changed with the embargo on future hundred-million and thousand-million mergers.

The familiar form of indictment of our present banking organism is that it has placed, in the hands of a limited group of financiers, control of the larger machinery of credit. Mr. A. Piatt Andrew, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has lately shown, from a compilation of official statistics, that the number of separate national banks in the United States (25,176 in 1912) had increased two and a half times in the past twelve years, and whereas, in 1900, there was one such bank on the average for every 7,357 people, in 1912, there was one for every 3,788. The cited figures also showed that percentage of increase in number, capital, and resources of the banks, during that period, had been two to four times as great in the West and South as in the East, where the Money Trust's concentration of capital was presumed to converge.

But this does not altogether meet the question at issue, since nobody has contended that the alleged 'Money Trust' was controlling all of the country's banking institutions. At the great financial centres, however, there has been in progress a quite undeniable concentration of general control over the larger institutions. The Pujo Committee presented figures showing that 6 banking firms of New York and Boston, and 12 banking institutions of those cities and Chicago, whose partners or directors numbered 180, held, through such representatives, 385 directorships in 41 banks and trust companies, 50 directorships in 11 insurance companies, 155 directorships in 31 railway systems, 6 directorships in 2 express companies, 4 directorships in one steamship company, 98 directorships in 28 producing and trading corporations, and 48 directorships in 19 public utility corporations. All told, these 16 firms and institutions, with 180 partners or directors, held 746 seats on the managing boards of 134 corporations. Without going in detail into the figures of the report regarding the capitalization, deposits, and earnings of the corporations in question, it is enough to say that they are, in their respective fields, the largest in the United States, and that, if regarded as a matter of concentrated control, they show an aggregate financial power in finance and industry never paralleled in history.

So far as the representation of these banking firms in the managing boards of the large industrial corporations is concerned, I have already shown, in discussing the financial movement from 1899 to 1902, how it came about. It was not altogether, as Mr. Wilson said last August, 'because there was so much money to be invested' and 'because it was in the hands of men intimately associated in business.' It was largely because these industrial companies wished to affiliate themselves with strong and conservative banking-houses and to prevent their own capture by capitalists of the speculative

class. Whether the process of sealing such affiliation through so general a representation of the banking-houses on the managing boards was carried too far or not, is another question.

It would also be a legitimate matter of inquiry, on general principles, first, how far these banking representatives dictated the policy of the industrial concerns; secondly, how far that policy was wise and in the public interest; thirdly, how far such directors, if dominant in the councils of the corporations, used their power disinterestedly or turned it unfairly to the advantage of their own banking institutions. That this group of capitalists, or any other group, has through its influence in the industrial corporations managed to put up prices generally to extortionate heights, is not true. To make that assertion is to confuse the problem of manufacturing combinations, taken by itself, with the problem of banking-house representation on the boards of such corporate combinations. The question of arbitrary control of prices, through mergers, holding companies, and hundred-million-dollar corporations, is a question by itself, and the government has already dealt with it by itself. In all their dissolution suits, the federal prosecuting officers have taken no account of the personality or outside affiliations of the directors of such companies.

The question at issue was, what the industrial company was doing, or had been organized to do. That was the logical and effective way to approach the matter. It laid the heavy hand of the law on corporations, or the directors of them, not because of the composition of their directing boards, but because of the actions and powers of the companies as companies. The danger of arbitrary and artificial prices for commodities is being met in that way, and it could be effectively met in no other. The danger of arbitrary and artificially high transportation rates on the country's railways has long since passed away. The power of the Money Trust in these directions — if we assume that there is a Money Trust — must be judged in accordance with such facts.

VIII

But the concentration in general control of the largest city banks, which dispense the greater part of the credit required for very large financial operations, remains as a problem in itself. The fact of this position of the important city institutions is, I believe, disputed nowhere. It has, in fact, been frankly recognized and defended by the financiers promoting it. Their arguments in its favor may be thus summed up: First, the consolidation of two or more banking institutions makes for greater economy of management and efficiency of operation. Next, banking institutions of larger power and resources than hitherto are required for the much larger operations involved in present-day business and finance. Further, the bank suspensions, in New York particularly, during the panic of 1907, emphasized the dangers created for the community at large by weak or ill-managed institutions in a central money market. Finally, the incidents of that panic — including the temporary breakdown of credit facilities, the distrust by banks of one another, the lack of quick and effective coöperation to relieve the crisis — taught the supreme necessity for a banking power strong enough to meet the worst emergency. Concentration of the banking resources at the country's money centre is, in the absence of a central institution such as the Bank of England, the only means of controlling, promptly and effectively, a crisis of that kind.

The arguments are plausible and, up to a certain point, convincing. The general criticism which they invite is, however, much the same as that which converged upon the not dissimilar programme of industrial combination. Bank consolidations may promote economy and efficiency. But to that argument alone there must be some limit, as there was to the similar argument for manufacturing combinations; otherwise, the ideal state of things would be complete monopoly. Larger banks are undoubtedly needed to finance the larger needs of modern business; but this by no means proves that one already large institution must therefore be affiliated, in management or general ownership, with another. Weak institutions will naturally tend to seek the protection of union with strong and prosperous banks; but it does not follow that there must be a common control or ownership for all such combined institutions.

The argument for meeting panic is in some respects the most forcible of all. Yet two rather striking weaknesses in the argument must be noticed — one, that the strongest New York banks, with one or two exceptions, gave little ground for believing, in October, 1907, that their usefulness in meeting such emergencies is proportioned to their financial strength; the other, that the tendency for the largest banks to fall under the general domination of one financial group has been, and is, an absolute barrier to the establishment of a central banking institution on proper and scientific lines. It is argued, very properly, that only through such a semi-governmental institution can the power of a so-called 'Money Trust' be restricted or curtailed. But it will quite as surely be argued by Congress and the public that, in some way, directly or indirectly, a financial power which appears on its face to be getting under its own general control the largest private banks would acquire a dominating influence in a central bank as well.

I am stating the arguments, both pro and con, for what they are worth. Neither is conclusive — a fact which usually means that the truth lies somewhere between the two. I have left out of the foregoing summary, moreover, the allegation on which a great part of the pending discussion has been made to hinge. Does the movement of concentration, in the ownership or potential control of the larger banking institutions, mean that virtual control of the market's credit facilities is passing into the hands of one strong group of financiers? Mr. Morgan's answer to the question as to the possibility of such control of credit, that 'all the money in Christendom and all the banks in Christendom cannot control it,' I have already cited. When asked whether, if he himself 'owned all the banks of New York, with all their resources,' he would not then 'come pretty near to having a control of credit,' he replied emphatically, 'Not at all,' and further declared that, if a competitor or potential competitor of his own industrial enterprises should come to these banks to borrow money, he would get it.

Yet just at that point a question of by no means unreasonable doubt arises. Supposing the general control of the country's greater banking institutions to be in the hands of a financial group who also dominated certain railway companies and certain industrial corporations, would it, or would it not, be possible for an important legitimate enterprise, competing with those railways or industrial corporations, to be organized as easily as before? Human nature being what it is, the answer must be in the negative.

Something of this consideration may

well have been present in Mr. Baker's mind, when he said of the machinery of concentrated banking capital that, 'if it got into bad hands, it would be very bad.' It has not been proved, in all the collated testimony on the question, that discrimination in granting credit, with a view to obstructing competition, has been practiced on any such scale. In one or two cases, unsuccessful projectors of railway or other enterprises, who have failed to obtain the necessary funds, have accused the 'Money Trust' of standing in their way; but the event has proved that the enterprises were themselves financially unsound. Nevertheless, we have to deal, not alone with what has actually been done, through unusual and abnormal powers of this nature, but with what may be done hereafter, if the existing system and tendencies are perpetuated. It is in some respects the problem with which the Supreme Court was confronted, when counsel for the Northern Securities set forth that the company had performed no overt act whatever beyond declaring dividends, and therefore could not have acted in restraint of trade; yet admitted that the logical development of its scheme of organization might enable it to own all the railways in the country.

The question what, if anything, we are to do in the way of legislation on the problem, is full of complications. It is peculiarly a subject to be approached with caution, conservatism, and a full recognition of all the facts which bear upon it; for blundering efforts at a remedy would inevitably touch the sensitive nerve of general credit. Nothing will be gained by such wild extravagances as the Congressional allegations from which I have repeated the striking passages. To deal with the problem in such fashion is the surest way to create and emphasize the impression, among thinking men, that there is nothing but malice or ignorance behind the agitation. Some new provisions in our banking laws have probably been made inevitable by the changed conditions which have arisen in the banking organism. Restrictions may be necessitated on the purchase of one fiduciary institution by another, to the extent at least of requiring the approval of responsible public officers. There is plausible argument for the regulation of banking and corporation directorates, so that the same man or group of men shall not be allowed to sit on the boards of competing institutions.

It is not my purpose here, however, to discuss the grounds for or against any specific measure of reform in the existing situation, but to show what that situation actually is. If the problem is conservatively dealt with, the banking interests of the country will have reason to be as grateful as the business community and the general public; for it is difficult not to believe that the financiers who thus far have conducted this movement of banking concentration are themselves aware that they have set in operation machinery which they cannot check or stop, and which is liable to get wholly out of their own control. That was the fact with the movement of industrial concentration. It was the head of a powerful banking and promoting interest, and a party to the suit, who said, when the Northern Securities decree put an end to that infatuation of our great Wall Street financiers, that the decision 'is a blessing in disguise, for the movement has already gone too far.'

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XIV

KEY WEST (*continued*)

If Tampa had been in a seething hubbub, it was nothing to Key West, which felt itself in all but hallooing distance of the seat of war, and, in the mediæval phrase, stood within the Spanish danger; the little town of foreign-looking houses and brilliant tropical shrubbery, among which one might recognize many old friends of the conservatory uncannily grown and naturalized, was incredibly crowded; the hot, white streets swarmed with people; the harbor was jammed with shipping; the quays in a roaring turmoil. Somebody pointed out to Van Cleve the Spanish prizes anchored here and there, a piebald collection of steam and sailing-vessels, and told him they were to be auctioned off at public outcry that very morning. 'Some of 'em ought to go cheap, by their looks,' said Van; and the other man laughed. In truth, they were a dirty and down-at-heel set. The transport had touched five hours earlier, and gone on without delay; another big liner now in the government hire was just standing out to sea, loaded with supplies and the army mail, as Van was informed. Every one was eager to talk and answer all his questions, the young fellow found; there was the same extraordinary feeling of kinship and ready-made acquaintance in the crowds which he had noticed in Tampa.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Takuhira had entered upon what promised to be a difficult and complicated negotiation with the authorities over his passage to Cuba, which it appeared even the accredited representative of a foreign power could not accomplish without the consent or connivance of every official in the place, and a truly bewildering display of red tape. Van Cleve left him at the beginning of it, and took his own way to the office of the Key West *Sentinel;* he could think of no better starting-point for his haphazard search, and here, for once, chance befriended him.

The *Sentinel* was housed and served in much the same style as the Tampa newspapers; it might have been the same flimsy wooden building, the same cluttered little office-room, opening full on the street, with a white awning over the door, and a manila-paper broadside with 'Latest News from the Seat of War,' skewered on the lamp-post opposite. The same crowd jostled in and out; the same men chewing unlighted cigars, perspiring in shirt-sleeves with handkerchiefs tucked inside their collars, hammered on the typewriters, or dictated to other hammerers. As Van had more than half expected, nobody knew anything about a Robert Gilbert, or had ever heard of him, or had any time to listen to or answer questions about war-correspondents. He was turning away, when there came in a thin, slow-moving man dressed in soiled white ducks, with a thin, yellow, scrubby-bearded, and inexpressibly tired face, who took off his hat

and wiped his forehead with a languid gesture, as he leaned against one of the tables, and asked if there was any mail for him. Van Cleve, who could not get by in the higgledy-piggledy little place without dislodging him, hesitated an instant, wondering, with that slight inward recoil which most people would have felt at this date, if the other might not be just coming out of an attack of *the* fever; he had plainly been very sick recently — was sick still, for that matter. The typewriter-girl recognized him, and got up to search a pigeon-hole in the desk alongside her. 'You don't look very good yet, Mr. Schreiber,' she said kindly; 'I don't believe you ought to be out in the sun. It brings it on again sometimes.'

'Oh, I've had my dose,' said the visitor, with a kind of haggard jauntiness. He was a young fellow, about Van's own age. 'Anyway, you might as well be good and sick as half-up and half-down this way. It's more interesting. Is n't that mine?'

She handed him a yellow envelope with *Gulf States Monthly* printed in the corner of it, remarking amiably, 'Say, that 's a dandy good magazine. I buy a number every now and then — only ten cents, you know, and I can't see but what it's got every bit as good stuff in it as *Century* or any of the high-up ones. Are you going to have something in pretty soon?'

'I sent 'em an article and some photographs just before I was taken sick, — don't know when they'll be out, of course, but I should n't wonder if it was in the next issue. They want all the war news to be right up to the minute,' he said not without some importance; and added in a slightly lowered and confidential tone, 'Want a news-item? For the society column?'

'Sure we do. Always. What is it?'

'Well, then,' said the convalescent, unsmiling, with ironic impressiveness, 'you may just say that I leave for Cuba to-night or early to-morrow morning on my private yacht, the Milton D. Bowers, which is now coaling up and laying in a store of provisions, wines, etcetera, my special extra dry champagne, and my own brand of cigars, at Wharf 8, foot of Cadoodle Street, or whatever the name of it is — down here three squares to the right, I mean. Now don't make any mistake; I don't want to have that telegraphed all over the country with my name spelled wrong. I'd nevah be able to show my face in Newport or Tuxedo again, don't you know, they'd all make so much fun of me. Beastly bore, don't you know!'

The stenographer did not laugh, however. 'Oh, my, Mr. Schreiber, you ain't honestly going, are you?' she said with concern. 'Why, you ain't near well enough yet. I think that's awful reckless.'

Van Cleve did not hear her remonstrances; he was busy trying to remember where he had heard before of the Milton D. Bowers; it must be the same vessel, for no two that ever sailed the seas would have been christened with such a name. Suddenly he recollected. He spoke to the other young man abruptly. 'I beg pardon, are you one of the war-correspondents?'

At this unexpected attack, the stenographer jumped, with a little scream; Mr. Schreiber faced about with his fatigued movements, bracing himself by the desk, and eyed Van Cleve inquiringly, a species of jocular hostility or wariness showing on his fever-stricken youthful face.

'Yes, I'm a correspondent. Are n't you the speedy little guesser though!' he said lightly, still with an indescribable air of being on his guard.

'I heard you mention the Milton D. Bowers. That's one of the newspaper boats, is n't it?' Van pursued.

'Yes.' And before Van Cleve could

open his mouth for his next question, the other stuck out a hand and, grabbing Van's, pumped it up and down with exaggerated warmth, exclaiming, 'Why, if it is n't my dear old friend, Chauncey Pipp from Hayville, Michigan! Howdo, Chauncey? How's the folks?'

It took Van Cleve a moment or two to perceive what this fantastic performance implied. When he did, he frowned. 'Oh, come off! Do I look like a green-goods man?' he said impatiently. 'I just want to ask you something. I'm looking for a man that's been on that boat — a correspondent, you understand. I thought you might have met. His name 's Gilbert — R. D. Gilbert.'

Mr. Schreiber became another man on the instant; he relinquished Van Cleve's hand, entirely businesslike and serious. 'Why, yes, I know a Gilbert. We were on a cruise together on the Milton D. We got to knowing each other very well,' he said, interested; 'I don't know what his first name was, though; I never happened to ask him. What's your Gilbert like? Tall, light-haired fellow? This one was reporting for a Cleveland paper, I think.'

'No, Cincinnati. My man is from Cincinnati.'

'Well, maybe it was Cincinnati — I don't recollect — it was Ohio, anyhow. You say you're looking for him?'

'Yes. It must be the same man. He —' Van Cleve stopped himself, glancing at the stenographer, who was an open-eyed spectator. 'Here, let's go outside and talk. We're in the way here,' he suggested.

'Well, I call that a funny coincidence!' the young lady ejaculated as they left.

Outside, in chairs under another awning in front of the saloon across the way, Schreiber said, 'You are n't a brother of Gilbert's, are you?'

'No, just a friend of his and the family's. The man I mean is a heavy drinker. You 'd know it even if he kept sober while he was down here,' said Van Cleve, bluntly. 'I did n't want to talk about it before that girl. You saw that.'

'Yes,' Schreiber said at once, 'that's the same Gilbert; he's all right, if it was n't for that. Good fellow, if it was n't for that. Just can't let it alone, that's all. I don't mind a man taking a drink once in a while — *Here* now, don't do that, that was n't a hint; I could n't take anything but mineral water, anyhow — I say I don't mind a man taking a drink once in a while, but Gilbert —!' he made a gesture — 'he just can't let it alone. Were you expecting to meet him here?'

Van Cleve explained. 'I've been looking for him for a week. His paper has let him go and the family want him to come home. They don't know where he is, nor what's happening to him.'

The newspaper-man nodded with full comprehension of what these statements left unsaid. 'Well — all right, apollinaris — I'm afraid you're going to have a hard time finding him because the last I knew he was going to Cuba. I had it all fixed to go myself, only I came down with this blankety-blanked fever instead!'

'Yellow?'

'No, it's what they call calenture. It's nothing like so serious as yellow, but you certainly do feel rotten after it. What day of the month is it, do you know? I've lost count — one day's so much like another when you 're sick.'

Van Cleve himself had forgotten, and was obliged to refer to the *Sentinel* which he was still carrying in his pocket. It was the 30th of June. 'Three weeks since I began to feel so bum I had to go to bed! The army left the next day,' said Schreiber, dolefully.

'However —!' He shrugged away his disappointment with one shoulder. 'We've all got to take what's coming to us. I will now proceed to drown my woes in *drink!*' he announced, reverting to his attitude of defiant levity, and took up the mild tumbler of mineral water with a flourish. 'Here's your good health, Mr. —?'

'Kendrick — my name's Kendrick.' Van Cleve got out a card and gave it to him, with a word of half-humorous apology. 'I suppose you're used to a lot of wild-eyed cranks butting in on you the way I did, though. Is n't that so? Newspaper men have the name of being ready for almost anything.'

'Well, I don't call it particularly the act of a wild-eyed crank to take me out and buy me a drink,' said the other, good-naturedly. He looked at the card and read aloud, '*Mr. Van Cleve Kendrick*,' and repeated his toast, 'Here's looking toward you, Mr. Kendrick. I have n't got any cards with me, or I'd exchange with you. My name's Schreiber, however, — if you'll take my word for it, — and I'm here for the *Gulf States Magazine* partly, and partly on my own. If there's anything I can do for you, I'd be glad to.'

Van said that he was much obliged; and they finished, one his apollinaris, the other his Baccardi rum, in extraordinary amity. It was a great place and time for these hit-or-miss fellowships.

'Funny you should happen to ask me about Gilbert,' the correspondent commented; 'no, thanks, I can't smoke yet. Oh, wait till you have calenture; you'll understand! — I say it's funny you should have picked out *me* to ask about Gilbert, because I 'm probably the one, single, solitary man in the whole place that could tell you!'

Van Cleve explained about the Milton D. Bowers. 'If I had n't heard you say that, I'd have gone on without speaking. But I just happened to remember Bob — Gilbert, you know — mentioning that as the name of the dispatch-boat he'd been on, in one of his letters home. It's an absurd sort of name and stuck in my head on that account, no doubt.'

'It *is* a queer name, I suppose,' said Schreiber, reflectively; 'I don't know why, I never noticed that it was queer before. Yes, Gilbert and I were on the Milton D. together. It was an interesting cruise. She is n't a dispatch-boat, however; the dispatch-boats have these big, high-powered engines, and they get over the ground, or the sea rather, like an express-train. The Milton D.'s nothing but a sea-going tug — kind of a little bull-tug, you know, very stout and strong, but not at all fast. She could get along well enough to keep up with the transports, and that's all that's necessary.'

'Is that so? How long were you on that trip?'

'Why, a week or more. We went down by the Isle of Pines, keeping out a good way from Havana on account of the fleet, you know. And then we came around by the east end of Cuba. We must have been very near where the army landed the other day. It's a wonderful coast, tall cliffs right to the edge of the sea, no beach at all, and a whacking big surf piling up all around the bases of 'em. The mountains are all over thick woods, and every now and then you can see a little white streak of a waterfall tottering out like a ghost between them. The sea 's almost always very blue, and the surf 's white, and the mountains deep-green — George!' he shook his head in admiration; 'it 's beautiful, only it does n't look real, somehow. It makes you think of a drop-curtain.'

'Must have been a great sight,' said Van Cleve, with full appreciation. 'I did n't think you'd have time to look

at scenery, on account of dodging Spanish gunboats and so on.'

Schreiber laughed. 'Spanish gunboats never bothered us. We had to keep on the hop to dodge our own. They'd have eaten us up in a minute.' And seeing the incredulity on Van's face, he added with emphasis, 'Yes, they would. The fleet's not a very safe neighborhood for little Milton D. Bowerses, or any other non-combatants. They don't know who you are, and they can't risk stopping to find out. Shoot first and explain afterwards — that's their motto! Those big warships just loaf around the ocean all night long without a sound or a light, and if they run across you — Bing! Dead bird! They have to, you know. You might be a torpedo-boat sneaking up on 'em.'

Van Cleve pondered this information with a certain stirring of the adventurous longings he had had in boyhood, and had thought long since dead and buried. What St. Louis soap-factory, what distillery, what office-stool and desk, might be their tombstone! With something of an effort, he got back to the business of the hour.

'You say you think Gilbert went to Cuba when the troops did?'

'Oh, yes, positive. They all went. Everybody went but me.'

'How did they get there — the newspaper men, I mean? Did they have their own boat?'

'Well, yes, some of them. Some were on the Associated Press boats, the Goldenrod and the Wanda and the others — you've probably seen their names in the papers. There were a good many on one of the transports. You can get to Cuba any old way; it's easier than going from here to New York! I was to have been on the Milton D., but of course that all had to be put off. They took the route by the north coast, and the Milton D. could do that nicely. It's shorter, and does n't take so much coal. Coal's a very serious item with these little tin tea-pots.'

Van Cleve surveyed him thoughtfully. 'Were you in earnest just now when you were talking about going to-night?'

The other nodded. 'Of course I was in earnest — of course I 'm going. What made you ask?'

'Why, you're too sick still, are n't you?'

'Oh, sick — thunder!' said Schreiber, in genuine irritation. 'No, I'm not sick any more. I'll be all right in a day or two, anyhow. Besides, I can't stay loafing here. There's something doing every minute over there, and I don't want to miss any more of it. The war is n't going to last forever, you know — a few months, or a year maybe, and we may never have another, not in our time, anyway. If you knew anything about the newspaper game, you'd know a person can't worry around over every little pain and ache, when he might be out getting a good story.'

He spoke with a vehemence for which Van Cleve, who was not given to vehemence or excitement himself, rather warmed to him; Van thought it might be foolish and exaggerated, but it showed at least the proper spirit with which any man ought to regard his work. 'If everybody felt that way about their job, there'd be a good deal more done, Mr. Schreiber,' he said; 'the reason I asked you, though, was that I was wondering if I could make an arrangement to go with you. Would there be room on the Milton D. Bowers for one more?'

Schreiber stared. '*You* want to go to Cuba? Why, look here, are you in the newspaper business, after all?' he asked ingenuously.

'No, I just thought I'd like to go if I got a chance. I'd like to see it. If we

should happen to run across Gilbert, I'd get him to come back with me,' said Van Cleve, in as casual a manner as he could put on; it was not well done, for he had no talent for that sort of deception, but Schreiber noticed nothing.

CHAPTER XV

ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER!

The correspondent's full name was Herman Schreiber, and he came originally from Blucher, Illinois, as he informed Van Cleve in the course of the negotiations, adding, with extreme seriousness, that he was of Irish descent. Although he knew nothing of Mr. Kendrick's character and antecedents, he made no difficulty about accepting him for a companion on the voyage. 'Why, if you want to go, I'm sure it's all right as far as *I'm* concerned,' he said with genial indifference. 'You'll have to speak to Captain Bowers, but I don't believe he'll object, provided you can rustle the price. He's a Yankee; comes from New Bedford, or Gloucester, or somewhere down east, and he's about as mellow as a salt cod. Of course, it'll be rough; you don't need to be told that. But if you don't mind sleeping with a lump of coal in your ear, and eating hard-tack and canned stuff, and going without a shave or clean clothes for a while, why, it's a good deal of fun. The thing is, you *see it all*, you know. That's the thing, you *see it all!*'

He went back to the hotel — Key West has, or had at that date, but one — with Van Cleve, and there the first person they encountered was Mr. Takuhira, whom the journalist already knew, and saluted as Take-your-hair-off, in a cheerfully informal style. Takuhira's own prospects, as he told them, with his equable smile, were very dubious. 'I should have gone by the mail-boat that left this morning. Arrangements had been made, they say,' he said; and permitted himself a slight shrug. 'Unfortunately they omitted one rather desirable arrangement, that is, to tell me. I did not know anything about it. And now nobody knows anything about *me*. The government of Uncle Sam has troubles of his own, as you say, without to bother about one Japan attaché.'

'D 'ye *have* to get there?' inquired Schreiber.

The Oriental gentleman shrugged again. The other two men could not help exchanging a glance, each one wondering and knowing that the other was wondering whether this Japanese would not be quite capable of committing *harakiri* to satisfy his fanatical Eastern standards of honor, if he failed in his mission. Almost simultaneously they proposed to him their own vessel as a way out of his difficulties.

'And he won't be the funniest traveler the old tub 's carried, either,' Schreiber said, after they had, all three, completed the bargain with Captain Bowers, who had been willing enough to take Van Cleve, but inquired a little austerely why it was necessary to ship the Chink? He was won over, however, by an argument which Schreiber assured the others in private was always irresistible with him; give Captain Bowers enough (he said) and he'd sail his namesake to a very much warmer place than Cuba — which Mr. Schreiber specified. And he hinted at a sinister past, and at various desperate exploits of the Captain's in the way of blockade-running during the Civil War, filibustering in the Caribbean, and so on, which Van Cleve inwardly decided to discount a trifle.

Captain Bowers was a lean, leathery, hard-featured man, upwards of sixty, who, indeed, looked quite capable of the dark deeds attributed to him; at some stage of his career, he had lost

two fingers off his right hand, which, some way or other, strengthened the grim impression. But Van was shrewd enough to know that to the landsman the sea and those who follow it will always be a mystery, attractive and forbidding, in the same breath; pirate or preacher, the Captain would probably have looked the same to *him*, he thought, with a laugh; and what difference did it make, anyhow?

Their craft, Captain Bowers announced, would sail at midnight, a choice of hours which, of itself, savored of deep-sea secrecy and danger, but which, Van Cleve vaguely supposed, had something to do with the tide. It left them all the rest of the day for preparation, but somehow Van never can remember nowadays exactly how he spent that time. He wrote to his Aunt Myra and to the bank, and a long letter to Lorrie. Takuhira was writing, too, on the other side of the desk in the hotel lounging-room, filling page after page with Japanese characters, with what might be called an unnaturally natural rapidity, as facile as Van himself. The latter wondered whether their letters might not be a good deal alike. There they sat, each one a parcel of memories and associations as different as possible, yet doubtless fundamentally the same. Some slant-eyed little lady in a sash might be Takuhira's Lorrie; and instead of Van's great, muddy river, and bricked, noisy, sooty, well-loved town, the Japanese must be calling up some fantastic vista of bamboos, cock-roofed temples, and rice-fields, and naming it, with as strong a feeling, home.

Afterwards, to the best of Van's recollection, they went together and got some express checks cashed, and visited a shop where they bought apparel which they dimly conjectured to be suitable for the trip — flannel shirts, canvas shoes, a blanket apiece — they had no idea what they would need. The little Japanese in a sou'wester and jersey, with a bandanna knotted around his neck, cowboy fashion, was a sight for gods and men, but it must be said to Van's credit that he refrained from laughter. He felt too much of a clown in his own seafarer's haberdashery. One of the last things he remembers doing was going with Schreiber to buy a revolver, which the newspaper-man insisted upon as an indispensable part of his outfit. 'Got to have a gun,' he said seriously. 'It's war-times where you're going, you know. Even if you only needed it once, you'd need it mighty bad.'

'Well, but I never handled one of 'em in my life — I don't know which end they go off at,' Van Cleve objected. 'I'm not going to mix into any fight anyhow — not if traveling's good in the opposite direction, I know *that*.'

'Makes no difference. You've got to put up a good, strong bluff just the same,' said his new friend sententiously. Van had to yield at length.

'All right,' he said, gingerly stowing the weapon in his hip-pocket; 'this is where it's considered good form to carry it, I suppose? You'll change your mind about my needing it after I've blown your ear off, or plugged a hole in the boiler. Come on, fellows.'

They went down to the pier.

As the compiler of these records knows next to nothing of the sea, and as it has always been difficult to get anything out of Van Cleve Kendrick about this experience, it is plain that we cannot be going to enter upon any thrilling nautical adventures. I could not invent them, and Van never will admit that there were any. It seems that nothing of much moment happened during the first half of the voyage, at least; their tug was not a rapid traveler, and she labored along pro-

saically off the northern coasts of Cuba, which were sometimes in sight at a prudent distance for fully forty-eight hours, day and night, without storms or warships or sensational encounters of any kind. The population of the Milton D. Bowers, meanwhile, crew and passengers alike, lived at inconceivably close quarters, in democratic freedom and astonishing harmony, and with a disregard of dirt, discomfort, and inconvenience, which any lady who reads these lines would have looked upon with shuddering horror.

What would Van Cleve's aunt, what would any of his female relatives, have said to the more than dubious bunk and the species of dog-house wherein he slept of a night, to the greasy bench amidships at which he sat down to meals, to the terrific tea and coffee and ships'-biscuit and canned tomatoes and sizzling fried onions which he consumed (with thorough relish!) out of tin plates and mugs and unspeakable skillets? What would they have thought of his shipmates than whom no stranger company were ever assembled on a boat, since Noah went aboard the Ark? Van Cleve himself got along admirably with them. 'They were all right. They were just *man*, you know, just plain *man*,' he once rather obscurely said, in an effort to describe them; the astute tolerance of the phrase better describes himself. There was only one of them whom Van felt he never would understand, and that was Takuhira, between whom and these American men there would forever hang the impalpable veil of race, and of habits of mind, unconquerably alien. 'You can't get on the inside of him, somehow; you can't think his thoughts. It would n't make any difference how long you were with him, you 'd never *know* him,' Van Cleve remarked to Schreiber one day.

The reporter stared. 'What! Little Take-your-hair-off? Why, he 's easy enough to know. Why, *I've* never had any trouble knowing him,' he declared; 'he 's just as white as any man I ever met, if he *is* a Jap.'

'I did n't mean anything against him,' said Van Cleve. And, seeing that it would be impossible to make Schreiber comprehend what he did mean, he gave up the subject. He had observed Schreiber's character, at least, to some purpose. In fact, the newspaper man afforded a curious and entertaining study. Writing was his profession, yet he was no more capable of a page of good English than of a page of Choctaw; but what he wrote commanded a price, and was sufficiently readable. He was a perfectly upright man, yet he would sacrifice or distort beyond recognition any fact to make a 'good story,' a trait of his which Van had been quick to discover. 'Get out and get news. If you can't get it, make it!' Schreiber enthusiastically quoted to him as one of the imperishable maxims of an editorial celebrity under whom he had worked; he was eternally quoting this authority. And with all his cheap standards, his bondage to catch-words, his jingo patriotism, he displayed not a few of the qualities which we associate with very high and strong characters, among them a devotion to his duty of 'getting out and getting news' — or making it — which touched the heroic. Barely recovered from a dangerous and wearing illness, he undertook these not inconsiderable hardships for the sake of his magazine, single-mindedly, as if there were no other course to pursue; he was distressingly seasick, he could scarcely eat or sleep, the fever came back upon him intermittently, he suffered tortures from sunburn, — and he bore it all without a murmur.

Van Cleve, for his part, had never felt better; and, moreover, turned out a good sailor and acceptable shipmate,

lending a hand to the management of the vessel when extra strength was needed, and frankly interested in all her workings, and in the crew, whom he found to be not in the least like the sailormen about whom he had read. They were neither so profane nor so simple nor so blackguardly nor so sublimely honest as the pages of Captain Marryat and Mr. Clark Russell had led him to expect. The engineer had been a motorman in Chicago, then shipped for a couple of seasons — so he told Van — on a Duluth freighter, then drifted to New York, and worked for a while on the Staten Island boats, etcetera, etcetera. His helper was some sort of half-breed Cuban. The cook hailed from somewhere in Connecticut, he said; and he also said that he had once cooked in a Maine moose-camp for Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Van thought he might possibly be telling the truth, although he was not wholly reliable, either with the cook-stove or the whiskey bottle.

'In every sea-story I ever read the cook was a Lascar,' Van Cleve said to him one day; 'I feel as if you ought to be, by rights.'

'Well, I ain't. I'm Connecticut from the ground up — never was farther west than Milwaukee in my life,' retorted the other. 'Though I did think some of going to the Klondike last year when the rush was on,' he added, pensively turning the bacon. 'But I ain't Alasker, not me.'

Captain Bowers, who was standing near, smiled grimly. He afterwards told Van Cleve that he had seen Lascars — 'plenty of 'em, in the China Seas, and 'round the Straits. They wa' n't doing any cooking, though,' he said, gazing off to the horizon reminiscently. Van longed to ask what they were doing? Boarding his ship with cutlasses between their teeth, in some onslaught of demoniac pirate junks? Whatever the captain's experiences in that line, he had no tales to tell about them; he was a taciturn man. His taciturnity even extended to their chief recreation on board the Milton D. Bowers, a game of cards, which, whenever the skipper took a hand, invariably had to be whist. Unfortunately the ace of spades went over the side in a light blow the morning of the second day out, and thereafter they were obliged to play euchre and call the deuce the ace, which was awkward but effective.

The next day was Sunday, a fact which would have escaped Van's notice had it not been for certain Sabbath-day observances on board; the engineer's helper washed his shirt; and Captain Bowers shaved in front of six inches of looking-glass tacked up in the cabin, balancing himself nicely to the roll of the boat, and wielding the razor with uncanny dexterity, between his thumb and two remaining fingers. Already in the early morning it was beginning to be unbelievably hot; the horizon, where no land was just now visible and not another sail or smoke-stack, swam in a glare of sea and sky intolerable to the vision. 'We're good and tropical now,' Schreiber said, rearing painfully up from his favorite recumbent posture along the decks, to look at it. 'We ought to make Baiquiri to-night, is n't that so, Captain?'

''T ain't *Bai*quiri, it's *Dai*quiri,' said Bowers, over his shoulder, as he walked forward. 'Yes, I guess so, if we have luck.'

'Is that where we land?' Van Cleve asked.

'That's where the army landed,' said the captain, non-committally. Van felt startled at the sudden nearness of the journey's end.

However, man proposes! It was only a short while after this conversation that the engines of the Milton D. Bow-

ers, to the surprise and consternation of her passengers, began perceptibly to lag; they slowed down; they ceased utterly! A great pow-wowing arose between the engineer and his assistant; Captain Bowers took a hand; the engineer disappeared into the bowels of his machine, and erelong boiler-factory hammerings and clinkings resounded. Van Cleve and the attaché, after offering their help, thought it best to keep out of the way, and refrain from annoying questions; but Schreiber had no such scruples. He made repeated trips to the seat of trouble and at last brought back the doleful information that they were going to be held up for the Lord knew how long! 'I believe it is n't anything very bad, because he says he can fix it, only he does n't know how long it'll take. This is grand, is n't it? This just suits us. We're not in any hurry to get there; we don't give a darn if we *never* see Cuba. I'd like to spend a summer vacation right on this spot. The bathing facilities are so good, you know.'

'How far are we out, anyhow?'

'Too far to swim, that's all I know,' said the correspondent. He resumed his lounge. They all sat awhile in disconcerted silence, until at length somebody proposed the cards to pass time away; and they were on the seventh hand of cutthroat, when Captain Bowers came and joined them. For a moment, this looked encouraging; but to their eager inquiry about the prospects, he would only say that he did n't know — it might be two or three hours yet — perhaps more — he could n't say — depended on what Tom found when he got the jacket off — he could n't say — 'It's your deal, ain't it, Kendrick? My cut.'

As they were sitting, Van having just dealt, and turned the queen of diamonds, on a sudden, they heard, a good way to the southwest, a dull rolling and booming sound that paused and presently broke out again.

'*Hello!*' said Schreiber, looking up and around; 'storm somewhere?'

Captain Bowers laid down his hand of cards and said, 'Boys, that's cannon!'

In a minute the engineer, chancing to stick out his head for a breath of air, stopped in the act of mopping the sweat from his forehead and arms with a handful of waste, and called in surprise, 'What's the matter? D'ye see anything? What did you fellows all jump up that way for?' He had heard nothing in the midst of his own noise and clanging. The rest looked at one another shamefacedly; they discovered that they had all, on the same unconscious impulse, scrambled to their feet, and were crowding and staring in the direction of the cannonading, as if they might expect to see it, or get nearer to it by the action. In fact, by some illusion, the next detonations seemed to them for an instant much louder. It kept on. They stood a long while listening. Once Schreiber said in a subdued voice, 'My Lord, fellows, that sounds like the Fourth of July back home, and it's killing men right along!' Van Cleve, too, had been thinking of that; and of that evening, scarcely three weeks ago, when he had sat with Lorrie on the porch, and they wondered what cannon sounded like.

The captain looked at his watch and said it was ten o'clock; and one of them asked him where he thought the battle might be going on — if they were shelling the city, would we hear it? He shook his head. 'Don't know. Them guns are firing at sea, though, whichever way they're being p'inted. The sound comes quicker to you on the water — leastways that's what I've always been told,' he said circumspectly.

'Do you believe the fleet's trying to come out?' Van Cleve and the news-

paper man chorused in one excited breath.

'I presume likely,' said Captain Bowers.

He went to speak to the engineer, and Schreiber watched him with a certain admiration. 'If he was in a book now, you would n't believe in him; you 'd think he was ridiculously overdrawn,' he said to Van; 'he does n't seem *possible*, somehow, with his tugboat and his chin-beard, and that funny down-east drawl. "Presume likely!" Like any old New England deacon! You notice he never swears? You can't faze him — *nothing* fazes him!'

The day wore on. The cannon ceased, and the silence left them all at a higher tension than ever. The cook fished out from somewhere an old battered pair of glasses with a flawed lens, and from that on somebody was constantly on the lookout (though the thing would scarcely carry a hundred yards), sweeping the seas round and round in expectation of no one knew what. At some time in the afternoon they sat down to a belated and half-cooked meal whereat the engineer complained loud and bitterly. He wanted to know what all you dubs (and sundry other unamiable designations) were doing, anyhow? He opined that he was the only man within sight or hearing who was on his job. He intimated highly uncomplimentary doubts as to the mind, morals, parentage, and previous career of everybody on board, especially the cook, which the latter gentleman naturally resented. Captain Bowers had to intervene; and in the middle of it all somebody cried that the guns were going again, producing peace on the instant, as if by magic! Afterwards, realizing that there was some justice in his point of view, one or other of them volunteered as engineer's helper, and held a candle, or passed tools, or hung on a wrench at intervals the rest of the day. Van Cleve, for one, was glad of any employment; his nerves, like everybody's, were feeling the strain. It was dark before they got started.

It was night, in fact, which came on them with the startling suddenness of the tropics, clouded over, with no stars or moonlight. The little tug, crowding on all steam, ploughed through the vast, black, watery silence with as much commotion as leviathan, reckless of consequences. Excepting Captain Bowers and the Japanese, both of whom contrived to keep an appearance, at least, of stolidity, everybody was very much excited, and there was a good deal of random talk and laughing at nothing; also the cook wanted to sing, and wept when Bowers forbade it and sternly took away his bottle of whiskey.

Schreiber expostulated sympathetically. 'Why, with all the noise we're making, what's the odds if he does sing, Captain? Nobody could hear him.'

'*We* could hear him,' said the captain, with epigrammatic force. They all thought this was a prodigiously good joke on the cook; Van Cleve never remembered to have laughed so heartily!

'I suppose if we *should* run into a Spanish ship, they would n't do a thing to us?' he said to Schreiber in ironical gayety.

'Not a thing!' agreed the other. Then he added more seriously, 'But they won't be coming this way, you know. They'll make for Havana most likely — if they get away at all.' That the Spanish might have won in the contest did not occur to either of them.

Some while after this, Van Cleve observed a small, steady star, very low down near what should have been the horizon, as he judged, if they had been able to distinguish sea from sky; he pointed it out casually to the captain,

who threw a perfunctory glance in the direction and grunted.

'That's the land,' he said; 'that's a light somewhere on shore. You could 'a' heard the surf if you'd listened. Hear it now?'

Van strained his ears, but could make out nothing; the throbbing of their machinery and the loud rush of water alongside overpowered his landsman's senses; Schreiber affirmed that he could see the coast in black outline against the lesser blackness, but perhaps his fancy helped him. In a little the light vanished, blotted out, no doubt, by some reach of land, for they were both quite sure they felt the vessel veer sharply and change her course. And now, all at once, there came to them a great, hot, sighing breath, off-shore, laden (or so they imagined) with earth odors, strange and familiar; then a cool puff; then another warm. The feeling of it was curiously welcome; land is good after the sea. The Milton D. Bowers slacked up; she had a grotesque air of suddenly remembering something.

'Guess the old man thinks we'd better go slow here,' Schreiber suggested in an undertone; 'he does n't quite know where he is — no lights nor anything. We must be somewhere off Guantanamo, I think.'

He had not finished speaking when there roared up out of the darkness a huge devastating bulk, a thing of terror coming at them like the end of the world. There was a light. Van Cleve for one appalling second beheld a mighty gray shoulder towering above them, imminent, unescapable. 'It looked as high as the Union Trust Building,' he said afterwards. It was in reality the bow of the torpedo-boat destroyer, Inverness, not considered by naval judges at all a large or powerful vessel. She thundered upon them; the Milton D. Bowers raised a wild screech as from one throat, and went astern in a frenzy; and the Inverness must have sheered just in the nick of time, or they would all, herself included, have been at the bottom of the sea, and this tale need never have been written. As it was, the glancing blow she struck them sent the poor tug staggering, and there was a bloodcurdling noise of splintered wood. When Van got his breath, he found himself in the foolish attitude of clinging to the far rail, and 'holding back' with might and main! They were still afloat; they were still on an even keel. Near him Schreiber sprawled on the deck, clutching one ankle and cursing voluminously; he had sprained it, falling over a pile of coal, and was in severe pain. Extraordinary sounds arose from every part of the boat; somebody was praying in a loud, rapid, fervent voice like a camp-meeting preacher. There was a hail from above.

'Goldenrod, ahoy! Are you much hurt?'

'This ain't no Goldenrod. This is the Milton D. Bowers,' shouted the captain, crossly; and in a moment Van saw him aft with a lantern over the side, studying the damage. The prayers ceased abruptly; Van Cleve had a suspicion they proceeded from the cook, but he never knew. Takuhira appeared from nowhere, and helped Schreiber take off his shoe. Up overhead an invisible power manipulated the light this way and that, until the tug lay within its zone; they could see faces, kindly and concerned and inquiring, peering down at them. A man whom Van, in his ignorance of naval matters, supposed to be a 'petty officer,' whatever that might mean, repeated the former question. 'Are you much hurt? Need any help?' he asked.

Captain Bowers, after further scrutiny, pronounced the Milton D. in no danger. 'She ain't started anywhere, fur's I kin see, jest her side planed off some,' he said; and, walking to the

engine-house, called in, 'All right there, Tom?'

'I guess so,' said the engineer from the depths.

'You ought to have kept out of the way, Captain. We can't have anybody gum-shoeing around here, *you* know *that*,' remarked the Inverness, and made another offer of standing by in case they discovered trouble. Captain Bowers grumpily declining, the officer turned away, probably to report to a superior. Some of the heads disappeared from the rail; one of those remaining facetiously invited his mates to come and see the bunch of Weary-Willies in the cup-defender. Another wanted to know who the reverend conducting services was? Van Cleve stared up at them in wonder; he had supposed that everybody — of the rank and file, at least — had to keep mum as a mouse on board a warship. They could hear an order given; the big hull vibrated; the Inverness began deliberately and impressively to back away. Even in the midst of his suffering, professional zeal awoke in the newspaper correspondent; he hobbled upright, clinging to Takuhira's shoulder, and hailed desperately.

'Hi! Wait, will you? What's happened? We heard cannon. What's doing? Was there a fight?'

The Inverness did not answer; silence had suddenly fallen on board of her, and all the faces retreated. In a moment the man who had spoken to them first came back, making way at the rail for a tall gentleman in a beautiful, clean, snowy-white, tropical uniform, at once cool and radiant in the half-light. He could be seen to look them over with good-natured condescension, while the subordinate pointed and explained; then he nodded, gave the other an order (as it seemed), and walked away. Schreiber witnessed the pantomime in an agony of curiosity. The first man stepped again to the side; he set a hand to his mouth and cried out, 'Newspaper boat?'

'Yes. *Gulf States Magazine*, Jacksonville *Telegraph*, Atlanta *Post*, Charleston *Mail!*' the correspondent roared back impatiently. None of the last-named papers had any existence outside of his own imagination, as he later informed Van Cleve. 'That ought to be enough for you,' he added under his breath. '*Newspaper boat!* Take us for a party of Episcopal bishops?'

'Well, you can tell 'em the fleet came out!'

'Where are they? What became of 'em? What — who — which —?' Schreiber was fairly inarticulate from excitement; he hopped madly on one leg.

'Sunk — beached — burned up — the whole shootin' match!' bawled their informant, succinctly. He made a dramatic pause. 'Had to chase one of 'em down the coast a good piece, but we nipped her, too!' The Inverness gathered way, moving off, and the wash she kicked up slapped against the tug, causing it to rock violently. He raised his voice, making a trumpet of both hands this time. 'Pity you missed it. It's all over but the shouting. There ain't any more Spanish Fleet!'

(*To be continued.*)

TO THE WATCHER

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

SHE is still a child, my lord. She runs about your palace and plays and tries to make you a plaything of her own.

When her hair tumbles down and her careless garment drags in the dust, she heeds not. When she builds her house with sands and decks her dolls with tinsels, she thinks she is doing great works.

Her elders warn her even not to hold you of small account. She is frightened, and she knows not how to serve you. Suddenly she starts up from her play and reminds herself she must do what she is bid.

She falls asleep when you speak to her, and answers not. And the flower you gave her in the morning slips to the dust from her hand.

When the storm bursts in the evening with a sudden clash and darkness is on land and sky, she is sleepless; her dolls lie scattered on the earth and she clings to you in terror.

We are ever afraid lest she should be guilty of remissness. But smiling you peep at the door of her playhouse, you watch her at her games, and you know her.

You know that the child sitting on dust is your destined bride. You know that all her play will end in love. For her you keep ready a jeweled seat in your house and precious honey in the golden jar.

A DEFENSE OF PURISM IN SPEECH

BY LEILA SPRAGUE LEARNED

In the first century of our Christian era, Quintilian, a learned grammarian, said, 'Language is established by reason, antiquity, authority, and custom.' It would seem from the general carelessness in our present use of language, that we show allegiance more often to custom than to common sense. No one denies that language is an attribute of reason, — the 'peculiar ornament and distinction of man'; but man seldom shows a proper respect for this priceless heritage.

Some geniuses pretend to despise the trammels of grammar rules, as some men, other than geniuses, feel themselves too big for the limitations of man-made laws. Genius may often impart a fine inborn sense of propriety in the use of language, and a life-long familiarity with the best in literature naturally develops a delicate taste and a keen sensitiveness to what is right and wrong in speech. But less favored mortals need guide-posts to keep them from stumbling into the pitfalls of ignorance. Reason, the rightful arbiter in matters of language, should not be dethroned by irresponsible usage.

Many believe with Horace, that usage is the deciding authority, binding law, and rightful rule of speech, but it seems to me that there is a prevailing slovenly use of language which is really abuse.

No amount of wisdom, genius, or usage can justify a singular noun with a plural verb, and we never hear, 'The boy are gone'; but we so often hear from the lips of educated persons blunders like, 'Every one must paddle their own canoe,' that no less an authority than Professor Carpenter of Columbia says that in referring to every one, everybody, anybody, and the like, we may use the plural pronoun. He gives as illustrations: —

Every one here may ask me any questions he chooses.

Every one here may ask me any questions he or she chooses.

Every one here may ask me any questions they choose.

Fortunately for him he adds that the first form is preferred in literary English and that the last construction, condemned by rhetoricians, is to be avoided. But why, I make bold to ask, should this unreasonable form find any place in a grammar, or have any sanction? And what are we to think of the license given to students by Professor Carpenter, when he writes the following: '"It is me" is an idiomatic colloquial expression used without hesitation by the mass of the people and shunned only by the fastidious.' Professor Carpenter says further, '"It is I," however, retains its place in literary English, as a more solemn and impressive expression, though not to the exclusion of the other phrase. It is also tenaciously preserved even in speech by those who have a strong feeling for consistency in grammar forms.'

When a college professor expresses the idea that correct speech is solemn and impressive, and that improprieties are excusable because of their frequent use, it seems to me timely and justifiable

to suggest that our teachers of English be examined for their qualifications. No man would be judged competent to teach arithmetic who would be indifferent to a pupil's statement that $8\times7=54$. Is this error more deplorable than 'It is me'? To be sure, arithmetic is an exact science. So is language in its fundamental principles, as in the relations of verbs to their subjects and objects. Shall we regard language as a go-as-you-please affair, with no laws, even though this complicated product of evolution is not fixed or final?

The growth of language is marked by many changes in the meanings and pronunciations of words, and by the introduction of new words where needed. Its decay is influenced by the ever-increasing tendency to slang and to colloquialisms, which form a 'peculiar kind of vagabond language, always hanging on the outskirts of legitimate speech, but continually straying or forcing its way into respectable company.' Whatever the changes, constructive or destructive, can any professor or armies of wise and learned men make 'It is me' correct, any more than they can justify $4\times8=36$? Such teaching gives rise to the attitude of many school-girls who have the idea that it is affected to say, 'It is I.' They expect to be laughed at when they use correct constructions. Even a lawyer of my acquaintance told me that if he were to speak correctly he would lose business with certain clients, men 'in the rough,' who would think he felt superior to them. Is it not sad that an intelligent use of language is so rare that it sets the accurate speaker apart?

Well may we ask, Is there any criterion of good English? To what source must we go if we wish to speak and write our mother tongue with purity and without affectation? How shall we choose when the men who write books on the subject disagree? How many of us, after reading Richard Grant White's thirteen pages devoted to the unqualified condemnation of 'had better, had rather, and had n't oughter,' have made a real effort to accustom ourselves to 'would rather' and 'might better'? Of course, only the most ignorant ever said, 'had n't oughter.' And now we read Professor Lounsbury's thirty pages of defense for 'had liefer,' 'had rather,' and 'had better,' three legitimate idioms, dating from the thirteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, respectively. He sanctions 'would rather,' but says that the use of 'would better' is distinctly repugnant if not absolutely improper, and that 'when met with, it is apt to provoke a cry of pain from him who has been nurtured upon the great classics of our literature.'

Dare we say that sometimes Professor Lounsbury's use of language might impress the critical student as inconsistent with the rules of rhetoric, for he allows great license to speech, and does not believe in sacrificing spontaneity to gain correctness. But whoever is endowed by nature with spontaneity, a quality which can hardly be cultivated, might well devote some energy toward making accuracy a habit. There need be no loss of spontaneity in the process.

This reminds us of Henry Ward Beecher, who, when a college youth presumed to point out errors in his speech, replied, 'Young man, when the English language gets in my way, it does n't stand a chance.' Of course, the most rigid purists must acknowledge that it is not freedom from faults that marks either the great man or the great linguist. Each is distinguished rather by that commanding quality that takes no note of trifles.

But, inasmuch as many trifles make perfection, is it not incumbent upon the authors of English books to avoid

faulty expressions? We are surprised to find in Professor Lounsbury's excellent book, *The Standard of Usage*, the following sentences, for which, I presume to suggest, in parentheses, better constructions: —

The process is liable (*likely*) to take place in the future.

This was due (*owing*) to the ending.

How tame it would have been to have used (*to use*), etc.

Such a desirable (*so desirable a*) result.

The opposition to new forms is apt (*likely*) to assume, etcetera.

He accomplished feats full (*fully or quite*) as difficult.

'Donate' has been pretty regularly shunned — (why 'pretty'?).

One example is so curious (*queer*).

No one seemed to think of or care for the other adjectives — (*no one seemed to think of the other adjectives or care for them*).

It was not for the like of me (*such as I*) to contend.

We find also, 'two last words' (*last two*). This suggests the frequent misuse of last for latest, and calls to mind the clever girl who, because of her discriminating use of the words, won the coveted autograph of a blasé popular author. In his formal, unsigned, typewritten reply to her request were these words, 'Have you read my *last* book?' Her bright retort, 'I hope so,' brought the desired autograph from the author, who, of course, meant to say, 'latest' book.

In the English book mentioned, appears also, 'every now and then,' which like 'every once in a while,' is hardly a reasonable use of language, since 'every' applies to what may be counted, and since there are no periods of time known as 'now and then' which may be enumerated. 'Every' is again misused in, 'I have every confidence in this man,' when we mean *entire* or *full* confidence.

Another clause which arrests our attention is, 'He was the one above all,' etc. Would not a better construction be, 'It was *he*, who, above (or more than) all *others*, made it his business,' etc.? Most rhetorics warn us against using 'one' and 'ones,' and what need is there of saying, 'This is the one I mean' when a book is the object meant, or 'Are these the ones you wish?' when we mean gloves?

In Bechtel's *Slips in Speech*, a useful little volume of 'Don'ts' in language, we read with amazement the following: —

'"I ain't pleased," "You ain't kind," "They ain't gentlemen," serve to illustrate the proper use of "ain't," if it is ever proper to use such an inelegant (*so inelegant a*) word.' What a damaging influence such a statement (or so shocking a statement) must have upon the student!

Even the much-praised Richard Grant White did not live up to the standards of purism that he advocated, when he wrote, —

'Most all of the writer's argument' — (*almost the entire argument of the writer*).

'We hear that all around us among well-educated people, but who know better' — (why 'but who' when 'who' suffices?)

He is also guilty of 'so perfect,' even though 'perfect,' like 'unique,' 'square,' 'round,' 'universal,' 'unanimous,' and many other adjectives, requires no modifying adverb to express degree.

Again, we have so long cherished that old familiar rule in the words, 'We cannot look or feel l — y, ly,' that we do not like to excuse Professor Hill for shattering one of our pet idols by authorizing 'I felt badly,' the excuse being that 'bad' has two senses.

So long as the propriety of any word

or expression is questioned, one is wise to seek a substitute which has received the approval of polite society. Such a procedure would enrich our vocabulary, prevent our speech from becoming monotonous, and aid us in forming the estimable habit of using speech to convey fine shades of thought rather than to set people to guessing.

Let us continue to look beautiful (not beautifully) and feel indisposed, weary, or well (not nicely or finely), leaving 'bad' and 'badly' to fall into disuse. It may be helpful to note that the 'l — y, ly' rule offers an exception in the case of 'feeling friendly,' for here is an adjective in 'ly.' It is the adverbs that must be avoided after 'look,' 'feel,' 'seem,' 'appear,' and such verbs, which may be replaced by some form of the verb 'to be.' We prove the correctness of such sentences as, 'The sun shines bright,' and 'The child stands erect,' by substituting 'is' for the verb: the sun *is* bright; the boy *is* erect. And we arrive safe and sound (not safely), the idea being that we *are* safe.

The fact that people appreciate in language the excellencies to be imitated, more readily than they discover the blunders to be avoided, may excuse my pointing out the few flaws selected from many pages of forceful and expressive English, — the object being to arouse us to a realization of our own inaccuracies. Any one who attempts to criticize another's language is sure to realize the truth in Shakespeare's words, — 'I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teachings.'

In view of the facts noted, that our most eminent teachers of English give the sanction of usage to ungrammatical locutions, that slipshod methods of expression abound in the speech of the majority, as well as in the writings of good authors, may we not say in Professor Lounsbury's own words that grammatical sentinels are needed in the watch-towers, ready to attack the numerous linguistic foes? Though he may class with these the 'purists, whom, like the poor, we have always with us,' some of us will rather agree with Professor Kittredge of Harvard that the purist is a necessary factor in the development of a cultivated tongue.

The cry of several centuries has been that the English language is on the road to ruin, and periodically a Swift, a Bentley, or a Johnson has appeared with the hope of fixing language, a hope futile so long as the language is alive, — so to speak. Every living thing grows and changes. Latin and Greek, belonging to books rather than to living speech, are called 'dead languages.' They are therefore fixed.

But the influence of a Swift, whose passion was purity of speech, does stem the tide of corruptions threatening to ruin the language. Though his efforts toward the foundation of an academy to regulate and protect speech failed, and though other purists since the Restoration have carried the project no further than plans and proposals, an English Richelieu may yet create an institution similar to the French Academy. Though one of our purist-haters underestimates the efficacy of such a 'linguistic hospital, equipped with physicians and supplied with remedies to cure all the ills resulting from ignorance and heedlessness,' there is reason to believe that the influence of such a body of scholars would tend to awaken interest in English, and to stimulate our respect for the tongue we speak.

We need a Hume or a Dryden to erect danger signals along the rocky road of speech, as warnings to those who think it safer to sin with the elect (authors of renown) than to be righteous with the purist.

PRECISION'S ENGLISH

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

LANGUAGE is a vehicle of intellectual traffic; its business is to carry ideas, mental concepts, information, and at times the truth. It is a clumsy wagon, inadequate to its purpose; indeed all of the arts are required to accomplish that purpose. Some ideas are best expressed in prose, others in verse; some by mechanical drawing, others again in paint; some in marble and others in bronze; and many find their only means of expression in music. Sometimes a glance of the eye tells the story, and at other times a gesture is enough. Sometimes it would seem that nearly all the arts are needed at once. The tale is told of a couple of partially Americanized old men of the florid East who met unexpectedly. The first cried out his happy greetings and straightway grasped his friend in a close embrace. The second was smitten with sudden aphasia; he grew red in the face, his features became contorted, and finally, with a mighty effort he brought himself to say, 'Leggo-ma-hands-ai-vanta-talk!' Language alone was inadequate; he needed gestures.

There is no doubt of the truth of the assertion that we do not study our language enough. Without an intimate sense of it we are nearly helpless. True, some of us seem to achieve an understanding of the anatomy of sentences almost intuitively, while others, despite intense study, are unable to bring grace and action into our speech. But no one, with a love of literature in his heart or a desire to read or to hear things said, will deny the value of the study of language to those who must use it. If we are to discuss Purism in Speech, we must assume at the outset that all parties to the discussion believe in the best possible use of language.

The point at issue, as I take it, has to do with the primary requirement of language: whether it shall carry the idea with the greatest precision, or whether the greatest effort should be directed toward making the vehicle which carries the idea a thing of faultless construction. There is a wide difference here — the difference between the wagon and its load; and we are often called upon to decide between the two. So precision in the one must often give way to precision in the other.

The purpose of language is fulfilled when an idea is carried from the mind of the speaker or the writer to the receiving mind. Now, unless language is used aright, it foments discord and often proves the greater wisdom of silence — when the speaker knows that if he but had the art, the right thing said would indeed be golden words. The lack of the art of speech is the inability to say the precise thing. Therefore, without a thorough equipment in language, the speaker is as likely to fail in saying what he means as he is to fail in constructing his speech on academic lines.

If the rule of precision in construction stands in the way of efficient expression it should be made secondary to it. Beethoven broke the rules of

composition and accomplished wonders. To-day he is a classic, but in his own day he was a dreadful radical. So, too, painting would be an inefficient art now, had the best usage and the rules current at the time been followed by the masters of the brush.

In English speech the words that sin most against clear expression are adverbs. Thus under stress of dire need you may say, 'Come here, quick!' or 'Come here, quickly!' The former is theoretically incorrect, but it carries the idea. The latter is theoretically correct, but it lacks force. Adverbs are poor things compared with adjectives. Indeed, if an Anti-Adverb Society should ever be organized, I desire to record here and now an application for membership. It might worry us a little to read: —

> Take her up tender,
> Lift her with care!
> Fashioned so slender,
> Young and so fair.

but that is only because we are accustomed to the adverbs. The meaning is all there without the adverb forms. I pick up a book from my library table by an author of merit and read 'refreshingly,' 'flamingly,' 'purringly,' 'noisily,' besides many other of less offense in half a score of pages. What sickly, puling words they are! Henry James uses adverbs of his own make in even greater abundance and he seems to need them, just as the old gentleman from the florid East needed his hands for gesticulation. But we shall do well to grant to Mr. James all the adverbial privileges he takes; he manages to conceive ideas, and through the medium of written language to get them over into the understanding of many of us who take great delight in them. I do not like his adverbs, and I often wish that he would adjust his ideas with wings that fluttered less — but that is his business; and his desire for truth in his art doubtless leads him to cover all the ground — and the waters under the earth as well. The Anti-Adverb Society would never prohibit adverbs if it expected to live; it would only discourage them. The Germans manage to accomplish a meritorious precision of speech, and they have no adverbs in the sense that these differ from adjectives. So if the expression, 'Come quick,' means more than 'Come quickly,' the chances are that in time we shall receive grammatical warrant to use the words that carry the idea with the greatest efficiency.

The English language leads a dissolute life, and welcomes any word that comes its way. There have always been bars-sinister on its arms, but this has never seemed to worry it. In the Far East there are hundreds of Asiatic words in current use in English and they are gradually creeping into the dictionaries. This catholicity — to use a more gentle expression — is its very strength. The danger may lie in a splitting-up of the language into different dialects, and it is the business of scholarship to use every effort to avoid this. But in doing so it must be prepared to make compromises, and to welcome expressions which our grandfathers would have rejected. Do what we please — teach, instruct, threaten, cajole, or plead: nine out of ten boys will answer, 'It's me!' to the question, 'Who's there?' There must be a reason for this. The French, who are supposed to pay some attention to their language, use the same form, — and it has received scholastic approval. 'Me' seems, somehow, more intimate, and is stronger than 'I'; which may be the reason why the child will say, 'Me go to mother,' and not, 'Give it to I.'

Scholarship has changed in the last fifty years. Science has taught us different methods of thought from those of our grandfathers. We have innumer-

able new facts to coördinate, and so language is beset with many new difficulties. It is not a question of haste, — that persistent and pestilent excuse of the ignorant, — but it is a question of scope, efficiency, and precision in idea. Whatever words will best carry the idea — get it over, so that the receiving mind comprehends it — are doing their real work.

When the time comes that we have used up our resources, and in the swing of the awful pendulum old age is upon the land and the people, and this our day is become a golden age; when scholarship looks backward again and inspiration is wholly sought in the forgotten night, savants will probably revert to the ways of the mediæval Latinists. But now, to-day, when things are in the making and in the doing, the work of a teacher of a living language is that of an engineer of traffic. He must do all he can to keep the vehicle in order and condition to carry the greatest loads of thought. The vehicle will not break down; the loads of thought may.

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER

To confess one's self a confirmed and complacent novel-reader for fifty or sixty years may seem a humiliating, even a stultifying, admission, yet every department of human thought yields gold to the persistent prospector. It is as profitable to 'stay with' novel-reading as with severer forms of intellectual endeavor. The substantial rewards may be late in coming, but they do arrive. If, as children, we who are predestined novel-readers read chiefly for the story, and, as youths, chiefly for style and form, in maturer years, while we may seem to be devouring merely as a pastime the heaps of fiction that fall twice yearly from the press, eating them up as a girl eats bonbons, the truth is that, having arrived at the time of life when generalizing is inevitable, we find in this confused, parti-colored pile, so delicately redolent of paper and printer's ink, much food for generalization, and a rich contribution to our knowledge of current emotion.

All the great and most of the little movements of the day make their way into fiction rather speedily: sometimes explicitly and with intention; sometimes, and this is even more interesting, blindly and implicitly. Here, to-day, is the great 'march past' of the tastes, opinions, passions, and ethical ideas of our fellows. To review this motley troop is to gain a certain insight, not otherwise easily obtainable, not only into the main currents of contemporary thought and feeling, but also into the cross-currents, drifts, and eddies due to the complications of our society. If, often, these records are neither literature nor life, at least they do not fail of being personality. If the new writer (they are almost all new writers nowadays!) tells us nothing else very valuable, he gives us a pretty clear notion of his own attitude toward life and art; even when oblivious of the latter and biased as to the former, he throws the spot-light on the point of view of one more human creature with

parts and passions like ourselves. This is not what he means to do, but for the reader it may often prove the better part of his performance.

Obviously, to read with this in view means that we are no longer judging novels chiefly as literature or with strictest reference to the canons of perfection whose results we knew and loved aforetime. In the last fifteen years, life has rushed into fiction and trampled those canons a little rudely at times. Needless to say, the happiest literary results are still secured when life and art join hands, but this union is not, to-day, so frequent or so perfect as one could desire. If, then, one reads current novels very extensively, and judges them, one must read them for other qualities than their artistry. Putting aside the finer critical standards, one must be willing to rejoice in them, where it is possible, as life, as experience, as intimations of the human struggle, as broken fragments of the human dream.

Some twenty-five years ago Robert Bridges, then and for years afterward the lightest-of-hand and most acute of our critics of fiction, made strong complaint of the lack of novels dealing with men and their affairs; there was, he claimed, a field for tales of business and the professions. At that time this was a new suggestion. There was not even any very large amount of reading-matter for the tired business man, let alone notable novels about him. He read the Henty books and the *Youth's Companion* for his amusement, and Silas Lapham was almost his only representative in the higher walks of literature. The most conspicuous and significant development of our fiction in the quarter-century has been along these two lines. Novels are no longer written mainly for or about women. The majority of them, in importance as well as numbers, are for and about men. I remember wondering as I read Mr. Bridges's complaint, how novelists were going to unite the practical experience necessary to depict large affairs with the retirement and study necessary to learn to write, never suspecting the answer — that many of the most popular would write without learning how!

Three or four years later began the still-rising flood of historical romances, of tales of gore and crime, whose popularity has remained and increased. Some of them were pretty enough, and some were poor indeed. The average technique of this particular kind of story has improved wonderfully in the last eight years, an amendment largely due, one suspects, to the standards and rewards of the one American periodical which conspicuously caters to the average male reader.

A little later the novel of achievement, of the material activities of men, began to come into its reward. Here lies the future stronghold of the American novelist. There is bound to be a movement in literature reflecting our material expansion and commensurate with it. The most noteworthy novel of the winter, Theodore Dreiser's *The Financier*[1] lies wholly in this field.

The Financier is an imposing book, both in intention and execution. If it resembles a biography more than a work of art, that, doubtless, is an aspect of the matter with which the author deliberately reckoned before he began. The critic is entitled to ignore it in view of Mr. Dreiser's success in presenting an intimate picture of the development of a man of financial genius whose kind is only too common in America. Should the type become extinct (Heaven speed the day!) and the novel survive, our descendants will have in it the means of reconstructing

[1] *The Financier.* By THEODORE DREISER. New York: Harper & Bros.

for themselves the business life and immorality of a whole period.

The book details with endless particularity, but forcefully, the character and career of Frank Cowperwood, a Philadelphia boy: his rise in the financial world, his rocket-like descent to the status of a convict, and the means by which he, later, recoups his fallen fortunes. The picture includes his business associates, alleged friends, entire family connection, and the family of the girl whom he finally marries after a long *liaison*, wrecking a first marriage. The author has all these threads of his tapestry well in hand, and no less clear is his presentation of the ins and outs of Philadelphia politics, and the opportunities they afforded for unscrupulous money-making. So painstaking, so lavish of detail, so determined to cover the large canvas closely, is he, that he seems to propose to himself the feats of an American Balzac. If this is the case, he has made a good beginning and is alone in a field that is ready for harvest.

Perhaps the most extraordinary quality of this unusual book is the dryness of its atmosphere. We are reminded of those caverns where nothing ever decays, where all dead things lie mummified, retaining the outward aspect of life for centuries. This effect is, in part, intentional. I do not make out to my own satisfaction whether it is wholly so. Certainly Mr. Dreiser wishes us to feel the extreme aridity of nature in a man like Cowperwood, who sees life under the categories of strength and weakness, and in no other way; certainly also it is hardly possible to overestimate the desiccating effect of absolute materialism in a man of his ability; doubtless, too, the environment and relations of such a man would inevitably tend to grow more and more arid. Still, one would like to ask the author if, as a matter of technique, this juicelessness of the money-maker might not have been brought out more poignantly by the introduction into the book of somebody with a soul — somebody, that is to say, who sees our existence under the categories of good and evil, right and wrong. This is the chief thing that gives atmosphere and perspective to life. Lust and greed, the pride of the flesh and the joy of life, are not shown in their proper values unless they are contrasted with something quite different. This something different, the spirit-side of life as opposed to the material side, is wholly omitted from *The Financier*. As the book stands, the part of foil is played by a hard-headed old contractor and politician, the father of the girl with whom Cowperwood becomes entangled. Butler is a soft-hearted parent, and is sufficiently shocked and vindictive on learning of the illicit relation in which his daughter exults. He is more nearly human than any other character of the tale, but even he fails really to touch the reader.

Since the death of Frank Norris, no American novelist has attempted anything on the scale of *The Financier*. Far apart in temperament and method, the two writers are alike in the resolution to do a big thing in a big way. For the novelist, I apprehend that the biggest way of all is one which is, as yet, closed to Mr. Dreiser by his philosophy. One must not be rash in formulating this philosophy, but it seems to be negative, to consist in the belief that life is an insoluble problem, and that the existence of predatory types in nature and society justifies us in indicting that dark Will which places man in a universe where 'his feet are in the trap of circumstance, his eyes are on an illusion.'

Whatever the truth of such a philosophy, one thing is certain: the consensus of men's opinions through the

centuries has demanded a different basis from this for the enduring things, the great things, in literature. And the long consensus of opinion is our only real criterion. But to quarrel with Mr. Dreiser upon this point is, after all, to praise him, since it makes clear the fact that his achievement must be looked at from the highest ground.

A man's philosophy is determined in part by his length of days. Knowing nothing as to the fact, I would place the author of *The Financier* near forty-three — too old for the optimism of youth, too young for the optimism of late middle life. If the horribly cold and insanely bitter realism of Strindberg melted at sixty, under the impact of life, into a believing mysticism, who can say what insight and tenderness, what softness of atmosphere and richness of feeling, a dozen years may not add to the already very notable performances of Mr. Dreiser?

One cannot help wishing that Mark Lee Luther might have attacked the making of *The Woman of It*[1] in somewhat the same spirit in which Mr. Dreiser assailed *The Financier*. The former had a story to tell which would have justified twice as long and painstaking an effort. A country Congressman, who has made a fortune exploiting his wife's favorite pickles, goes into politics to acquire dignity. Life at the capital does strange things to the futile, weak-principled man; a finishing school does disagreeable things to his untutored daughter; Yale does amusing things to the pert and practical son. Only the simple, domestic-minded wife keeps her heart in the right place, and her head sufficiently unturned to resolve the tangles into which her family get themselves. There are the 'makings' of something substantial and distinctively American here.

The Olympian[2] by James Oppenheim, a writer of vigorous short stories, also essays the field of big business. The hero comes to New York from Iowa to conquer the world and to become, eventually, a steel magnate, by marriage. The early steps of his career are convincing enough, for his creator evidently knows the stuff in which he is working; but later on the texture of the tale grows looser and attention falters, palpably because the writer does not know enough about steel, or magnates, or matrimony, to make them absorbing to us. This difficulty is one which the young writer frequently encounters when he attempts a large theme demanding realistic treatment. It raises a question worth considering, namely, what are the most fortunate themes for young writers to attack?

Obviously, if literature is the calling with which a youth is called, he cannot defer the pursuit of his profession until middle life furnishes him with the rich experience and mature judgment a realist requires. Once or twice in a century there appears a writer under thirty whose literary judgments of life the man over thirty-five will listen to. But one may have a very real and worth-while talent for literature without being one of these exceptional intelligences. If this talent betakes itself to romance, — the natural element for young talent, — there result such dewy successes as R. H. Davis and some others knew at the start. But if, like James Oppenheim, the young writer burns to attack serious subjects in a large way while yet his reach exceeds his grasp, what must he do about it? Prudence would counsel him to stick to the short story, but this, while practical, is no solution of the problem.

Doubtless many answers are possible. Owen Johnson has recently found

[1] *The Woman of It.* By MARK LEE LUTHER. New York: Harper & Bros.

[2] *The Olympian.* By JAMES OPPENHEIM. New York: Harper & Bros.

one that meets with general approval. The young English author of *A Prelude to Adventure* [1] has found another. His book has to do wholly with undergraduate life at Cambridge. With a single blow struck in anger, the hero kills a fellow student whom he has so despised that his conscience immediately assumes the burden of murder without thought of evasion. There is nothing to connect him with the act but his own knowledge. The reaction of the event upon his own mind, and the minds of the two men to whom it becomes known, makes a singularly direct and powerful story. The writer assumes that the deed brought with it instant certainty, never experienced before, of a God as an ever-present reality, and an increasing consciousness that, as he had broken the normal relation of man to his fellow by the act, so he must, by following the inner leading which he recognizes as God's pursuit of him, work out as the way is shown him the debt he has contracted to society. Here we have our ancient acquaintances 'conscience' and 'remorse' in work-a-day garments. Their names are never so much as mentioned, so intent is the author on the reality of the feelings for which those words have become hackneyed symbols.

Here is a serious theme; and here, granting the premise, is realism; yet no one can say nay to the writer's facts or his psychology, or accuse him of immaturity. He is thoroughly within his rights in setting, subject, and treatment. The result is a story which carries us wherever it goes. It is grim, certainly, but never repellent; and it is done with such finish that there are no sentences the critical reader would omit, no words he would alter. Hugh Walpole is worth watching.

[1] *A Prelude to Adventure.* By Hugh Walpole. New York: The Century Co.

Walpole's absolute concentration upon the work in hand, and his belief in it, are qualities which he shares with a very different English writer, Mrs. Barclay. It is because she believes in the stories she has to tell, believes in them every minute, and shows that belief in every line, that she holds her large audiences in spite of their own doubts. She is sentimental certainly, often weakly so, but sentimentality and conviction are a strong combination. Plenty of people who are old enough to know better have a sneaking fondness for them. *The Upas Tree* [2] is particularly strong in both qualities, and should stand second among the author's successes.

The season's output of exciting stories — which are related to business life insomuch as the tired business man likes to get them from the circulating libraries and read them o' winter nights because they tend to keep him awake — is large and meritorious. Among the best are *Smoke Bellew,*[3] *The Closing Net,*[4] *Good Indian,*[5] *The Tempting of Tavernake,*[6] *The Net,*[7] *The Red Lane,*[8] *Billy Fortune,*[9] and *The Drifting Diamond.*[10] All are good reading, as the phrase goes. From Sicily to the China Sea their scenes are laid, with side-excursions into the Klondike, and stops at London and Paris.

[2] *The Upas Tree.* By Florence Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[3] *Smoke Bellew.* By Jack London. New York: The Century Co.

[4] *The Closing Net.* By H. C. Rowland. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

[5] *Good Indian.* By Beatrice M. Bower. Boston: Little Brown & Co.

[6] *The Tempting of Tavernake.* By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

[7] *The Net.* By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Bros.

[8] *The Red Lane.* By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Bros.

[9] *Billy Fortune.* By William R. Lighton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[10] *The Drifting Diamond.* By Lincoln Colcord. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Smoke Bellew is good without approaching the best of Jack London's work; it relates the physical remaking, by hard toil under the primitive conditions of Alaskan life, of a young San Francisco journalist and dilettante. To make the book complete there should have been some demonstration of what Bellew was good for after he was remade. He felt much better, no doubt, to be tough and fit and primitive, but was he not quite as useful in journalism? A hard-muscled, primitive man is a satisfaction to himself, but not of much value to the rest of God's creatures.

Billy Fortune is a humorous ranch-hand whose racy human comments on the stories he has to tell are better than the stories themselves. Probably the fates will never give us another *Virginian*, but failing that high delight, Billy Fortune is an acceptable understudy to Lin McLean.

The author of *The Drifting Diamond* is comparatively new at the job of purveying adventure stories to a hungry public, and he is of a generous disposition. Therefore, he gives us good measure of excitement, and several other things which we have no right to expect; they are none the less, but rather the more, a delight. The tale follows the fate of a jewel which takes captive the hearts of men, fascinating them to the point of passion. It appears and disappears on its own dark errands, furnishing always a supreme test of his own character to the enthralled and temporary owner. Into the telling of this tale, set in the Eastern seas, Mr. Colcord has put much imagination, something of poetry, a touch of philosophy, an apprehension of the spiritual values underlying all life — and this without stinting us of our due need of breathless adventure. May he never learn to hold his hand! Is it too much to ask, incidentally, that his publishers provide cover designs less likely to frighten away the sensitive reader?

Mr. Grant Richards also has written an exciting story with a difference. He seems to have said to himself, 'Why not construct a tale of the favorite American type in which dark adventure and high finance dovetail, but write it with a chiseled style? Why not drape the steel frame with orchids? Why not be witty, cultivated, elaborate, in this species of writing, no less than if one proposed a Meredithian task? Is there any objection to a well-mannered, civilized hero who knows how to eat, to drink, to dress, who is really connoisseur as well as good-liver? Let me take such an Englishman and give him a love-affair with an American girl; let me add such custom-staled elements of interest as high play at Monte Carlo, miraculous wealth made in a day on Wall Street, the kidnapping of a man by his opponents in the financial game, and see if I cannot make of the *mélange* something piquant, flavorsome, appetizing.' The result is *Caviare*,[1] and it is truly an adventure story *de luxe*.

The immigration problem is a very serious and discouraging affair when looked squarely in the face, but as broken into fragments and reflected in such books as *Eve's Other Children*,[2] Mrs. Van Slyke's stories of the Syrian quarter in Brooklyn, or *Elkan Lubliner, American*,[3] it loses some of its terrors. Both writers are optimists, and their work makes one feel that, in spite of the decadence of New England and all one's worst fears, the melting-pot may yet prove a crucible for something precious, instead of the

[1] *Caviare.* By GRANT RICHARDS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[2] *Eve's Other Children.* By LUCILE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE. New York: F. A. Stokes & Co.

[3] *Elkan Lubliner, American.* By MONTAGUE GLASS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

witches' cauldron it has undoubtedly appeared to the sane citizen since the immigration from southern Europe began. Whether or not it is well politically to have our fears thus allayed, as a literary sensation the effect is distinctly pleasing.

Miss 318 and Mr. 37[1] by Rupert Hughes, is the love-story of a fireman and a girl in a department store. Judging by dialect, one might almost classify it among the literary excursions into our foreign quarters, but the sturdy quality of the human nature offered for inspection is such as we are glad to think American. Mr. Hughes has a mastery over his material, a grip on the essentials of life, and a vigorous, clear-cut way of expressing himself. These things would have made his work conspicuous twenty-five years ago, but to-day he is pressed hard by a dozen or so of short-story writers almost equally worth while. It has always been conceded that our authors have the art of the short story as none save the great Frenchmen have ever possessed it, but never has it been so able-bodied, so mature, so richly representative of our manifold life and its underlying spirit, as it is to-day.

At the other pole from the books for the tired business man lies the small and select class of tales for those whose fiction flavors a pleasant leisure. These are the books which lie about on mahogany work-stands and bed-side tables, dipped into at moments as their readers might sip tea or partake of sweets. Such an audience does not demand the excitement of swift action; liking sentiment, it does not reject reflection, and has a palate for the flavors and sub-flavors of style. The books which please these readers best are usually, when ripest and most genial, the product of the masculine mind, and the mind of an Englishman at that! The *London Lavender*[2] of Mr. Lucas is one of these agreeable, friendly volumes; *Pujol*,[3] *Prudent Priscilla*,[4] *Concerning Sally*,[5] *The Arm-Chair at the Inn*,[6] and *The Heroine in Bronze*,[7] are other well-finished examples of this kind. James Lane Allen's filagreed style was never so dainty as in the latter tale, and F. Hopkinson Smith's bric-a-brac, table-service, and food were never more elaborate and picturesque than in *The Arm-Chair at the Inn*. It contains, besides, among the storiettes applied on that effective background two — namely, the anecdotes of the penguin people and of the cannibal's wife — that are of singular poignancy and interest. Locke, of course, is almost a contemporary classic in this style, and *Pujol*, if not quite his delightful best, is still abundantly good. Mr. Hopkins is rapidly becoming, if he has not already become, one of the most pleasing exemplars in America of this kind of fiction. His Sally, an adorable child who carries the weight of a whole family upon her competent, if often weary, shoulders, is a satisfactory small chip of Plymouth Rock; but I confess that of all this group *Prudent Priscilla* amuses me most. She is gently, deliciously humorous; it is as though the maid on a Watteau fan shyly opened her inviting lips and related the story of her life, revealing herself as a tender-souled person whose well-meant Christian efforts

[1] *Miss 318 and Mr. 37*. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

[2] *London Lavender*. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[3] *The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol*. By W. J. Locke. New York: The John Lane Company.

[4] *Prudent Priscilla*. By Mary C. E. Wemyss. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[5] *Concerning Sally*. By W. J. Hopkins. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[6] *The Arm-Chair at the Inn*. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[7] *The Heroine in Bronze*. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co.

at sympathy are always placing her in droll dilemmas.

The Romance of Billy Goat Hill,[1] and *The Inheritance*,[2] might be included in fiction for the leisurely. Though the latter story has a clean-cut and definitely interesting plot, the main intent seems to be to bring back the atmosphere of the eighties as it looked to those who were young in that decade. Mrs. Bacon is very successful in handling the form of story-telling by reminiscence, and though not herself entitled to any pose of middle age, she has undeniably diffused this story of youth in a Connecticut town with the mellow autumnal glow that warms old and young alike.

Considering the conspicuous part played by the feminist movement in the serious literature of the day, its reflection in current fiction is inconsiderable. This sets one wondering if the importance of feminism to the people who really matter most in any movement, namely the middle-class fathers, mothers, and offspring the country over, has not been vastly exaggerated, for fiction now takes on very rapidly the colors of life in these things. Perhaps feminism and *A Woman of Genius* [3] ought not to be mentioned together, for the heroine of Mrs. Austin's novel admits that hers is a case apart. Her story only serves to confirm the traditional difficulty of having one's cake and eating it too. It is the struggle of a woman with the histrionic gift, first, to achieve an opening for self-expression, and, again, against her other self — when her full-fledged career seems in her eyes to forbid her the domestic life and love she really craves.

[1] *The Romance of Billy Goat Hill.* By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Co.

[2] *The Inheritance.* By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[3] *A Woman of Genius.* By Mary Austin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Any one who can stand this book at all, will find it very interesting. Many fastidious readers will not be able to stand it, because it reveals somewhat nakedly the workings of an egotistic soul. Olivia Lattimore presents herself as self-centred, bitter, lax. She hews out no philosophy, she achieves no principles, she makes no one happy, not even herself. On the other hand, she works hard at her art, is generous where it costs her nothing, has many emotions, a clever tongue, a mordant wit, flashes of insight, and what she calls her supernal Gift which 'does with her what it wills.' She snatches with one hand what she throws away with the other. She wants to make the world over so that women of her type can be beloved wives, revered mothers, contented housekeepers, at the same time that they yield themselves to passion and dedicate themselves to art. Well — it can't be done. Women do very much as they please nowadays, but it is a mathematical certainty that one can no more manage two diametrically opposed lives than two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time. This is not saying that Olivia and her lover might not have achieved a comfortable compromise between their warring interests. Both were stupid and selfish, but Olivia the more so. She blames Taylorville, Ohianna, organized society, and, above all, the domestic woman, because none of them instructed her as to how justice might be done simultaneously to a stage career and to a husband and two step-children.

There are some feminine tragedies for which society is deeply to blame, but Olivia's is not of them. Curiously enough it never occurs to her that it is the chief duty of an individual to work out the answer to his own problems, thus accomplishing the end for

which he was born, and realizing his own soul.

The present reviewer knows little or nothing about geniuses, men or women, having encountered only three or four who could be thus classified. None of these ever so much as mentioned a desire for self-expression. They had in common a brave acceptance of their limitations, human or feminine, as part of the game of life and work. It is ill generalizing from such scanty data, but their attitude leads one to suspect that bitterness and rebellion spring from insufficient or diseased talent. Possibly clever, unhappy, interesting Olivia was not a woman of genius after all!

The Wind before the Dawn[1] and *The Soddy*[2] are books that bring life near, in spite of faulty technique. The former is a large-minded story of a Kansas farmer's wife, having in it something of the breadth of the prairies and the stir of the prairie winds. The writer has hampered herself with a thesis, namely, that the lot of the farmer's wife will be blessed, and her marital relations satisfactory, only when she has financial independence; but Mrs. Munger has enough of the story-teller's instinct to hold her preaching in check. Besides, as theories go, this one has justice on its side. Where Olivia Lattimore had a 'grouch,' Elizabeth Hunter had a genuine grievance, and one should be able to listen patiently to the latter, even in fiction. One may doubt whether a 'mean' man like John Hunter would be so easily reformed by economic means as the writer believes, but perhaps it is worth trying.

Conflict between husband and wife is the theme of *The Soddy* also, but here the author escapes from feminist propaganda into the region of the personal. Her question is: when a husband has once imbued a wife with his enthusiasm, his ideal, is he entitled to lose the former, change the latter, and expect her to follow him? The answer is, No, not even if both starve to death in the process of holding fast their first belief! This is uncompromising, but also so rare as to be rather refreshing. The husband's enthusiasm, in this instance, is for the semi-arid lands of Nebraska and the sod house of the pioneer, and the young wife refuses to leave them when he returns, beaten, to the East to earn the bread the plains denied them. Common sense is distinctly against the wife in her struggle, but then, common sense and enthusiasm have long been enemies, and even in this practical world the former does not always win.

Merely as studies in enthusiasm, there could hardly be two finer, more vividly contrasting, pieces of work than *A Picked Company*,[3] and *The Children of Light*.[4] The former tale crystallizes about the great desire of a righteous man, seventy years ago, to follow the Oregon trail into a new land, taking with him such chosen folk, and such only, as would aid in the upbuilding of a commonwealth of God; the latter deals with the great desire of the young sons and daughters of wealth to-day to create in the slums of industry a fair new life and conditions. It is good to ponder these two books together. The characters in the first rely solely on God and the righteousness of the individual; in the second, they rely on economic propaganda and the development of socialism. The reader is entitled to suspect that by neither of

[1] *The Wind before the Dawn.* By Dell H. Munger. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

[2] *The Soddy.* By Sarah Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

[3] *A Picked Company.* By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[4] *The Children of Light.* By Florence Converse. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

these means alone shall the world be fully saved. The social conscience must work for a world fit to live in, and the individual conscience for a self that is fit to be alive, before the New Jerusalem shall descend like a bride adorned to this our earth.

It must be said that the religion of *A Picked Company* made more powerful and vital characters than the religion of *The Children of Light*. The strongest and most useful of the latter are Helen, who refuses to enter their economic fold, and Cyril the martyr, whose weapon is prayer. But I know no more delightful children in recent literature than these young people in their earlier days. The chapter of their plays entitled, 'A Franciscan Revival' is so visualized that it seems painted rather than written; it quivers with the exquisite, naïve beauty of certain early Italian paintings. The whole book, indeed, is tremulous with feeling, as a book which deals with young enthusiasm has need to be. Nevertheless, the writer is incomparably more persuasive as a preacher, when, as in the chapter cited, she is most wholeheartedly the artist.

Cease Firing [1] is not in any proper sense a novel. It is history and elegy, a tapestry shot through here and there with the scarlet thread of individual tragedy. War itself is protagonist here as in *The Long Roll*, and individuals are only introduced that in their swift loves, brief matings, great loyalties, and heart-crushing deaths we may taste more implacably the strange and bitter cup that war must always be to the individual. Miss Johnston's long labor of love is a work apart, and not on the plane of things to be praised or censured. To come upon it in company with the fiction of the day is like hearing down a glittering, busy street the roll of a drum and the vibrant beat of that Funeral March which seems always to strike on the naked heart.

The most interesting thing about the novels of H. G. Wells is the record they contain of the author's own development. Mr. Wells, as some shrewd observer said of certain English radicals, is educating himself in public. Do such writers guess how many shrewd eyes note their crises and comment upon the slow eduction of their philosophy?

I know a group of readers who delighted, some sixteen years ago, in that clever skit, *The Wonderful Visit*, wherein Wells gayly outlined the way this world would strike an angel—an angel of art, not of religion — if he fell through into our atmosphere by accident. These readers followed him closely thereafter, bearing with his Islands, Sleepers, Martians, as necessary pot-boilers, waiting expectant of something fine. In their judgment it did not come, and finally they rebelled. Wells, they said justly, had no conviction, no philosophy, no clue to the labyrinth, no glimpse of the Gleam. His criticisms of life were as little helpful as those of his own puzzled angel; all he could do was to depict hopelessly muddled creatures in a hopelessly muddled world. They tore him to tatters for continuing novelist with only this to offer — and surely he deserved it. Yet all the time his popularity increased. The reason dawned slowly upon these critics, but at last they recognized that the essentially modern world for which Wells writes is, itself, muddled, drab, uncertain, not learning its lessons, not holding fast its clues. Such a world finds its faithful reflection reassuring. Two years ago, in *Mr. Polly*, appeared a braver note. For, though his heart's desire was but the humble comfort of a riverside inn, Mr. Polly knew what he wanted, and fought

[1] *Cease Firing*. By MARY JOHNSTON. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

for it. By that much he exceeded Wells's other heroes and announced himself a Man. If his creator had really learned that we are on earth to fight for whatever is, to us, the surpassing beauty, then he might learn anything!

A member of this circle wrote of *Marriage*,[1] 'I am enthusiastic over it. For, more and more, Wells really thinks about life as it is. He may not always think logically or coherently, but he is always candid, and you know that, so far as his thinking has gone, you are getting the best of his conclusions.'

Marriage is a book built up on certain axioms of the sociologist, as a sculptor builds a clay figure on supporting sticks. The particular generalizations which serve as skeletons for Trafford and Marjorie are the well-worn statements that man is the more kinetic, spasmodic, intense, and abstract; woman the more static, stoical, vividly concrete, and detailed of the sexes. Their first meeting is sufficiently striking. Trafford falls from a monoplane at Marjorie's feet just after her engagement to another man, and their subsequent romance makes headway against many external difficulties. They marry; Marjorie spends too much money beautifying the domestic life; Trafford gives up research work, his calling and passion for applied science, that Marjorie may have enough to spend; Marjorie promptly enlarges all her schemes of living so as to spend still more.

With financial success, life palls on Trafford. He is rich enough to stop working, but research no longer lures; social problems disturb him; he and Marjorie, though still fond, have grown apart. He develops an immense, tragic discontent, a desire to go into the wilderness and think about life. At last the two undertake a winter in the Labrador wilds. Primitive life, hard work, the iron air, make them forget their problems. The very best thing in the book is this clear apprehension that where the life of a man and a woman is lived in the open, in necessary mutual helpfulness, marriage has no problems. It takes cities, alleged civilization, comforts, to develop senseless, fatal discontents. Trafford is clawed by a lynx, and breaks a leg while hunting. The heroic efforts these events impose on Marjorie bring the pair close together again in that unity maintained by service and tenderness.

They have their talk out at last. In this discourse it is made clear that Trafford is less an individual than the Man of sociology, the seeking spirit reaching out vaguely, muddled still, into the void after truth, solutions, God. Marjorie is less an individual than the embodiment of all the concrete, detailed tendencies evolution has forced on the woman, including, happily, the supreme tendency to do the uttermost for the man heaven has given her, even to the effacing of her legitimate qualities. The thing Trafford demands of his wife is the sacrifice of her evolutionary attributes to his evolutionary attributes, and, once she sees the point, she joyously promises it.

Just here one's mind recurs to Olivia Lattimore and her predicament. Undeniably, if Olivia could not have her cake and eat it, neither in strict justice can Trafford. He is better mannered than Olivia, but their problems are the same. The fact seems to be that the highly evolved individual is willing neither to remain an unmated half of the biological unit that man and woman together become, nor to make the needful sacrifice of personality involved in entering that unit. If we maintain that woman must pay the price for what she wants, and that it is in better taste to pay it silently, then, in equity, we must ask the same of

[1] *Marriage*. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

man. In real life, men usually settle this particular account without unseemly haggling. However, we infer that Mr. Wells thinks they should not do so. Marjorie has a flash of insight in which she sees that women are the responsible sex; that their final mission is to save men from feminine demands, to save them for dreaming, for creative pondering, to the end that the world may finally, somehow, be saved. With this understanding between them, the Traffords leave Labrador, and Mr. Wells drops the curtain. This is 'so far as his thinking has gone' about marriage. Marjorie's conclusion that it is her part to sacrifice, is probably masculinism as opposed to feminism, but it has behind it precisely those powerful sanctions of experience and convention to which Wells is usually opposed on general principles. One suspects that the great thing he has yet to learn is that most sanctions of experience and convention are based on something deep and vital.

Trafford recognizably presents the author's apology for that grayness and lack of conviction we find so irritating. There is, he claims, no real faith in thought and knowledge yet; religions and philosophies have pretended too much; the immortal idea is just now struggling to be born; therefore the mind must be detached, must observe and synthesize at leisure. From this point of view lack, or rather postponement, of conviction makes almost the demand of religion. They also serve who only stand and wait, recording whatever may, by any means, increase comprehension of the great idea for the birth of which men stand expectant.

Is it unfair criticism to say that here we have Wells's own mental peculiarities shaped into a philosophy which is practically a religion? He has plodded along, working according to his bent. Gradually, as happens to all candid thinkers, the light that lightens every man who comes into the world, filters down into the dim places of mind and soul. Comprehension begins, the seeds of conviction are sown, but because they have not yet sprouted richly, he feels that the world is all expectancy. — What if it is Wells, and not the world, that is waiting for light?

Mrs. Wharton's style has never been smoother, more masterly, more enriched by felicitous phrases connoting what other writers must say clumsily in half a page, than in *The Reef*.[1] And this is well, for never has she essayed a theme so demanding the service of a flexible, perfect style. She writes of the reef of incidental lust, emerging from primeval ooze into the shallower channels of being, there to menace the incoming cargoes of ships which have long been steadily homeward bound. If this is a slightly florid description of her subject-matter, one can only say it seems to demand the palliation of whatever sentiment one may be able to bring to it.

The book is admirably clever and wonderfully done, but the people who are likely to inquire most pointedly whether it was worth doing are, precisely, the enthusiastic admirers of *Ethan Frome* and *The House of Mirth*. In the light of those notable achievements, *The Reef* does indeed appear meagre and inadequate. The Gallic theory regards such themes as appropriate subjects for literature because of their psychological value; the English-writing world pretty consistently holds that perversities of impulse, at war with the whole bent and direction of a character, only become literary subject-matter by taking part in the making of a man who finally forces his feet to carry him whither he would go. Mrs. Wharton eschews both theories,

[1] *The Reef*. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

choosing only to show that distressing but lightly considered incidents may involve the actors in them in sudden, almost cyclonic, drama. That this drama ends as polite comedy is one's final arraignment of the story. Neither George Darrow nor Mrs. Leath, his fiancée, is real enough to be important except as a comedy figure. Darrow is civilly distressed, and Mrs. Leath is appropriately agonized, jealous, or comprehending, as occasion demands, but one never feels them flesh and blood. The only person in the book who bleeds when stabbed is poor, discredited little Sophie Viner. She not only monopolizes all the vitality, but also all the finer feelings and all the force of character in the story. Next to hers in vividness is the portrait of Mrs. Leath's deceased husband. This partiality in the distribution of qualities makes one suspect that the author herself does not find the chief figures very congenial creations. She seems to have proposed the plot to herself as a mathematician sets himself a problem. As a *tour de force* it succeeds, but Mrs. Wharton's enduring successes are of another nature.

As the basal incident of *The Reef* is sheer flesh, so is that of *The Flaw in the Crystal* [1] sheer spirit. It is equally difficult to handle, — such is our dual world, — and it is handled with a mastery that equally demands our admiration. Whether or not you believe in the gift of healing as a psychic endowment when you begin, you will believe in it sufficiently for all literary purposes before you finish. That is, you will freely admit that, *if* it exists, it must inevitably be the thing Agatha Verrall found it, and it must be conditioned and limited as she tentatively and agonizingly experienced it to be. These are large concessions, but Miss Sinclair is entitled to them by virtue of the great lucidity with which she has set forth her heroine's experience. That it takes place in a world apart, which most of us do not explore, does not at all impair the value of the limpid directness with which it is recited. Most accounts of psychic experiences appear nebulous, not to say murky, whether we read or hear them, but this has a really crystalline clarity. It is instructive to see what a restrained and finished art can do with material usually left to a befogged enthusiasm.

It is, as we premised, only fair, as well as richly compensating, to measure a novel by its intimations of life, but we do inevitably measure the novelist by his execution. With this difference clearly in view, we must confess Mrs. Wharton and Miss Sinclair have distanced their competitors in the season's fiction. Both have managed to say the unsayable, and to say it with distinction.

[1] *The Flaw in the Crystal.* By MAY SINCLAIR. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

WHAT INDUSTRIES ARE WORTH HAVING

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

THE title of this paper puts in familiar terms a question which economists state in more technical phraseology. They speak of the principle of comparative cost, and of the relative advantage to a country from prosecuting one or another industry. The doctrine of comparative cost has underlain almost the entire discussion of international trade by English writers. It has received singularly little attention from the economists of the Continent, and sometimes has been discussed by them as one of those subtleties of the old school that have little bearing on the facts of industry. I believe that it has not only theoretical consistency, but direct application to the facts; and that in particular it is indispensable for explaining the international trade of the United States, and the working of our customs policy. Neither the familiar arguments heard in our tariff controversy nor the course of our industrial history can be understood unless this principle is grasped and kept steadily in view.

Briefly stated, the doctrine is that a country tends under conditions of freedom to devote its labor and capital to those industries in which they work to greatest effect. Hence it will be unprofitable to turn to industries in which, although labor and capital may be employed with effect, they are applied with less effect than in the more advantageous industries. The principle is simple enough; nor is it applicable solely to international trade. It bears on the division of labor between individuals as well as on that between nations. The lawyer finds it advantageous to turn over to his clerk work which he could do as well as the clerk, or better, confining himself to those tasks of the profession for which he has, by training or inborn gift, the greatest capacity. The business leader delegates to foremen and superintendents routine work of administration which he doubtless could do better than they; he reserves himself for the larger problems of business management for which he has special aptitude. The skilled mechanic has a helper to whom he delegates the simpler parts of his work, giving his own attention to those more difficult parts in which he has marked superiority.

It is in international trade, however, that the principle, if not most important, needs most attention; because it is obscured by the persistence of prejudice and shallow reasoning in this part of the field of economics. It is closely related to the problems concerning the varying range of wages and prices in different countries. There is perhaps no topic in economics on which there is more confusion of thought than this; and although fallacies of much the same sort are prevalent in all countries, it is in the United States, above all, that there is need of making clear the relation between the rate of wages and the conditions of international trade.

Whatever may be the differences of opinion among economists on the theory of wages, — and those differences

are less in reality than in appearance, — there is agreement that a high general rate of wages rests upon general high product, that is, on high effectiveness of industry. It is agreed that high general wages and a high degree of material prosperity can result only from the productive application of labor; good tools or good natural resources, or both, being indispensable to high productivity. And when 'labor' is spoken of, not only manual labor is meant, but the equally important labor of organization and direction. In the United States particularly, the general effectiveness of labor depends in great degree on the work of the industrial leaders.

Now, when once there prevails a high range of wages, due to generally productive application of labor, this high rate comes to be considered a difficulty, an obstacle. The business point of view is commonly taken in these matters, not only by the business men themselves, but by the rest of the community. To have to pay high wages is a discouraging thing to the employer; does it not obviously make expenses large, and competition difficult? People do not reflect that if wages are high, and steadily remain high, there must be something to pay them from. High wages, once established, are taken, in a country like the United States, as part of the inevitable order of things. The ordinary man regards them simply as something which he must face, and too often as something that constitutes a drawback in industry.

The important thing, of course, is that wages should be high not merely in terms of money, but in commodities — 'real' wages as distinguished from money wages. Of money wages more will be said presently. High real wages, to speak for the moment with reference to these, cannot possibly be paid by employers generally unless the workmen generally (as guided by the employers and aided by tools and machines) turn out a large product. In current discussions of the tariff and wages, it has often been alleged that in one industry or another the skill or effectiveness of the workmen is no greater in the United States than in England or Germany; that the tools and machines are no better, the raw materials no cheaper. How, then, it is asked, can the Americans get higher wages unless protected against the competition of the Europeans? But, it may be asked in turn, suppose *all* the Americans were not a whit more skillful and productive than the Europeans; suppose the plane of industrial effectiveness to be precisely the same in the countries compared — how *could* wages be higher in the United States? The source of all the income of a community obviously is the output of its industry. If its industry is no more effective, if its labor produces no more than that of another country, how can its material prosperity be greater, and how can wages be higher? A high general rate of real wages could not possibly be maintained unless there were in its industries at large a high general productiveness.

But when once these two concomitant phenomena have come to exist, — a high effectiveness of industry and a high general rate of wages, — it follows that any industry in which labor is *not* effective, in which the plane of effectiveness is below that in most industries, finds itself from the business point of view at a disadvantage. It must meet the general scale of wages in order to attract workmen; yet the workmen do not produce enough to enable that general scale to be met and a profit still secured. Such an industry, in the terms of the principle now under discussion, is working at a comparative disadvantage. It has a heavy compara-

tive cost. In other industries, product is high; that is, labor cost is low. In this industry, product is low; that is, labor cost is high. The industry does not measure up to the country's standard, and finds in that standard an obstacle to its prosecution.

Consider the same problem from the point of view of money wages. Here again we are beset by everyday fallacies and superficialities. High money wages, it is commonly alleged, cannot be paid unless there be high prices of the goods made. A dear man is supposed to mean dear bread, and a cheap man, cheap bread. Yet is it not obvious that if all bread and meat and coats and hats were high in price, high money wages would be of no avail? It is certain that not only are money wages higher in the United States than in European countries, but the prices of things bought are, on the whole, *not* higher. Although some things cost more, and the higher money wages therefore do not mean commodity wages higher in the same degree, these higher money wages do mean that real wages are higher by a substantial amount. The dear man does not, in fact, mean dear food. The explanation is obvious: although wages in money are high, the effectiveness of the dear man's labor on the whole is also high, and therefore goods on the whole are not dear. When a man who is paid high wages turns out a large number of pieces, each piece can be sold at a low price, and the employer still can afford to pay the high wages. With reference to individuals, the business world is constantly accepting this principle. A good man, we are told, is cheap even at high wages. To use the same phrase, a good industry is cheap even although high wages are paid in it. Where labor is effective, high wages and low prices go together.

None the less, an established high rate of wages always presents itself to the individual employer as something that has to be overcome. And to the employee it presents itself as a thing in danger, — something that must be jealously guarded. Yet there is a real difficulty for the employer only when the effectiveness of labor is not great. And, for the employee, so far as the competition of foreign products is concerned, an industry needs no protection where this same essential condition is found. If, indeed, such effectiveness does not exist, then the American employer cannot pay the prevailing high rate of wages and hold his own in free competition with competitors in countries of lower wages. In other words, he cannot hold his own unless there is a comparative advantage in his particular industry. The general high rate of wages is due to the fact that in the dominating parts of the country's industrial activity the comparative advantage exists. These dominating industries set the pace; in them we find the basis of the high scale; it is they which set a standard which others must meet, and which presents itself to others as an obstacle.

The principle of comparative cost applies more fully and unequivocally in the United States than in any country where conditions are known to me. The difference in money wages between the United States and European countries is marked; the difference in 'real' or commodity wages, though not so great, is also marked. Notwithstanding these high wages, constituting an apparent obstacle for the domestic producers, the United States steadily exports all sorts of commodities, — not only agricultural products, but manufactures of various kinds. Evidently they could not be exported unless they were sold abroad as cheaply as foreign goods of the same sort are there sold. That these products of

highly paid labor are exported and are sold abroad, is proof that American industry has in them a comparative advantage.

There are other goods which, though not exported, are also not imported; goods where the balance of advantage is even, so to speak. They are the products of industries in which American labor is effective, yet not effective to the highest pitch; effective in proportion to the higher range of money wages in the country, but barely in that proportion.

And finally, there are the goods whose importation continues, even though there is no obvious obstacle to their domestic production from soil or climate. These are things which, it would seem, could be produced to as good advantage at home as abroad. They *could* be produced to as good advantage; but they lack the comparative advantage. They do not measure up to the standard set by the dominant industries. There are no physical difficulties in the way of their successful production; but there is an economic difficulty. They find in high wages an insuperable obstacle to competition with the foreigners. And in this class belong those industries which are protected, and which would not hold their own without protection. They are in a position analogous to that of the strictly domestic industries in which labor is not effective, but which are nevertheless carried on of necessity within the country, with high prices made necessary by high money wages. The obvious difference between the two cases is, that the force which causes the strictly domestic industries to be carried on is an unalterable one, such as the difficulty or impossibility of transportation; while that which causes the protected industries to become domesticated is the artificial one of a legislative barrier.

What, now, are the causes of comparative advantage? or, to put the question in other words, what are the industries in which a comparative advantage is likely to appear?

The more common answer has been, the agricultural industries. In a new country, with abundance of fertile land, labor is turned with most effectiveness to the extractive industries. Hence the United States has long exported wheat, cotton, meat products. Hence Canada is now a heavy exporter of wheat. Wheat is specially adapted to extensive culture, and is easily transportable; it is the commodity for which nature often gives to a new country in the temperate zone a clear advantage. Throughout the nineteenth century, the international trade of the United States no doubt was controlled chiefly by this cause. The country was in the main agricultural.

It should be noted, however, that not only the natural resources told, but the manner in which they were used. From the first, effectiveness and invention were shown. The United States soon became the great country of agricultural machinery. During the second half of the nineteenth century, the skill of the makers of agricultural implements, and the intelligence of the farmers who used the implements, were not less important factors than the great stretches of new land. Still another factor of importance was the cheapening of transportation. Our railroads have cheapened long hauls as nowhere else. The most striking improvements of this sort were made in the last third of the nineteenth century. Then new lands were opened and agricultural products exported on a scale not before thought possible. When the effectiveness of labor is spoken of by economists, the effectiveness of *all* the labor needed to bring an article to market is meant; not merely that of the labor immediately and obviously

applied (like that of the farmer in this case), but that of the inventor and the maker of the threshing-machine, and that of the manager of railways and ships. The labor of the directing heads, of the planners and designers, tells in high degree for the final effectiveness of the labor which is applied through all the successive stages of industry.

The economic condition of the United States began to change with the opening of the twentieth century. The period of limitless free land was then passed, and with it the possibility of increasing agricultural production under the specially advantageous conditions of new countries. For one great agricultural article, cotton, the comparative advantage of the country has indeed maintained itself, and the exports of cotton continue to play a great part in international trade. The exports of other agricultural products — wheat, corn, barley, meat products — have by no means ceased, nor will they cease for some time. But they tend to decline, absolutely and, even more, relatively. Other articles grow in importance, such as copper, petroleum, iron and steel products, various manufactures. For some of these, such as copper, the richness of our natural resources is doubtless of controlling importance. But the manner in which these natural resources are turned to account is important throughout; and in many cases the comparative advantage of which the exports are proof, rests not on the favor of nature at all, but solely on the better application of labor under conditions inherently no more promising than those of other countries.

What are the causes of advantage under these less simple conditions?

The question may be asked regarding a closely allied phenomenon, referred to a moment ago. A considerable range of manufactured articles, though not exported, are yet not imported. The domestic manufacturer holds the market, while paying higher wages than his foreign competitor. The range of such industries is, in my opinion, wider than is commonly supposed. It is obscured by the fact that our tariff system imposes useless and inoperative duties on many articles which could not be imported in any case. On the other hand, there is a considerable range of articles on which the duties have a substantial effect; articles which would be imported but for the tariff. There are, again, things which continue to be imported notwithstanding high duties, — which pour in over the tariff wall. Why the difference between the two sets of cases, — those in which the domestic manufacturer holds his own, irrespective of duties; and those in which he needs the duties, or even is beaten notwithstanding tariff support?

The answer commonly given is that American producers can hold their own more easily when much machinery is used. Then, it is said, wages will form a smaller proportion of the expenses of production, and the higher wages of the United States will be a less serious obstacle. But it requires no great economic insight to see that this only pushes the question back a step further. Why is not the machinery more expensive? The machinery was itself made by labor. A commodity made with much use of machinery is in reality the product of two sets of laborers, — those who make the machinery and those who operate it. If all those whose labor is combined for producing the final result are paid higher wages than in foreign countries, why cannot the foreigner undersell when much machinery is used, as well as when little is used?

The real reason why Americans are more likely to hold their own where

machinery is much used, and where hand labor plays a comparatively small part in the expenses of production, is that Americans make and use machinery *better*. They turn to labor-saving devices more quickly, and they use devices that save more labor. The question remains one of comparative advantage. Where Americans can apply machinery, they do so; and not only apply it, but apply it better than their foreign competitors. Their machinery is not necessarily cheaper, absolutely; often it is dearer; but it is cheap relatively to its effectiveness. It is better machinery, and the labor that works it turns out in the end a product that costs not more, but less, than the same product costs in countries using no such devices, or using devices not so good.

This sort of comparative advantage is most likely to appear in two classes of industries, — those that turn out large quantities of staple homogeneous commodities, and those that themselves make tools and machinery. A machine-using people directs its energies to best advantage where thousands of goods of the same pattern are produced. Specialties, and goods salable only in small quantities, such as luxuries bought by the rich, goods of rare pattern, and the like, — these are likely to be imported. Ready-made goods, all of one pattern, bought by the masses, are likely to be produced at home, without danger from competing imports. Goods made to order *must* be supplied by domestic producers, and these are likely to be what the customer thinks inordinately dear; because they are made preponderantly, or at least in greater degree, by hand labor, which is paid high wages, and which by the very condition of the case cannot use labor-saving machinery. Again, implements themselves, big and little, are likely to be well made in a country where people are constantly turning to machinery: from kitchen utensils and household hardware to machine tools, electric apparatus, and huge printing-presses. These are things in which the success of American industry is familiar; which are exported, not imported; in which it is proverbial that the Yankee has a peculiar knack — only another way of saying that he has a comparative advantage.

In creating and maintaining this sort of advantage in manufacturing industries, the importance of the industrial leader has probably become greater in recent times. The efficiency of the individual workman is often dwelt on in discussions of the rivalries of different countries: aptitude, skill, intelligence, alertness, perhaps inherited traits. No doubt, qualities of this sort have counted in the international trade of the United States, and still count. The American mechanic is a handy fellow; it is from his ranks that the inventors and business leaders have been largely recruited; and he can run a machine so as to make it work at its best. But there is a steady tendency to make machinery automatic, and thus largely independent of the skill of the operative. The mechanics who construct the machines and keep them in repair must indeed be highly skilled. But when the elaborate machine has been constructed and is kept in running order, the operative simply needs to be assiduous. Under such circumstances, the essential basis of a comparative advantage in the machine-using industries is found in management, unflagging invention, rapid adoption of the best devices.

The business leader has been throughout a person of greater consequence in the United States than elsewhere. He has loomed large in social consequence because he has been of the first economic consequence. He has

constructed the railways, and opened up the country; he has contributed immensely to the utilization of the great agricultural resources; he has led and guided the inventor and mechanic. I am far from being disposed to sing his praises; there are sins enough to be laid to his account; but he has played an enormous part in giving American industry its special characteristics. His part is no less decisive now than it was in former times; nay, it is more so. The labor conditions brought about by the enormous immigration of recent decades have put at his disposal a vast supply of docile, assiduous, untrained workmen. He has adapted his methods of production to the new situation. His own energy, and the ingenuity and attention of his engineers and inventors and mechanics, have been turned to devising machinery that will almost run itself. Here the newly arrived immigrant can be used. So far as the American can do this sort of machinery-making to peculiar advantage, so far can he pay the immigrant wages on the higher American scale, and yet hold his own against the European competitor who pays lower wages to the immigrant's stay-at-home fellow. But it is on this condition only that he can afford (in the absence of tariff support) to pay him wages on the American scale, or on some approach to it, — namely, that he make the total labor more effective. The main cause of greater effectiveness must then be found, not in the industrial quality of the rank and file, but in that of the technical and business leaders.

A new possibility then presents itself, however, and one which has played a considerable part in recent tariff discussion. The more automatic machinery becomes, the more readily can it be transplanted. Is there not a likelihood that this almost self-acting apparatus will be bought by the countries of low wages, and there used for producing articles at lower price than is possible in those countries of high wages where the apparatus originated? In hearings before our Congressional committees, a fear is often expressed that American inventors and tool-makers will find themselves in such a plight. American skill, it is said, will devise a new machine; then an export of the machine itself, or of its products, will set in. Next, some German will buy a specimen (the Germans have been arch-plagiarists), and reproduce the machine in his own country. Soon, not only will the exports of the machine cease, but the machine itself will be operated in Germany by low-paid labor, and the article made by its aid will be sent back to the United States. Shoe machinery and knitting machinery have been cited in illustration. The identical apparatus which has been brought in the United States to such extraordinary perfection is sent to Europe (even made in Europe by the American manufacturer), and is there worked by cheaper labor. The automatic looms, again, which have so strikingly influenced the textile industry of the United States and so much increased its effectiveness, are making their way to Europe, and here again are being pushed into use by the American loom-makers themselves. Is it not to be expected that they will be operated by cheaper English and German and French labor, and that their products will be shipped back to the United States, to the destruction of the very American industry which they had first made strong and independent?

This possibility is subject to exaggeration. It is not so easy as might be supposed to transplant an improved system of production, and all that hangs thereby. However automatic a machine may be, some intelligence and

knack in operating it are always called for; though less, perhaps, among the ordinary hands than among the machine-tenders and foremen. It is a common experience that machinery will yield better results in the country of its invention and manufacture than when transplanted. Those very automatic looms, just referred to, are making their way into Europe very slowly. They do not fit into the traditional industrial practices, and do not accomplish what they accomplish in the United States.

The difficulties which thus impede the transfer of machinery and methods, are most strikingly illustrated in the rivalry of the Orient. We hear frequently of the menace of the cheap labor of China, India, Japan. Will not those countries deluge us with the products of cheap factory labor, when once they have equipped themselves with our own machinery? The truth is that in all probability they will never equip themselves. To do so, would require more than the mere shipment of the machinery and the directions for working it. A completely different industrial environment and equipment would need to be transplanted. The yellow peril has been as much exaggerated in its economic as in its military aspect.

None the less, some possibility of this sort does exist, especially in the rivalry between those countries of advanced civilization which are more nearly on the same industrial level. It is by no means out of the question that shoe machinery or automatic looms may be worked as well in Germany as in the United States. Supposing this to be done, cannot the German employer, who gets his operatives at low wages, undersell the American employer, who must pay high wages? Is not the comparative advantage which the United States possesses in its ingenious machinery necessarily an elusive one, sure to slip away in time? The advantage may indeed be retained indefinitely, where skill or intelligence on the part of the individual workman is necessary. Even here there is a doubt whether it will persist, in view of the spread of education and technical training the world over. Certainly in the widening range of industries where the workmen merely tend semi-automatic machinery, the manufacturing industries of the country having high wages would seem to be in a perilous situation.

The only answer which can be given to questioning of this sort is that the leading country must retain its lead. As fast as other countries adopt the known and tried improvements, it must introduce new improvements. Unrelaxed progress is essential to sustained superiority. He who stands still, inevitably loses first place. Such was, in the main, the relation between England and the other Western countries during the first three quarters of the nineteenth century. English machinery was exported, and English methods were copied, throughout the world; but the lead of the British was none the less maintained. As fast as the other countries adopted the devices which originated in England, that country advanced with new inventions, or with goods of new grades. A similar relation seems to exist at the present time between Germany and the other countries which follow the German lead in some of the chemical industries. It appears again in the position of the United States in those manufacturing industries which contribute to our exports. As fast as the American devices are copied elsewhere, still other improvements must be introduced.

This will seem to the American manufacturer a harsh sentence, and to the ordinary protectionist a heartless one, even unpatriotic. What? To be

deprived of the fruits of our own enterprise and ingenuity, without protection from a paternal government against the interlopers? Yet I see no other answer consistent with a rational attitude toward international trade and the geographical division of labor. The gain which a country secures from its labor is largest when its labor is applied in the most effective way; and labor is applied with the greatest effectiveness only when it proves this effectiveness by sustained ability to hold the field constantly against rivals.

This course of reasoning can be carried further. It is conceivable that improvements and inventions will be so completely adopted in the end by all the advanced countries as to bring about an equalization in their industrial condition. The necessary consequence would be a lessening of the volume of trade between them. Where an invention is introduced in a single country, it gives that country at the outset a comparative advantage, leads to exports, and swells international trade. But if the improvement is adopted in all countries with the same effectiveness, if there is universal adoption of the best, then the ultimate consequences will be different. No one country will then possess advantages in manufactures over others; no one will be able to export to another; trade between them in manufactured goods will cease. All countries will secure, in the same degree, the benefit of the universalized inventions. All will be on the same plane, and differences in general prosperity and in rates of wages will be wiped out. Then there will be no room for comparative advantages based on invention, peculiar effectiveness, better machinery, more skillful organization. Under such conditions the only trade between countries would be that based on unalterable climatic, or physical, advantages; such trade, for instance, as arises between tropical and temperate regions, and between temperate regions having markedly different natural resources.

This consummation will not be reached for an indefinite period; nay, probably it will never be reached. Certainly it is beyond the range of possibility for any future which we can now foresee. But some approach to it is likely to come in the relations between the more advanced countries. There is a tendency toward equalization in their use of machinery and of factory methods, and so in their general industrial conditions. For the United States especially, the twentieth century will be different from the nineteenth. The period of free land has been virtually passed. That great basis of high material prosperity, and of high general wages, is no longer as broad and strong as it was during the first century of our national life. The continued maintenance of a degree of prosperity greater than that of England and Germany and France must rest on other causes. In the future, a higher effectiveness of labor must depend almost exclusively on better implements and higher skill; on labor better led and better applied. It may reasonably be hoped that the United States will long remain the land of promise, in the van of material progress; but the degree of difference may be less than it was. This lessening difference will probably come about, not because the United States will fall back, but because other countries will gain on her. Such has been the nature of the changed relation between England and the countries of the Continent during the last generation; and such — to go back earlier — was the change in the relative positions of Holland and England in the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. England no longer retains the unmistakable leadership which she had over

the Continent during the greater part of the nineteenth century. But she has not retrograded; the countries of the Continent have progressed. Such is likely to be the nature of the coming race between the United States and other advanced countries. And this outcome is one which every friend of humanity must welcome. It means diffused prosperity, wider social progress.

For an indefinite time, however, differences in general industrial effectiveness will remain. They will obviously remain, so far as natural causes underlie them, — differences in soil, in mineral wealth, in climate. They will remain also in many manufacturing industries in which physical causes are not decisive. The United States, we may hope and expect, will apply labor-saving appliances more freely. The growth of the different industries will unquestionably continue to be affected by the accidents of invention and of progress, by dominant personalities in this country and in that, by the historical development of aptitudes and tastes, by some causes of variation in industrial leadership that seem inscrutable. But a general trend is likely to persist: in the United States, labor-saving devices will be adopted more quickly and more widely, and the people of the United States will direct their labor with greatest advantage to the industries in which their abilities thus tell to the utmost.

Nothing is more familiar in current talk on the tariff than the implication that it is desirable to 'acquire' an industry. When it appears that certain linen or silk fabrics are imported, or lemons or sugar, some one will be sure to suggest that we clap on a duty in order to acquire one of these 'valuable' industries. The assumption is that domestic production is advantageous *per se*, and imports always disadvantageous. This is the unqualified protectionist doctrine: the crudest form of protectionism, but very widespread. He who holds it will, of course, pooh-pooh everything that has been said in the preceding pages. To him, all domestic industries are worth while, and always worth while. There is no question of choosing, still less of allowing capital and labor to take their unfettered choice. No; let us acquire any and every industry, and make all things within our own borders.

He who, on the other hand, accepts the reasoning of the preceding pages is not necessarily an unqualified free-trader. He may admit, for example, the force of the young-industries argument: that sometimes an industry which, in its earlier stages, failed to measure up to the country's standards, improves its methods in the course of time, and becomes effective and self-supporting. He may admit, too, that there are considerations not of a strictly economic character which may tell in favor of some protective duties. The tariff controversy ramifies far, and its aspects are quite too varied to be disposed of within the range of an article like this. But it is essential for an understanding of the controversy that one should reflect on this first question: What industries are worth while? Any and every industry? or those in which the energies of the country operate with greatest effectiveness?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE MONSTRIFEROUS EMPIRE OF WOMEN

'*First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women.*' This title blows like a winter wind in these days when our magazines and papers are filled with controversies on the woman question, and with hot polemics on the feminist mind; and when suffragettes in England are smashing windows on the Strand, burning the King's mail, blowing up the house of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and crushing the orchids in the gardens at Kew. It is the title of a book by worthy John Knox, written in Dieppe in 1557, and published in the goodly city of Geneva in 1558.

Brave John Knox was moved to blow this blast on the trumpet because a group of five women seemed to have in their control the realms of England, Scotland, and France, and the destiny of the Protestant Faith. These militant suffragettes were Catherine de Medici, Queen of France; Marie de Lorraine, Queen Regent of Scotland, and her daughter and sole heir, Mary, afterwards Queen of Scots; Mary Tudor, Queen of England, and her heir apparent, the Princess Elizabeth.

The horror of the persecutions in England under "Bloody Mary" was the immediate cause for this first blast of the trumpet. All this woe, Knox believed, was due to the 'monstriferous empire of women,' especially as they were personified in Mary, 'the cursed Iesabel of England.' So, as was his custom, brave John Knox spoke out, when most men considered it 'discrete' to be silent and to walk softly. 'And therefore, I say, that of necessitie it is that this monstriferous empire of women (which amongest all enormities that this day do abound upon the face of the hole earth, is most detestable and damnable) — be openlie reviled and plainlie declared, to the end that some may repent and be saved.'

The reader will see that he blows his trumpet with no uncertain tone. He is not afraid of those who sit in the seats of the mighty. Let them hear! 'Even so may the sound of our weake trumpet, by the support of some wynd (blowe it from the southe, or blowe it from the northe, it is no matter) come to the ears of our chief offenders.'

Like a true Scotchman, John Knox is logical. He places his arguments in battle array. The Empire of Woman is

1. Repugnant to nature.
2. Contumelie to God.
3. The subversion of good order, of all equity and justice.

The first argument is obvious. 'Man, I say, in many other cases blind, doth in this behalf, see verie clearlie.' It is repugnant to nature that the blind should lead the blind, and 'that the foolish, madde, and phrenetike should govern the discrete.' And it is plain to see, he adds, that 'women compared to men are weak, sick, impotent, foolish, madde, phrenetike.'

The second argument is no less obvious to John Knox. The Empire of Woman is 'contumelie to God, a thing most contrarious to his reveled will and approved ordinance,' because so saith the scripture, especially Genesis and St. Paul. If females are not worthy to speak in meeting, how can the monstrous regiment be rulers of the realm?

And like a good scholar he has his weighty authorities. What a scholastic artillery he commands! Listen! 'Politicarum Aristotelis; Lib. 50 de regulis juris; lib. digestorum; ad Senatus consul. Velleianum; Tertull. de virginibus velandis; August. lib. 22. contra Faustum; Ambros. in Hexaemero; Chrysost. homil. in genes.'

John Knox does n't translate his Latin like Chauntecleer. He does n't say: —

> In principio,
> Mulier est hominis confusio;
> Madame, the sentence of this Latin is —
> Womman is mannes Joye and al his blis.

Quite the contrary. 'Madames, the sentence of this Latin is that the regiment of women is monstriferous, madde, foolish, and phrénetike.' This is his translation of Tertullian: 'Let women hear what Tertullian, an olde Doctor saith. "Thou art the porte and gate of the devil. Thou art the first transgressor of Goddes lawes. Thou diddest persuade and easily deceive him whome the devil durst not assault."'

Nor does John Knox sympathize with the familiar argument that women's votes will remove divorce, prohibit the saloon, and cleanse the body politic of all diseases. 'And Aristotle, as before is touched, doth plainly affirme that wher soever women beare dominion, ther must nedes the people be disordered, living, and abounding in all intemperance, given to pride, excess, and vanitie. And finallie, in the end, that they must needes come to confusion and ruine.'

And what comfort and consolation must come to the hearts of Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Lloyd George, when they hear this valiant question addressed to the monstriferous regiment of women: 'Whose house, I pray you, ought the Parliament house to be, Goddes or the deuilles?'

'And nowe,' says John Knox in his Admonition, 'to put an end to the first blast, — by the order of nature, by the maledictiion and curse pronounced against woman, by the mouth of St. Paul the interpreter of Goddes sentence, by the example of that commonwealth, in which God by his word planted ordre and policie, and finally by the judgement of most godly men, God hath dejected women from rule, dominion, empire, and authority above men.'

Within three years after John Knox had blown this *first* blast on the trumpet — and he intended to blow it thrice — Mary Tudor and Mary de Lorraine were dead, Knox was leading the Reformation in Scotland, and Elizabeth was Queen of England. Naturally, Elizabeth for several reasons did not look with enthusiasm on this book. So the editions of 1559 and 1561 contain 'John Knox's Declaration' and 'Second Defence to Queen Elizabeth.' Notwithstanding such illustrious women as Deborah of Israel, and Elizabeth of England, he stands bravely by his guns. These women are only exceptions which prove the rule. On the whole the empire of women is monstriferous. And so concludes John Knox to Elizabeth Tudor: 'Yf these premises (as God forbid) neglected, ye shall begyn to brag of your birth, and to build your aucthoritee upon your owne law, flatter yow who so list, youre felicitie shal be schort.'

O John Knox, if this was your first blast upon the trumpet against the monstrous regiment of women, what would have been the second and third if you were living to-day! You could face Elizabeth of England; but could you face the militant suffragette? If even in your time the empire of woman was monstriferous, what amplitude of speech could express your wrath as you beheld 'phrenetike' females smashing

windows on the Strand, burning the King's mail, and crushing orchids in the gardens at Kew?

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM THE BATTLEFIELD

[THE following paragraphs are translated with literalness from the letter of a Greek soldier, wounded in battle, to his wife whom he left in the United States when he followed the patriotic call to arms. — THE EDITORS.]

EVERY year, my dear Christine, even in our greatest poverty, — the beautiful poverty we have so long shared together, — I was wont to make you a present. Very often this gift had to be simply a bunch of lilies. But always have you received it as if it were the most precious jewel, a thing which set great value on the poor lilies and showed your infinite kindness.

Here where I am this year, there are not even lilies together with which I might send you my best wishes and my New Year's kiss. Here spring only mountain poppies, dyed with the blood of men. Their color does not fit our peaceful love, and I fear the color of the blood is not love's fitting symbol. But I must keep my custom.

I send you with the bearer another small gift, an ornament of a very cheap metal, which, nevertheless has cost me very dear, since I have almost paid for it with my life. I send you a beautiful shining Mauser bullet, a pretty work of art.

This bullet has pierced my breast, and the other day the surgeon made me a present of it, after a long struggle he had to extract it from within me. The bullet is an heroic gift, is it not? But, I beg of you not to receive it in its heroic meaning. I would not like that very much; and would not have you believe that I send it to you as a witness of any heroism of mine. I am not sending you this bullet, either as a title or as a medal I have acquired, nor am I sending it that it might speak before you of any sacrifices. And, it is not for this reason that I want you to admire it or to be proud of it. It is a bullet that was washed in my blood. It passed very near my heart and heard its throbs, which were all for you, my beloved. It is, you see, a bullet which has lost all its heroism, and has become mild, peaceful, passive, — just like a flower.

Keep it, hang it on your necklace, wear it next your heart, — give it a sympathetic friendship in your life. It was a good kind bullet to me. It did not wish to separate us forever, my beloved Christine, although it could have done so very well.

I am going to be out of the hospital in a few days. Perhaps another bullet will not be as kind as this one has been. Perhaps you will not see me again. Who knows? But this small gift which I send to you, this worthless little thing, which passed so near my heart as if it wished to know my innermost secrets, will always tell you how I loved you, even up to the last moment of my life in this world. Perhaps this will help you not to be jealous of my other lover, for whose sake I am now sacrificing myself. For in dying for the fatherland, you will understand that I die for you, for within our love for fatherland lie hidden all other loves, longings, and anxieties.

But all these things will be told you much better by my little gift, which I send you together with my sweetest kisses.

THE SONG OF DEBORAH

THERE comes one day in every year, when for me the drowsy peace of a Sunday afternoon is abruptly shat-

tered; when I straighten up in my pew, all my pulses leaping with delighted excitement, and cease to be a Christian of the Twentieth Century and become a passionate Israelite delivered by one marvelous stroke from the hand of Jabin, King of Canaan, the captain of whose hosts was Sisera.

I know that this occurs some time in the late summer or early autumn, but as a rule I am taken unaware. I forget that anything out of the ordinary is about to happen. Outside are the usual whispered sounds of afternoon; and then suddenly the clergyman begins: 'Then sang Deborah and Barak the son of Abinoam on that day, saying, Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel,' and that astonishing, passionate, magnificent song is upon us. My imagination leaps through the gate of the opening words, and instantly, breathlessly, I forget the time and place, and I see into the past. I see that jubilant return, and Deborah, the prophetess, and Barak, the son of Abinoam, singing together. 'Hear, O ye kings, give ear, O ye princes; I, even I, will sing unto the Lord.'

What intoxication of inspiration! The spirit fairly lashes them into expression. 'Awake, awake Deborah; awake, awake; utter a song; arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive.'

Like a torrent the song tumbles over itself, holding certain words up in the glory and delight of repetition.

'The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon.'

Then the song rises to its climax in that magnificent tribute — the tribute which one woman's genius pays to another's achievement. 'Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent.'

In her savage irony, Deborah conceives the picture of the waiting mother of the dead man: 'The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?'

But in the end her religious fervor stems the savagery of her triumph, and the singer remembers that she is paying tribute to the Lord, and concludes: 'So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.'

It is amusing to note how different clergymen read this song of Deborah and of Barak. Some — those, no doubt, with the most imagination — abandon themselves at once to the splendor of the music, and read the words with an echo of the passion that they must have had when they were first flung forth. Others begin with the determination to give it the religious rendering suitable to the rest of the service, and manage this tone well enough until they come to the words, 'Awake, awake, Deborah: awake, awake, utter a song'; when, in spite of themselves, they are swept off their feet by the poet's emotion and are carried gloriously away, until the concluding words of the lesson, 'And the land had rest forty years,' restore them once more to the accustomed religious atmosphere. Others, again, imply by their tone that though there is a certain deplorable impression of barbaric exultation in the words, Deborah was in reality a very meek and pious woman.

I think these last are glad to come to the end of that song, particularly if they chance to be married — and turn with relief to the second lesson, which begins, amusingly enough, 'Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; . . . whose adorning . . . let it be . . . even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. . . . For after this manner in the old time the holy

women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves,' — no doubt devoutly hoping that their wives will not ask them any searching questions as to the meek and quiet spirits enjoyed by those two holy women of old, Deborah and Jael. They must find Jael extremely hard to explain, particularly when they remember that there was peace between 'Jabin the king of Hazor and the house of Heber the Kenite.' And difficult also for them to explain Deborah's laudation of her, for certainly the climax of the poem is its tribute to Jael. Others are mentioned with curses or blessings according as they had given their help or refused it, but Jael is the heroine, the great protagonist of Deborah's song, and the singer brings all the treasure of her genius and lays it in tribute at the feet of the woman of the tents. I do not know any other great poem that has this peculiarity — the passionate celebration by one woman of another woman's achievement. Will this modern awakening of women bring us great women poets to sing inspired songs about their sisters?

Would it might be so! And would, too, that all our poets, both men and women, might inform their songs with some of Deborah's passionate fire.

The spirit of the age appears to be tolerance. No doubt a very good spirit for an everyday, jog-trot life, but not so good for the making of poetry. It keeps us, to be sure, from burning at the stake those whose opinions differ from our own, but it also keeps us from burning ourselves at the stake of poetic fire. To write a big poem we must be able to 'see red.' We have nowadays that paralyzing attitude of mind that makes us think that, after all, our opponents may be as nearly right as ourselves. We are too much like the tribe of Reuben — 'For the divisions of Reuben there were great thoughts of heart. Why abodest thou among the sheep-folds, to hear the bleating of the flocks?'

This hesitancy and mistrust, these searchings of heart, and particularly this haste to laugh at our own ideals before others can do it, has kept Pegasus in the sheep-fold, and a Pegasus so stabled will result in songs whose technique grows ever more perfect, and their passion more faint.

In his tribute to Shelley, Francis Thompson says, 'In poetry as well as in the kingdom of God we should not take thought too greatly wherewith we should be clothed, but seek first the spirit and all these things shall be added unto us.'

How much do you suppose Deborah paused to find the best word? And yet here is her song as fresh and as pulsing with emotion as when she flung it triumphantly forth so many hundreds of years ago. Words were the servants of her emotion; not things to be wooed and cajoled, but things to be imperiously commanded.

She had found her Kingdom of Heaven, and the right words delighted to add themselves to it. If we cannot approve of Jael's method of disposing of Sisera, we may at least learn something from Deborah's method of making poetry.

I believe it is Mr. Chesterton who points out that we have no longer any great satirists because we have no longer any passionate beliefs about anything. And if this is true of satire it is much more true of poetry.

But is there not already a rekindling of spirit through the land? And are there not already the voices of new singers heard at the threshold, or those of old singers, singing with a new, more passionate note? Singers who are finding their kingdom of Heaven, and are imperiously able to command the right word? This new century, so

packed with emotion and new ideals, must it not break down the walls of artificiality? Must it not create at least a few great poets of both sexes — Deborahs as well as Baraks — to voice its passion?

Well, 'and the land had rest forty years.' The lesson comes to an end and we return to the present. We remember the time and place, but for a few breathless, golden moments a Mother in Israel has shown us what abiding stuff words may become when played upon by tremendous emotion.

LITERATURE AND THE WORLD-STATE

'LIFE is greater than literature, no doubt,' remarked somebody in those old days of the nineties, when few doubted (few, at least, of those who read the *Yellow Book*) that life went on so that Art might be made out of it; 'but without literature, what were life?' Well, what with foreign travel, and the Peace Movement, and a dawning consciousness of the selfishness of patriotism, it becomes conceivable that we are going to find out. It is true that, thanks to 'Caxton, or the Phœnicians, or whoever it was that invented books,' no Alexandrian disaster could ever again sweep away what we have; but are we as sure as we once were that there is always going to be more? It seems to have been ever the small, sequestered, self-centred district which produced the great literary tradition,— England, Tuscany, Judæa, Greece, — and the forces at work to level national walls and create a 'world-state,' will tend to prevent forevermore the little intensive, oblivious centre of culture that Athens was.

This rather sorrowful notion has come to mind in pondering the question why this Middle West of mine has not produced a Middle-Western literature. Writers we have, of distinction, but it is not, after all, the heart of the Middle West that speaks in them; it is the brain of the admirable observer presenting his results. There are several kinds of Middle-Western literature possible, although only one would be worth having. It might be written, for example, in the manner of the Classical Convention, which speaks of everything in terms of something else. Just as to our eighteenth-century classicists the sun was always Phœbus, the dawn Aurora, and poetry the Orphean lyre or the Pierian spring according to taste, so our familiar Middle West might be translated for us into the idiom of English literature. Like the 'Step-Daughter of the Prairie,' we might be taught to think of the near-by 'creek' as a 'rill' or a 'burn'; to call the far, low hills 'the downs,' and our limitless prairies 'steppes' or 'moors.' Such translation was in fact unconsciously practiced by a little girl I knew, who, while growing up in a Middle-Western city (the city growing up the while with her) and fed upon English fiction, vaguely assumed that some day she would turn up her hair and lengthen her skirts, and step out through a French window upon a beautiful English lawn, covered with curates and afternoon tea. Although, as she looked about her upon her world, she beheld none of these things.

But the difficulty with the Classical Convention is that it always comes to an end. The Romantic Movement quenched the Pierian spring; the Step-Daughter of the Prairie — and the little girl — have grown up. There is a more sophisticated literary method, however, of a character possibly less perishable, which consists in trading upon our deprivations. We are aware, now, that we have no mountains, no rocks, no brook-watered glens, no traditional society like those in the past

of Louisiana and Carolina, no London drawing-rooms, no Pyramids, no Grand Canal; but we can make something out of our knowledge of this melancholy fact, and record the adventures of our souls when face to face with these things, or when sitting at home and regretting them. Yet this, after all, is but another convention, and has been worked as well as it could be, and as much, perhaps, as it ought to be, by Mr. Howells for the Middle-Westerner seen against a background of New York, and by Mr. James for the American-at-large silhouetted upon the map of Europe.

The third way, and the hardest, is to strike the ground beneath our feet with a divining-rod of love and feeling, and see whether literature will not gush forth. There would seem to be plenty to write of, in those early French comers and the poetic people they found here; yet we lack, in dealing with them, something that is fundamental to literature, the unbroken tradition. We are not the children of those French explorers, neither does the red man's blood flow in our veins. We are New Englanders, most of us, and our imagination turns soonest to the rocky uplands and the heroic story of the Northeast states. Neither, then, is it ours to write from the heart, from the deeps, of those later arrivals, the foreign northern folk who are naturalizing their customs within our borders.

Still, there is the soil. We can feed or starve the world in this Mississippi Valley. Fertility and drought, times and seasons and weather, are our affair. We are an agricultural folk, though it is not often that we remember it. We have almost the same things to sing of that the Psalmist had — 'the mountains that are round about Jerusalem,' 'the east wind and the south wind,' 'the snow like wool and the hoar-frost like ashes,' 'rain upon the mown grass and showers that water the earth,' 'the pastures clothed with flocks and the valleys covered with corn.' Save for the mountains that are round about Jerusalem, there are as many strings to our harp as to David's. Only, alas! we cannot now forget what David never knew — how much there is outside. Those mountains shut the Psalmist in, but nothing but the zone of respirable air that wraps our globe, can shut the Middle-Westerner in!

As you go out from Florence to the Certosa's battlemented height, and cross the little Ema, you remember that Dante wished that Buondelmonte had been drowned in it before ever he had entered Florence to call upon her head the bloody Guelf and Ghibelline; and you wonder whether the thin thread of water would even have wet the feet of that splendid, faithless, white-clad young cavalier. Yet six hundred years ago it had already a name and a fame, to be recognized of any Tuscan when set into a poem. What Middle-Westerner could place an allusion to a stream so small, supposing it to lie in the next state, or even in the next county? Our Middle West is too large for literature — *voilà le grand mot lancé!* Then America will be too large for literature, then surely the whole world will be too large for literature!

Shall we go on, then, extending the boundaries of our literary estate, until we shall have developed a 'world literature' which a Martian might find characteristic of Earth as distinguished from Mars; or shall we admit that in this gradual internationalizing process which we believe to be so good for man, there is something bad for literature, and therefore try here in America to be as local as we can? But when every state, and the Negro, and the Indian, and every kind of naturalized newcomer shall have evolved his own highly idiomatic form of expression, we may

find such deliberate nurture of local literary tradition associating itself, as it has done in Ireland, with a separate political consciousness. Can it be that what seems to be the best social ideal is going to prove unpropitious for literature, and that we shall ever be called upon to make a choice?

GRATITUDE

THE Minister preached this morning on the Duty of Gratitude. I have forgotten what the pliable text was, but the lesson drawn from it was addressed, rather obviously, to the children from the 'Home,' who filled the front pews with bobbing, close-cropped heads and prim Sunday bonnets. I was pleased to observe that the sermon did not weigh upon their spirits: they were as full of tricks as any normal children when they got out into the good fresh air, and gave the usual trouble to the matron on their way back to the 'Home.'

And why should it have disturbed them, or older sinners, for that matter? Is Gratitude a living virtue like Truth or Courage, lacking which a human soul is incomplete? Or is it an invention of the people who confer benefits? All real virtues, I take it, will be found springing naturally in the heart of an unspoiled human being. The seed is there if we seek it. But we cannot invent a virtue any more than we can invent the smallest flower that blows. Gratitude, at its best, is a blossom grafted upon love; at its worst, a parasite that kills the parent plant.

A child, or any natural soul, loves those who show it kindness, but it ignores, and, if the point is urged, resents, the idea of gratitude as the proper return. It feels instinctively that love must prompt kind deeds, and love — if possible — is the reward. This is the natural attitude; we can see it any day and in any family. Just as the wise old man, Montaigne, saw it and recognized its justice in the days when children were still weighed down with the burden of unending gratitude to the parents who had, most often quite casually, brought them into the world.

Not that a stiff-necked incapability of giving thanks where thanks are due is to be commended — least of all in a community where New England ancestors prevailed. Rather it is to be pitied as a sign of unhappy self-consciousness. Let us hope that the little orphans in the 'Home' are taught to chirrup, 'Thank you,' as naturally as the birds that come fluttering to a feast of crumbs. Still it remains that Gratitude, so called, must be indulged in with the greatest moderation. It is not like Mercy which 'blesseth him that gives and him that takes.' Gratitude may be very bad for the giver, since it lessens his merit in giving if he requires or even expects it. And, on the other hand, if he has a sensitive spirit, it wounds him, as the attitude of servant to master may wound and humiliate the master. And in case the gift is prompted by a sense of duty to himself, or to an ideal held by the giver, the recipient is not concerned in the act, though he profits by it, and should not be required to give thanks. It was not done for his sake, even though pity prompted the deed. In fact, his need or suffering has helped the benefactor to accomplish his end, for the act of charity may easily be only a means of relief for a wounded sensibility.

And to the recipient of favors Gratitude is a burden which only the freest affection can enable him to bear with dignity. Let the burden gall and it may create a secret core of resentment, the more debasing because it is ashamed, or a callous ignominy which justifies the airy cynicism of La Rochefoucauld's 'Gratitude is a lively sense of benefits

to come,' or Edward Gibbon's sledge-hammer dictum, 'Revenge is profitable, gratitude is expensive.'

Is it then dangerous to do too much for a friend? Must we hold our hand for fear of introducing a third between us, the sinister figure of Gratitude? No; a thousand times, no! For Gratitude, like Fear, can be cast out by perfect Love. But don't let us preach too ponderously the duty of Gratitude, above all to the children.

A GREAT AMERICAN POET

A GREAT American poet! I had at last found him. It mattered not that I was an obscure student in a famous graduate school; it mattered not that great poets in their day had bowed down to Denham and to Bowles. Here was a real poet, alive, American, great, —

> Who yet should be a trump, of mighty call
> Blown in the gates of evil kings
> To make them fall;
> Who yet should be a sword of flame before
> The soul's inviolate door
> To beat away the clang of hellish wings;
> Who yet should be a lyre
> Of high unquenchable desire
> In the day of little things.

His lines burned in my veins as I sang or shouted them. I must share the intoxication with my friends.

The first victim was, of course, a young woman. To her I entrusted the precious little volume. 'Read "The Daguerreotype,"' I urged, 'and tell me if it is not the heart's blood of a true poet.' She told me. It seemed to her a commonplace treatment of a commonplace theme.

Abashed but not discouraged, I turned to my good friend the German doctor. '*Nomen est omen*,' was his first comment, as he glanced at the poet's name; but he was anxious to widen his knowledge of English verse, and took kindly to whatever was philosophical, impressionistic, or sonorous. I can still hear his deep voice rumbling out, —

> Within my blood my ancient kindred spoke, —
> Grotesque and monstrous voices, heard afar
> Down ocean caves when behemoth awoke,
> Or through fern forests roared the pleiosaur
> Locked with the giant bat in ghastly war.

The German doctor, however, was insensitive to subtle shades of meaning in English words. For full appreciation I must go to my own professor of English.

Yes, to be sure, he had heard of my poet. We were all young once; he had once turned a verse or two himself. Whereupon he dug out a batch of dusty manuscript and read to me with reminiscent relish a number of his own *puerilia*. I left him moist-eyed and tender, with my little book unopened, unread, in his hand. Then if ever was the happy hour for him to chant, —

> We have felt the ancient swaying
> Of the earth before the sun,
> On the darkened marge of midnight heard
> sidereal rivers playing;
> Rash it was to bathe our souls there, but we
> plunged, and all was done.
> That is lives and lives behind us — lo, our
> journey is begun!

But he buried the volume five German dissertations deep on a side shelf, and I was not to see it again for three years.

Ten years have passed since my young enthusiasm invaded the sanctum of a great professor to proclaim the merits of a living poet. My poet is dead, tragically cut off at the summit of his powers; a single volume of less than five hundred pages lies before me, containing all the poetry he gave to the world, mere 'drippings of the wine-press of his days.' As I turn the pages now, do the scales fall from my eyes? Have the years that bring the philosophic mind tempered my enthusiasm? Can I now, with the old ardor, thrust this volume in the faces of my friends?

A severe test, truly, for any but the

highest. Can we return to Byron, to Shelley, to Swinburne, to Tennyson, him even, without feeling that something of the old charm has departed? Stephen Phillips captivated all of us with his beautiful *Paolo and Francesca;* yet we sometimes feel for his work the repugnance we have for lilies. But Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, Chaucer, Browning, and Keats, at their best, never disappoint us; our knowledge of life and art never outruns them. Has my poet a modest place in this high company?

I believe that he has. The poems that ten years ago made the blood leap in my veins still seem to me fresh and strong and beautiful. And I am confirmed in my belief by the admirable introduction which Professor Manly has written for this new and complete edition of his works. The poem that my young friend found commonplace, Professor Manly finds 'so deep of thought, so full of poignant feeling and clairvoyant vision, so wrought of passionate beauty that I know not where to look for another tribute from any poet to his mother that equals it.' The little volume that for three years lay buried five German dissertations deep, contained much of the best work of a man who 'brought the richest intellectual and emotional endowment possessed by any American poet,' and whose poetry 'was growing into fuller and fuller kinship with that of the elder and most authentic poets of our tongue, while retaining its own unmistakable individuality.'

If these things are indeed true, my long devotion has not been misplaced; I may still urge all my friends — mothers and maids and German doctors, even professors in their sanctums — to get and read and read again the poems and poetic dramas of William Vaughn Moody.[1]

[1] *The Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody.* With an Introduction by JOHN M. MANLY. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

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THE MONROE DOCTRINE: AN OBSOLETE SHIBBOLETH

BY HIRAM BINGHAM

I

'*The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by European powers. . . . We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power, we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration, and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling, in any other manner, their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States. . . .*'

THUS, in 1823, did President James Monroe, acting under the influence of his able Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, enunciate a doctrine which has been the most universally accepted foreign policy that we have ever had. No one questions the fact that the enunciation of this policy of 'America for Americans,' and our firm adherence to it for so many years, has had a very decided effect upon the history of the Western Hemisphere.

There have been times when ambitious European monarchs would have liked nothing better than to help themselves to poorly defended territory in what is now termed Latin America. When the Doctrine was originated, the Holy Alliance in Europe was contemplating the overthrow of republican government in Spain, and unquestionably looked with extreme aversion at the new republics in South and Central America, whose independence we were hastily recognizing. Russia was reaching out beyond Alaska. The firm declaration of this policy of exclusion, backed up by England's attitude toward the Holy Alliance, undoubtedly operated to give the American republics sufficient breathing space to enable them to get on their feet and begin the difficult process of working out their own salvation, — a process which was rendered all the more difficult by reason of Hispanic racial tendencies, of centuries of autocratic colonial government, and of geographical conditions which made transportation and social intercourse extremely arduous.

Journeys across Peru even to-day may be beset with more difficulties

than were journeys from Mississippi to California sixty years ago, before the railroads. It still takes longer to go from Lima, the capital of Peru, to Iquitos, the capital of Peru's largest province, and one which the Putumayo atrocities have recently brought vividly to our notice, than it does to go from London to Honolulu.

Had it not been for the Monroe Doctrine, the American republics would have found it very much more difficult to maintain their independence during the first three quarters of a century of their career. And this notwithstanding the fact that the actual words 'Monroe Doctrine' were rarely heard or seen.

In 1845, without mentioning this shibboleth by name, President Polk declared that the United States would not permit any European intervention on the North American continent. This, as Professor Coolidge has brought out,[1] pushed the theory further than it has been carried out in practice, although it restricted the original idea by leaving South America out of account.

A few years later, while we were engaged in civil war, Napoleon III attempted to set up a European monarch in Mexico. Scarcely had we recovered, however, from the throes of our great conflict, when Mr. Seward took up with the French government the necessity for the withdrawal of the French troops from Maximilian's support. Here we were acting strongly in accordance with the best traditions of the Monroe Doctrine, and yet the mysterious words were not employed in the correspondence.

In fact, while it was generally understood that we would not countenance any European interference in the affairs of North and South America, it was not until 1895, during the second administration of President Cleveland, that a Secretary of State thought it expedient or necessary to re-state the Monroe Doctrine and to bring us to the verge of a European war by backing it up with an absolutely uncompromising attitude. Venezuela had had a long-standing boundary dispute with British Guiana. Nobody cared very much either way until it was discovered that in the disputed territory were rich gold fields. In the excitement which ensued, the Venezuelans appealed to the United States, and Secretary Olney, invoking the Monroe Doctrine, brought matters to a crisis.

Our defiant attitude toward Great Britain astonished the world, and greatly pleased the majority of American citizens. The very fact that we had not the slightest personal interest in the paltry sixty thousand square miles of jungle southeast of the Orinoco, added to our self-esteem. It raised our patriotism to the highest pitch when we realized that we were willing to go to war with the most powerful nation in Europe rather than see her refuse to arbitrate her right to her ancient possession of a little strip of tropical forest with a government which was not in existence when England took British Guiana, but which was an 'American Republic.' Fortunately for us, Lord Salisbury had a fairly good sense of humor, and declined to take the matter too seriously. Instead of standing, in the proverbial British manner, strictly for his honor and his rights, he politely ignored the Boundary Commission which we had impetuously called into existence, and, dealing directly with his neighbor Venezuela, arranged for an international court of arbitration.

In our exuberance over the success of Mr. Olney's bold and unselfish enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine we failed to realize several aspects of this question.

[1] See for an able exposition of the Monroe Doctrine, Prof. A. C. Coolidge's *The United States as a World Power* (Macmillan). — THE EDITORS.

In the first place, we had proudly declared the Monroe Doctrine to be a part of International Law, failing to distinguish between *law* and *policy*.

In the second place, we had assumed a new theorem. In the words of Mr. Olney: 'The states of America, South as well as North, by geographical proximity, by natural sympathy, by similarity of Governmental Constitutions, are friends and allies, commercially and politically, of the United States.'

A few years earlier the then Secretary of State, Blaine, had brought into existence the International Union of American Republics, and had enunciated a doctrine of Pan-Americanism which has glowed more or less cheerfully ever since.

Mr. Olney's words recognized this doctrine. But when he gave 'geographical proximity' as one of the reasons for this Pan-American alliance, he overlooked the fact that the largest cities of South America are geographically nearer to Spain and Portugal than to New York and New England. He failed to consider that the rich East Coast of South America is no farther from Europe than it is from Florida, and that so far as the West Coast is concerned, it actually takes longer to travel from Valparaiso, the chief South American West Coast port, to San Francisco, the chief North American West Coast port, than it does to go from Valparaiso to London. Peru is as far from Puget Sound as it is from Labrador.

Most of our statesmen studied geography when they were in the grammar school, and have rarely looked at a world-atlas since. In other words, we began the new development of the Monroe Doctrine with a false idea of the geographical basis of the Pan-American alliance.

Furthermore, the new Monroe Doctrine was established on another false idea, the existence of 'natural sympathy' between South and North America. As a matter of fact, instances might easily be multiplied to show that our South American neighbors have far more natural sympathy for, and regard themselves as much more nearly akin to, the Latin races of Europe, than to the cosmopolitan people of the United States.

How Spain feels was shown recently in the case of a distinguished Spanish professor who was able to find time to make an extended journey through Latin America, urging Pan-Hispanism, but could find no time to make an extended journey through the cities of the United States, although offered lavish hospitality and considerable honorariums. How Brazil feels was seen a few years ago in Rio Janeiro, when Brazil was holding a national exposition. Each state of that great Republic had a building of its own, but no foreign nations were represented, except Portugal, the mother country, which had her own building.

Of the difficulties of establishing any kind of an alliance between ourselves and the South American republics no one who has traveled in South America can be ignorant. As has been well said by a recent Peruvian writer: 'Essential points of difference separate the two Americas. Differences of language, and therefore of spirit; the difference between Spanish Catholicism and the multiform Protestantism of the Anglo-Saxons; between the Yankee individualism and the omnipotence of the State natural to the South. In their origin, as in their race, we find fundamental antagonisms; the evolution of the North is slow and obedient to the lessons of time, to the influences of custom; the history of the Southern peoples is full of revolution, rich with dreams of an unattainable perfection.'

One of the things which make it and

will continue to make it difficult for us to treat fairly with our Southern neighbors is our racial prejudice against the half-breed. As Señor Calderon bluntly says: 'Half-breeds and their descendants govern the Latin-American republics'; and it is a well-known fact that this leads to contempt on the part of the average Anglo-Saxon. Such a state of affairs shows the difficulty of assuming that Pan-Americanism is axiomatic, and of basing the logical growth of the Monroe Doctrine on 'natural sympathy.'

In the third place, the new form of the Monroe Doctrine declared, in the words of Secretary Olney, that the 'United States is practically sovereign on this continent.' This at once aroused the antagonism and the fear of those very Southern neighbors who, in another sentence, he had endeavored to prove were 'friends and allies, commercially and politically, of the United States.'

Less than three years after the enunciation of the new Monroe Doctrine we were at war with Spain. The progress of the war in Cuba and the Spanish colonies was followed in South America with the keenest interest. How profoundly it would have surprised the great American public to realize that while we were spending blood and treasure to secure the independence of another American republic, our neighbors in Buenos Aires were indulging in the most severe and caustic criticism of our motives! This attitude can be appreciated only by those who have compared the cartoons published week after week, during the progress of the war, in this country and in Argentina. In the one, Uncle Sam is pictured as a benevolent giant, saving the poor maid Cuba from the jaws of the ferocious dragon, General Weyler, and his cruel mistress in Spain. In the other, Uncle Sam in the guise of a fat hog is engaged in besmirching the fair garments of the Queen of Spain in his violent efforts to gobble up her few American possessions. Representations of our actions in the Philippines are in such disgusting form that it would not be desirable to attempt to describe some of the Argentine cartoons touching upon that subject.

Our neighbors felt that a decided change had come over the Monroe Doctrine! In 1823 we had declared that 'with the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, *and shall not interfere*' (so runs the original Monroe Doctrine). In 1898 we not only interfered, but actually took away all of Spain's colonies and dependencies, freeing Cuba and retaining for ourselves Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines.

Without for a moment wishing to enter into a discussion of the wisdom of our actions, I desire to emphasize the tremendous difference between the old and the new Monroe Doctrine. This is not a case of theories and arguments, but of deeds. What are the facts?

In 1895 we declare that we are practically sovereign on this continent; in 1898 we take a rich American island from a European power, and in 1903 we go through the form of preventing a South American republic from subduing a revolution in one of her distant provinces, and eventually take a strip of that province because we believe we owe it to the world to build the Panama Canal. Again, let it be clear that I am not interested at this point in defending or attacking our actions in any of these cases, — I merely desire to state what has happened, and to show some of the fruits of the new Monroe Doctrine. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

Another one of the 'fruits' which has not escaped the attention of our neighbors in South America is our intervention in Santo Domingo, which, although it may be an excellent thing for the people of that island, has undoubtedly interfered with their right to do as they please with their own money.

Furthermore, within the past three years we have twice landed troops in Central America and taken an active part by way of interfering in local politics. We believed that the conditions were so bad as to justify us in carrying out the new Monroe Doctrine by aiding one side in a local revolution.

Of our armed intervention in Cuba it is scarcely necessary to speak, except to refer in passing to the newspaper story, credited and believed in Cuba, that if American troops are again obliged to intervene in the political life of that country, they will not be withdrawn as has been the practice in the past.

The menace of intervention, armed intervention, the threatened presence of machine guns and American marines, have repeatedly been used by Latin-American politicians in their endeavors to keep the peace in their own countries. And we have done enough of that sort of thing to make it evident to disinterested observers that the new Monroe Doctrine, our present policy, is to act as international policeman, or at least as an elder-brother-with-a-big-stick, whenever the little fellows get too fresh.

Is this Doctrine worth while?

Let us see what it involves: first, from the European, second, from the Latin-American point of view.

II

By letting it be known in Europe that we shall not tolerate any European intervention or the landing of European troops on the sacred soil of the American republics, we assume all responsibility. We have declared, in the words of Secretary Olney, that the United States is 'practically sovereign on this continent, and that its fiat is law upon the subject to which it confines its interposition.' Therefore European countries have the right to look to us to do that which we prevent them from doing. A curious result of this is that some of the American republics float loans in Europe, believing that the United States will not allow the governments of their European creditors forcibly to collect these loans.

Personally, I believe that it ought to be an adopted principle of international law that the armed intervention of creditor nations to collect bad debts on behalf of their bankers and bondholders is forbidden. If this principle were clearly understood and accepted, these bankers and underwriters would be far more particular to whom they lent any great amount of money, and under what conditions. They would not be willing to take the risks which they now take, and many unfortunate financial tangles would never have a beginning. It is natural for a republic which has great undeveloped resources, much optimism, and a disregard of existing human handicaps, to desire to borrow large amounts of money in order to build expensive railroads and carry out desirable public improvements. It is equally natural that capitalists seeking good interest rates and secure investments, should depend on the fact that if the debtor country attempts to default on its national loans, the government of the creditors will intervene with a strong arm. It is natural that the money should be forthcoming, even though a thorough, business-like, and scientific investigation of the possessions and

resources of the borrowing nation might show that the chances of her being able to pay interest, and eventually to return the capital, were highly problematical, and to be reckoned as very high risks.

Millions of dollars of such loans have been made in the past. It is perfectly evident that many of these loans cannot be repaid; that the time is coming when the creditor nations will look to us as the policeman, or 'elder brother,' of the Western Hemisphere, to see to it that the little boys pay for the candy and sweetmeats they have eaten. Is it worth while that we should do this?

One cannot dodge the truth that the continuation of our support of this Doctrine implies that we will undertake to be responsible for the good behavior of all of the American nations. If we are the big-brother-with-the-club who will not permit any outsider to spank our irritating or troublesome younger brothers, we must accept the natural corollary of keeping them in order ourselves, for we cannot allow the American family to become a nuisance. And some members of it have a decided tendency in that direction. Is this task worth while? Will it not cost more than it is worth? Is there not a better way out of the difficulty?

Furthermore Europe knows that in order to continue to execute our self-imposed and responsible mission we must run counter to the most approved principles of the law of nations.

The Right of Independence is so fundamental and so well established a principle of international law, and respect for it is so essential to the existence of national self-restraint, that armed intervention, or any other action or policy tending to place that right in a subordinate position, is properly looked upon with disfavor, not only in Latin America, but by all the family of civilized nations. The grounds upon which intervention is permitted in international law differ according to the authority one consults. But in general they are limited to the right of self-preservation, to averting danger to the intervening state, and to the duty of fulfilling engagements. When, however, the danger against which intervention is directed is the consequence of the prevalence of ideas which are opposed to the views held by the intervening state, most authorities believe that intervention ceases to be legitimate. To say that we have the right to intervene in order to modify another state's attitude toward revolutions is to ignore the fundamental principle that the right of every state to live its life in a given way is precisely equal to that of another state to live its life in another way.

In the last analysis, no intervention is legal except for the purpose of self-preservation, unless a breach of international law has taken place or unless the family of civilized states concur in authorizing it.

If, then, our adherence to the Monroe Doctrine means, practically, disregard of the principles of the accepted law of nations, is it worth while to continue? Why should we not abandon the Monroe Doctrine, and publicly disclaim any desire on our part to interfere in the domestic quarrels of our neighbors? Why should we not publicly state to Europe that we shall not intervene except at the request of a Pan-American Congress, and then only in case we are one of the members which such a Congress selects for the specific purpose of quieting a certain troublesome neighbor?

III

From the Latin-American point of view, the continuance of the Monroe Doctrine is insulting, and is bound to

involve us in serious difficulties with our neighbors. We seem to be blind to actual conditions in the largest and most important parts of Latin America such as Brazil, Argentina, and Chile. We need to arouse the average citizen to study the commercial situation and the recent history of those three Republics. Let him ponder on the meaning of Brazil's one hundred million dollars of balance of trade in her favor. Let him realize the enormous extent of Argentina's recent growth and her ability to supply the world with wheat, corn, beef, and mutton.[1] Let him examine Chile's political and economic stability. Let him ponder whether or not these nations are fit to take care of themselves, and are worthy of being included in an alliance to preserve America for the Americans, if that is worth while, and if there is any danger from Europe. Let him ask himself whether or not the 'A B C' powers, that is the Argentine, Brazilian, and Chilean governments, deserve our patronizing, we-will-protect-you-from-Europe attitude.

The fact is, we are woefully ignorant of the actual conditions in the leading American republics. To the inhabitants of those countries the very idea of the existence of the Monroe Doctrine is not only distasteful, but positively insulting. It is leading them on the road toward what is known as the 'A B C' policy, a kind of triple alliance between Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, with the definite object of opposing the encroachments of the United States. They feel that they must do something to counteract that well-known willingness of the American people to find good and sufficient reasons for interfering and intervening; for example, for taking Porto Rico from Spain, for sending armies into Cuba, for handling the customs receipts of Santo Domingo, for taking a strip of territory which (South Americans believe) belongs to the Republic of Colombia, for sending troops into Nicaragua, and for mobilizing an army on the Mexican frontier. (In regard to the latter point, it may be stated in passing that it is not the custom for South American nations to mobilize an army on a neighbor's frontier merely because that country is engaged in civil war or revolution.)

To the 'A B C' powers, even the original Monroe Doctrine is regarded as long since outgrown, and as being at present merely a display of insolence and conceit on our part. With Brazil now owning the largest dreadnoughts in the world; with Argentina and Chile building equally good ones; with the fact that the European nations have long since lost their tendency toward monarchical despotism, and are in fact quite as democratic as many American republics, it does seem a bit ridiculous for us to pretend that the Monroe Doctrine is a necessary element in our foreign policy.

If we still fear European aggression, and desire to prevent a partition of South America on the lines of the partition of Africa, let us bury the Monroe Doctrine and declare an entirely new policy, a policy that is based on intelligent appreciation of the present status of the leading American powers; let us declare our desire to join with the 'A B C' powers in protecting the weaker parts of America against any imaginable aggressions on the part of European or Asiatic nations.

Some people think that the most natural outlet for the crowded Asiatic nations is to be found in South America, and that Japan and China will soon be knocking most loudly for the

[1] In 1912 Argentina's *exports* amounted to $480,000,000, of which $200,000,000 represented wheat and corn, and $188,000,000 pastoral products. — THE AUTHOR.

admission which is at present denied them. If we decide that they should enter, well and good; but if we decide against such a policy, we shall be in a much stronger position to carry out that plan if we have united with the 'A B C' powers.

If these 'A B C' powers dislike and despise our maintenance of the *old* Monroe Doctrine, it is not difficult to conceive how much more they must resent the new one. The very thought that we, proud in the consciousness of our own self-righteousness, sit here with a smile on our faces and a big stick in our hands, ready to chastise any of the American republics that do not behave, fairly makes their blood boil. It may be denied that this is our attitude. Grant that it is not; still our neighbors believe that it is, and if we desire to convince them of the contrary, we must definitely and publicly abandon the Monroe Doctrine and enunciate a new kind of foreign policy.

We ought not to be blind to the fact that there are clever authors residing in Europe who take the utmost pains to make the Latin Americans believe — what they are unfortunately only too willing to believe — that we desire to be not only practically, but actually, sovereign on the Western Hemisphere. A recent French writer, Maurice de Waleffe, writing on 'The Fair Land of Central America,' begins his book with this startling announcement of a discovery he has made: —

'The United States have made up their mind to conquer South America. Washington aspires to become the capital of an enormous empire, comprising, with the exception of Canada, the whole of the New World. Eighty million Yankees want to annex, not only forty million Spanish Americans, but such mines, forests, and agricultural riches as can be found nowhere else on the face of the globe.'

Most of us, when we read those words, smile, knowing that they are not true; yet that does not affect the fact that the Latin American, when he reads them, gnashes his teeth and believes that they are only too true. If he belongs to one of the larger republics, it makes him toss his head angrily, and increases his hatred toward those 'Yankis,' whose manners he despises. If he belongs to one of the smaller republics, his soul is filled with fear mingled with hatred, and he sullenly awaits the day when he shall have to defend his state against the Yankee invaders. In every case the effect produced is contrary to the spirit of peace and harmony.

In another book, which is attracting wide attention and was written by a young Peruvian diplomatist, there is a chapter entitled, 'The North American Peril,' and it begins with these significant words: 'To save themselves from Yankee imperialism, the American democracies would almost accept a German alliance, or the aid of Japanese arms; everywhere the Americans of the North are feared. In the Antilles and in Central America hostility against the Anglo-Saxon invaders assumes the character of a Latin crusade.' This is a statement not of a theory but of a condition, set forth by a man who, while somewhat severe in his criticism of North American culture, is not unfriendly to the United States, and who remembers what his country owes to us. Yet he asserts that in the United States, 'against the policy of respect for Latin liberties are ranged the instincts of a triumphant plutocracy.'

The strident protest in this book has not gone out without finding a ready echo in South America. Even in Peru, long our best friend on the Southern Continent, the leading daily papers have during the past year shown an increasing tendency to criticize our

actions and suspect our motives. Their suspicion goes so far as actually to turn friendly words against us. Last September a successful American diplomat, addressing a distinguished gathering of manufacturers in New York, was quoted all over South America as stating that the United States did not desire territorial expansion, but only commercial, and that the association should combat all idea of territorial expansion if any statesman proposed it, as this was the only way to gain the confidence of South America. This remark was treated as evidence of Machiavellian politics. One journalist excitedly exclaimed, 'Who does not see in this paternal interest a brutal and cynical sarcasm? Who talks of confidence when one of the most thoughtful South American authorities, Francisco Garcia Calderon, gives us once more the cry, no longer premature, "let us be alert and on our guard against Yankeeism."'

Even the agitation against the Putumayo atrocities is misunderstood. 'To no one is it a secret,' says one Latin-American writer, 'that all these scandalous accusations only serve to conceal the vehement desire to impress American and English influence on the politics of the small countries of South America; and they can scarcely cover the shame of the utilitarian end that lies behind it all.'

Another instance of the attitude of the Latin-American press is shown in a recent article in one of the leading daily papers in Lima, the government organ. In the middle of its front page in a two-column space is an article with these headlines: 'NORTH AMERICAN EXCESSES — THE TERRIBLE LYNCHINGS — AND THEY TALK OF THE PUTUMAYO!' The gist of the article may easily be imagined. It begins with these words: 'While the Saxons of the world are producing a deafening cry over the crimes of the Putumayo, imagining them to be like a dance of death, and giving free rein to such imaginings; while the American Government resolves to send a commission that may investigate what atrocities are committed in those regions, there was published, as regards the United States, in *La Razón* of Buenos Aires a fortnight ago the following note, significant of the "lofty civilization and high justice" of the great Republic of the North.' Here follows a press dispatch describing one of the terrible lynchings which only too often happen in the United States. Then the Peruvian editor goes on to say, 'Do we realize that in the full twentieth century, when there is not left a single country in the world whose inhabitants are permitted to supersede justice by summary punishment, there are repeatedly taking place, almost daily, in the United States, lynchings like that of which we are told in the telegraphic dispatch?'

IV

Is it worth our while to heed the 'writing on the wall?'

Is it not true that it is the present tendency of the Monroe Doctrine to claim that the United States is to do whatever seems to the United States good and proper so far as the Western Hemisphere is concerned? Is there not a dangerous tendency in our country to believe so far in our own rectitude, that we may be excused from any restrictions either in the law of nations, or in our treaty obligations, that seem unjust, trivial, or inconvenient, notwithstanding the established practices of civilized nations? Our attitude on the Panama tolls question, our former disregard of treaty rights with China, and our willingness to read into or read out of existing treaties whatever seems to us right and proper, have aroused

deep-seated suspicion in our Southern neighbors which it seems to me we should endeavor to eradicate if we have our own highest good at heart.

Are we not too much in the state of mind of Citizen Fix-it, who was more concerned with suppressing the noisy quarrels of his neighbors than with quietly solving his own domestic difficulties? Could we see ourselves as our Southern neighbors see us in the columns of their daily press, where the emphasis is still on the prevalence of murder in the United States, the astonishing continuance of lynching, the freedom from punishment of the vast majority of those who commit murder, our growing disregard of the rights of others, bomb outrages, strikes, riots, labor difficulties, — could we see these things with their eyes, we should realize how bitterly they resent our assumed right to intervene when they misbehave themselves or when a local revolution becomes particularly noisy.

So firmly fixed in the Latin-American mind is the idea that our foreign policy to-day means intervention and interference, that comments on the splendid sanitary work being done at Panama by Colonel Gorgas are tainted with this idea.

On the West Coast of South America there is a pest-hole called Guayaquil, which, as Ambassador Bryce says, 'enjoys the reputation of being the pest-house of the continent, rivaling for the prevalence and malignity of its malarial fevers such dens of disease as Fontesvilla on the Pungwe River in South Africa and the Guinea coast itself, and adding to these the more swift and deadly yellow fever, which has now been practically extirpated from every other part of South America except the banks of the Amazon . . . It seems to be high time that efforts should be made to improve conditions at a place whose development is so essential to the development of Ecuador itself.' Recent efforts on the part of far-sighted Ecuadorian statesmen to remedy these conditions by employing American sanitary engineers and taking advantage of the offers of American capital, were received by the Ecuadorian populace so ill as to cause the fall of the Cabinet and the disgrace of the minister who favored such an experiment in modern sanitation.

Peru suffers from the conditions of bad health among her northern neighbors, and yet the leading newspapers in Peru, instead of realizing how much they had to gain by having Guayaquil cleaned up, united in protesting against this symptom of 'Yanki' imperialism, and applauded the action of the Ecuador mob.

Is it worth while to continue a foreign policy which makes it so difficult for things to be done, things of whose real advantage to our neighbors there is no question?

The old adage, that actions speak louder than words, is perhaps more true in Latin America than in the United States. A racial custom of saying pleasant things tends toward a suspicion of the sincerity of pleasant things when said. But there can be no doubt about actions. Latin-American statesmen smiled and applauded when Secretary Root, in the Pan-American Congress at Rio Janeiro, said, 'We consider that the independence and the equal rights of the smallest and weakest members of the family of nations deserve as much respect as those of the great empires. We pretend to no right, privilege, or power that we do not freely concede to each one of the American Republics.' But they felt that their suspicions of us were more than warranted by our subsequent actions in Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua. Our ultimatum to

Chile on account of the long-standing Alsop claim seemed to them an unmistakably unfriendly act and was regarded as a virtual abandonment by Secretary Knox of the policy enunciated by Secretary Root.

Another unfriendly act was the neglect of our Congress to provide a suitable appropriation for the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress.

Before 1908 Latin-American Scientific Congresses had been held in Argentina (Buenos Aires), Brazil (Rio Janeiro), and Uruguay (Montevideo). When it came Chile's turn, so kind was her feeling toward Secretary Root, that the United States was asked to join in making the Fourth *Latin-American* Scientific Congress become the First *Pan-American*. Every one of the four countries where the international scientists met had made a suitable, generous appropriation to cover the expenses of the meeting. Chile had felt that it was worth while to make a very large appropriation in order suitably to entertain the delegates, to publish the results of the Congress, and to increase American friendships. This First Pan-American Scientific Congress selected Washington as the place for the Second Congress, and named October, 1912, as the appointed time for the meetings. But when our State Department asked Congress for a modest appropriation of fifty thousand dollars to meet our international obligations for this Pan-American gathering, our billion-dollar Congress decided to economize and denied the appropriation. When the matter came up again during the Congress that has just finished its sessions, the appropriation was recommended by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, but was thrown out on a technical point of order.

Now, you cannot make a Latin American believe that the United States is so poor that it cannot afford to entertain International Scientific Congresses as Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay, and Chile have done. They argue that there must be some other reason underlying this lack of courtesy. No pleasant words or profuse professions of friendship and regard can make the leading statesmen and scientists throughout Latin America forget that it was not possible to hold the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress because the United States did not care to assume her international obligations. Nor will they forget that Chile spent one hundred thousand dollars in entertaining the First Pan-American Scientific Congress and that the ten official delegates from the United States government enjoyed the bounteous Chilean hospitality and were shown every attention that was befitting and proper for the accredited representatives of the United States.

In short, here is a concrete case of how our present policy toward Latin America justifies the Latin-American attitude toward the country that has been maintaining the Monroe Doctrine.

V

Finally, there is another side to the question.

Some of the defenders of the Monroe Doctrine state quite frankly that they are selfish, and that from the selfish point of view, the Monroe Doctrine should at all costs be maintained. They argue that our foreign commerce would suffer were Europe permitted to have a free hand in South America. Even on this very point it seems to me that they make a serious mistake.

You can seldom sell goods to a man who dislikes you except when you have something which is far better or cheaper than he can get anywhere else. Furthermore, if he distrusts you, he is not

going to judge your goods fairly, or to view the world's market with an unprejudiced eye. This can scarcely be denied. Everyone knows that a friendly smile or cordial greeting and the maintenance of friendly relations are essential to 'holding one's customers.' Accordingly, it seems that even from this selfish point of view, which some Americans are willing to take, it is absolutely against our own interests to maintain this elder-brother-with-the-stick policy, which typifies the new Monroe Doctrine.

Furthermore, Germany is getting around the Monroe Doctrine, and is actually making a peaceful conquest of South America which will injure us just as much as if we had allowed her to make a military conquest of the Southern republics. She is winning South American friendship. She has planted colonies, one of which, in Southern Brazil, has three hundred and fifty thousand people in it, as large a population as that of Vermont, and nearly as large as that of Montana. Germany is taking pains to educate her young business men in the Spanish language, and to send them out equipped to capture Spanish-American trade. We have a saying that 'Trade follows the flag.' Germany has magnificent steamers, flying the German flag, giving fortnightly service to every important port in South America, — ports where the American flag is practically never seen. She has her banks and business houses which have branches in the interior cities. By their means she is able to keep track of American commerce, to know what we are doing, and at what rates. Laughing in her sleeve at the Monroe Doctrine as an antiquated policy, which only makes it easier for her to do a safe business, Germany is engaged in the peaceful conquest of Spanish America.

To be sure, we are not standing still, and we are fighting for the same trade that she is, but our soldiers are handicapped by the presence of the very doctrine that was intended to strengthen our position in the New World. Is this worth while?

At all events let us face clearly and frankly the fact that the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine is going to cost the United States an immense amount of trouble, money, and men.

Carried out to its logical conclusion, it means a policy of suzerainty and interference which will earn us the increasing hatred of our neighbors, the dissatisfaction of Europe, the loss of commercial opportunities and the forfeiture of time and attention which would much better be given to settling our own difficult internal problems. The continuance of adherence to the Monroe Doctrine offers opportunities to scheming statesmen to distract public opinion from the necessity of concentrated attention at home, by arousing mingled feelings of jingoism and self-importance in attempting to correct the errors of our neighbors.

If we persist in maintaining the Monroe Doctrine, we shall find that its legitimate, rational, and logical growth will lead us to an increasing number of large expenditures, where American treasure and American blood will be sacrificed in efforts to remove the mote from our neighbor's eye while overlooking the beam in our own.

The character of the people who inhabit the tropical American republics is such, the percentage of Indian blood is so great, the little-understood difficulties of life in those countries are so far-reaching, and the psychological tendencies of the people so different from our own, that opportunities will continually arise which will convince us that they require our intervention if we continue to hold to the tenets of the Monroe Doctrine.

It is for us to face the question fairly, and to determine whether it is worth while to continue any longer on a road which leads to such great expenditures, and which means the loss of international friendships.

That international good will is a desideratum, it needs no words of mine to prove to any one. Looked at from every point of view, selfishly and unselfishly, ethically, morally, commercially, and diplomatically, we desire to live at peace with our neighbors and to promote international friendship. Can this be done by continuing our adherence to the Monroe Doctrine?

From the unselfish point of view, and from the point of view of the world's peace and happiness, there seems to be no question that the Monroe Doctrine is no longer worth while. Mr. Bryce, in an able exposition in his recent *South America*, has clearly pointed out that the Spanish American's regard for the United States, and his confidence in its purposes, have never even recovered from the blow given by the Mexican War of 1846, and the annexation of California. For many years, a political tie between ourselves and the other American Republics was found, says Mr. Bryce, in our declared intention 'to resist any attempt by European Powers either to overthrow republican government in any American state or to attempt annexation of its territory. So long as any such action was feared from Europe, the protection thus promised was welcome, and the United States felt a corresponding interest in their clients. But circumstances alter cases. To-day, when apprehensions of the old kind have vanished, and when some of the South American States feel themselves already powerful, one is told that they have begun to regard the situation with different eyes. "Since there are no longer rainclouds coming up from the east, why should a friend, however well-intentioned, insist on holding an umbrella over us? We are quite able to do that for ourselves if necessary."' Mr. Bryce continues: 'It is as the disinterested, the absolutely disinterested and unselfish, advocate of peace and good will, that the United States will have most influence in the Western Hemisphere, and that influence, gently and tactfully used, may be of incalculable service to mankind.'

Old ideas, proverbs, catchwords, national shibboleths, die hard. No part of our foreign policy has ever been so continuously held and so popularly accepted as the Monroe Doctrine. Hoary with age, it has defied the advance of commerce, the increase of transportation facilities, and the subjugation of the yellow-fever mosquito. Based on a condition that has long since disappeared, owing its later growth and development to mistaken ideas, it appears to our South American neighbors to be neither disinterested nor unselfish, but rather an indisputable evidence of our overweening national conceit. The very words 'Monroe Doctrine' are fraught with a disagreeable significance from our neighbors' point of view. There is no one single thing, nor any group of things, that we could do to increase the chances of peace and harmony in the Western Hemisphere comparable with the definite statement that we have outgrown the Monroe Doctrine, that we realize that our neighbors in the New World are well able to take care of themselves, and that we shall not interfere in their politics or send arms into their territory, unless cordially invited to do so, and then only in connection with, and by the coöperation of, other members of the family.

If it is necessary to maintain order in some of the weaker and more rest-

less republics, why not let the decision be made, not by ourselves, but by a Congress of the leading American powers? If it is found necessary to send armed forces into Central America to quell rebellions that are proving too much for the recognized governments, why not let those forces consist not solely of American marines, but of the marines of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile as well? In some such way as this we can convince 'the other Americans' of our good faith, and of the fact that we have not 'made up our minds to conquer South America.' By adopting a foreign policy along these lines we can establish on a broad and solid foundation the relations of international peace and good will for which the time is ripe, but which cannot arrive till we are convinced that the Monroe Doctrine is *not* worth while.

THE REAL YELLOW PERIL

BY J. O. P. BLAND

I

In the summer of 1911, my duties as *Times* correspondent took me to the Baltic. On a fine morning in July, I found myself in the neighborhood of Riga, walking among the pine trees that grow to the edge of the sand at the popular sea-bathing resort of Dubbeln. Riga, be it observed, boasts of another flourishing watering-place which rejoices in the name of Edinbourg, and is in hereditary rivalry with Dubbeln; but the satisfaction which a wandering Englishman may derive from the saving grace of these names *in partibus infidelium* is of the gentle, melancholy kind which comes from the contemplation of departed greatness. Inevitably one's mind goes back to the days of our sturdy merchant adventurers, when England not only dominated the commerce of the White Sea and the Baltic, but pushed her far-flung trade lines through Moscow to the shores of the Black Sea and the Caspian. Dubbeln and Edinbourg were originally private estates and summer resorts, created by an Irishman and a Scot, respectively, as places preferable on summer evenings to the narrow, stuffy streets of the old Hanseatic town. To-day, the German and the Dutchman, with their wives and families, fill the suburban villas and hotels of all that region, and bathe noisily behind the curiously ineffective screens which stretch along the water's edge.

I was reflecting, sadly enough, on the archaic traditions which make the British Board of Trade and Foreign Office so persistently incapable of adapting our national trade interests to their rapidly changing environments, and wondering why the German's intelligent coördination of financial and industrial resources should be beyond the modern Anglo-Saxon's economic capacity, when suddenly there emerged on the path in front of me, from the garden gate of a villa among the pines, two thick-set men, clad in blue, each carrying a heavy

bundle on his back. The sight of them was strangely familiar; at a glance I knew them to be peddlers from Shantung, from China's Farthest East; but their sudden appearance here — at the uttermost limit of western Europe — seemed so utterly impossible, that for a moment I stood still, half expecting them to fade and disappear among the pines. They came sturdily along, however, with the shuffling gait habitual to Chinese burden-bearers of the hill countries, and were about to enter the garden gate of the next villa, when I stopped them and asked, in their own tongue, what business brought them to this place, so far from their honorable home.

Talk of British phlegm! There is nothing in the world to compare with the perfectly natural *sangfroid*, the imperturbable calm of the Chinese race. Neither honest face showed the slightest sign of surprise at being thus addressed. One man, in fact, proceeded stolidly up the path to deposit his pack by the doorstep, leaving the other to answer the foreigner's questions. Their trade, he informed me, was a peddler's business in Shantung silks and pongees; for twelve years they had tramped the country northwards and west, from Moscow, their base of supplies. It was a good trade, he said, though even the cheapest inns were very expensive, and many Russians were very deficient in reasonableness, especially the excise officers; and to travel at night was dangerous, because so many men were drunken after dark, and then violent. They were working for a *hong* manager, getting a small share in the annual profits. Neither of them had been home in all these years, but they hoped to be able to go soon, for their sons in China were now grown men, and they had saved enough to be sure of rice in their old age. Trading in Russia was easy, easier than in China, for the women were free buyers and fond of silk, especially when they could buy it at their doors cheaper than in the shops; but they all keep late hours, and in winter the working-days are very short.

What about the prospect of a parliament in China, I asked, and the condition of affairs at Peking? Shouldering his pack with a jerk, which said plainly that the time for idling was past, he replied, 'I do not know about these things. All that is mandarin business; we are silk-sellers. The wise dog does not try to catch mice.' Whereupon we wished each other peace on our respective roads.

But as I stood awhile and watched these sons of Han displaying their wares to a stout lady in a pink *peignoir*, and heard them bargaining in an evidently serviceable 'pidgin' Russian, using the same gestures, the same trade shibboleths which the Shantung silk and fur peddlers have used for centuries in their closely preserved trades, these two lonely figures by the shores of the Baltic seemed to me to be forerunners of the only real Yellow Peril which can possibly threaten the material civilization of the Western World, — a far-flung wave of the great tide of China's hunger-driven millions, seeking, beyond the borders of the Middle Kingdom, to escape from its ever-present menace of starvation. Behind them I saw the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand on our horizons of to-day, the cloud of Asia's intolerable struggle for bare life, unmoved through the long centuries of her splendid isolation by any wind of inspiration or sea-breeze of change. As I watched those two men, splendidly typical of the invincible patience and dogged industry bred in their race by long ages of that fierce struggle, I realized that their presence here was, in its way, a portent of no mean significance. It meant that the

sea-breeze was rising, and the cloud moving at last.

If there be a Yellow Peril of the future, if the Western World's persistent forebodings of danger to come from China's teeming millions are justified by any cause other than the natural nervousness of our comfortable materialism, that cause lies assuredly in the growing perception by the Chinese people of the fact that relief from their intolerable life-struggle may be sought and found beyond the frontiers of the eighteen provinces, and in the fact that those who, as pioneers, have sought relief in this way, are gradually learning, in adapting themselves to new conditions of life, to free themselves from the fettering traditions which have made the race in China hereditary and unresisting victims of native misrule and foreign aggression.

II

This aspect of the Yellow Peril (to which I shall return) is not that which has usually attracted the attention and fretted the nerves of politicians and publicists in Europe and America. Ever since Japan's victories over Russia, the Pickwickian Fat Boys of yellow journalism have found their pleasure and profit in making our comfortable feather-bed flesh creep with lurid descriptions of 'China Arming,' with grim prophecies of the Celestial giant awakening and proceeding, after a brief period of military training, to overthrow the whole fabric of Western civilization.

Even after the Boxer rising in 1900 had once again demonstrated the utter fatuity of attributing to the passive sons of Han the qualities of a conquering race, this vision of a scientifically organized, efficient, and aggressive China continued to oppress the imagination of a world that has been taught to like its sensations hot and strong. After the Russo-Japanese war, the Yellow Peril waxed in fearfulness, partly because of the Russian government's panicky belief in a Pan-Asiatic movement, and partly because of the highly intelligent work done by the official Japanese press bureau abroad. If His Majesty the Kaiser could profess, *coram publico*, to believe in the prospect of Europe forced to stand on the defensive against Asia, plain citizens were surely justified in looking for Armageddon from that quarter; and the Kaiser's flights of poetic imagination had Sir Robert Hart's prophecies to justify them in the press of the Western world.

The popular conception of the Yellow Peril military was based, in the first instance, on a widespread acceptance of two fantastic ideas: first, that 'Asia for the Asiatics' is a possible war-cry; and, secondly, that China is capable of rapidly emulating Japan in the matter of political progress and military efficiency. The Peril, as a bogy, derived all its awe-inspiring qualities from sheer weight of numbers. With a thoroughly effective national army (it has been freely estimated in the European press at forty millions of men in the near future), China, gladly supported by India and Japan, must soon have Europe at her mercy. The idea is in itself so utterly absurd, so completely opposed to all the teachings of history, and to our knowledge of the Chinese people, that its acceptance must, I think, be partly ascribable to vague race-memories subconsciously latent among European peoples, to certain unreasoning atavistic instincts, whose origins lie far back in those forgotten centuries, when all the world of the Middle Ages trembled before the resistless Mongol hosts, when Jenghiz Khan ruled from Korea to Muscovy, and when, from Cathay to Poland,

every race had felt the heavy hand of an Asiatic conqueror.

Underlying the Yellow Peril idea of the present day, with its vague apprehensions of danger from the East, we may also trace, I believe, the workings and prickings of a collective bad conscience, an instinctive admission of the wrongs inflicted by the white races upon the defenseless Chinese people, and a sense of the fitness of retributive justice. No one can study the history of the relations of the Christian Powers with China during the past sixty years without realizing how little, despite all its professions of philanthropy, the West has done to improve the actual conditions of life for the East; how cynically our benevolent pretensions of altruism have cloaked persistent policies of aggression. While our missionaries have proclaimed the common brotherhood of man and the sanctity of human life, organizing famine relief works, building hospitals, and preaching sanitation in order to reduce a death-rate three times greater than that of the United States; while the Powers of Europe and America have united to insist upon the principle of the open door and equal opportunity as the inalienable birthright of every white man in China, we have made it plain to the Chinese that equal opportunities and the rights of common brotherhood are not for them unless, like the Japanese, they can learn to assert their right to them by force. The exclusion acts adopted by the Anglo-Saxon peoples of the American and Australian continents, to protect themselves against the undeniable economic superiority of the yellow races, are merely a manifestation of nature's grimly fundamental law of self-preservation, in whose service might is ever right. But, in the face of our philanthropic professions, these acts are morally indefensible, and their hypocrisy becomes the more glaringly manifest when viewed in the light of international 'dollar diplomacy,' whereby the birthrights of the weaker nations are bought and sold in the open market. Hence arises a collective bad conscience, disturbing at times to the moral dignity of our civilization, a conscience which vaguely realizes that if ever China should become an efficiently organized military power, she would be fully justified in exacting heavy reparation for these things.

A significant indication of this bad conscience, and of an intuitive fear of possible retaliation, was given at the time of Prince Katsura's polite 'conversations' with the Russian government at St. Petersburg last summer, when the new friends, preparing for the dismemberment of China's northern dependencies, cordially agreed that 'if China should ever recover her balance sufficiently to turn her attention to national defenses, she should not be permitted to create a formidable army.' It is obviously to the advantage of Russia and Japan that China should not 'recover her balance,' and it is highly suggestive of the lack of high principles in international politics, that the other Great Powers, represented by their politico-financial syndicates, should lend themselves to proceedings evidently intended to prevent her from so doing.

The vision of a Yellow Peril military is now steadily fading, in the light of new conditions and of facts which deprive it of all substance. 'Asia for the Asiatics' as a possible war-cry, or even as a tentative diplomatic shibboleth to offset the Monroe Doctrine, becomes obviously impossible in the face of the Russo-Japanese *entente* and its immediate consequences in Manchuria and Mongolia. The moral and material weaknesses of China's military organization, as revealed by the events of the

recent revolution and by the actual situation at Peking, have made it impossible to regard Sir Robert Hart's 'millions of Boxers in serried ranks and war's panoply' as a menace to any but the Chinese themselves. Before China can possibly possess an efficiently organized and disciplined national army, she must have proved herself capable of effecting radical reforms throughout her whole fiscal and administrative system; she must, in other words, have evolved a class of officials, clean-handed and intelligently patriotic, capable of leading and inspiring a nation in arms. Without such a class, — of which there is at present no sign, — China's military forces (foreign-drilled troops and provincial levies alike) will continue to be armed rabbles, mobs of men with guns, liable at any crisis to lend themselves to the purposes of political adventurers, a permanent menace to the security of life and property.

The Yellow Peril military, as an effective bugbear, is therefore doomed; nevertheless, because of its oft-proved usefulness to serve the ends of foreign statesmen and diplomats in the past, it is a phantom which is likely to be frequently invoked again by those who seek thereby to justify their policies of territorial aggression. Russia and Japan have lately used it with good effect, and their schemes have been greatly assisted by the purblind folly of Young China, which continues loudly to proclaim its pathetic warlike intentions and the immediate prospect of Chinese armies being organized and equipped on a gigantic scale. Sun Yat-sen, for instance, publicly advises Yuan Shih-k'ai to place two or three millions of men on the Mongolian frontier, and Young China, splendidly indifferent to facts and figures, assumes that they are already on the way. At a recent conference at Clark University, one of the Chinese speakers, a young student, declared that the forces of the Republic, having easily overcome Manchu imperialism, were not likely to submit to Russian aggression, a statement typical of the boyish bravado and ignorant valor of his class, which was warmly applauded by his sympathetic audience.

But the cooler heads in China, the older men who recognize the hard fact that there are no efficient troops available to put into the field against Russia or Japan, have, by common consent, postponed to some future date (say, ten or fifteen years hence) the prospect of seeing China fully armed and prepared to resist foreign aggression. Their policy, as expressed in the native press and reproduced by many newspapers abroad, is to be one of future retaliation rather than of immediate resistance.

Sun Yat-sen himself has been reported as indifferent to the prospect of a period of alien domination, so sure is he that, sooner or later, the moral and economic superiority of his countrymen will enable them to conquer their conquerors. 'Wait a little,' says Young China; 'give us but time to set our house in order, to organize our finances, and to train our army; then you will see.' But in this matter, Young China is merely following faithfully in the footsteps of its ancestors. Precisely thus did the mandarin, under the Manchu dynasty, endeavor to frighten the barbarian, and to head off his schemes of aggression. It is in accordance with every ancient principle of Chinese statecraft to devise ways and means of intimidating powerful foes; it is also in accordance with every tradition of the mandarin, ancient and modern, to get credit for the possession of a large army, rather than to have to pay for one. This latter tradition has lately been powerfully stimulated by the Chinese officials' belief that the

foreign financiers might be induced to advance funds for the redemption of the 'war notes' of the revolution and for military purposes; it was this belief that led T'ang Shaoyi, when Premier, to evolve, from his own consciousness and the reports of his fellow provincials, a Republican army of eighty divisions, most of which he proposed to disband, with the aid of a foreign loan. (It was at this time that the Nanking Assembly was solemnly passing academic resolutions in favor of universal conscription, without any reference to the financial aspects of that question.)

These things are nothing more than traditional mandarin tactics, with which the patient, toiling millions of the Chinese people are in no way concerned. The structural character of the race remains, and must long remain, essentially non-aggressive, by no means to be suddenly diverted from its ancient passive philosophy by changes in the outward forms and symbols of authority. As a Japanese military officer of high rank observed, after witnessing the foreign-drilled troops' manœuvres in 1908, 'The Chinese Dragon is being painted to look very fierce; nevertheless, he remains a paper dragon.' The Japanese have never been under any delusions as to the Yellow Peril, which they know to be a myth.

III

Another aspect of the Peril which has oppressed the imagination of many superficial observers has resulted from the idea that, by the adoption of Western methods and Western machinery, China can be industrially organized to produce manufactured articles on a scale defying European competition. Belief in a Yellow Peril of this kind is possible only for those who accept the theory that the inherited tendencies, institutions, and social system of the Chinese are capable of sudden and racial change as the result of new political arrangements. For theorists of this type, who believe in the possibility of 'inoculating' the Chinese with a fighting spirit and a vigorous nationalism, there is nothing inherently improbable in the idea that they will suddenly become imbued with the qualities requisite for industrial organization, and relieved of the social and economic conditions which, from time immemorial, have made such organization impossible.

At first sight, it would seem, indeed, that a race which possesses millions of frugally industrious laborers, able and willing to work for wages varying between eight and fifteen cents a day, together with raw materials produced by the most efficient agriculturists on earth, and vast resources of undeveloped mineral wealth, — a country unhampered by socialism and trade-union legislation, — should be able to bring industrial Europe to its knees. But the observer who studies the economic results of China's social system, realizes that, until slow educative processes shall have produced a class of honest administrators, and, through them, a root-and-branch fiscal reform, there can never be any effective combination of labor and capital in China.

The existing social conditions and methods of government preclude all reasonable hope of developing the country's potential resources and industries on a large scale, or of producing any rapid expansion of manufactured exports. It is not that the merchant class is lacking in business capacity or the educated class in intelligence, — far from it; the trouble lies in the fact that, in the absence of definitely recognized rights of property, protected by valid laws, the Chinese capitalist is not prepared either to invest his

money in government undertakings, or to establish joint-stock industries upon which the mandarins would levy their direct or indirect 'squeezes.' Certain enthusiastic theorists of the type of Sun Yat-sen, who profess, or did profess, to believe that the average citizen's reluctance to admit the possession of wealth in any squeezable form would pass with the passing of the Manchu dynasty, have been rapidly cured of that illusion by Young China's proceedings in the matter of 'patriotic subscriptions.' At the present moment, the Chinese merchant, even in the comparative security of the foreign settlements of Shanghai, dares not purchase landed property at auction in his own name for fear of attracting the unpleasant attentions of the Republican officials.

Given laws for the administration of joint-stock companies, and justice for the individual; given the abolition of the barrier-and-*likin* exactions on trade and a limit to the arbitrary rapacities of the excise and terminal tax squeezes; given, in fact, good government, there is no reason to doubt that the capitalists and merchants of China might speedily organize the opening-up of mines and the establishment of industries as successfully as their countrymen have done under the protection of British and Dutch colonies in the East. In the provinces of Kuangtung, Kuangse, and Fuhkien, at all events, there are plenty of returned emigrants, with practical experience and capital capable of taking the lead in an industrial movement.

Nothing but the fear of official tyranny and mandarin rapacity prevents the development of China's mineral resources. The mine-owner has no hopes, under existing conditions, of organizing capital and labor with any certainty of profit; at the same time, he is naturally and violently opposed to the metropolitan or provincial authorities' granting concessions of mining rights to foreigners, because he hopes that, in the course of time, he may be able to work them for his own benefit. And similarly with industrial enterprise. Chinese laborers, artisans, and merchants, working individually or in guilds, are economically superior to any race on earth, but the opportunities and the technical education necessary for wholesale industrial organization of an effective kind are at present entirely beyond them. The materials are there, but it will take several generations to erect the structure, which requires, before all else, solid foundations of social and economic reform. And even if China were ready and able to organize industrialism of the scientific kind which prevails in Europe and America, and to master the elements of modern industrial finance; even if she were prepared, under the direction of foreign experts, to train her people in the skilled labor of factories and dockyards, the white races still could, and would, protect themselves by tariff walls against the competition of the Asiatic's cheap labor, just as they now protect themselves from his presence in their own countries by their exclusion acts.

IV

There remains the Yellow Peril racial. At first sight it is evident that the conditions under which the Chinese have until quite recently been wont to emigrate in search of work and wealth, have not been of a nature to threaten the countries concerned with race-problems of the kind produced by the Negro population of the United States or the Jews in Russia. Hitherto (and, generally speaking, at the present day), the Chinese emigrant has been a transient breadwinner, and not a permanent settler, overseas. Going abroad

under the stern necessity of mass pressure, his home and his family have remained in China, and if he died abroad his body was sent back for burial in the ancestral graveyard. He was, in fact, firmly bound to the homeland by immemorial ties and traditions of ancestor-worship. The effect of his cheap-labor competition on the white races, and the defensive measures taken against it, have therefore been of their nature local and economic, and not racial.

In order to appreciate the present conditions and tendencies of Chinese emigration, it is necessary to bear in mind the fact that it is only since the opening up of commercial intercourse, and improved means of communication between China and the outside world, that the people of China, or, rather, the people of the congested southeastern maritime provinces, have come to the knowledge that relief from the ever-present menace of starvation *en masse* may be sought and found overseas. Prior to the date of the Burlingame treaty between the United States and China (1868), the exodus of Cantonese and Fuhkien laborers had been practically confined to the nearer Oriental lands of the westward trade-routes, to Siam, and Borneo, and the Malay States; but it was then only a thin stream of adventurous pioneers. Until that date, relief from the constant pressure of population had been effected, internally, by nature's drastic remedies, — by famine and pestilence, by infanticide and the slaughter of frequent rebellions. In the Burlingame treaty, the American government cordially recognized 'the inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance,' with the immediate result that industrious and thrifty Chinese from the Kuang provinces began to emigrate by thousands in the 'fire-ships' of the foreigner to the new lands of promise on the Pacific coast of America, their numbers rapidly increasing as the tale was spread of the wealth to be acquired in California.

But within ten years the white population of that state had realized the inherent fallacy of the doctrine of the open door and equal opportunity, and, clearly perceiving the economic superiority of the yellow race, had proceeded to enforce the fundamental principles of self-preservation. Chinese emigration to the white man's countries has since that time been stopped by *force majeure;* but not before several millions of intelligent southern Chinese have learned by practical experience that, beyond the borders of their own land, relief is to be found from the burdens imposed upon them by bad government and economic pressure. And this knowledge has steadily increased and spread through the interior of China, brought back by returned emigrants, taught by foreign missionaries, diffused by educational bodies and by the press, so that to-day, among the educated classes in all parts of the country, and among the laboring classes of the South, there exists a clear perception of the relief which lies in emigration and a feeling of deep and perfectly just resentment against the white races, which preach the gospel of brotherhood and equal opportunity on the one hand, and, on the other, refuse its benefits to the Chinese race in all parts of the world.

Thus the ever-insistent problems of population and food-supply have of recent years been complicated by new conditions arising directly from the changes which have taken place in China's environment, as the result of the impact of the West. For instance, the work of missionary and educational bodies, and the introduction of certain measures of public health and sanitation spreading from the treaty ports,

are tending to produce a diminution of the death-rate, which, under normal conditions in the interior, necessarily approximates to the birth-rate, and is computed at something like fifty-five per thousand. In other words, the effect of the introduction of Western ideas is to increase the pressure of population on the visible means of subsistence, precisely as it is doing in India. At the same time, the great natural outlet for the surplus millions which the Chinese government has been lately seeking to develop, by means of railways and assisted colonization, in the thinly populated regions of Manchuria and Mongolia, is now being closed by the territorial encroachments of Russia and Japan. Thus, while our medical and other missions are teaching the Chinese, on humanitarian principles, ideas which tend to increase the mass pressure of population, the policies of the World Powers, dictated by instincts either of self-preservation or of earth-hunger, are steadily confining this non-aggressive race within narrower limits.

Under these conditions, it was to be expected that, among the intelligent and active inhabitants of the south-eastern maritime provinces, appreciation of the new forces and factors produced by education and economic pressure must soon bring about important modifications of the social system based on ancestor-worship and Confucianism. Under the stern pressure of necessity, and in the light of new knowledge, it was inevitable that the ancient traditions must go down in the struggle for life, and that the communities of Chinese overseas, the *élite* of the race, should gradually find means of adapting themselves to their environment, accepting the destiny of permanent settlers in lands far from their ancestral homes and burial-places. And so it is coming to pass: to-day, in several parts of the world, there are unmistakable indications of a weakening of the ties of ancestor-worship as a rigidly localizing tradition of the race. In the Straits Settlements, a large proportion of the Chinese population (economically the dominant race) have abandoned the practice of sending their dead back for burial in the home-land, though in other respects their pride of nationality and social customs remain unchanged. Throughout the Malay States they have become permanent settlers, distinguished from the labor emigrants who formerly went to America and those who were employed in South Africa, by having their families with them. The family, the unit of the Chinese system has, in fact been transplanted, Nature's sternest law finally triumphing over one of the most permanent social systems ever established by man.

Cut off from North America and Australia, the Chinese emigration movement toward Burma, Siam, Malaya, and Borneo is steadily proceeding, but its conditions are changing. In Burma, for instance, where the Chinese population has more than doubled in the last ten years, many of the emigrants become permanent settlers, and intermarry freely with the Burmese women; the sons of such marriages becoming Chinese by nationality, and the daughters remaining Burmese. In Siam, there are already some three million Chinese; everything points, in fact, to a steady flow westward of the great tide of China's hunger-driven humanity, and to the probability that those who emigrate will gradually shed their racial customs and traditions, wherever these conflict with their chances of success and survival. In the provinces to the north of the Yangtse, the same forces are at work, but, because of the less actively self-helping type of race in these regions, their results are far less conspicuous than in the case of the

population which emigrates from the south-eastern maritime provinces.

Nevertheless, the tide of the predestined hungry ones flows also northward and west, wherever vacant lands are to be found, and means of communication permit. All along the Siberian and Manchurian railways, for instance, Chinese colonists are steadily making their way, demonstrating at every step their economic superiority. Prior to the outbreak of the revolution settlers (chiefly from Shantung) were moving into Mongolia, on foot, at the rate of about eight thousand a month. Russia has now forbidden the Chinese government to take any further steps toward the colonization of this region, but no ukase of the Czar can possibly check the steady flow of that resistless tide, or protect the thriftless Slav from the consequences of his own economic inefficiency. Herein, for Russia, lies the shadow of the real Yellow Peril, a peril against which she, the aggressor, can protect herself only by openly violating every principle of humanity and justice.

One of the most significant aspects of the Chinese emigration movement of to-day is to be found, not in Asia, but on the Pacific coast of South America, — in Chile and Peru. Here, almost unnoticed, the new impulses brought about by education and the fierceness of the life-struggle in China, are producing results of unmistakable significance. Among the fifteen thousand Chinese settlers in Peru, says a recent British consular report, there are many who have become Christians and who have intermarried with the Peruvians. The Chinese colony is rich and influential; it has taken firm root in this new land, while it retains undiminished its pride of race and its active sympathies for the progressive movement in China.

Now it is safe to predict that this movement of emigration to the tropical and sub-tropical countries of South America is certain to develop rapidly in proportion to the development of direct means of communication which will follow from the opening of the Panama Canal. The Cantonese, held back from other fields of activity, will assuredly seek them, as rapidly as possible, in those regions of Brazil, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, and Chile, where agricultural and other work is essentially a question of labor, and not of white labor.

Economically speaking, the development of husbandry and industry in these regions by the labor of Orientals would appear to offer the only practical solution of problems upon which, in no small degree, depends the material welfare of the human race. Politically, however, the possibility of large numbers of Chinese and Japanese settling on the American continent opens up prospects of new racial difficulties in the future. Herein the separate interests of individual South American republics may well be found to conflict with those Pan-American or Monroe Doctrine ideas which lately found expression in the resolution of the United States Senate to forbid the acquisition by Japan of 'fishing rights' and a harbor on the Mexican coast. For, where the present-day Cantonese go, as settlers, they will assuredly take root, and where they take root they will speedily increase and multiply.

In the Chinese people's collective aversion to starvation, and in their partial but increasing perception of ways and means to avert that unpleasant end, by processes of 'peaceful penetration' beyond China's frontiers, we may perceive, I think, dimly outlined against the horizon of the future, the Yellow Peril racial. It is a peril against which, as I have said, the civilized nations of the West can protect themselves effectively only by denying the

fundamental principles of philanthropy, and Christianity's ideals of common brotherhood. From our white-racial point of view, which assumes the moral superiority of Western civilization over that of the East, and the desirability of letting white men, rather than yellow, inherit the earth, this Yellow Peril remains, for the present, still indefinite and remote. From the broad philosophical and sublunary point of view, there is nothing to show that it really threatens the ultimate good of humanity. But, however we regard the matter, and even adopting the racial standpoint, the most violent activities of the Chinese race (which not only professes, but practices, the belief that right is superior to might) will ever be kindly and gentle compared with the White Perils that at present encompass China on every side.

THE NEED

BY ZONA GALE

'Now let's us invite in somebody,' said Abel, glowing.

He looked about on the new furniture, the new piano, the two shelves of bright books.

Emily Louise clapped her hands.

'Oh,' she said, 'yes. Let's!'

On the face of Victoria, the mother, the pleased pride gave place to a look of trouble.

'We don't know so very many,' she said.

'We!' Abel repeated. 'I don't know nobody. How should I? I work all day like a dog since I came to this place. I've no time to know nobody. But you — you stay about here. Have you not made friends?'

'Not well enough to invite them in,' she said. 'Why, you know yourself, Abel, nobody has invited us yet.'

'What difference does that make?' he wanted to know irritably. 'Prob'ly they can't afford it. Prob'ly they ain't nice enough things. Neither did we have. But now, we got them. I get them for you. Now you must invite in different ones. Let us see — we have Tuesday. Saturday is a good day. I am early home Saturday. Have it then.'

'Goody, goody,' said Emily Louise. 'A party, won't it be?'

Her eyes met her mother's serenely and she went away to school. Abel ran for his train. The new things had come late in the evening and he had risen early to unpack them before he went to work. Left alone, Victoria faced the new responsibility.

They had lived for six months in the suburb. She rehearsed those to whom in that time she had spoken. There was the woman in the yellow house on the corner to whom Victoria had once bowed, though she could not be sure that her greeting had been returned; in the brick house across the street, Mrs. Stern, who had called upon her; the next-door neighbor, who had not called but with whom she had sometimes talked across the fence; and

Emily Louise's school-teacher, Miss Moody, who had come to see her about the child's throat. With the exception of the tradespeople, these were all. How, then, was it possible that she should give a party?

But how was it that she knew no one, she wondered. It was true, they went to no church; but then, there are people who go to no churches and who still have friends. It could not be Abel's fault — he looked just like any other man; and Emily Louise, she was a neat and pretty child. It must be she, herself, Victoria thought.

She looked in the mirror of the new side-board. She was worn and untidy. She went to her closet and examined her stock of clothes. Her black best dress, she decided, would pass very well, but she never wore it; and even her gray second-best she had seldom troubled to put on in the afternoons. It was hard to dress for nobody.

Still, that afternoon she put on the gray dress and sat rocking on the front porch for a long time. The suburb lay naked to the August sun. New sidewalks cut treeless stretches of brown grass where insects shrilled. There were few houses, and these, at ragged intervals, exposed narrow, staring fronts or backs which looked taken unaware. To and fro on the highway before her door continually rolled touring cars, filled with people who hardly saw the little town and never knew its name. From the yellow house on the corner the woman — a Mrs. Merriman — came out and crossed the street. For a moment Victoria thought that she was coming to see her, but she went to the next-door neighbor's.

'Well,' said Abel that night, 'I do everything I can to help you. When I got off the train I spoke to that fine bakery place there on the corner. I told him he should make us ice-cream and make us cakes for Saturday. He says, "Sure," and he wants I should tell him how many.'

'Abel,' Victoria said, 'I don't know what to do about this party. I ain't acquainted with enough folks to make a party — honest.'

'You're too particular, maybe,' he told her. 'Well, that is right,' he added complacently, 'that is how you should be, particular. But not *too*.'

'But, Abel,' she persisted, 'I tell you that I don't know —'

He turned to her indignantly.

'When I married you,' he said, 'you knew half the village. In Eland's you know the ladies yet. Here we have been six months already, and you say you cannot give a party. I tell you, you should ask what few you know and make a start. If you don't, how will you get started? Ain't it you don't appreciate what I get for you? Ain't it a party should make you some hard work a'ready? Or *what?*'

She was silent. That night she tried to think it out. In the morning she went to the next-door neighbor.

'My husband and I want your husband and you should come over to our house and spend the evening next Saturday. Could you?' she recited formally.

The woman's vast face, with its unnecessary chins, was genuinely regretful. She was going that day to her mother, who was sick in the city, and her husband was to stay nights at her mother's.

Victoria went resolutely to Mrs. Stern's door, at the brick house. And there the heavens opened. Mrs. Stern would come.

'O, thank you!' Victoria breathed, and hesitated — deploring Mrs. Stern's widowhood. 'Would — would you like to bring somebody with you?' she asked. 'I'm going to have things as nice as I can.'

Mrs. Stern, a sad little woman with

an unexpectant droop, contrived to make her answer all kindness.

'How many can come to the party?' Abel inquired that evening.

'Mrs. Stern can come,' Victoria replied.

'Well?' said Abel expectantly.

'I have n't — there is n't anyone else. Abel, I don't think I can do it, truly,' she said.

The man's face tightened.

'So,' he said, 'you cannot do like other men's wives when they get a neat up-to-date little home furnished like this. Is that it?'

'I have n't had time yet, either, Abel,' she pleaded weakly. 'It takes longer. I — I have n't heard.'

She remembered how hard he worked and how few were his pleasures. She thought of his pride in their new furniture. And in her flesh was the sting of his words about other men's wives. Surely he was right — since they had the furniture and the means, there must be people who would come. In the morning, when she told him goodbye in the confidence of the sun, 'Abel,' she said with determination, 'the party will be Saturday! But I can't tell yet how many — that is the only thing.'

'So,' he said, his satisfaction returning. 'Of course, when a person wants to give parties, people hang around 'em! You should manage, Victoria.'

There was, Victoria knew, a little club of women which met in the parlor of a near-by public hall on Thursdays. She had seen the members pass her house on the way to the meetings. On Thursday she presented herself at the door of the little room and asked for the president. It had come to Victoria that if she could join, she would invite that whole club and their husbands to her house on Saturday evening. She waited in the ante-room through which went women talking as if they had known each other for a long time. At last the president appeared. This woman held her head back, either to focus her glasses or to keep them on, and her hands were filled with loose papers.

'What was it?' she asked.

She was in haste, and it was hard for Victoria to begin.

'Could other folks join your club?' Victoria finally inquired.

'If you get two members of the club to propose the name,' the president answered kindly. 'Then it is voted on two weeks after it is proposed. Was that all?'

That night Abel came home with a large box. He was gay with mystery. The box was not to be opened until after dinner. Emily Louise was warned away. To please him Victoria guessed: a rug, a picture, new curtains, a bedspread.

'Yet more magnificent!' cried Abel, and cut the string.

It was a suit of evening clothes. Abel had never worn evening clothes. These had been made for another man and had not been received on delivery.

'Now you should not be ashamed when I am welcoming our company,' he said. 'Can you tell yet how many are coming?' he demanded.

'Not yet,' Victoria said.

'I should let that baker know tomorrow without fail,' he declared.

On Friday Victoria took the step over which she had hesitated. She wrote a note and sent it by Emily Louise to Mrs. Merriman in the yellow house on the corner. The note said: —

Mrs. Merriman

My dear Neighbor: —

We are going to have a party Saturday night. Will you and your husband come, and your little girl, if you think she would enjoy it. I would like to have my neighbors come.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. Abel Hope.

'Then,' Victoria thought, 'if she has n't called just because she's been busy, she'll come.'

When she was preparing lunch for herself and Emily Louise, the reply was delivered by a maid.

'Mr. and Mrs. William Merriman regret that they are unable to accept the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Hope for Saturday evening.'

Victoria dropped these regrets on the coals of the cooking stove. Her heart was heavy in her, and she felt a kind of physical nausea. Abel had bought this fine suit. He would look like any other man giving a party and having a wife who made friends. What should she do now?

While Emily Louise ate her lunch, Victoria ate nothing. She tried to think it out, and she sat staring at the automobiles rolling to and fro on the highway. She was hardly conscious of the child's chatter until at last one sentence leaped from the rest and held her.

'Miss Moody says she's coming to see you again about my throat,' said Emily Louise.

Miss Moody! Why had she not invited her?

'I like Miss Moody, but I like Mr. Allen better,' Emily Louise continued candidly. 'He's —'

Victoria bent toward the child.

'Emily Louise,' she said breathlessly, 'how many teachers is they in your school-house?'

At once the child became important. She named them all, proud of her knowledge, and Victoria and she counted them. There were seven.

Seven! That number in itself would make a party. People were always doing nice things for teachers. She would have them all. She said nothing to the child, but when Emily Louise returned to school, she took to Miss Moody a note asking her to invite all the other teachers to Emily Louise's house for Saturday evening.

That night the child waited, as she sometimes did, for her father's train, and she came home with him. Victoria took Miss Moody's note secretly and laid it on a shelf in the pantry. She was in the midst of getting dinner, but this was not the real reason for the delay. She dreaded to open the note.

'How,' Abel inquired, 'is our party *now?* By now you got to know how many come. Not?'

'Ten,' said Victoria faintly. 'Counting us, ten.'

Oh, yes, she said to herself, the teachers would come. They must come. Surely they would be glad to come.

Abel pursed his lips. 'You should have got more,' he rebuked her. 'We could afford more, w'ile we're doing it.'

She said nothing. After dinner, while he was on the sofa playing with Emily Louise, she went to the pantry and opened the note. Miss Moody was genuinely sorry and they all were, appreciating as they did this attention from the parents of a pupil, but on Saturday night they must all be at a teachers' conference in town.

Victoria washed the dinner dishes and laid the table for breakfast. When she could make no further excuse for delay, she went in the other room to tell Abel. She was pale and faint, and when she closed the kitchen door she stood leaning against it, trembling.

Only Emily Louise was in the room.

'Daddy's gone to the bakery to tell him how many,' she announced. 'Just think, mother! To-morrow night the party'll be being! Ain't it *grand!*'

Victoria took her in her arms and sat waiting for Abel's return. She dared not think what he would do. He had a temper of unreason and of violence,

and he would see only what he already saw. Yet when he came back, filled with innocent pride in the brick ice-cream and the little fancy cakes which he had selected, it was not so much her fear that held her silent as her sick unwillingness to quench that almost child-like planning.

'We should change the book-case and the piano,' he declared. 'It will make the room stand to look wider across.'

She even helped him to fold back the rug and to move the furniture.

'We should shake hands here,' said he. 'Where do they put their coats? Why don't you talk some planning?'

Somehow she evaded everything save assent, and Abel was not one to wonder at any monologue of his own. Quite blithely he arranged it all. He talked of it incessantly.

At last Victoria crept to bed and faced what on the morrow she must do. From the sleep which came to her toward dawn, she was early awakened by Emily Louise jumping in her bare feet at the bed-side and calling,—

'The party's to-night! The party's to-night!'

The phrase beat at Victoria's ears through the morning. She saw Abel set off for his work, and she said to herself that she would never see him just like this again — perhaps she would never see him again at all. He would work all day thinking of the evening. They had never given a party. Then he would come home and find the truth. She confronted the chief misery of every unhappiness: the tracing of avoidable events by which the thing has so incredibly come about.

She made ready and cooked a fowl and a roast and other food, enough to last Abel for several days. She set her house in order and packed her own belongings. She put on the gray dress, and dressed Emily Louise — perhaps, she thought, Abel would follow her for the child, and then she might make him understand. After their lunch she sat down to write two notes. The one to Mrs. Stern was brief and explained that she had been obliged unexpectedly to leave home. The note to Abel was harder to write.

DEAR ABEL: — I am so sorry it will hurt you that I could n't invite a party like the other women. I tried to. I asked the ones I know any, but only Mrs. Stern could, and anyway there was n't enough. . . .'

She was still writing at this when she heard a sharp noise and voices. In the road was standing a large touring car. She watched the men descend and examine the machine, and then one of them came to her door. Victoria had never spoken with a man like him, or heard speech so perfect. When she had told him that she had no telephone and had directed him to Mrs. Stern's house, she could not forbear a sympathetic question.

'Thank you, yes,' he said. 'A rear axle. If it had been a front one —'

He smiled, and Victoria smiled too, although to her his words meant nothing.

'We'll be tied up for some time, I'm afraid,' he added.

There were in the car three women and three men. Presently Victoria saw them all go into Mrs. Stern's garden. One of the women had to be helped a little. She went into the house, but the others sat under the trees. The men went away and the women laid aside their veils. Mrs. Stern came running across the street.

'Oh, Mrs. Hope,' she said, her dull face quickened, 'have you got any lemons in the house? Those folks have got to sit here till they can send out from the city to mend their car — one

of the ladies is lame. I thought I'd give 'em something cool to drink.'

Victoria was looking at her breathlessly.

'Do you think,' she said, 'that they'd come over here with you for dinner? I could have it real prompt.'

To the Audreys and their friends, sitting somewhat disconsolately in Mrs. Stern's little garden, Victoria appeared in a confusion which unmasked her eagerness. They protested: it was too much; their own dinner hour was late — there was no need. . . .

'I want you should come,' Victoria said earnestly, as if there were a need. 'I never have any company come out here. I want you to come.'

They followed her involuntary glance to the treeless stretches and the sidewalks that led nowhere and that betrayed to how few footsteps they ever echoed. Some hint of Victoria's tragedy was in the bleak open of the blocks.

'Why, thank you,' Mrs. Audrey said gently. 'Then if you will really let us, we will come.'

Victoria could hardly believe. She sped across the street, the past days fallen from her. She made ready the roast and the fowl that she had meant to leave for Abel, the vegetables and salad fresh from the garden. Emily Louise was sent to hurry the baker, and later to strip the vines of their sweet peas. Many tasks were to be done, but Victoria made of them nothing. When Abel came home the savor of the preparation filled the little house.

'It's a dinner!' she triumphantly told him.

'A dinner! So that was what was up your sleeve!' cried Abel, and ran to look over the table. 'That is right — that is fine,' he approved, 'only we should had more here. It was no more trouble — to have more.'

At six o'clock all was ready: Victoria in her black best gown, Abel in the new suit of which the sleeves were a bit too long, so that he constantly pushed them up at the armholes. When he saw their guests at the gate, he drew Victoria to the place he had appointed. Emily Louise opened the door.

'Most pleased to welcome you hospitable under my little roof,' Abel said, as he had planned to say.

He mastered the names by careful attention and repetition. Victoria slipped away to serve the dinner. When she called them with, 'You can come now,' from the doorway, Abel genially led the way.

'Take your seats where you like!' he cried.

The six guests were from another world. Of everything that they did they made graces. At Abel's table they were instantly at home, and they were found putting Victoria at her ease.

'You in business around here or in the city?' Abel inquired of Audrey.

Audrey, a man of forty, of fine distinction and fine humor and a genuine love of men, replied that his work was in town.

'What company you with?' Abel wished to know. 'The Badington Electric!' he repeated with a shout. 'Why, that's my firm! Sure — I'm for ten years a builder. What's your job with 'em, may I ask? Travel for 'em, maybe?'

'Something of that sort,' said Audrey, to whom a majority of the Badington stock belonged. 'All three of us here are slaves for that company,' he added.

'Well, then,' cried Abel, 'we are already acquainted, ain't it? We understand each other like a family. We got a kind of a common feeling. Not?'

After that the talk made itself. Abel talked, and to his eyes came the passions of the men with whom he worked, their needs, their bonds, their

confusions. The three men listened and said what they could, wondering at this unfamiliar agglomeration which to Abel meant the firm; and then they sought to show him vistas of which he had taken no account. The guests praised the little house, and Victoria told them how, though she herself had lived in a village and had had more experience, Abel had until now always lived in a flat — 'Abel's never lived before, what you might say, private,' she said.

When the brick ice-cream and the baker's little cakes were set before them, Abel almost kept silence while he ate, as one giving meet observance; and he sent glances of pleased pride to Victoria.

Finally, Abel proposed to the men that they go out to the porch 'where they could smoke,' and the women who had fallen in talk about Emily Louise, were left lingering at the table. Mrs. Audrey had a little girl at home, the others had children grown. The three women told anecdotes of childish doing.

'Your little girl must be a great deal of company for you,' the lame lady said quaintly.

'She has to be,' Victoria said — and in the warmth of their presence, she told them the history of her party and of how it had almost failed. The furniture, the club, her other invitations — she told it all, except that Abel's new suit she did not mention. 'You see what you done for me,' she ended. When Audrey came to tell them that the car was ready, the eyes of the women were filled with tears.

'Well, now,' said Abel, when they went with their guests to their car, 'you must all drop in on us some evening. We'd like it, would n't we, Victoria?'

'We mean to come,' the women told Victoria.

'And I'll look you up at the works some time, if you don't mind,' Audrey heard himself saying to Abel.

'Sure,' said Abel, 'we stand to know each other better from now on — not? That is what a man needs. Sure!'

'Come soon again — come soon again!' Emily Louise called after the car.

Mrs. Stern was speaking softly to Victoria.

'That club you told us about,' she said, 'I belong to that. I'll get your name put up, if you want.'

Abel, having carefully changed the new suit, went into the kitchen to help his wife with the dishes and to talk it over. To his surprise, she had done nothing; she stood leaning in the outside kitchen doorway. In the late light the open land had almost the face of the country; and to that which had seemed to be defined, color of twilight was now giving new depths and delicacies. He came and stood beside her.

'Victoria,' he said admiringly, 'where'd you meet 'em? They're the right kind of friends for anybody!'

Then she told him, melting suddenly to tears in her happiness and her contrition. And she showed him the note that she had meant to leave. For an instant something of her tragedy was clear to Abel. He put out his hand.

'I don't care how you done it,' he said loyally, 'you done it magnificent.'

THE CAGE[1]

BY ARTURO M. GIOVANNITTI

SALEM JAIL, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1912

I

In the middle of the great greenish room stood the green iron cage.

All was old and cold and mournful, ancient with the double antiquity of heart and brain in the great greenish room.

Old and hoary was the man who sat upon the faldstool, upon the fireless and godless altar.

Old were the tomes that mouldered behind him on the dusty shelves.

Old was the painting of an old man that hung above him.

Old the man upon his left, who awoke with his cracked voice the dead echoes of dead centuries; old the man upon his right who wielded a wand; and old all those who spoke to him and listened to him before and around the green iron cage.

Old were the words they spoke, and their faces were drawn and white and lifeless, without expression or solemnity; like the ikons of old cathedrals.

For of naught they knew, but of what was written in the old yellow books. And all the joys and pains and loves and hatreds and furies and labors and strifes of man, all the fierce and divine passions that battle and rage in the heart of man, never entered into the great greenish room but to sit in the green iron cage.

Senility, dullness and dissolution were all around the green iron cage, and nothing was new and young and alive in the great room, except the three men who were in the cage.

II

Throbbed and thundered and clamored and roared outside of the great greenish room the terrible whirl of life, and most pleasant was the hymn of its mighty polyphony to the listening ears of the gods.

Whirred the wheels of the puissant machines, rattled and clanked the chains of the giant cranes, crashed the falling rocks; the riveters crepitated; and glad and sonorous was the rhythm of the bouncing hammers upon the loud-throated anvils.

[1] For a commentary on 'The Cage,' see the first article in the Contributors' Club in this number.

Like the chests of wrathfully toiling Titans, heaved and sniffed and panted the sweaty boilers, like the hissing of dragons sibilated the white jets of steam, and the sirens of the workshops shrieked like angry hawks, flapping above the crags of a dark and fathomless chasm.

The files screeched and the trains thundered, the wires hummed, the dynamos buzzed, the fires crackled; and like a thunderclap from the Cyclopean forge roared the blasts of the mines.

Wonderful and fierce was the mighty symphony of the world, as the terrible voices of metal and fire and water cried out into the listening ears of the gods the furious song of human toil.

Out of the chaos of sound, welded in the unison of one will to sing, rose clear and nimble the divine accord of the hymn: —

Out of the cañons of the mountains,
Out of the whirlpools of the lakes,
Out of the entrails of the earth,
Out of the yawning gorges of hell,
From the land and the sea and the sky,
From wherever comes bread and wealth and joy,

And from the peaceful abodes of men, rose majestic and fierce, louder than the roar of the volcano and the bellow of the typhoon, the anthem of human labor to the fatherly justice of the Sun.

But in the great greenish room there was nothing but the silence of dead centuries and of ears that listen no more; and none heard the mighty call of life that roared outside, save the three men who were in the cage.

III

All the good smells, the wholesome smells, the healthy smells of life and labor were outside the great room.

The smell of rain upon the grass and of the flowers consumed by their love for the stars.

The heavy smell of smoke that coiled out of myriads of chimneys of ships and factories and homes.

The dry smell of sawdust and the salty smell of the iron filings.

The odor of magazines and granaries and warehouses, the kingly smell of argosies and the rich scent of market-places, so dear to the women of the race.

The smell of new cloth and new linen, the smell of soap and water and the smell of newly printed paper.

The smell of grains and hay and the smell of stables, the warm smell of cattle and sheep that Virgil loved.

The smell of milk and wine and plants and metals,

And all the good odors of the earth and of the sea and of the sky, and the fragrance of fresh bread, sweetest aroma of the world, and the smell of human sweat, most holy incense to the divine nostrils of the gods, and all the olympian perfumes of the heart and the brain and the passions of men, were outside of the great greenish room.

But within the old room there was nothing but the smell of old books and the dust of things decayed, and the suffocated exhalation of old graves, and the ashen odor of dissolution and death.

Yet all the sweetness of all the wholesome odors of the world outside were redolent in the breath of the three men in the cage.

IV

Like crippled eagles fallen were the three men in the cage, and like little children who look into a well to behold the sky were the men that looked down upon them.

No more would they rise to their lofty eyries, no more would they soar above the snow-capped mountains — yet, tho' their pinions were broken, nothing could dim the fierce glow of their eyes, which knew all the altitudes of heaven.

Strange it was to behold the men in the cage while life clamored outside, and strange it seemed to them that they should be there because of what dead men had written in old books.

So of naught did they think but of the old books and the green cage.

Thought they: All things are born, grow, decay, and die and are forgotten.

Surely all that is in this great room will pass away. But what will endure the longer, the folly that was written into the old books or the madness that was beaten into the bands of this cage?

Which of these two powers has enthralled us, the thought of dead men who wrote the old books, or the labor of living men who have wrought this cage?

Long and intently they thought, but they found no answer.

V

But one of the three men in the cage, whose soul was tormented by the fiercest fire of hell, which is the yearning after the Supreme Truth, spoke and said unto his comrades: —

'Aye, brothers, all things die and pass away, yet nothing is truly and forever dead until each one of the living has thrown a regretless handful of soil into its grave.

'Many a book has been written since these old books were written, and many a proverb of the sage has become the jest of the fool, yet this cage still stands as it stood for numberless ages.

'What is it then that made it of metal more enduring than the printed word?
'Which is its power to hold us here?
'Brothers, it is the things we love that enslave us.
'Brothers, it is the things we yearn for that subdue us.
'Brothers, it is not hatred for the things that are, but love for the things that are to be, that makes us slaves.
'And what man is more apt to become a thrall, brothers, and to be locked in a green iron cage, than he who yearns the most for the Supreme of the things that are to be — he who most craves for Freedom?
'And what subtle and malignant power save this love of loves could be in the metal of this cage that it is so mad to imprison us?'
So spoke one of the men to the other two, and then out of the silence of the æons spoke into his tormented soul the metallic soul of the cage.

VI

'Iron, the twin brother of fire, the first born out of the matrix of the earth, the witness everlasting to the glory of thy labor, am I, O Man!
'Not for this was I meant, O Man! Not to imprison thee, but to set thee free and sustain thee in thy strife and in thy toil.
'I was to lift the pillars of thy Temple higher than the mountains;
'I was to lower the foundations of thy house deeper than the abysmal sea;
'I was to break down and bore through all the barriers of the world to open the way to thy triumphal chariot.
'All the treasures and all the bounties of the earth was I to give as an offering into thy hands, and all its forces and powers to bring chained like crouching dogs at thy feet.
'Hadst thou not sinned against the nobility of my nature and my destiny, hadst thou not humiliated me, an almighty warrior, to become the lackey of gold, I would never have risen against thee and enthralled thee, O Man!
'While I was hoe and ploughshare and sword and axe and scythe and hammer, I was the first artificer of thy happiness; but the day I was beaten into the first lock and the first key, I became fetters and chains to thy hands and thy feet, O Man!
'My curse is thy curse, O Man! and even if thou shouldst pass out of the wicket of this cage, never shalt thou be free until thou returnest me to the joy of labor.
'O Man! bring me back into the old smithy, purify me again with the holy fire of the forge, lay me again on the mother breast of the anvil, beat me again with the old honest hammer — O Man! remould me with thy wonderful hands into an instrument of thy toil,

'Remake of me the sword of thy justice,
Remake of me the tripod of thy worship,
Remake of me the sickle for thy grain,
Remake of me the oven for thy bread,
And the andirons for thy peaceful hearth, O Man!
And the trestles for the bed of thy love, O Man!
And the frame of thy joyous lyre, O Man!'

VII

Thus spake to one of the three men, out of the silence of centuries, the metallic soul of the cage.

And he listened unto its voice, and while it was still ringing in his soul, — which was tormented with the fiercest fire of hell, which is the yearning after the Supreme Truth (Is it Death? Is it Love?), — there arose one man in the silent assembly of old men that were around the iron cage.

And that man was the most hoary of all, and most bent and worn and crushed was he under the heavy weight of the great burden he bore without pride and without joy.

He arose, and addressing himself — I know not whether to the old man that sat on the black throne, or to the old books that were mouldering behind him, or to the picture that hung above him — he said (and dreary as a wind that moans through the crosses of an old graveyard was his voice): —

'I will prove to you that these three men in the cage are criminals and murderers and that they ought to be put to death.'

Love, it was then that I heard for the first time the creak of the moth that was eating the old painting and the old books, and the worm that was gnawing the old bench, and it was then that I saw that all the old men around the great greenish room were dead.

They were dead like the old man in the old painting, save that they still read the old books he could read no more, and still spoke and heard the old words he could speak and hear no more, and still passed the judgment of the dead, which he no more could pass, upon the mighty life of the world outside that throbbed and thundered and clamored and roared the wonderful anthem of Labor to the fatherly justice of the Sun.

THE NEGRO AND THE LABOR UNIONS

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

WHEN the Negro boy from the Southern states leaves the plantation or the farm and goes up to the city, it is not work, in many cases, that he is looking for. He has labored in the field, beside his father and his mother, since he was old enough to hold a hoe, and he has never known the time when he, and every other member of the family, could not find all the work they needed and more than they wanted. The one thing of which he has always had plenty at home has been work. It is very likely that a promise that he would earn more and do less has turned his steps from the farm; but at bottom it is not the search for easier work or higher wages that brings the country boy to town; it is the natural human desire to see a little more of the place he has heard of over yonder, beyond the horizon — the City.

The thing that takes the country boy to the city, in short, is the desire to learn something, either through books and in school, or in actual contact with daily life, about the world in which he finds himself. One of the first and most surprising things the country boy learns in the city is that work is not always to be had; that it is something a man has to go out and look for. Another thing he very soon learns is that there is a great deal of difference between skilled and unskilled labor, and that the man who has learned to do some one thing well, no matter how small it may be, is looked upon with a certain respect, whether he has a white skin or a black skin; while the man who has never learned to do anything well simply does not count in the industrial world.

The average Negro learns these things, as I have said, when he comes to the city. I mention them here because in considering the relation of the Negro to the labor unions it should be remembered that the average Negro laborer in the country districts has rarely had the experience of looking for work; work has always looked for him. In the Southern states, in many instances, the employment agent who goes about the country seeking to induce laborers to leave the plantations is looked upon as a kind of criminal. Laws are made to restrict and even prohibit his operations. The result is that the average Negro who comes to the town from the plantations does not understand the necessity or advantage of a labor organization, which stands between him and his employer and aims apparently to make a monopoly of the opportunities for labor.

Another thing which is to some extent peculiar about the Negro in the Southern states, is that the average Negro is more accustomed to work for persons than for wages. When he gets a job, therefore, he is inclined to consider the source from which it comes. The Negro is himself a friendly sort of person, and it makes a great deal of difference to him whether he believes the man he is working for is his friend or his enemy. One reason for this is that he has found in the past that the friendship and confidence of a good white

man, who stands well in the community, are a valuable asset in time of trouble. For this reason he does not always understand, and does not like, an organization which seems to be founded on a sort of impersonal enmity to the man by whom he is employed; just as in the Civil War all the people in the North were the enemies of all the people in the South, even when the man on the one side was the brother of the man on the other.

I have tried to suggest in what I have said why it is true, as it seems to me, that the Negro is naturally not inclined toward labor unions. But aside from this natural disposition of the Negro there is unquestionably a very widespread prejudice and distrust of labor unions among Negroes generally.

One does not have to go far to discover the reason for this. In several instances Negroes are expressly excluded from membership in the unions. In other cases individual Negroes have been refused admittance to unions where no such restrictions existed, and have been in consequence shut out from employment at their trades.

For this and other reasons, Negroes, who have been shut out, or believed they had been shut out, of employment by the unions, have been in the past very willing strike-breakers. It is another illustration of the way in which prejudice works, also, that the strikers seemed to consider it a much greater crime for a Negro, who had been denied an opportunity to work at his trade, to take the place of a striking employee than it was for a white man to do the same thing. Not only have Negro strike-breakers been savagely beaten and even murdered by strikers or their sympathizers, but in some instances every Negro, no matter what his occupation, who lived in the vicinity of the strike has found himself in danger.

Another reason why Negroes are prejudiced against the unions is that, during the past few years, several attempts have been made by the members of labor unions which do not admit Negroes to membership, to secure the discharge of Negroes employed in their trades. For example, in March, 1911, the white firemen on the Queen and Crescent Railway struck as the result of a controversy over the Negro firemen employed by the road. The white firemen, according to the press reports, wanted the Negro firemen assigned to the poorest runs. Another report stated that an effort was made to compel the railway company to get rid of the Negro firemen altogether.

Shortly after this there was a long controversy between Public Printer Donnelly and the Washington Bricklayers' Union because, so the papers said, Mr. Donnelly would not 'draw the color line' in the employment of bricklayers on a job at the Government Printing Office. It appears that an additional number of bricklayers was needed. Mr. Donnelly drew upon the Civil Service Commission for the required number of men. A colored man was certified by the Commission, whereupon the white bricklayers struck, refusing to work with a Negro. Other Negroes were hired to take the strikers' places. The labor union objected to this and threatened to demand that President Taft remove Mr. Donnelly. These are some of the reasons why Negroes generally have become prejudiced against labor unions.

On the other hand, many instances have been called to my attention in which labor unions have used their influence in behalf of Negroes. On the Georgia and Florida Railway the white and colored firemen struck for higher wages. Mobs composed of both white and black men held up trains. It was reported that the Negroes were as violent in their demonstrations as the

whites. In this instance the strikers won. A recent dispatch from Key West, Florida, stated that the white carpenters in that city had struck because two Negro workmen had been unfairly discharged. The members of the white Carpenters' Union refused to return to work until the Negroes had been reinstated.

At the 1910 National Council of the American Federation of Labor, resolutions were passed urging Negroes and all other races to enter the unions connected with the Federation. Since that time I have learned of activity on the part of the Federation in organizing Negro laborers in New Orleans, Pittsburg, Pensacola, Richmond, and several other Southern cities. In spite of the impression which prevails generally among colored people that the labor unions are opposed to them, I have known several instances in which Negroes have proven enthusiastic trade-unionists, and in several cases they have taken a leading part in organization and direction, not only in the colored, but in the white unions of which they chanced to be members.

Notwithstanding these facts, some of which seem to point in one direction and some in another, there seems to be no doubt that there is prejudice against Negroes among the members of labor unions and that there is a very widespread prejudice against labor unions among Negroes. These are facts that both parties must reckon with; otherwise, whenever there is a strike, particularly among those trades which have been closed to Negroes, there will always be a considerable number of colored laborers ready and willing to take these positions, not merely from a desire to better their positions as individuals, but also for the sake of widening the race's opportunities for labor.

In such strikes, whatever disadvantages they may have in other respects, Negroes will have this advantage, that they are engaged in a struggle to maintain their right to labor as free men, which, with the right to own property, is, in my opinion, the most important privilege that was granted to black men as a result of the Civil War.

Under these circumstances the question which presents itself to black men and white men of the laboring classes is this: Shall the labor unions use their influence to deprive the black man of his opportunity to labor, and shall they, as far as possible, push the Negro into the position of a professional 'strike-breaker'; or will the labor unions, on the other hand, admitting the facts to be as they are, unite with those who want to give every man, regardless of color, race or creed, what Colonel Roosevelt calls the 'square deal' in the matters of labor, using their influence to widen rather than to narrow the Negro's present opportunities; to lessen rather than to magnify the prejudices which make it difficult for white men and black men to unite for their common good?

In order to get at the facts in reference to this matter, I recently sent a letter of inquiry to the heads of the various labor organizations in the United States, in which I asked the following three questions: —

What are the rules of your union concerning the admittance of Negroes to membership?

Do Negroes, as a rule, make good union men? If not, what in your opinion is the cause?

What do you advise concerning the Negro and the Trade-Unions?

I confess that I was both interested and surprised by the number and the character of the replies which I received. They not only indicated that the labor leaders had fully considered the question of the Negro laborer, but

they also showed, in many instances, a sympathy and an understanding of the difficulties under which the Negro labors that I did not expect to find. A brief summary of these letters will indicate, better than anything I can say, the actual situation.

In reply to the question, 'What are the rules of your union concerning the admittance of Negroes?' nine unions, all but two of which are concerned with transportation, stated that Negroes are barred from membership. These unions are: the International Brotherhood of Maintenance-of-Way Employees, Switchmen's Union, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Order of Railway Conductors of America, Order of Railway Telegraphers, American Wire Weavers' Protective Association, and the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders and Helpers of America.

Fifty-one national labor organizations, several of which are the strongest in the country, reported that there was nothing in their constitutions prohibiting the admittance of Negroes. In fact, many of the constitutions expressly state that there shall be no discrimination because of race or color. This is the case, for example, with the Wood, Wire and Metal Lathers' Union. The constitution of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners contains the following statement: 'We recognize that the interests of all classes of labor are identical regardless of occupation, nationality, religion or color, for a wrong done to one is a wrong done to all.'

Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, replying to the question concerning the admission of Negroes to labor unions wrote: 'Realizing the necessity for the unity of the wage-earners of our country, the American Federation of Labor has upon all occasions declared that trade unions should open their portals to all wage-workers irrespective of creed, color, nationality, sex, or politics. Nothing has transpired in recent years which has called for a change in our declared policy upon this question; on the contrary, every evidence tends to confirm us in this conviction; for even if it were not a matter of principle, self-preservation would prompt the workers to organize intelligently and to make common cause.'

With two exceptions the answers to my question, 'Do Negroes in your opinion make good Union men?' were that they do.

Mr. Ralph V. Brandt, of Cleveland, secretary-treasurer of the Wood, Wire and Metal Lathers' Union, wrote: 'I regret to say I must answer "no" to this question. We have had several locals in the South,' he continues, 'where the membership was made up either exclusively of Negroes or a large majority, and we have had only two out of the entire number that have made a success. One of these locals is in Savannah, Georgia, and the other in Charleston, South Carolina, and, as it happens, both of these are among the earliest locals chartered by our organization. I have had this situation come under my personal observation in our locals in this city, of which I am a member, and I must say that the Negro lathers in Cleveland have failed absolutely in meeting the general requirements of union men.'

The letter goes into details, describing the various efforts, all of them unsuccessful, which the local unions made to induce the Negro lathers to re-affiliate. They were promised recognition in the governing board of the union and, at the suggestion of some of the colored lathers, one of their number was recognized as a contractor, but

these measures also failed of their purpose.

Another letter to much the same effect was received from the secretary of the Tobacco Workers' International Union. The secretary wrote: 'Our experience has been that very few of them have turned out to be such [good union men]. They have a large Union in Richmond, Va., all colored men, and only a few of the whole membership are what I would call union men. They do not seem to grasp the significant feature of the trade-union [movement].'

Mr. B. A. Larger, general secretary of the United Garment Makers of America, said: 'I think the Negroes working in the trades do make good union men, but I do not think that the Negro waiters make good union men, as I have had some experience in trying to organize them. They would be well organized and apparently have a strong organization, but in a short time it would go to pieces. Among them there would be some good loyal members, but not sufficient [in numbers] to keep up the organization.

'I am unable,' he adds, 'to give a definite reason except, perhaps, that it might be the fault of the head waiter, who would induce some person to go into the organization and break it up. Nevertheless, it is true that they are the most difficult to organize of any class of people.'

A somewhat different light is thrown upon the situation by a letter from Mr. Jacob Fisher, general secretary of the Journeymen Barbers' International Union. This letter is so interesting that I am disposed to quote from it at considerable length. 'In my opinion,' Mr. Fisher writes, 'Negro trade-unionists make as good members as any others, and I believe that the percentage of good trade-unionists among the Negroes is just as high as of any other class of people; but the percentage of Negroes of our trade belonging to our organization is not as high as among other classes. One of the greatest obstacles we have to confront, in inducing and urging the Negroes to become members of our organization, is a general current rumor that the white barbers are trying to displace and put out of business the Negro barbers. There is no foundation whatever for the rumor, but it has become generally spread among the Negro barbers, and this feeling has been urged upon them more strongly than it would otherwise be, by Negro employers, who do everything they can, as a general rule, to keep their employees from joining our trade-union. We have tried for years to impress upon the minds of Negro barbers that their best hope for better conditions lies in becoming members of our organization. But the feeling that exists among them has been so impressed upon their minds by no one else except the Negro employer, as to make it a very difficult matter to induce individual Negro barbers to become members of our organization.'

Mr. Fisher adds that a few years ago a large percentage of the barbers were Germans. In more recent years Jews and Italians have been getting into the barber business in large numbers. Barbers of all of these nationalities are 'rapidly becoming educated' in the trade-union movement, and are active in bringing other members of the trade of their nationalities into the union. 'On the other hand,' he continues, 'the Negro barbers, while loyal to the movement and active in the affairs within the organization, do not direct their attention to the unorganized Negro barbers and use their endeavors to educate them in trade-union matters.'

The Mine Workers' Union has the largest Negro membership of any of the labor unions. Mr. John Mitchell,

the former president, states that, 'while there are no exact statistics as to the number of Negro members of the United Mine Workers of America, it is safe to say that not less than 30,000 of the 300,000 members are Negroes. Many important offices are filled by colored members.

'The Negroes who are mining coal in the Northern states,' he adds, 'make first-class union men. In the Southern states where Negroes are employed in large numbers in the mining industry, unionism is not so strong. This, however, is in part accounted for by the fact that the mine-owners oppose strongly the organization of their workmen, and the miners are so poor that they cannot contend successfully against the corporations unless they are supported financially by the organized men in other states.'

Mr. Edwin Perry, secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America, replying to the question, 'Do Negroes make good union men?' wrote: 'I say unequivocally, "yes," and point with pride to the fact that the largest local branch of our organization has at least 80 per cent colored men. It is progressive and up to date in all things. This local is located in my home state at Buxton, Iowa.

'It is possible,' he adds, 'that misguided individuals may, in some isolated instances, discriminate against the Negro, but when our attention is called to the same, we endeavor to overcome that condition by the application of intelligence and common sense. The time is not far distant when the working men and women of our country will see the necessity of mutual coöperation and the wiping out of existence of all class lines.'

Mr. John Williams of Pittsburg, president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, stated that the laws of his association provide that 'all men working in and around rolling mills are eligible to membership.' No line of demarcation is drawn. He was of the opinion that Negroes, if given the opportunity, make good union men. He also advised that Negroes should be educated in the principles and ideals for which the labor-union movement stands.

In view of the newspaper reports from time to time concerning the discrimination against Negro chauffeurs, the statement of Mr. Thomas L. Hughes, general secretary-treasurer of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Stablemen and Helpers, concerning Negroes in labor-unions is particularly interesting.

'I have had considerable dealing with colored men as members of our trade-union,' he writes. 'In every instance where the colored men have been organized, we find them to be loyal to our union in every shape and manner. To say that they make good union men is only putting it too lightly. We have local unions composed entirely of Negroes in certain parts of the country that are a credit to our international union.'

In many localities Negroes, Mr. Hughes asserts, belong to the same organization as white men and get on satisfactorily. In many of the large local unions, where there are both, the colored membership is large. The officers of the organization are also colored.

The secretary of the Amalgamated Meat-Cutters and Butchers' Workmen, replying to my question, 'Do Negroes make good union men?' said, 'I will say that the Negro averages up with the white man and I cannot see any difference, as it is all a matter of education. Both classes improve as they become more familiar with the work. I might say, incidentally, that one of the best and most conscientious officials we have is a Negro member of

our local union in Kingston, N. Y. He is a man who not only has the entire confidence of his associates in the organization, but is held in the highest esteem by the entire community and, as an officer, stands second to none.'

The answers to the question, 'What do you advise concerning the Negro and Trade Unions?' were practically unanimous in advising that the Negro be organized and educated in the principles of trade-unionism. Even the leaders of those unions which bar out the Negro advised that he be organized. The president of the Switchmen's Union, Mr. S. E. Heberling, wrote: 'The laws of our union will not permit Negroes to join, the constitution using the term "white." However,' he adds, 'I advise that the Negroes in all trades organize to better their condition. This organization, in reference to Negroes following the occupation of switchmen, has advised the American Federation of Labor, with whom we are affiliated, to grant the Negroes charters as members of the Federal Labor Union. I hope your race will take advantage of the opportunities afforded them.'

Mr. H. B. Perham, of St. Louis, president of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, wrote: 'The Order of Railroad Telegraphers is a white man's organization, that provision having been in its constitution since its inception twenty-six years ago. I advise the organization to help the poor man to a better standard of living, better education, resistance of injustice and the like. As the Negro, generally speaking, is poor, he needs organization.'

Mr. John J. Flynn, of Chicago, secretary and treasurer of the Brotherhood of Railroad Freight Handlers, wrote: 'I believe that a campaign of education should be started among the Negro workers of the country, this education to dwell principally on the fact that in organization there is strength and that the surest way to rise above their present condition is to become members of labor organizations that their craft calls for. In short, the best way for the Negro to improve his present condition is to become a member of a branch of the labor movement which covers his craft.'

Mr. James Wilson, general president of the Pattern Makers' League, said: 'I would advise that the Negro be taught to join the union of whatever occupation he is following, and if there is no union of that calling, that he organize one, for there is no greater educational movement in the country for all wage-earners than the trade-union movement.'

Mr. E. J. Brais, general secretary of the Journeyman Tailors' Union, wrote: 'Our opinion is and our advice would be that the Negroes should organize trade-unions by themselves under the jurisdiction, of course, of the American Federation of Labor, being governed by the same rules in all their trades as the white mechanics. We believe in that case, if they organize into separate locals in the various trades and insist upon the same scale of wages as their white brethren, it would be a source of strength to both elements.'

Mr. James Duncan, international secretary of the Granite Cutters' International Association of America, replied in substance as follows to my inquiry: 'I advise concerning Negroes and trade-unions, that they be organized the same as white people are organized, mixed with white people, where that is advisable, but in local unions by themselves where circumstances make it advisable for white people and Negroes being in separate organizations.'

Mr. Duncan stated that the rule did not prohibit Negroes joining the union, but throughout the South granite-cutting was usually considered a 'white man's trade.' Because of the feeling

in the South he believed that Southern granite-cutters would not be disposed to work at that trade with Negroes.

'This,' he added, 'is sentiment, and forms no part of the rules of our association.'

I have quoted at some length the statements made by the labor leaders, because it seemed to me that these statements not only disclose pretty accurately the position of the labor organizations as a whole, in reference to the Negro, but indicate, also, the actual situation of the Negro at the present time in the world of organized industry. In this connection it should be remembered that the labor unions are not primarily philanthropic organizations. They have been formed to meet conditions as they exist in a competitive system where, under ordinary circumstances, every individual and every class of individuals is seeking to improve its own condition at the expense, if necessary, of every other individual and class. It is natural enough, under such conditions, that union men should be disposed to take advantage of race prejudice to shut out others from the advantages which they enjoy.

The leaders of the labor movement, however, see clearly that it is not possible permanently to close, to the million or more Negro laborers in this country, the opportunity to take the positions which they are competent to fill. They have observed, also, that race prejudice is a two-edged sword, and that it is not to the advantage of organized labor to produce among the Negroes a prejudice and a fear of labor unions such as to create in this country a race of strike-breakers. The result has been that in every part of the United States where Negro laborers have become strong enough in any of the trades to be able to hold their own, the Negro has been welcomed into the unions, and the prejudice which shut him out from these trades has disappeared.

As an illustration of this fact, I cannot do better than quote a few paragraphs from the report of the English Industrial Commission in 1911 in regard to labor conditions in the Southern states, which gives a very clear and, I think, accurate description of local conditions in cities to which it refers.

Concerning the Negro labor unions in the Birmingham district, the English Industrial Commission reported: 'It is not owing to the existence of any very sympathetic feeling betweeen the white men and the Negroes that the latter are allowed to join the union; it is simply because the white men feel that their interest demands that colored men should be organized, as far as possible, so as to prevent them from cutting down the rate of wages. Wherever a sufficient number of colored men can be organized, they are encouraged to form a union of their own, affiliated to the white man's union, but where there are not enough to form a separate union, they are allowed in the South to become members of the white man's organization.

'The building and mining industries,' the report continues, 'are the two in which the white and colored races come into the most direct competition with each other, yet it cannot be said that in either of these industries a situation exists which occasions friction. No doubt in both industries the white men would like to monopolize the skilled work for themselves, but they recognize that that is impossible and make the best of the situation. . . . The white men make it quite clear that their connection with the colored men is purely a matter of business and involves no social recognition whatever. It is in the mining industry that the relations between the two races, though working side by side, in direct compe-

tition, are smoothest. They acted together in the great strike of 1902, and in fact the good feeling between the whites and the colored men was used with great effect by the opponents of the strikers, who charged the white miners with disloyalty to their race.'

In New Orleans the Commission found a very interesting situation which is described as follows: 'It is probable that in New Orleans there is a larger number of white and Negro people in very much the same economic position than in any other American city, or anywhere else in the world. The industries of New Orleans are of a kind which employ mainly unskilled or semi-skilled labor, with the result that both white men and Negroes are found doing the same kind of work and earning the same rate of pay. . . . The various unions combine in maintaining the Dock and Cotton Council, which dominates the entire business of compressing, carting, and loading cotton. . . . By arrangement between the Dock and Cotton Council and the employers, work has to be impartially apportioned between the white compress gangs and the colored gangs.'

In the letters from which I have so far quoted the writers have been content, for the most part, simply to answer the questions asked them, and sometimes, when they have not come into contact with the racial problem involved, have been disposed to discuss the advantages of labor organizations in the abstract. More interesting are the letters which I have received from labor men who have come into close quarters with the problem, in their efforts to organize Negro labor in the face of existing conditions.

As these letters indicate better than any discussion on my own part, the way the problem works out in practice, it will be well, perhaps, to let the writers speak for themselves.

One of the most interesting letters which I received was from Mr. M. J. Keough, of Cincinnati, acting president of the International Moulders' Union. Mr. Keough wrote that one of the national officers of the Moulders' Association, who was a Southerner by birth, had been devoting a very considerable part of his time in trying to organize the Negro Moulders of the South. In Chattanooga, for example, there were between six and eight hundred moulders, whom they had been trying, with no great success, to get into the union.

'Of course you are aware,' he continues, 'that there is a certain feeling in the South against the Negro, but we have succeeded in overcoming that, and have educated our members to the fact that if the Negro moulder of Chattanooga is not brought up to the level of the white man, he, the Negro, will eventually drag the white man down to his condition. It is our purpose to continue the agitation in order to have a thorough organization of the Negro moulders of Chattanooga.

'We find there is considerable opposition on the part of the employers in Chattanooga to the Negro moulders joining the union. I might state we have a shop on strike in which practically all of the men were Negro moulders and are being supported by our organization. The employers are having these Negro moulders out on strike arrested for loitering, etc., and have put us to considerable expense in keeping our Negro members, who are on strike, out of jail. In conclusion let me state that we are very anxious that the Negro moulders should become members of our organization and enjoy all its rights and privileges.'

Another important letter in this connection was received from Mr. John P. Frey, editor of the *International Moulders' Journal*. He said: 'As I made

many earnest efforts to organize Negro moulders in the South some twelve years ago and met with almost complete failure, owing to what appeared to be the Negroes' suspicion as to the genuineness of our intentions, it is but natural that I should still be interested in the question. While a Northerner, I have spent sufficient time in the Southern states to become familiar personally with the several phases presented by the question of the Negro status, both socially and industrially.'

In his further reply to my question, Mr. Frey referred to an editorial in a recent issue of the iron-moulders' official organ. In this editorial the statement was made that the fact that there were so few Negroes in the Moulders' Union was due largely to race prejudice.

'As the years rolled by,' the editor continues, 'our members in the South realized that the question of Negro membership was an industrial one. The castings made by the Negroes were worth as much as those made by white men, but they might be sold for less in the open market because the Negro was forced to work for much smaller wages. It was not a question of social equality, but a question of competition in the industrial field. Other trade-unions in the South have faced the same problem and have been even more ready, in some instances, to take the Negro mechanic or laborer into their ranks. Not long ago the largest union in the South, No. 255, of Birmingham, Alabama, gave the question thorough consideration, with the result that it decided to take qualified Negro mechanics into membership. Their action may not have been in line with the sentiment of twenty years ago, but it was in line with justice to themselves and to the Negro who had learned the trade, for industrial competition pays no heed to questions of social equality. In our trade, the Negro has become an industrial factor in the South, and the wise policy of giving him the benefit of membership in our organization will not be of value to him alone, but to every one who works at moulding. To expect that race prejudice and social questions will be eliminated or adjusted in a generation or two, is to expect too much; but the question of the Negro moulder is neither one of race nor of social equality; it is purely one of industrial competition.'

Mr. Frey referred, also, to an article by Mr. Nick Smith, who is a Southerner by birth and training, has worked all his life as a moulder in the South, and is now organizer of his union. In this article Mr. Smith said in part: 'If we want to make the Negro a good union man, we will have to grant him the same privileges and the same treatment in the shop that is enjoyed by the white moulder. Treat the Negro square; allow him to work in our shops when he presents his union card, and we will take away from the foundryman his most effective tool, the Negro strike-breaker. Refuse the Negro this privilege and the foundryman will continue to use him to trim us with when we have trouble. The Negro is here, and here to stay, and is going to continue to work at moulding, and it is for us to say whether he shall work with us as a union moulder, or against us as a tool in the foundryman's hands and a strike-breaker. When a Negro comes to your town, do what you can to see that he gets a job, and is treated as a union man should be treated. Refuse to do this and you force him to allow the foundryman to use him as a club to beat us into submission. The I. M. U. has spent considerable money and time to get the Negro moulder educated up to the point where he is to-day, and the refusal of the white moulder to work with the Negro will undo all that has

been accomplished. Brothers, it is up to us to think it over.'

Mr. William J. Gilthorpe of Kansas City, secretary-treasurer of the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders and Helpers, said: 'Being a Southern man myself, in breeding and education, I naturally think that I am acquainted with the colored people. I served, in 1880, in New Orleans with the colored delegates to the central body, and I want to say that the colored delegates were as true and loyal to the principles of true labor movement as any delegate in that body. They make the best of union men. There is no trouble with them whatever. In answer to your question I say this: The rules of this organization do not permit them to be initiated into this order. Now I am one of those who advocate the organization of the colored men, as well as the white men. I possess a few followers, but this is a principle that is going to live, and it is going to be an established fact, in this order, sooner or later. As far as my advice goes, and humble efforts, I would say organize them in every case where they are eligible.'

Mr. Frank Duffy, general secretary of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, wrote: 'I wish to inform you that we do not draw the color line in our organization, as is evidenced by the fact that throughout the Southern states we have in the United Brotherhood twenty-five unions composed exclusively of colored men. We have found in our experience that where there are colored carpenters in great numbers, it is an absolute necessity both for their advancement and for the welfare of the white carpenters as well, to organize them. We have a colored organizer in the South, Mr. J. H. Bean, who has done splendid work in getting the colored carpenters together.'

In order to find out what were the experiences and views of colored union men, I communicated with Mr. Bean and received a very interesting reply. He wrote that he had been connected with the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America for more than twelve years and had been a delegate to every national convention but one since 1902. Since October, 1908, he has been continually engaged as general organizer for colored carpenters in nine Southern states. 'During that time,' he added, 'I have met with some opposition from both races, until they saw that one carpenter is largely dependent upon another, and to organize our forces in the right way is not only helpful to one but to all engaged in similar work. Then their opposition ceased.'

One of the easiest things in the world, I have found, is prophecy, and there have been a good many prophecies in regard to the Negro. Some persons have said there is no future for the Negro, because, in the long run, he cannot compete with the white man, and, as a consequence, in the course of time the Negro will be crowded out of America and forced to go to some other country.

Other persons say that the future is dark for the Negro because, as soon as it appears that the black man is actually able to live and work alongside of the white man in competition for the ordinary forms of labor, racial prejudice will be so intensified that the Negro will be driven out of the country or he will be reduced to some form of industrial servitude and compelled to perform the kind of work that no white man is willing to do.

While the letters I have quoted do not tell the whole story of the Negro and the unions, they at least throw some light upon the value of the predictions to which I have just referred.

They indicate, at any rate, that the Negro, as a matter of fact, can and does compete with the white laborer, wherever he has an opportunity to do so. They show also that, on the whole, the effect of this competition is not to increase but to lessen racial prejudice.

It is nevertheless true, that the prejudice of the Negro against the unions, on the one hand, and of the white man against the black, on the other, is used sometimes by the unions to shut the Negro from the opportunity of labor, sometimes by the employer to injure the work of the unions. In the long run, however, I do not believe that, in the struggle between capital and labor, either party is going to let the other use the sentiment of the community in regard to the race question to injure it in an industrial way.

When, for example, the capitalist, as has sometimes happened, says that Negro and white laborers must not unite to organize a labor union, because that would involve 'social equality,' or when, as has happened in the past, the white laborer says the Negro shall not work at such and such trades, not because he is not competent to do so, but because he is a Negro, the interest in 'social equality,' so far as it refers to those particular matters mentioned, tends to decrease.

So long as there is any honest sentiment in favor of keeping the races apart socially, I do not believe the unions or the public are willingly going to permit individuals to take a dishonest advantage of that sentiment. On the contrary, so far as the labor unions are concerned, I am convinced that these organizations can and will become an important means of doing away with the prejudice that now exists in many parts of the country against the Negro laborer. I believe that they will do this not merely, as Mr. Gompers has said, from 'principle,' but because it is to their interest to do so. At present, however, that prejudice exists and it is natural that individuals should make use of it to their own advantage. If proprietors of Negro barber shops seek to prejudice their workmen, as is reported, against the white unions, so that they may pay them less wages, it is likewise true that some white unions take advantage of the existing prejudice wholly to exclude colored men from some of the trades in which they are perfectly competent to work.

There is, in my opinion, need for a campaign of education not only among Negro artisans but among white artisans as well. With every such effort of the labor leaders to create a sentiment among white men, as well as colored, which will permit both races to work together for their common good, I am heartily in sympathy.

In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, we are making progress in the solution of this, as of other problems connected with the relations of the races in this country. To say that we are not is pretty much the same as saying that, in spite of all our efforts, the world is growing worse instead of better. Justice, fair play, and a disposition to help rather than to injure one's fellow are not only good things in themselves, but in the long run they are the only things that pay, whether in the case of an individual, a group of individuals, or a race.

It seems to me that the letters to which I have referred in this article show clearly that the leaders of the labor organizations fully realize what the masses of laboring men must inevitably come to see, namely, that the future belongs to the man, or the class of men, who seeks his own welfare, not through the injury or oppression of his fellows, but in some form of service to the community as a whole.

BRAINS AND BUYING

BY ELIZABETH C. BILLINGS

THERE is a law to prohibit dishonest advertising, and a new committee has been formed to enforce this law. But legislative enactments mean nothing, public opinion passing freely from man to man means everything. If we are stupid enough to flock where poorly made things are offered cheaply, and to buy that which we neither need nor desire, we deserve to be made the sport of the advertisers.

The test of economic efficiency in the standard of living 'is not a question of choosing the good instead of the bad, but of choosing the best instead of the good,' and it is a far cry from our daily morning's mail, in which we receive dozens of carefully worded notices, printed at huge expense, which we have to open, and destroy. Think of the relief it would be to our postman to have this idiotic use of the United States mails stopped. It would be impossible to read all this printed matter daily. If one did, and acted upon its suggestions, physical collapse would follow bankruptcy.

This huge and expensive mail delivery pertains to all manner of subjects. Let me give a list of the documents received in one day by a small family who live in a modest suburban house.

Notice of a new hotel to be opened in Chicago.

Four sealed invitations in double cream laid envelopes, engraved, and with an etched landscape at the top, inviting each member of the family, by name, to the opening of a toy shop.

Appeal to subscribe to a colossal new dictionary, enclosing twelve sample pages. Seven circulars about new publications; three subscription blanks and a stamped envelope.

Sample of laundry wax — with circular.

Large embossed envelope, containing a folder, tied with ribbon, enclosing three colored plates of 'Clothing of Refinement' for men.

Four-page circular, heavy Irish linen, with information about 'One gray charmeuse gown, fur-trimmed, with beaded passementeries, Paquin Model. *Value* $185.00; sale price $78.00'; and ninety-six other equally alluring descriptions.

'Biblical study picture course' described for children in a six-page booklet.

Large notice of society vaudeville in black and yellow sealed envelope.

Six tickets to be sold for a fair, held in aid of an institution of which we had never heard!

And to-day was only an average day — and elections are over.

As Sidney Smith said, 'What do I want of this piece of pasteboard? It costs you two pence and does me no good.'

One wonders if this daily deluge of printers' ink is a useful method of distributing stray facts to the community; for Edward Devine, in his charming little book on 'Economics,' states that 'A decrease in the cost of commodities, a discovery of some new mechanical process, a change in the

habits of consumers, make possible a higher level of living for all who have an assured income of stipulated amount,' and that 'the advantage will be retained, if the standard of living is modified.'

As individuals we may not be able to decrease the cost of commodities or to discover new mechanical inventions, but we can change our habits, if we will. We can teach children to choose the best instead of the useless, the lasting instead of the cheap, the beautiful instead of the ugly, — and we could, by common consent, and the force of honestly expressed opinion, relieve the advertisers from the strain under which they are now laboring, and ourselves from the burden of their industry.

It is no easy task to choose 'the best instead of the good.' This the working people, the professional people, the conscientious parents, all know, and to them idling in the shops brings no lasting satisfaction, no real interest. They do not often enjoy wandering from shop to shop, pricing, discussing, handling articles offered for sale. Shopping as an all-day business is impossible to them. They have no desire to sit in the waiting room of a department store, to listen to assorted music, to watch the wandering crowd, to examine, without mind to purchase, clothing suitable for a court function. They have no willingness to spend what they do not have, to receive what they do not pay for, or to get what they do not want, and yet they are often lost in the jungle of things manufactured, and feebly snatch what they can in the struggle to get out.

Sometimes one does not purchase according to one's original intention. There was a 'rummage sale' not long ago, in aid of a local charity. A Society Bud, in charge of one of the tables, was earnest in her effort to find the real market value of her goods by the 'test of final utility and supply.'

An old woman came to purchase, and spying a full-sized pair of La Crosse racquets, asked, 'How much are those?'

'Fifteen cents,' was the prompt answer.

'Will you take ten?' asked the old woman.

'No,' said the Bud, 'that is too great a sacrifice.'

'Then give me that cabbage, and here is your dime.'

Saleswoman and purchaser both smiled contentedly, feeling that a good deed had been well done.

To buy wisely has its true satisfaction, but just 'buying' seems to have irresistible attraction for the human mind. We were spending a golden hour at the top of a great headland; far below, the sea showed opal color and violet light. The clay of the cliff ranged in tone from black, through red, blue, and yellow, to a creamy white; patches of sweet fern and delicate grasses grew in the crannies, glowing green, giving accent and harmony to the whole. Far below, the line of the golden beach, the white curl of the surf, were like poetry and music; and yet, among the people who journeyed that day to enjoy a fair place, only a few had time to go out on the cliffs and revel in color and beauty, because, at a neat little stall, there was a collection of perishable souvenirs for sale, and so great was the demand for them that the buyers had no time to feast their eyes elsewhere. A proof that purchasing is more interesting to the majority than observing.

Of this fact advertisers and merchants are well aware and yet they invite us to look also. 'No trouble to show goods,' is a slogan freely used, and the shop-windows are lessons in the art of display. This is the shop-

keeper's business, thought out, and shown to the passer-by. Is our spending thought out also? Do we really know our business, too, when we come to make our selections, or are we like the executive young woman who was riding in from Cambridge? Opposite her, in the car, was the embodiment of the respectable lower-middle-class British matron, with a child of ten. The day was cold and raw for November. The child wore a dress with low neck and short sleeves. The executive woman was troubled, and remarked on the fact to her neighbors. 'She ought to be ashamed of herself to dress that poor little thing so foolishly; I really should like to take that child away from her; it is scandalous.' The mother sat opposite, patient, but at last she remarked very clearly, 'I've 'ad twelve. How many 'ave you 'ad?'

We constantly receive catalogues of 'Reduction Sales,' tremendous in bulk, and explicit in detail, offering great opportunities to buy goods that are unseasonable, or of a pronounced and passing fashion. The philosophy of such a 'mark-down' policy was interestingly illustrated on Cape Ann, where two amateur artists, with paint-boxes and white umbrellas, were searching for an abiding place.

'What is the price of board and room at your cottage?'

'My prices are a dollar a day, or eight dollars a week,' replied the business-like New England spinster.

Thinkers claim that a purchaser with high ideals and intelligence, whose demands call for a wide range of resource, will win a commanding place in the 'Unconscious Economic Struggle' that constantly goes on. Witness the assistance offered such a purchaser in a recent newspaper advertisement, which says: —

'We have won distinction merely by doing well what all should be ashamed to do in a wrong way,' and 'firmly refusing to let fussy and affected discords of refined austerity take the place of the rhythmic and the graceful.'

You know about the woman who was pronounced by her friends 'very sacrificing — but she did not sacrifice judicious'; this is what is happening to our advertisers: they no longer 'advertise judicious,' and if they keep on at the rate at which they are now going, arithmetical progression will prove that there will soon be room for naught else but their works on the civilized globe.

Would it not be interesting to have economic relations taught in our schools, just put into the simplest possible language; teaching that *good* not *cheap* is the standard, and that *the best* is our object in human acquirement? What a helpful body of young men and women they would graduate. What a bond there would be between them, what a force they would be in the nation; so that not only would 'Political Economy' be a serious study for the learned, but its simple and underlying truths would become woven into the daily thinking and accomplishment of our boys and girls, and its results would show in their relations to living and to trade.

SCIENCE AND MYSTICISM

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

I

If by 'science' we mean an organized knowledge of the world we live in, adequate to give us some degree of power over that world, and if by 'mysticism' we mean the quintessential part of religion, or our emotional relationship to the world as a whole, the opposition which we usually assume to exist between them is of comparatively modern origin.

Among savage peoples such an opposition has no existence. Not only is there no opposition between the 'scientific' and the 'mystical' attitude among peoples we may fairly call primitive, but the two attitudes are usually combined in the same person. The 'medicine-man' is not more a man of science than he is a mystic: he is both equally. He cultivates not only magic but holiness, he achieves the conquest of his own soul, he enters into harmony with the universe; and in doing this, and partly indeed through doing this, his knowledge is increased, his sensations and power of observation are rendered acute, and he is enabled so to gain organized knowledge of natural processes, that he can to some extent foresee or even control those processes. He is the ancestor alike of the hermit following after sanctity and of the inventor crystallizing discoveries into profitable patents.

Such is usually the medicine-man wherever we find him, all over the world, around Torres Straits just as much as around Bering's Straits. Yet we have totally failed to grasp the significance of this fact.

It is the business of the *shaman*, as on the mystical side we may best term the medicine-man, to place himself under the conditions — and even in primitive life those conditions are varied and subtle — which bring his will into harmony with the essence of the world, so that he grows one with that essence, that its will becomes his will, and, reversely, that in a sense his will becomes its. Herewith, in this unity with the spirit of the world, the possibilities of magic and the power to control the operations of Nature are introduced into human thought, with its core of reality and its endless trail of absurdity persisting even into advanced civilization. But this harmony with the essence of the universe, this control of Nature through oneness with Nature, is not only at the heart of religion; it is also at the heart of science. It is only by the possession of an acquired or inborn temperament attuned to the temperament of Nature that a Faraday or an Edison, that any scientific discoverer or inventor, can achieve his results. And the primitive medicine-man, who on the religious side has attained harmony of the self with the not-self, and by obeying has learned to command, cannot fail on the scientific side also, under the special conditions of his isolated life, to acquire an insight into natural methods, a practical power over human activities and over the treatment of disease, such as on the imaginative and emotional side he

already possesses. If we are able to see this essential and double attitude of the *shaman* or medicine-man, if we are able to eliminate all the extraneous absurdities and extravagances which conceal the real nature of his function in the primitive world, the problem of science and mysticism, their relationship to each other, ceases to have any difficulties for us.

Thus the medicine-man's significance is surely clear. If science and mysticism are alike based on fundamental natural instincts, appearing spontaneously all over the world; if, moreover, they naturally tend to appear in the same individual in such a way that each impulse would seem to be dependent on the other for its full development, then there can be no ground for accepting any disharmony between them. The course of human evolution may involve a division of labor, a specialization of science and of mysticism along different lines and in separate individuals; but a fundamental antagonism of the two, it becomes evident, is not to be thought of; it is unthinkable, even absurd.

If at some period in the course of civilization we seriously find that our science and our religion are antagonistic, then there must be something wrong either with our science or with our religion. Perhaps not seldom there may be something wrong with both. For if the natural impulses which normally work best together are separated and specialized in different persons, we may expect to find a concomitant state of atrophy and hypertrophy, both alike morbid. The scientific person will become atrophied on the mystical side, the mystical person will become atrophied on the scientific side. Each will become morbidly hypertrophied on his own side. But the assumption that because there is a lack of harmony between opposing pathological states there must also be a similar lack of harmony under natural conditions, is unreasonable. We must severely put out of count alike the hypertrophied scientific people with atrophied religious instincts, and the hypertrophied religious people with atrophied scientific instincts. Neither group can help us here; they only introduce confusion. The fact that at the present moment this is peculiarly the case furnishes the reason why we here have to examine the matter critically, to go back to first principles, to take so wide a survey of the phenomena that their seemingly conflicting elements shall fall into harmony.

The fact, in the first place, that the person with an over-developed religious sense combined with an underdeveloped scientific sense necessarily conflicts with a person in whom the reverse state of affairs exists cannot be doubted, nor is the reason of it obscure. It is difficult to conceive a Darwin and a St. Theresa entering with full and genuine sympathy into each other's point of view. And that is so by no means because the two attitudes, stripped of all but their essentials, are irreconcilable. If we strip St. Theresa of her atrophied pseudo-science, which in her case was mostly theological science, there was nothing in her attitude which would not have seemed to harmonize with and to exalt that absolute adoration and service to natural truth which inspired Darwin. If we strip Darwin of that atrophied feeling for poetry and the arts which he deplored, and that anæmic secular conception of the universe as a whole which he seems to have accepted without deploring, there was nothing in his attitude which would not have served to fertilize and enrich the spiritual exaltation of Theresa, and even to have removed far from her that temptation to *accidie* or slothfulness which all the mystics, who are mystics only, have

recognized as their besetting sin, minimised as it was in Theresa by her practical activities. Yet being, as they were, persons of supreme genius developed on opposite sides of their common human nature, an impassable gulf lies between them. It lies equally between much more ordinary people who yet show the same common character of being under-grown on one side, over-grown on the other.

This difficulty is not diminished when the person who is thus hypertrophied on one side and atrophied on the other suddenly wakes up to his one-sided state and hastily attempts to remedy it. The very fact that such a one-sided development has come about, indicates that there has probably been a congenital basis for it, an innate disharmony which must require infinite patience and special personal experience to overcome it. But the heroic and ostentatious manner in which these ill-balanced people hastily attempt the athletic feat of restoring their spiritual balance has frequently aroused the interest, and too often the amusement, of the spectator.

Sir Isaac Newton, the most quintessentially scientific person the world has seen, the searcher who has made the most stupendous effort to picture the universe intelligently on its purely intelligible side, realized in old age, when he was indeed approaching senility, that the vast hypertrophy of his faculties on that side had not been compensated by any development on the religious side. He forthwith set himself to the interpretation of the Book of Daniel and puzzled over the prophecies of the Book of Revelation, with the same scientifically serious air that he would have assumed in analyzing the spectrum. In reality he had not reached the sphere of religion at all; he had merely exchanged good science for bad science. Such senile efforts to penetrate, ere yet life is quite over, the mystery of religion, recall, and indeed have a real analogy to, that final effort of the emotionally starved to grasp a love which has been called 'old maids' insanity'; and just as in this aberration the woman who has all her life put love into the subconscious background of her mind is overcome by an eruption of the suppressed emotions and driven to create baseless legends of which she is herself the heroine, so the scientific man who has put religion into the sphere subconscious, and has scarcely known that there is such a thing, may become in the end the victim of an imaginary religion.

In our own time we may have witnessed attempts of the scientific mind to become religious, which, without amounting to mental aberration, are yet highly instructive. It would be a double-edged compliment, in this connection, to compare Sir Oliver Lodge with Sir Isaac Newton. But after devoting himself for many years to purely physical research, Lodge also, as he has confessed, found that he had overlooked the religious side of life, and therefore set himself with characteristic energy to the task — the stages of which are described in a long series of books — of developing this atrophied side of his nature. Unlike Newton, who was worried about the future, Lodge became worried about the past. Just as Newton found what he was contented to regard as religious peace in speculating on the meaning of the books of Daniel and Revelation, so Lodge found a similar satisfaction in speculations concerning the origin of the soul, and in hunting out tags from the poets to support his speculations. So fascinating was this occupation that it seemed to him to constitute a great 'message' to the world. 'My message is that there is some great truth in the idea of preëxistence, not an obvious

truth, nor one easy to formulate, — a truth difficult to express, — not to be identified with the guesses of reincarnation and transmigration, which may be fanciful. We may not have been individuals before, but we are chips or fragments of a great mass of mind, of spirit, and of life — drops, as it were, taken out of a germinal reservoir of life, and incubated until incarnate in a material body.'[1]

The genuine mystic would smile if asked to accept as a divine message these phraseological gropings in the darkness, with their culmination in the gospel of 'incubated drops.' They certainly represent an attempt to get at a real fact. But the mystic is not troubled by speculations about the origin of the individual, or theories of preëxistence. It is abundantly evident that when the hypertrophied man of science seeks to cultivate his atrophied religious instincts it is with the utmost difficulty that he escapes from science. His conversion to religion merely means, for the most part, that he has exchanged sound science for pseudo-science.

Similarly, when the man with hypertrophied religious instincts seeks to cultivate his atrophied scientific instincts, the results are scarcely satisfactory. Here, indeed, we are concerned with a phenomenon that is rarer than the reverse process. The reason may not be far to seek. The instinct of religion develops earlier in the history of a race than the instinct of science; it is doubtless more fundamental. The man who has found the massive satisfaction of his religious cravings is seldom at any stage conscious of scientific cravings; he is apt to feel that he already possesses the supreme knowledge. The religious doubters who vaguely feel that their faith is at variance with science are merely the creatures of creeds, the product of churches; they are not the genuine mystics. The genuine mystics who have exercised their scientific instincts have generally found scope for such exercise within an enlarged theological scheme which they regarded as part of their religion. So it was that St. Augustine found scope for his full and vivid, if capricious, intellectual impulses; so also Aquinas, in whom there was doubtless less of the mystic and more of the scientist, found scope for the rational and orderly development of a keen intelligence which has made him an authority, and even a pioneer, for many who are absolutely indifferent to his theology.

Again, we see that to understand the real relations between science and mysticism, we must return to ages when, on neither side, had any accumulated mass of dead traditions effected an artificial divorce between two great natural instincts. It has already been pointed out that if we go outside civilization, the divorce is not found; the savage mystic is also the savage man of science, the priest and the doctor are one. It is so also for the most part in barbarism, among the ancient Hebrews, for instance, and not only among their priests but even among their prophets. It appears that the most common Hebrew word for what we term 'prophet' signified 'one who bursts forth,' presumably into the utterance of spiritual verities, and the less usual words signify 'seer.' That is to say, the prophet was primarily a man of religion, secondarily a man of science. And that predictive element in the prophet's function, which to persons lacking in religious instinct seems the whole of his function, has no relationship at all to religion; it is a function of science. It is an insight into cause and effect, a conception of sequences based on extended observa-

[1] Sir Oliver Lodge, *Reason and Belief*, p. 19.

tion, and enabling the 'prophet' to assert that certain lines of action will probably lead to the degeneration of a stock, or to the decay of a nation. It is a sort of applied history. 'Prophecy' has no more to do with religion than have the forecasts of the Meteorological Bureau, which also are a kind of applied science in earlier ages associated with religion.

If, keeping within the sphere of civilization, we go back as far as we can, the conclusion we reach is not greatly different. The earliest of the great mystics in historical times is Lao-tze. He lived six hundred years earlier than Jesus, a hundred years earlier than Sakya-Muni, and he was more quintessentially a mystic than either. He was, moreover, incomparably nearer than either to the point of view of science. Even his occupation in life was, in relation to his age and land, such as we may regard as of a typically scientific character: he was, if we may trust uncertain tradition, keeper of the archives. In the substance of his work this harmony of religion and science is throughout unmistakable; the very word Tao, which to Lao-tze is the symbol of all that to which religion may mystically unite us, is susceptible of being translated Reason, although that word is quite inadequate to its meaning. There are no theological or metaphysical speculations here concerning God (the very word only occurs once and may be a later interpolation), the soul, or immortality. The delicate and profound art of Lao-tze largely lies in the skill with which he expresses spiritual verities in the form of natural truths. His affirmations not only go to the core of religion, but they express the essential methods of science. This man has the mystic's heart, but he has also the physicist's touch and the biologist's eye. He moves in a sphere in which religion and science are one.

If we pass to more modern times and to the little European corner of the world, around the Mediterranean shores, which is the cradle of our latter-day civilization, again and again we find traces of this fundamental unity of mysticism and science. It may well be that we never again find it in quite so pure a form as in Lao-tze, quite so free from all admixture alike of bad religion and bad science. The exuberant, unbalanced activity of our race, the restless acquisitiveness, — already manifested in the sphere of ideas and traditions before it led to the production of millionaires, — soon became an ever-growing impediment to such unity of spiritual impulses. Among the supple and versatile Greeks, indeed, exuberance and recklessness seem always to have stood in the way of approach to the essential terms of this problem. We see far more of it in Lucretius than we can divine in Epicurus. It was only when the Greeks began to absorb oriental influences that they became genuine mystics, and as they approached mysticism they left science behind.

If Lucretius is the first of moderns in this identification of mysticism and science, he has been followed by many, even though it may be, one sometimes thinks, with an ever increasing difficulty, a drooping of the wings of mystical aspiration, a limping of the feet of scientific progress. Leonardo and Giordano Bruno and Spinoza and Goethe, each with a little imperfection on one side or the other, if not on both sides, have moved in a sphere in which the impulses of religion are felt to spring from the same centre as the impulses of science. If we cannot altogether include such men as Swedenborg and Faraday in the same group, it is because we cannot feel that in them the two impulses, however highly developed, really spring from the same centre or really make a true harmony.

We suspect that these men and their like kept their mysticism in a science-proof compartment of their minds, and their science in a mysticism-proof compartment; we tremble for the explosive result, should the wall of partition ever be broken down.

The difficulty, we see again, has been that on each hand there has been a growth of non-essential traditions around the pure and vital impulse, and the obvious disharmony of these two sets of accretions conceals the underlying harmony of the impulses themselves. The possibility of reaching the natural harmony is thus not necessarily by virtue of any rare degree of intellectual attainment, nor by any rare gift of inborn spiritual temperament, — though either of these may in some cases be operative, — but rather in the happy chance that the burden of tradition on each side has fallen, and that the mystical impulse is free to play without a dead metaphysical theology, the scientific impulse without a dead metaphysical formalism. It is a happy chance that may befall the simple more easily than the wise and learned.

II

The foregoing considerations have perhaps cleared the way to a realization of the fact that when we look broadly at the matter, when we clear away all the accumulated superstitions, the unreasoned prepossessions on either side, and so reach firm ground, not only is there no opposition between science and mysticism, but in their essence, and at the outset, they are essentially related. The seeming divorce between them is due to a false and unbalanced development on either side, if not on both sides.

Yet all such considerations as these cannot suffice to realize for us this unity of apparent opposites. There is, indeed, it has often seemed to me, a certain futility in all discussion of the relative claims of science and religion. This is a matter which, in the last resort, lies beyond the sphere of argument. It not only depends on a man's entire psychic equipment, brought with him at birth and never to be fundamentally changed, but it is the outcome of his own vital experience during life. It cannot be profitably discussed because it is experiential.

It seems to me, therefore, that, having gone so far, and stated what I consider to be the relations of mysticism and science as revealed in human history, I am bound to go further and to state what are my personal grounds for believing that the harmonious satisfaction alike of the religious impulse and of the scientific impulse may be attained to-day by an ordinarily balanced person in whom both impulses crave for satisfaction. There is indeed a serious difficulty. To set forth a personal religious experience for the first time requires considerable resolution, and not least to one who is inclined to suspect that the experiences usually so set forth can be of no profound or significant nature; that if the underlying motives of a man's life can be brought to the surface and put into words their vital motive power is gone. Even the fact that more than thirty years have passed since the experience took place, scarcely suffices to make the confession of it easy. But I recall to mind that the first original book I ever planned (and in fact partly wrote) was a book, impersonal though suggested by personal experience, on the foundations of religion.[1] I put it aside, saying

[1] In connection with this scheme, it may be interesting to note, I prepared in 1879 a *questionnaire* on 'conversion,' on the lines of the investigations which some years later began to be so fruitfully carried out by the psychologists of religion in America. — THE AUTHOR.

to myself that I would complete it in old age, because it seemed to me that the problem of religion would always be fresh, while there were other problems more pressingly in need of speedy investigation. Now, it may be, I begin to feel that the time has come to carry that early project a stage further.

Like many of the generation to which I belonged, I was brought up far from the Sunday-school atmosphere of conventional religiosity. I received little religious instruction outside the home, but there I was made to feel, from my earliest years, that religion was a very vital and personal matter with which the world and the fashion of it had nothing to do. To that teaching, while still a child, I responded in a wholehearted way. Necessarily, the exercises of this early impulse followed the paths prescribed for it by my environment. I accepted the creed set before me; I privately studied the New Testament for my own satisfaction; I honestly endeavored, strictly in private, to mould my actions and impulses on what seemed to be Christian lines. There was no obtrusive outward evidence of this; outside the home, moreover, I moved in a world which might be indifferent but was not actively hostile to my inner aspirations, and if the need for any external affirmation had become absolutely inevitable I should, I am fairly certain, have invoked other than religious grounds for my protest. Religion, as I instinctively felt then, and as I consciously believe now, is a private matter, as love is. This was my mental state at the age of twelve.

Then came the period of emotional and intellectual expansion, when the scientific and critical instincts began to germinate. These were completely spontaneous, and not stimulated by any influences of the environment. To inquire, to question, to investigate the qualities of the things around us and to search out their causes, is surely as native an impulse as the religious impulse would be found to be if only we would refrain from exciting it artificially. In the first place, this scientific impulse was not greatly concerned with the traditional body of beliefs which were then inextricably entwined in my mind with the exercise of the religious instinct. In so far indeed as it touched them it took up their defense. Thus I read Renan's *Life of Jesus*, and the facile sentiment of this book, the attitude of artistic reconstruction, aroused a criticism which led me to ignore any underlying sounder qualities. Yet, all the time, the inquiring and critical impulse was a slowly permeating and invading influence, and its application to religion was, now and again, stimulated by books, although such application was in no slightest degree favored by the social environment. When, too, I came to read Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise*, — although the book made no very personal appeal to me, — I realized that it was possible to present in an attractively modern, emotional light, religious beliefs which were incompatible with Christianity, and even actively hostile to its creed.

The process of disintegration took place in slow stages that were not perceived until the process was complete. Then at last I realized that I no longer possessed any religious faith. All the Christian dogmas I had been brought up to accept unquestioned had slipped away, and they had dragged with them what I had experienced of religion, for I could not then so far analyze all that is roughly lumped together as 'religion' as to disentangle the essential from the accidental. Such analysis, to be effectively convincing, demanded personal experiences I was not possessed of.

I was now seventeen years of age. The loss of religious faith had produced

no change in conduct, save that religious observances, which had never been ostentatiously performed, were dropped, so far as they might be without hurting the feelings of others. The revolution was so gradual and so natural that even inwardly the shock was not great, while various activities, the growth of mental aptitudes, sufficiently served to occupy the mind. It was only during periods of depression that the absence of faith as a satisfaction of the religious impulse became at all acutely felt. Possibly it might have been felt less acutely if I could have realized that there was even a real benefit in the cutting down and clearing away of traditional and non-vital beliefs. Not only was it a wholesome and strenuous effort to obey at all costs the call of what was felt as 'truth,' having in it, therefore, a spirit of religion even though directed against religion, but it was evidently favorable to the training of intelligence. The man who has never wrestled with, and overcome, his early faith, the faith that he was brought up with and that yet is not his own, has missed not only a moral but an intellectual discipline. The absence of that discipline may mark a man for life and render all his work in the world ineffective. He has missed a training in criticism, in analysis, in open-mindedness, in the resolutely impersonal treatment of personal problems, which no other training can compensate. He is, for the most part, condemned to live in a mental jungle where his arm will soon be too feeble to clear away the growths that enclose him and his eyes too weak to find the light.

While, however, I had adopted without knowing it, the best course to steel the power of thinking and to render possible a patient, humble, self-forgetful attitude toward Nature, there were times when I became painfully, almost despairingly, conscious of the unsatisfied cravings of the religious impulse. These moods tended to become more rather than less acute. They were emphasized even by the books I read, which argued that religion, in the only sense in which I understood religion, was unnecessary and that science, whether or not formulated into a creed, furnished all that we need to ask in this direction. I well remember the painful feelings with which I read at this time D. F. Strauss's *The Old Faith and the New*. It is a scientific creed set down in old age, with much comfortable complacency, by a man who found considerable satisfaction in the evening of life in the enjoyment of Haydn's quartettes and Munich brown beer. They are both excellent things, as I am now willing to grant, but they are a sorry source of inspiration when one is seventeen and consumed by a thirst for impossibly remote ideals. Moreover, the philosophic horizon of this man was as limited and as prosaic as the æsthetic atmosphere in which he lived. I had to acknowledge to myself that the scientific principles of the universe, as Strauss laid them down, presented, so far as I knew, the utmost scope in which the human spirit could move. But what a poor scope!

I had the feeling that the universe was a sort of factory filled by an inextricable web of wheels and looms and flying shuttles, in a deafening din. That, it seemed, was the world as the most competent scientific authorities declared it to be made. It was a world I was prepared to accept, and yet a world in which, I felt, I could only wander restlessly, an ignorant and homeless child. Sometimes, no doubt, there were other visions of the universe a little less disheartening, such as that presented by Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*, but the dominant

feeling always was that while the scientific outlook, the outlook of Darwin and Huxley, commended itself to me as presenting a sound view of the world, on the emotional side I was a stranger to that world, if indeed I would not, with Omar, 'shatter it to bits.'

At the same time, it must be noted, there was no fault to find with the general trend of my life and activities. I was fully occupied, with daily duties as well as with the actively interested contemplation of an ever enlarging intellectual horizon. This was very notably the case at the age of nineteen, three years after all vestiges of religious faith had disappeared from the psychic surface.

I was still interested in religious and philosophic questions, and it so chanced that at this time I reread the *Life in Nature* of James Hinton, who had already attracted my attention as a genuine man of science with yet a very original and personal grasp of religion. I had read the book six months before and it had not greatly impressed me. Now, I no longer know why, I read it again, and the effect was very different. Evidently by this time my mind had reached a stage of saturated solution which needed, by the shock of the right contact, to recrystallize in forms that were a revelation to me. Here evidently the right contact was applied. Hinton in this book showed himself a scientific biologist who carried the mechanistic explanations of life even further than was then usual. But he was a man of a highly passionate type of intellect, and what might otherwise be formal and abstract was for him soaked in emotion. Thus, while he saw the world as an orderly mechanism, he was not content, like Strauss, to stop there and see nothing else. As he viewed it, the mechanism was not the mechanism of a factory, it was vital, with all the glow and warmth and beauty of life; it was, therefore, something which not only the intellect might accept, but the heart might cling to. The bearing of this conception on my state of mind is obvious. It acted with the swiftness of an electric contact; the dull aching tension was removed; the two opposing psychic tendencies were fused in delicious harmony, and my whole attitude toward the universe was changed. It was no longer an attitude of hostility and dread, but of confidence and love. My self was one with the not-self; my will, one with the universal will. I seemed to walk in light; my feet scarcely touched the ground; I had entered a new world.

The effect of that swift revolution was permanent. At first there was a moment or two of wavering, and the primary exaltation soon subsided into an attitude of calm serenity toward all those questions that had once seemed so torturing. In regard to all these matters I had become permanently satisfied and at rest, yet absolutely unfettered and free. I was not troubled about the origin of the soul, or about the destiny of the soul; I was entirely prepared to accept any analysis of the soul which might commend itself as reasonable. Neither was I troubled about the existence of any superior being or beings, and I was ready to see that all the words and forms by which men try to picture to themselves spiritual realities are mere metaphors and images of an inward experience. There was not a single clause in my religious creed, because I held no creed. I had found that all dogmas were — not as I had once imagined, true, not as I had afterwards supposed, false — but the mere empty shadows of intimate personal experiences. I had become indifferent to shadows for I held the substance. I had sacrificed what I counted dearest at the call of what seemed to be

Truth, and now I was repaid a thousand-fold. Henceforth I could face life with confidence and joy, for my heart was at one with the world, and whatever might prove to be in harmony with the world could not be out of harmony with me.

Yet, as the acute reader cannot fail to observe, nothing whatever had happened, and I had not gained one single definite belief that could be expressed in a scientific formula or hardened into a religious creed. That, indeed, is the essence of such a process. A 'conversion' is not, as is often assumed, a turning toward a belief. More strictly, it is a turning round, a revolution; it has no primary reference to any external object. To put the matter a little more precisely, the change is fundamentally a readjustment of psychic elements to each other, enabling the whole machine to work harmoniously. There is no necessary introduction of new ideas, and there is much more likely to be a casting out of dead ideas which have clogged the vital process. The soul had not been in harmony with itself; now it is revolving truly on its own axis, and in doing so it simultaneously finds its true orbit in the cosmic system. In becoming one with itself it becomes one with the universe.[1]

Thus may be explained what may seem to some the curious fact that I never for a moment thought of accepting as a gospel the book which had brought me a stimulus of such inestimable value. The person in whom 'conversion' takes place is usually told that the process is connected in some magical manner with a supernatural influence of some kind, a book, a creed, a church, or what not. I had read this book before, and it had left me unmoved; I knew that the change had its source in me, and not in the book. I never looked into the book again; I cannot tell when or how my copy of it disappeared; for all that I know, having accomplished its mission, it was drawn up again to Heaven in a sheet. As regards James Hinton, I was interested in him before the date of the episode here narrated; I am interested in him still.

It may further be noted that this process of 'conversion' cannot be regarded as the outcome of despair. The unfortunate individual, we sometimes imagine, who is bereft of religious faith, sinks deeper and deeper into despondency, until finally he unconsciously seeks relief from his woes by plunging into an abyss of emotions, thereby committing intellectual suicide. On the contrary, the period in which this event occurred was far from a period of dejection, either mental or physical. I was fully occupied; I lived a healthy, open-air life, in a fine climate, amid beautiful scenery; I was reveling in new studies and the growing consciousness of new powers. Instead of being the ultimate stage in a process of descent, my psychic revolution might much

[1] The simple and essential outlines of 'conversion' have sometimes been obscured to the psychologists of religion because they have chiefly studied it within the churches among people whose prepossessions and superstitions have rendered it a highly complex process, and mixed it up with questions of right and wrong living which, important as they are, properly form no part of religion. The man who waits to lead a decent life until he has 'saved his soul' is not likely to possess a soul that is worth saving. Long ago Edith Simcox (in a passage of her *Natural Law* which chanced to strike my attention very soon after the episode above narrated) well described 'conversion' as a 'spiritual revolution,' not based on any single rational consideration but due to the 'cumulative evidence of cognate impressions' resulting at a particular moment, not in a change in belief, but in a total rearrangement and recoloring of beliefs and impressions, with the supreme result that the order of the universe is apprehended no longer as hostile but as friendly. This is the fundamental fact of 'conversion.' — The Author.

more fittingly be regarded as the climax of an ascending movement.

Moreover, — and this is a point on which I would insist, — nothing had here taken place which by any effort of imagination could be described as intellectual suicide. On the intellectual side no change had taken place. No new creed or dogma had been adopted; it might rather be said that, on the contrary, some prepossessions, hitherto unconscious, had been realized and cast out. The operations of reason, so far from being fettered, could be effected with greater freedom and on a larger scale.

The religious process, we may observe again, had throughout directly contributed to strengthen the scientific attitude. The mere fact that one is impelled by the sincerity of one's religious faith to question, to analyze, and finally to destroy one's religious creed, is itself an incomparable training for the intelligence. In this task reason is submitted to the hardest tests; it has every temptation to allow itself to be lulled into sleepy repose or cajoled into specious reconciliations. If it is true to itself here it is steeled for every other task in the world, for no other task can ever demand so complete a self-sacrifice at the call of Truth. Indeed the final restoration of the religious impulse on a higher plane may itself be said to reinforce the scientific impulse, for it removes that sense of psychic disharmony which is a subconscious fetter on the rational activity. The new inward harmony, proceeding from a psychic centre that is at one alike with itself and with the not-self, imparts confidence to every operation of the intellect. All the metaphysical images of faith in the unseen — too familiar in the mystical experiences of men of all religions to need specification — are now on the side of science. For he who is thus held in his path can pursue that path with serenity and trust, however daring its course may sometimes seem.

It appears to me, therefore, on the basis of personal experience, that the process thus outlined is a natural process. The harmony of the religious impulse with the scientific impulse is not merely a conclusion to be deduced from the history of the past. It is a living fact to-day. However obscured it may be in many cases, the process lies in human nature and is still open to all to experience.

III

If the development of the religious instinct and the development of the scientific instinct are alike natural, and if the possibility of the harmony of the two instincts is a verifiable fact of experience, how is it, one may ask, that there has ever been any dispute on the matter? Why has not this natural experience been the experience of all?

Various considerations may help to make clear to us how it has happened that a process which might reasonably be supposed to be intimate and sacred should have become so obscured and so deformed that it has been fiercely bandied about by opposing factions. At the outset, as we have seen, among comparatively primitive peoples, it really is a simple and natural process carried out harmoniously with no sense of conflict. A man, it would seem, was not then overburdened by the still unwritten traditions of the race. He was comparatively free to exercise his own impulses unfettered by the chains forged out of the dead impulses of those who had gone before him.

It is the same still among uncultivated persons of our own race in civilization. I well remember how once during a long ride through the Australian bush with a settler, a quiet uncommunicative man with whom I had long been

acquainted, he suddenly told me how at times he would ascend to the top of a hill and become lost to himself and to everything as he stood in contemplation of the scene around him. Those moments of ecstasy, of self-forgetful union with the Divine beauty of Nature, were entirely compatible with the rational outlook of a simple, hard-working man who, at such moments, had in his own humble way, like Moses, met God in a mountain. There can be no doubt that such an experience is not uncommon among simple folk unencumbered by tradition, even when of civilized race.

The burden of written traditions, of formalized conventions, of stereotyped castes, has too often proved fatal alike to the manifestations of the religious impulse and of the scientific impulse. It is unnecessary to point out how easily this happens in the case of the religious impulse. It is only too familiar to us how, when the impulse of religion first germinates in the young soul, the ghouls of the Church rush out of their caverns, seize on the unhappy victim of the divine effluence and proceed to assure him that his rapture is not a natural manifestation as free as the sunlight and as gracious as the unfolding of a rose, but the manifest sign that he has been branded by a supernatural force and fettered for ever to a dead theological creed. Too often he is thus caught by the bait of his own rapture; the hook is firmly fixed in his jaw and he is drawn whither his blind guides will; his wings droop and fall away; so far as the finer issues of life are concerned he is done for and damned.

But the process is not so very different on the scientific side, though here it is more subtly concealed. The youth in whom the natural impulse of science arises is sternly told that the spontaneous movement of his intelligence toward Nature and Truth is nothing, for the one thing needful is that he shall be put to discipline, and trained in the scientific traditions of the ages. The desirability of such training for the effective questioning of Nature is so clear that both teacher and pupil are apt to overlook the fact that it involves much that is not science at all: all sorts of dead traditions, unrealized fragments of ancient metaphysical systems, prepossessions and limitations, conscious or unconscious, the obedience to arbitrary authorities. So that the actual outcome may be that the finally accomplished man of science has as little of the scientific impulse as the fully fledged religious man need have of the religious impulse; he becomes the victim of another kind of ecclesiastical sectarianism.

There is one special piece of ancient metaphysics which, until recently, scientific and religious sects have alike combined to support: the conception of 'matter.' This conception has been of primary importance in distorting the scientific spirit and in creating an artificial opposition between science and religion. All sorts of antique metaphysical peculiarities were attributed to 'matter,' and they were mostly of a bad character; all the good qualities were attributed to 'spirit'; 'matter' played the Devil's part to the more divine 'spirit.' Thus it was that 'materialistic' came to be a term signifying all that is most heavy, opaque, depressing, soul-destroying and diabolical in the universe. The party of traditionalized religion fostered this conception and the party of traditionalized science frequently adopted it, cheerily proposing to find infinite potentialities in this despised metaphysical substance.

Yet 'matter' — as psychologically minded philosophers at last began to point out — is merely a substance we have ourselves invented to account for

our sensations. We see, we touch, we hear, we smell, and by a brilliant synthetic effort of intelligence we put together all these sensations and picture to ourselves 'matter' as being the source of them. It is a useful working hypothesis; it is nothing more. Science itself is slowly purging 'matter' of its complicated metaphysical properties. That 'matter,' the nature of which Dr. Johnson, as Boswell tells us, thought he had settled by 'striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone,' is coming to be looked upon as merely an electrical emanation. We now accept even that transmutation of the elements of which the alchemists once dreamed.

It is true that gravitation is still a mysterious puzzle, and that we still think of 'matter' as having weight. But so cautious a physicist as Sir Joseph Thomson has lately only felt able to say that weight is an 'apparently invariable property of matter.' Evidently we are approaching a time when 'matter' will be regarded as almost as 'ethereal' as 'spirit.' The spontaneous affirmation of the mystic that he lives in the spiritual world here and now, will then be, in other words, merely the same affirmation which the man of science has more laboriously reached. The man, therefore, who is terrified by 'materialism' has reached the final outpost of absurdity. He is a simple-minded person who places his own hand before his eyes and cries out in horror, 'The Universe has disappeared!'

We have not only to realize how our own prepossessions and the metaphysical figments of our own creation have obscured the simple realities of religion and science alike; we have also to see that our timid dread lest religion should kill our science, or science kill our religion, is equally fatal here. He who would gain his life must be willing to lose it, and it is by being honest to one's self and to the facts, by applying courageously the measuring-rod of Truth, that in the end salvation is found.

Here, indeed, the Pragmatist smilingly comes up and assures us that by adopting such a method we shall thereby merely put ourselves in the wrong and endure much unnecessary suffering. There is no such thing as 'Truth,' he declares, regarded as an objective impersonal reality; we do not 'discover' truth, we invent it. Therefore it is our business to invent a truth which shall harmoniously satisfy the needs of our nature and aid our efficiency in practical life. Certainly the philosophers, and notably Nietzsche, have of late years loved to analyze the idea of 'truth' and to show that it by no means signifies what we used to suppose it signified. But to show that truth is fluid is by no means to show that we can at will play fast and loose with it to suit our own convenience. If we do we merely find ourselves, at the end, in a pool where we must tramp round and round in intellectual slush out of which there is no issue. One may well doubt whether the Pragmatist himself has ever invented his truth that way. He would be in the same position with a man who, having convinced himself that all actions are determined, and not the outcome of free will, were on that account to drift effortlessly along the course of self-indulgence. In that connection, practically the best result is attained by the man who acts as though free will were a reality and who exerts it. And in this matter, also, practically, in the end, the best result is attained by assuming that truth is an objective reality which we must patiently seek, and in accordance with which we must discipline our own wayward impulses.

No doubt it might be said, from the pragmatic point of view, that if the use of the measuring-rod of truth as an

objective standard produces the best practical results, that use is pragmatically justified. But if so, we are in exactly the same position as before the Pragmatist arrived; we can get on as well without him, if not better, for we run the risk that he may confuse the issues for us. It may be said, without paradox, that the real value of the Pragmatist lies, not in the pragmatic but in the theoretic field.

It is not only the Pragmatist's well-meant efforts to find an easy reconciliation of belief and practice, and indirectly the concord of religion and science, that come to grief because he has not realized that the walls of the spiritual world can be scaled only with much expenditure of treasure, with blood and sweat, that he cannot glide luxuriously to Heaven in his motor-car. We are also met by the Intuitionist. It is no accident that the Intuitionist so often walks hand in hand with the Pragmatist; they are engaged in the same tasks.

Plotinus in the third century invented intuition; Bergson has skillfully rejuvenated it in our own day. A sound foundation certainly exists for the brilliant Bergsonian edifice. There is, we have seen, the impulse of science which must work through intelligence; there is, also, the impulse of religion in the satisfaction of which intelligence can only take a very humble place in the ante-chamber of the sanctuary. To admit, therefore, that reason cannot extend into the religious sphere is absolutely sound so long as we realize that reason has a coördinate right to lay down the rules of intelligence. But in men of the metaphysical type, in thinkers like Plotinus and like Bergson, two tendencies are alike so deeply implanted that they cannot escape them: they are not only impelled to go beyond intelligence, but they are also impelled to carry intelligence with them outside its sphere. The sphere of intelligence is limited, says Bergson, and he is right; the soul has other impulses besides that of intelligence, and life needs more than knowledge for its complete satisfaction. But in Bergson's metaphysical hands the faculty of intuition which is to supplant that of intelligence itself results in a product which is called 'knowledge,' and so spuriously bears the hallmark which belongs to the product of intelligence. In the skill by which that change is effected we witness the fine sleight of hand which has long made Bergson so supreme a conjurer in the metaphysical world.

But the result is disastrous. Not only is an illegitimate confusion introduced, but by attributing to the impulse of religion a character which it is neither entitled to nor in need of, we merely discredit it in the eyes of intelligence. Bergson, even in denying intelligence, is himself so predominantly and pervadingly intelligent that in entering what is for him the sphere of religion he still moves in an atmosphere of rarified intelligence. He is further from the Kingdom of Heaven than the simple man who is quite incapable of understanding the Bergsonian theory of duration, but yet may be able to follow his own religious impulse without foisting into it an intellectual content. For even the simple man may be one with the great mystics, who all declare that the unspeakable quality they have acquired, as Eckhart puts it, 'hath no image.' It is not in the sphere of intelligence, it brings no knowledge, although it supplements knowledge and may inspire it or be inspired by it; it is the outcome of the natural instinct of the individual soul.

No doubt there really are people in whom the instincts of religion and of science alike are developed in so rudimentary a degree, if developed at all, that they never become conscious.

Even the instinct of sex, which is much more fundamental than either of these, is not absolutely essential. A very little bundle of instincts and impulses is indispensable to a man on his way down the path of life to a peaceful and humble grave. A man's equipment of tendencies, on the lowest plane, needs to be more complex and diverse than an oyster's, yet not so very much more. The equipment of the higher animals, moreover, is needed less for the good of the individual than for the good of the race. We need not, therefore, be surprised if the persons in whom the superfluous instincts are rudimentary fail to understand them, confusing them and overlaying them with each other and with much that is outside both. The wonder would be if it were otherwise.

When all deduction has been made of the mental and emotional confusions which have obscured men's vision, we cannot fail to conclude, it seems to me, that Science and Mysticism are far nearer to each other than some would have us believe. At the beginning of human culture, far from being opposed, they may even be said to be identical. From time to time, in later ages, brilliant examples have appeared of men who have possessed both instincts in a high degree and have even fused the two together; while among the humble in spirit and the lowly in intellect it is probable that in all ages innumerable men have by instinct harmonized their religion with their intelligence. But as the accumulated experiences of civilization have been preserved and handed on from generation to generation, the free and vital play of the instincts has been largely paralyzed. On each side fossilized traditions have accumulated so thickly, the garments of dead metaphysics have been wrapped so closely around every manifestation alike of the religious instinct and the scientific instinct, that not many persons can succeed in revealing one of these instincts in its naked beauty, and very few in thus revealing both instincts. Hence a perpetual antagonism.

It may be, however, that we are beginning to realize that there are no metaphysical formulæ to suit all men, but that every man must find his own philosophy. Thus it is becoming easier than it was before to liberate ourselves from a dead metaphysics, and so to give free play alike to the religious instinct and the scientific instinct. A man must not swallow more beliefs than he can digest; no man can absorb all the traditions of the past; what he fills himself with will only be a poison to work to his own auto-intoxication.

Along all these lines we see more clearly than before the real harmony between Mysticism and Science. We see, also, that all arguments are meaningless until we gain personal experience. One must win one's own place in the spiritual world, painfully and alone. There is no other way of salvation. The Promised Land always lies on the other side of a wilderness.

WHEN HANNAH VAR EIGHT YAR OLD

BY KATHERINE PEABODY GIRLING

'WERE you a little girl, Hannah, when you came to America?' I asked.

'No,' she replied, letting her sewing fall in her lap as her grave eyes sought mine slowly, 'I var a big girl eight yar old.'

'Eight years old? How big you must have been! Can you tell me about it? Why you came?'

The recent accounts of people driven to America by tragedy, or drawn by a larger hope of finding a life to live in addition to earning a living, had colored my thoughts for days. Have all immigrants — the will-less, leaden people who pass in droves through our railway stations; the patient, indifferent toilers by the roadside; the maids who cook and mend for us; this girl who sits sewing with me to-day — a memory and a vision? Is each of them in some degree a Mary Antin? So I closed the magazine and asked her. — 'A big girl eight yar old,' she said.

'Oh, well,' Hannah explained, 'in Old Country if you are eight yar old and comes younger child'n in familie, you are old woman; you gotta be, or who shall help de moder?'

'Yes? Did your father and mother bring you?' I continued, probing for the story.

'No, — fader and moder var daid. My h'aunt, my fader's broder's wife, se came for us. It cost her twenty-eight dollar, but se do it.'

'But surely you can't go to Sweden and return for twenty-eight dollars!'

'Seventeen yar ago, yes, but of course you must to take your own providings. It don't require much.' Hannah's shoulders drew together expressively. 'Madam knows she is apt to miss her appetite at sea!'

'But too well.' I shrugged sympathetically. Then we both laughed.

'I can to tell you how it is I came on Ahmericah, but' — Hannah waited for words to express her warning — 'it will make you a sharp sadness.'

'Please.'

'I don't know if I can tell it to you good, but I tell it so good as I can. My fader he var Swedish fisherman vat h'own his boat and go away by weeks and weeks, and sometimes comes strong wedder and he can't make it to get home quick. My moder se var German.' Hannah hesitated, and then in lowered tones of soft apology added, 'Se var a ver' pretty woman. Var three child'n more as me — Olga var six yar old, and Hilda four, and Jens — well, Jens var just a baby, suppose yar and half. We live in a little house close on by de sea. It is yust a little house, but it can to have a shed with a floor of stone. The door of de shed is broken so it is like a window mitout glass.

'The house is close on by a big dock where in somer-time comes big excursion-steamer mit — suppose hundert tourist people who climb on de mountain up de road. My moder se sell dem hot coffee, also bread and cheese, but dat is not de reason why we live in de little so lonesome house. It is de big dock is de reason. My fader he can to come home from late fishings mitout needing dat he sall walk on de roads.

In Sweden in winter de roads swallow snow till it makes dangersome to you to walk because hides holes to step in. We live dare all somer, but in late autumn my fader he say, "What about de winter?"

'My moder se say, "I don't know, but anyway ve try it vonce."

'Den my fader he go avay in his boad and my moder se get bad cold and comes sickness on her, and ven se could n't to keep care on us by reason se is too weak, se lay on de cot in de kitchen-room and vatch on me dat I sall learn to keep care on de child'n.'

'But what did you live on? How did you keep warm?'

'Oh, — is plenty fuel, and ve make hot stew of dried meat mit rice and raisins.

'One day my moder se say me, "Hannah," se say, "you bain a big girl, I must to tell you sometings. You fader is very late, it seems, and winter comes now. I cannot to wait much more. It is soon I got to go. You must n't take a fear of me if I come all white like de snow and don't talk mit you any more. De little child'n dey will take a fear and cry. I cannot to bring a fear on my little child'n."

'So se tell me what I sall do — I sall close bot' her eyes up and tie her hands togeder and lock de shed door.'

'The shed door!'

'Ya.'

Hannah had resumed her sewing. Her thread fairly snapped as stitch fell by even stitch with monotonous rhythm. In quiet, uneventful tone she continued, —

'So one night pretty soon se make dat I sall bring her best nightgown and help her mit to put it on. Den se kiss de little child'n in dair sleepings and se sit on a stool by de fire and say I sall put Jens in her arms. Se try to rock back and fort' and se sing on him a little hymn. But se is too weak, and I must to take him. Den se put on me a shawl and tie it behind under my arms, and se lean heavy on me, and we go out into de shed. My moder se do her bare feet on de stone floor. Se have yust but her nightgown on, but it is her best one with crocheted lace at de neck and wrists. Se tell me I sall put de ironing-board across two chair-seats, but it is too heavy and se sall try to help me, but comes coughing on her and se must to hold on by de shed door. Se look out across de road and de mountain all mit snow white and mit moonlight cold. And blood is on her lips but se wipe it away mit a snow bunch. Well, anyway, we do de ironing-board across de chair-seats and I spread a white sheet and put a head-cushion and my moder lie down and I cover her mit a more other sheet over.

'"Oh, moder," I say, "let me make some warm coverings on you."

'"No," se say, so soft dat I listen mit my ear, "I must to come here while I yet have de stren'th, but I want to go quick away, and in de cold I go more quick. Oh, Hannah!" se say, "my big daughter! You are so comfortable to me!"

'So I hold my moder's hand. Pretty soon it comes cold. I klapp it mit mine, but it comes more cold. I crumple it up and breathe my hot breath in it, but it comes not warm any more. So mit my fader's Sunday handkerchief I bind her eyes like if you play Blindman mit de child'n, and mit an apron-string I tie her hands together. Den I go back and make my hands warm in de kitchen-room and I take de comb down off de string, and I go back to my moder and make her hair in two braids like as I did all when se was sick. My moder se haf very strong hair; it is down by her knees on and so yellow, — so yellow as a copper tea-kettle! It could to haf been red but it yust are not. Den I

lock de shed door and crawl in bed mit de child'n to make me warm.

'Next day I tell de child'n dat moder is gone away. Dey cry some, but pretty soon dey shut up. Anyway, it is so long se haf lain on de cot in de kitchen-room dat dey don't haf to miss her.

'So I keep care on de child'n and play wid dem, and some days go by. Comes stronger wedder mit storms of sleet and snow, and de wind sob and cry. Comes nobody on. At night when de child'n are sleeping I unlock de shed door and go to see if it makes all right mit my moder. Sometimes it is by the moonlight I see on her, but more often it is by a candle-glimmer.'

Hannah broke the subdued tone of her narrative to add in a lower, more confiding note, 'It is mit me now dat when I see a candle on light I haf a sharp sadness.

'Pretty soon de wedder is more better, and comes a man trompling troo de snow to tell my moder dat her husband can't come home yust yet — he is drowned in de sea. When he see how it is mit my moder and mit me and de little child'n, de water stands in his eyes — ya. And he go on, troo de snow, tree, four mile nearer on de city to de big castle where live de lady wat h'own all de land and se come in sleigh mit four horsen and big robes of fur and yingling bells. Se see on my moder and se go quick away, but so soon as it can, se come again and se do on my moder a white robe, heavy mit lace, most beautiful! and white stockings of silk and white slippers broidered mit pearlen. Se leaf my moder's hair, as I fix it, in two braids, but se put a wreath of flowers, white and green, yust like de real ones. Is few real flowers in Sweden in winter. Anyway, dese var like de flowers a girl vat gets married should to wear. Den my lady se send her sleigh dat all de people should come and see on de so brave woman vat could n't to bring a fear on her little child'n. And de people dey make admiration on my moder. Dey say it is de prettiest dey ever see it, and dey make pity dat se could n't to see it herself.' She paused and breathed deeply. 'I wish se could have to seen dose slippers!'

'And did no one tell you that you were a wonderful little girl?'

'Oh, vell — I var eight yar old.'

'But what became of you all?'

'My lady took us home in her sleigh mit — I want to stay mit my moder, but se say I sall come to keep care on de child'n dat dey don't cry. And dey don't cry — dey laugh mit de yingling bells. De need was on me strong, but I don't cry before my lady. Se var great dame vat go in de court mit de queen. Se sent men and dey do my moder in a coffin and carry her to a little chapel house in cemetaire and in de spring ven de snow is gone dey bury her. My lady se put a white stone mit my moder's name and some poetry — I can't to say it good in English, but it says, "The stren'th in the heart of her poor is the hope of Sweden."'

'And then did your aunt come?'

'Ya; my lady se wrote on my fader's broder vat var in Ahmericah. Se say we can to stay mit her, but my onkle he send his wife, and we come back mit her on Ahmericah, und dat is all how I came to be here.'

THE MOTHER CITY

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

ONLY those who have known trouble can know Rome.

The statement, when scrutinized, seems to involve no discrimination, and therefore to be hardly worth making. But indiscriminateness is sometimes worth while, especially when it concerns the Catholic heart of the world. And there is a distinction here: it debars the very young, and the callous and flippant, and the followers of those philosophies that deny or refuse suffering. For all the rest of the world, Rome waits with healing in her hands.

It makes absolutely no difference what kind of trouble drags itself to her ancient gates. She has known and fathomed all kinds herself, and most of them over and over. Loss, failure, treachery, cruelty, desertion, disgrace, sin, — oh, yes, alas! plenty of sin, — destruction, all but annihilation, and the pangs of re-birth. There is literally nothing that she does not understand.

She makes no manner of fuss about her tremendous experience; she does not even invite us to come and sorrow with her. She simply sits and waits upon her Seven Hills. Nor yet, when we do come, does she rise and go forth to meet us with welcome and sympathy. There is not the slightest touch of demonstration in all the abounding comfort which she knows how to give. For she does not give it; that is the truth. Unless we know how to take it for ourselves, we shall never have it. And just here lies the strong secret of her wise beneficence.

How quiet she is! As still and serene as if she were the bride of the morning star, *beatissima*. Where all is immortal, her calm is the most immortal thing about her. Did she ever speak out? One wonders. Back in those proud early days, when her children were piling glory upon glory for her, when she was the mistress of the world, did she ever exult and sing? And then, when those same children turned against her, and when, from without, savage hordes fell upon her, did she lament? Perhaps; but one doubts it. The youth of Rome is as hard to imagine as the youth of the Campagna which girdles her, and which is her super-self, her soul. Have they not together existed forever, and do they not know that all human accidents only serve to form character which shall at last be worthy of its destiny, and that exultation and lamentation are therefore aside from the mark?

Certainly they are still enough now — the two of them who are one. Not necessarily still to the outer ear; tramcars and automobiles have nothing to do with such a hush of the spirit as broods over Rome. Or, perhaps, after all, they have much to do with it; for they are the signs of the new life which flows steadily through the old streets, like the Tiber drawing fresh waves from ancient sources, and which makes the repose of the city a living, instead of a dead, thing. Arrested tumult clamors forever, beating impotently against the barrier of chance which cut it off before it could redeem itself. A

city like Perugia, deserted by modern activity, is loud with petty old battle and conflict, vociferating restlessly in one's inner ear. Even Siena, remote and subdued; even Assisi, sitting down in the beloved footprints of Saint Francis — even these silent places know nothing of the fathomless depth of peace which Rome understands. For she has never ceased to redeem her old distresses by the new hopes and efforts of generation after generation, and she is constantly in process of fulfillment. It may even be not too much to say that the spell of her ruins and churches, instead of suffering from her apartment houses and electric lights, actually owes its vitality to them.

I have said that she will not talk about herself, that she will not explain herself to those who visit her. But they can explain her to themselves and thus can really learn. They cannot do it at once, — they must wait; perhaps they must even go away and come again. Great lessons take time, take patience, take brooding, take unconsciousness.

The humble disciple must wander unhurried through Forum and Colosseum, and climb the Palatine. He must sit on old bits of marble (how old!), beneath broken pillars and arches, and think what all these things stand for: how here, over these very stones, went Scipio, Cato, Cæsar, Horace, how the most important affairs of the world were determined here. He must re-create the old days till he sees the triumphal processions sweep past him, and hears the shouts and the music, and glories in the victory. His heart must be wrung with the old pain too — the anguish of the captive, the shame of the oppressor. Then, stern and stricken in soul, he must catch the sudden flaunt of a scarlet poppy out of the tail of his eye, and, looking up quickly, he must find the whole bright contemporary Italian day smiling at him. Nay, it is something more than the day that smiles at him out of that blue, blue sky, beyond and above the slender columns of the ruined temple; and a most reassuring voice says, 'Yes, even so. So it has been, and so it is, and so it shall be, eternally so as I have decreed.'

It is not so much a return to the present that the mind makes, after a session like this, as an association of past and present and future in one comprehensive now. Heaven and Rome eternally are — the One working through the other stupendous things, the sum of which is not yet complete. Of course, there is no hurry then, no room for complaint or fear, no anxiety. It is this that makes Rome so still: she knows that God is God.

In a sense, time is nothing to her; and yet it is everything. It is certainly everything to the pilgrim who weighs his little feather in the huge scales before him, and is heartened and ashamed. Forty years! That is the most that the average pilgrim has yet to look forward to living when he comes to Rome for comfort. Forty years! Why, the very stones might laugh at him. The length of time is hardly enough to settle a fallen fragment in its place and make it comfortably ready to share the life of the earth which has reclaimed it; it was not enough to solve many a single problem out of the thousands that vexed the city in the old days.

Forty years! As one sits among the tombs on the Appian Way and looks back to see the funeral processions pass, there is an unbroken succession of mourners silently moving up to take their places as the mourned, and between mourned and mourner there is but the space between summer cloud and cloud. Literally on the heels of one another, the generations press to

the kindly tomb. One can only smilingly pity the sorrow of a person who laid his beloved away two thousand and seventy years ago, and took his place beside her two thousand and thirty years ago. Their two urns must appear precisely as old the one as the other.

But there is another way of looking at this time question that makes for shame rather than for smiling. What about Rome herself, the immortal, yet the supremely human? She has a soul that suffers and hopes, that is rent with vicissitudes vaster than any that ever fell to one mortal lot; and in all her twenty-seven hundred years, she has never known the relief of death. It is little wonder that she is grave, with a profound melancholy breathing through all her ancient ways; and, perhaps, if we knew God better, we should find it equally little wonder that she is so undisturbed. But the latter effect is admirable, however we may reason or speculate about it; and it abashes one who compares it with his own feverish outcries over his few transient troubles. Ah, Rome, mother! when thou hast borne so many and such bitter woes, and art so grandly at peace, can we not at least be still?

Mother! That is what Rome is to us all, whether or not we choose to acknowledge the relationship — the mightiest mother of men that ever took shape in a city. Mother of our physical life first of all, in the civilization that has its roots securely in her; then mother of our souls in our religion. We of the Far West are so remote in space and time, in sect and language and education, that we are often quite unconscious of the obscure maternal bond, and do not even recognize it when we feel it gripping our hearts at the first glimpse of the blue Dome across the Campagna. Yet it is nothing else than a filial impulse that actuates our profound response, our sense of belonging, our feeling of returning from a far country. We cannot come to stay, for, after all, the far country is ours now and we love it best; but it is worth everything to us, in the deepening and strengthening of life, to grope our way back to old sources and find a brimming fountain-head.

It is as mother that she gathers us — or lets us gather ourselves — about her mighty knees in the midst of her ruins and churches, and takes us back to her mighty heart to learn once more of her. I have said that she never practices any demonstration; but it may happen to one now and then to feel a slow arm enfolding him as he sits on the slope of the Palatine in the mellow late afternoon. There is no pressure in the embrace, nor any individual selection. It is like the embrace of the colonnades about the Piazza of Saint Peter's, or, better still, like the embrace of the arm of God in that greatest of great pictures on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. All souls and all ages are held in it in a wide, free compass. Yet, oh, how it comforts! Healing and strength, control and reassurance, are in its encircling gesture; and one feels the faith of all past and future things as one lingers there.

Also I have said that Rome never speaks. But there is an eloquence in her silence that surpasses any sound. This is especially true of the Campagna, the city's super-self. That is an amazing silence out there, instinct with so many songs and sighs, shouts and murmurs, that one listens more intently to it than to any orchestra.

> There is a silence where hath been no sound;
> There is a silence where no sound may be;
> . . . . . .
> But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
> Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
> . . . . . .
> There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

What does it all mean — this undertone, this surging, interminable chant that breaks upon the ear, as one loiters among the tombs or wanders away over the grassy fields? What but the race-song, the human symphony, that, beginning to utter itself untold thousands of years ago, is not finished yet? The same themes are in it from age to age; one generation calls to another in familiar cadences. From the grass that covers the dust which once was an Etruscan village come the voices of our comrades. It behooves us to stoop very carefully then, kneel very reverently, before we lay our ears to this august sod. One cannot cast one's self on the Campagna as on the slope of a New England orchard.

Yet, for all their familiarity, their essential sameness, the themes which we hear are not the exact counterparts of the themes of the twentieth century. There is development in the latter; at least, we must believe that there is, or we shall hardly have the heart to go on singing. But there is an appeal in the former, too, which they did not know when they were first uttered, which they have acquired from listening to the later movements of the great symphony. 'You are going to save us at last, are you not?' — somewhat thus runs the anxious burden of their inquiry. 'We have waited a long time, and we are not yet satisfied that our old pain was worth while, our blind, groping effort. Unless we have given birth to our saviors, it were better not to have been.'

The stimulus of an unexplored country, waiting to be shaped to human ends, is as nothing compared to the urging of the Roman Campagna, where the past cries to the present for justification. One kneels in the grass, and looks out across the mysterious, rolling country, with its scattered, broken columns and its marching aqueducts, to the Dome, the abiding Dome, hung in the air; and one bows the head as one thinks how far short of our destiny we have all come in two thousand years.

Just as Rome owes half its significance to the Campagna, so the Campagna depends upon Rome for the secret of its spell. There are moments and places among the gently swelling hills when one can almost look about as on common grass and flowers, when the sky and the distant mountains wear the careless serenity which belongs to Nature in her universal moods. Both relief and disappointment lie in the experience. One's heart is lightened of a load, but something precious vanishes. One has only to climb a slope, however, or travel to a bend in the road, and, looking citywards, find the Dome, to be smitten with a renewed realization of awful import in every blade and stone. It is Nature herself that vanishes then, clothing herself with a solemn garb of significance above her simple, familiar robes, just as the priest before the altar veils himself, becomes more than himself, in his chasuble.

Nature always stands for God, and the priest always stands for man; but it is when they stand for both together that they command our best adoration. In like manner, the Dome, which represents the principle of the incarnation of God in man, works the most inevitable of all transformations upon the world about it. The human garment of the Campagna is wrought of ruins and roads and buried cities, aqueducts and broken walls, shepherds' huts and glimpses of white towns on distant hills; but the great clasp, holding it all together, is the blue Dome in the air.

In another figure, the Dome is the magical helmet which the Campagna has only to don to step from its sim-

plicity into a position of profound significance. Nothing else arrests and moves us so potently, nor can we ever escape its dominance. We climb Monte Cavo only to sit and look at it across the purple plain. We go to Frascati, and turn our backs on the enchanted gardens that we may search out the blue curve in the hazy distance, and, having found it, give ourselves over to its contemplation. What an inscrutable air of expectation it has! It waits even more than it warns and commands; it waits and watches. In the mean time, those buried Campagna tongues urge us: how long? how long?

It is hard to see how any one can think of Rome as a dead city when it wears this expectancy. Sometimes it carries itself almost as if it had not yet begun to live at all. It treats its great past as a glorious, solemn, and costly throne on which it has climbed to sit and await its future. In the Sistine Chapel, in one of the triangles devoted to the ancestors of Christ, there is a woman who seems to me to have taken the very attitude of Rome. She is seated on the ground, the common throne of our race, — and no less glorious, solemn, and costly than any other seat, — and she leans with one elbow on her knee and her cheek against her hand. The other hand hangs down before her, empty, yet not nerveless, a strong, vital hand, ready to grasp and hold. Her whole bearing is that of one who waits, but there is no suggestion of vagueness or idleness about her. Her head is erect, and her wide eyes gaze forward, outward, steady and bright. What is it that she sees?

Even so, Rome gazes over the heads of the present generations, not ignoring them, but pointing their attention forward with hers, absorbed in the wonderful vision of things to come. We know now that the vision of the woman in the Sistine Chapel was the first coming of Christ; but Rome's anticipation is still obscure to us. Perhaps she does not see it clearly herself; she only divines it. But she is so very sure of it that we must be sure, too.

No mother of men would be perfectly fitted for her great function unless she could sympathize with joy as well as with sorrow; for, mostly sober though life is, it still has hours of sufficient ecstasy. And doubtless this paper's opening sentence ought to have for its corollary the statement that only those who have known delight can know the Eternal City. Certainly, Rome has moods of glory which meet and challenge the most exultant heart. Take her in mid-spring, when the roses are blooming everywhere, rioting over the walls and the gateways, climbing the stems of the tall stone pines, lurking amid the ruins, dancing from window to window down the length of a sober street; when the fountains flash in the open squares, and dream among the bird-haunted shadows of the ilex groves; when the Forum and Palatine are soft with vines and gay with poppies; when the marbles in the museums glow and the mosaics in the churches sparkle like jewels; when the Campagna grass is so thick with flowers that one can hardly walk, and the larks singing over it are 'unbodied joys.' Rome is a sheer intoxication then. There is nothing to do but give one's self over to her in her present aspect, not remembering her past or speculating upon her future, but glorying utterly with her in her immediate day. One sits by the hour in the Borghese or Medici gardens, dreaming with the fountains; one occupies an intense, narrow shadow on the edge of the Colosseum arena, and looks up at the great sweep of the sun-baked walls, with little care for their significance, but with a dazzled appreciation of their moun-

tain-range effect against the vivid sky; one even kneels on the old pavements of the serene, cool churches, and forgets that they were not made yesterday. Color and fragrance, warmth and song — that is Rome in May.

But that is also Paris and Naples; and there is all the difference in the world between the spring moods of the two latter cities and that of Rome. Spring, to an habitually sober heart, is a disturbing, tormenting affair in Paris or Naples. It is so reckless in its disregard of the graver aspects of life, so wholly committed to the cause of pleasure. If you cannot rejoice with it, it leaves you in the lurch. With a precipitate gesture, it flings its beautiful, grave winter garment into the fire and springs forth in a nakedness which does all very well for the strong and the glad, but which disconcerts the pensive. Rome does not do that. She divests herself soberly and deliberately, not flinging her garment from her, but laying it aside. Then, in the midst of her revels, she keeps her wise, watchful eyes on her children; and when she sees any of them flag and falter, she points to the ample, abandoned folds, lying close at hand. 'Go and creep back again,' she counsels. 'The stress is too much for you. I understand. It was so with me once, too. One has to suffer a great deal before one learns how to bear sustained delight. Go and shelter yourselves and rest. I will join you pretty soon.'

Thus, though she understands joy, there is no thoughtlessness in her *abandon*, no real forgetfulness of the burden of the years. She invites her children to dance with her, coaxing them gently; but when they will not, she covers them with her cloak and then lays them down where she can find them again quickly.

Rome has many watchwords, but perhaps Quietness is the best of them all. Over her gates might be written, 'In returning and in rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.'

Returning! One wonders about that. Some of us have wandered so far. And 'are they not all the seas of God?' One wonders very much. But at least such partial returning as we can all make from time to time is profoundly good for us; and we acknowledge a regeneration in the touch of our Mother City.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN

A CONFEDERATE PORTRAIT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

BENJAMIN was a Jew. He was born a British subject. He made a brilliant reputation at the Louisiana Bar and was offered a seat in the United States Supreme Court. He became United States senator. When his state seceded, he went with it, and filled three cabinet positions under the Confederacy. He fell with the immense collapse of that dream fabric. Then, at the age of fifty-four, he set himself to build up a new fortune and a new glory; and he died one of the most successful and respected barristers in London. Such a career seems to offer piquant matter for portraiture. Let us see if it does.

Characteristic of the man at the very outset is his attitude about such portraiture. He will not have it, if he can help it; will not aid in it, destroys all letters and papers that may contribute to it. 'I have never kept a diary, or retained a copy of a letter written by me. . . . I have read so many American biographies which reflected only the passions and prejudices of their writers, that I do not want to leave behind me letters and documents to be used in such a work about myself.' And he is said to have quoted early advice given him to the effect that the secret of human happiness was the destruction of writing. On this principle he acted and by so doing certainly made my task more difficult. Indeed, it would have been impossible, except for the researches of Professor Pierce Butler, whose excellent biography must form the basis of all future writing about the Jewish lawyer and statesman.

But if Benjamin's view of biography and its materials is characteristic in its secretiveness, it is also characteristic in its limitation and inadequacy. I take him to have been an honest man. Now, an honest man has nothing to gain by destroying records. Talleyrand spent hours of his retirement in burning paper after paper. John Quincy Adams spent hours, both of active life and retirement, in noting every detail of his existence for posterity. Has he not gained by it? Is there a line of his that does not emphasize his honesty, his dignity, his human worth? Do we not love Pepys far better for his minute confessions, even if he loses a little of his bewigged respectability? No; Benjamin's endeavors to conceal himself remind me a good deal of the ostrich which rests satisfied when it has left perfectly obvious the least intelligent part of it.

The truth is, destruction of records hampers only the honest investigator. The partisan and the scandal-monger remain wholly indifferent. Professor Butler's earnest efforts have accomplished everything possible, in the scarcity of material, to clear his favorite; but Benjamin's popular reputation will probably continue what it was at the end of the war. That is,

both North and South will regard him with dislike approaching to contempt. 'The ability of Benjamin was undoubted,' says Mr. Rhodes, expressing the mildest Northern view, 'but he was by many considered untrustworthy.' And the same authority sees nothing in the Secretary's career incompatible with complicity in the raid on St. Albans and the attempt to burn New York. A few Southern amenities may also be cited. 'The oleaginous Mr. Benjamin,' Wise calls him, 'his keg-like form and over-deferential manner suggestive of a prosperous shopkeeper.' 'The hated Jew,' says Dodd, 'whom the President had retained at his council table, despite the protests of the Southern people and press.' And Foote sums him up choicely as 'Judas Iscariot Benjamin.'

It is our affair, from the mass of anecdote and recollection, and especially from such scanty evidence as the gentleman himself could not avoid leaving us, to find out how far this attitude is justified.

To begin, then, with Benjamin's professional life; for he was first and last a lawyer, only by avocation a statesman. It is universally recognized that as a pleader in court he had few superiors. His power of direct, lucid statement was remarkable, and no one knew better how to present every remote possibility of argument on either side of a case. Even his admirers confess that he sometimes imposed on himself in this way. His enemies maintain that he was not imposed on at all, but argued for the side that paid him, with serene indifference to the right and wrong of it. And they conclude that in politics he was equally indifferent. They forget, however, that the lawyer's second nature does not always drive out the first. Cicero pleaded for many a client whom he despised. Nevertheless, he was a passionate lover of Rome.

As to Benjamin's oratory, opinions differ. In England more stress was laid on his matter than on his manner. But in America friends and enemies alike seem to agree that he had unusual gifts. On this point mere printed speeches are not sufficient for a judgment. They lack the gesture, the expression, the fire, cunningly simulated or real. But, so far as such printed testimony goes, I fail to find the basis for the extravagant praise of Benjamin's biographers. His rhetoric is neither better nor worse than that of fifty of his contemporaries, a clever knack of turning large phrases on subjects that breed rhetoric in the very naming of them. His farewell speech in the Senate is lofty and impressive. Who could have failed to be so on such an occasion? He can pass a noble compliment like that to Judge Taney: 'He will leave behind him in the scanty heritage that shall be left for his family the noblest evidence that he died, as he had lived, a being honorable to the earth from which he sprang and worthy of the heaven to which he aspired.' And a few minutes later he can fall into screaming melodrama: 'Accursed, thrice accursed is that fell spirit of party which desecrates the noblest sentiments of the human heart, and which, in the accomplishment of its unholy purposes, hesitates at no violence of assault on all which is held sacred by the wise and good . . . Mr. President, in olden times a viper gnawed a file.'

In both the graces and the defects of Benjamin's oratory it is interesting to note the riches of a well-stored mind. He was a reader all his life, a lover of Shakespeare and the great poets, quoted them and filled his thoughts with them; and this, too, although in youth he was poor and had to fight hard for book hours, perhaps all the sweeter when thus purchased.

But the strongest element of Benjamin's public speaking is a singular frankness and directness. Now and then he comes out with an abrupt sentence that must have struck the Senate like cold water. 'I did not think I could be provoked to say another word on this subject, of which I am heartily sick.' 'If the object [of a certain bill] is to provide for friends and dependents, let us say so openly.' 'For you cannot say two words on this floor on any subject whatever that Kansas is not thrust into your ears.'

If the test of professional ability is success, Benjamin has been surpassed by few. His early income, for America of the fifties, was very large, and when he rebuilt his fortunes in London, his earnings again rose from nothing to seventy or eighty thousand dollars a year. I can find no evidence whatever that these earnings were based upon practice dubious or questionable. His connection with some financial schemes before the war is admitted by his partial biographer to have been unfortunate, if not indiscreet. But certainly his professional standing in Louisiana was totally different from that of a man like Butler in Massachusetts.

Moreover, no one can read the universal testimony to his position at the English bar without believing him to have been a high-minded gentleman. Blaine's contention that the English admired Benjamin because they hated the North must indeed be allowed some weight at the beginning of his career. But no man could have gained increasingly for fifteen years the esteem and personal affection of the first lawyers in London, if he had not deserved it. 'The success of Benjamin at the English Bar is without parallel in professional annals,' says a good authority, and attributes the fact that it excited no jealousy to 'the simplicity of his manners, his entire freedom from assumption, and his kindness of heart.' Lord Coleridge called him 'the common honor of both Bars, of England and of America.' And Sir Henry James, speaking at the farewell dinner given Benjamin on his retirement, said: 'The honor of the English Bar was as much cherished and represented by him as by any man who has ever adorned it, and we all feel that if our profession has afforded him hospitality, he has repaid it, amply repaid it, not only by the reputation which his learning has brought to us, but by that which is far more important, the honor his conduct has gained for us.' Few men can show a higher testimonial to character than that.

Now let us turn to the political aspects of this varied career. The Senate reports in the *Congressional Globe* during the later fifties show how constant and how many-sided was Benjamin's activity. What has struck me especially in some of the large semi-private interests that he espoused is that he failed. He should not have failed. He may have been a great lawyer. To be a great man, he failed too often.

On public questions he invariably took the extreme Southern view; but it is characteristic that he did this without exciting animosity. No senator seems to have been more popular on both sides of the house, and his adversaries regarded him with respect, sometimes even with affection.

When the Confederate government was organized, Benjamin was first made Attorney General. From this position he quickly passed to that of Secretary of War. Here again he was a failure. He had no special knowledge and this made him obnoxious to soldiers. Even his extraordinary quickness and business instinct were hardly equal to learning a new profession in the complicated conditions then prevailing. Charges of laxity and of

corruption amounting to treason are brought against him, I think wholly without foundation. But he struck one rock after another and finally met disaster in the unfortunate affair of Roanoke Island. Wise charged that he was ordered by the Secretary to remain in an impossible position, that powder was refused him, and that thus the War Office led up to the catastrophe. Benjamin remained silent at the time; but it was afterwards explained that there was no powder and that he willingly submitted to public censure rather than reveal the deficiency. This is assuredly to his credit. Congress censured him, however, and a resolution was offered, though tabled, 'that it is the deliberate judgment of this House that the Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, as Secretary of War, has not the confidence of the people of the Confederate States, nor of the Army, to such an extent as to meet the exigencies of the present crisis.'

Upon this, Davis, to show his own confidence in his favorite, transferred him to the still higher post of Secretary of State. It is said that Benjamin here served his chief in innumerable ways, drafting public documents, suggesting and advising on lines quite outside the technical limits of his office. The best known of these activities were in regard to the Hampton Roads Peace Conference, and the proposal to make military use of the Negroes, and even to emancipate them for the sake of securing foreign support. In these attempts also Benjamin failed, or what slight measure of success there was went to the credit of others.

In the State Department proper he devoted all his energy for three years to obtaining foreign recognition — and failed again, where perhaps no one could have succeeded. A side issue in this departmental work has discredited him more seriously than any other charge that can plausibly be brought against him. Acting generally under Davis, he authorized and instructed the agents in Canada who were to attack the Northern states from the rear. These men — Thompson and others — fostered discontent and insurrection everywhere. They planned the raid on St. Albans and the attempt to burn New York city with its thousands of innocent women and children. There is no evidence that Benjamin directly instigated these undertakings. But we know that he received and read Thompson's account of them, and we do not know that he ever expressed any disapproval. Looked at now, in cold blood, they seem without excuse. We can only remind ourselves that passion has strange pleas, and that the whole South believed the North to be capable of worse deeds than any Thompson contemplated; nay, to have done them.

In this matter of the Canadian attempts, Mr. Rhodes is very careful to distinguish Davis from his Secretary, and the historian cannot believe that the Confederate President could have been a partaker in such infamy, but implies that the subordinate officer was much less sensitive. I hardly think Benjamin's character deserves this sharp discrimination. In any case, I have been most interested to find one of the very greatest of Virginia's statesmen and philanthropists explicitly advocating just such an attempt as that to fire New York. 'She' [England], writes Jefferson in 1812, 'may burn New York, indeed, by her ships and Congreve rockets, in which case we must burn the city of London by hired incendiaries, of which her starving manufacturers will furnish abundance.'

In all these manifold schemes of Benjamin I look in vain, so far as the records go, for evidence of large, far-reaching, creative statesmanship. Again and again I ask myself what

Cavour would have thought, have devised, have done in that position. For it is sufficiently manifest that a man of Cavour's type was what the Confederacy needed — and did not get. Yet would any man of that statesmanlike genius and close practical grasp have attempted to solve the impossible problem of reconciling the loose theory of state rights with the fiercely centralized government required to cope with the overwhelming force of the North?

At any rate, Benjamin was no Cavour. His biographer does, indeed, point out that he had something of the dreamy, imaginative side of his race, as shown in the unpractical conceptions of his early business efforts. But dreamers do not make statesmen, usually quite the contrary. And Benjamin's practical statesmanship was, I think, rather of the makeshift order. It is very rare that in his diplomatic papers we find any reference to the cloudy future of the Confederacy, and the only instance in which he amplifies on the subject, predicting that North America is 'on the eve of being divided into a number of independent Governments with rival, if not conflicting, interests,' is distinctly in the nature of a dream.

A dream also, the nightmare of a Jewish prophet, and clung to with a Jewish prophet's tenacity, is his ever-recurring hope of European recognition, which should free the South and end the war. Here again, it seems to me that Cavour would either have put the thing through or soon have felt its hopelessness. Even Benjamin's own foreign agent declares that failure should have been foreseen and accepted at a very early stage. But Benjamin believed that recognition must come, that Europe could not be so foolish as to neglect its own interest. And long after the war he told W. H. Russell, in London, that 'though I have done with politics, thank God! I consider your government made a frightful mistake which you may have occasion to rue hereafter.'

Of similar character, though even more general in the South and less persistent in Benjamin, was the delusion as to the supremacy of cotton.

If, then, Benjamin was not a statesman of a high order, or of large and commanding ideas, how was it that he so long held such a prominent position in the Confederate government? The answer is simple, and two good reasons furnish more than the solution of the difficulty.

In the first place, Benjamin was an admirable man of business, and those who have had the privilege of meeting a good many business men know how rare an admirable man of business is. He was a worker. While he loved ease and luxury, he was capable of enormous labor, did not shirk long hours or cumbrous documents, went right at a job and finished it. He would remain at his desk, when necessary, from eight o'clock one morning till one or two the next. He would work Sundays and holidays. And he did this without fatigue, complaint, or murmur, always cheerfully and easily, and as if he enjoyed it.

Industry in itself does not go far, however, or not the whole way. Benjamin had what is worth more than industry, system. When he went into the war office he was no soldier and could not please soldiers. But he was an administrator, and if he had stuck to that phase, I imagine he would have been useful. He began right away to bring order out of hopeless confusion; he organized, systematized, docketed. 'Having had charge of the War Department but a few days,' he writes, 'my first effort was to master our situation, to understand thoroughly what we had and in what our deficiencies consisted, but I have been completely

foiled at all points by the absence of systematic returns.' And again, 'Without them [returns] we cannot of course administer the service; can make no calculations, no combinations, can provide in advance with no approximation to certainty, and cannot know how to supply deficiencies.' A systematizer of this order was a useful creature in Richmond during those four years.

But another quality, even more valuable than business habits, sustained Benjamin in his office: he was a student of human nature. He watched character perpetually, analyzed the motives of others, their wants, their weaknesses, knew how to adapt himself to them. 'No shade of emotion in another escaped Mr. Benjamin's penetration,' writes the keen-sighted Mrs. Davis, whose warm regard for her husband's adviser is one of his best credentials. 'He seemed to have a kind of electric sympathy with every mind with which he came into contact, and very often surprised his friends by alluding to something they had not expressed nor desired him to interpret.'

How useful this quality was in dealing with Davis can be appreciated only by those who have studied carefully the peculiarities of that noble but complicated personage. A patriotic idealist in purpose, he wished to save his country, but he wished to save it in his own way. From his subordinates he desired labor, quick comprehension, a hearty support of all his plans and methods. Advice he did not desire, and those who gave it had to give it with tact and extreme delicacy. Here was exactly the chance for Judah P. Benjamin. Advice he did not especially care to give, but no man could divine Davis's wishes with finer sympathy, no man could carry out his plans with more intelligent coöperation and at the same time with heartier self-effacement. The patient skill with which the result was accomplished is well indicated by Mrs. Davis when she says: 'It was to me a curious spectacle; the approximation to a thorough friendliness of the President and his war minister. It was a very gradual *rapprochement*, but all the more solid for that reason.' J. B. Jones, the diarist, who disliked and distrusted his Jewish superior, analyzes the relation between President and Secretary with much less approval. 'Mr. Benjamin unquestionably will have great influence with the President, for he has studied his character most carefully. He will be familiar not only with his "likes," but especially with his "dislikes."' And when Jones hears that the President is about to be baptized and confirmed, he takes comfort because 'it may place a gulf between him and the descendant of those who crucified the Savior.'

If we accept Benjamin's own words, however, and I think we may, we shall conclude that his devotion to Davis was founded, at any rate in part, on a sincere esteem and admiration. Writing to the London *Times* after the war, he says: 'For the four years during which I have been one of his most privileged advisers, the recipient of his confidence and sharer to the best of my ability in his labors and responsibilities, I have learned to know him better perhaps than he is known by any other living man. Neither in private conversation nor in Cabinet council have I ever heard him utter one unworthy thought, one ungenerous sentiment.'

No one, then, could long retain Davis's confidence without an abundant supply of tact and sympathy. Probably the two men who made most use of these qualities in their dealings with the President were Lee and Benjamin. But an instructive difference strikes us here. Lee's tact sprang spontaneously from natural human

kindness. He treated his inferiors exactly as he treated his sole superior, and was as courteous and sympathetic to the humblest soldier as to the President of the Confederacy. With Benjamin it is wholly otherwise. He was at the war office for just six months. In that time I will not say he quarreled with everybody under him, but he alienated many, and quarreled with such a number that his stay there is but a record of harsh words and recrimination. One brief telegram to McCulloch will abundantly illustrate the cause of this state of things: 'I cannot understand why you withdrew your troops instead of pursuing the enemy when his leaders were quarreling and his army separated into parts under different commanders. Send an explanation.'

This sort of dispatch, from a lawyer who had never seen a skirmish, to generals of old experience and solid training, was not likely to breed good feeling, much less to restore it. It did not. Benjamin had trouble with Wise, trouble with Beauregard, trouble repeatedly with J. E. Johnston, and drove Jackson to a resignation which, if it had been accepted, might have changed the course of the war. This is surely a pretty record for six months. And observe that in many instances the Secretary appears to have been right and wise. This only emphasizes the misfortune of his getting into such difficulty. The suavity, the graceful tact which served him so well with Davis, seem to have deserted him in dealing with those over whom he had control. Or rather, it is said that the very suavity produced double exasperation when it was used merely to glove an arbitrary display of authority. 'When I do not agree with Benjamin, I will not let him talk to me,' said Slidell, who was his friend, 'he irritates me so by his debonair ways.'

And now, with the qualities of Benjamin's public career clearly suggested, let us turn for a moment to his private life and see how that helps to illuminate the other.

To begin with his social relations. As with Davis, so with all his equals whom he met in daily intercourse, his manner was full of courtesy, some even say, charm. To be sure, Wise calls him 'oleaginous'; but Alfriend, who knew him well, goes to the other extreme: 'I have never known a man socially more fascinating than Judah P. Benjamin. He was in his attainments a veritable Admiral [*sic*] Crichton, and I think, excepting G. P. R. James, the most brilliant, fascinating conversationalist I have ever known.' One is tempted to blend these two views in Charles Lamb's pleasant characterization of the singer Braham. 'He was a rare composition of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel; yet all these elements mixed up so kindly in him, that you could not tell which preponderated.'

Less prejudiced judges than those above quoted render a verdict which is still decidedly favorable. In his earlier career in the United States Senate, Benjamin is said to have been generally popular and to have endeavored always to foster social relations; and Sumner, his bitterest opponent, bore testimony to his kindness of manner and conformity to the proprieties of debate. W. H. Russell speaks of his 'brisk, lively, agreeable manner,' and calls him 'the most open, frank, and cordial of the Confederates whom I have yet met.' Thomas F. Bayard, surely a connoisseur, says that Benjamin's 'manner was most attractive — gentle, sympathetic, and absolutely unaffected,' and that 'he certainly shone in social life as a refined, genial, charming companion.' And the testimony of his English friends is

equally decided. 'A charming companion,' writes Sir Frederick Pollock, 'an accomplished brother lawyer and a true friend; one I could not easily replace.'

In many of these social sketches of Benjamin there is a curious insistence on his smile, which seems to have been as perennial as Malvolio's, if a little more natural. 'The perpetual smile that basked on his Jewish lips,' says the acrid Pollard. And Jones, in his Diary, recurs to it almost as a third-rate playwright does to a character tag, so much so that on one occasion he notes Mr. Benjamin's appearance without his smile as of inauspicious omen. 'Upon his lip there seems to bask an eternal smile; but if it be studied, it is not a smile — yet it bears no unpleasant aspect.'

The implication in some descriptions that the smile and the courtesy were only on the surface is, I think, clearly unjust. Benjamin was not, perhaps, a philanthropist; but there is record of many kindly deeds of his, none the less genuine for not being trumpeted. He once lost sixty thousand dollars by endorsing a note for a friend, which, of a Jew, is worth remembering. Although never especially enthusiastic for his religion, he was ready to help a fellow Hebrew who wanted help, and it is said that old and needy Confederates in London did not apply to him for aid in vain.

Also, the smile was for himself, as well as for others. That is, it represented an attitude toward life. Through many ups and downs and odd turns and freaks of Fortune, Benjamin was never discouraged, never depressed. I do not think this meant in him any great strain of heroic fortitude. The smile shows that. It was an easy-going egotism, which neither touched nor was touched deeply, a serene, healthy well-being which let the blows of adversity strike and glance off, which turned trifles into great pleasures and very great evils into trifles. When work was needed, he worked with all that was in him. When he failed and fell, instead of being crushed, he jumped up, smiled, brushed off his clothes, and worked again. Where will you find a finer instance of recovery after utter disaster than this man's rise in late life from nothing to fortune in a new country and an untried sphere? Even in his formal and official correspondence you catch little glimpses of the easy, devil-may-care fashion in which he took responsibilities that would have crushed others. Thus he ends a long letter of difficulty and trouble to his predecessor in the war office: 'What a bed of roses you have bequeathed me!' Or he writes to Sidney Johnston — of all men: 'In Mississippi and Tennessee your unlucky offer to receive unarmed men for twelve months has played the deuce with our camps.' Fancy Lee or Davis writing that!

For a man armed with a smile of this kind, religion is a superfluity, and it appears that Benjamin had none. He practically dropped his own and never had the interest to pick up any other. He did, indeed, — unless he has been confused with Disraeli, — tell a sneerer at Judaism that his own ancestors were receiving the law from Deity on Mt. Sinai when the sneerer's were herding swine in the forests of Saxony; but this was to make a point for the gallery, just as his burial in Paris with Catholic rites was *pour plaire aux dames*. His religion would not have been worth mentioning but for the delightful anecdote of Daniel Webster's assuring him and Maury, the scientist, that they were all three Unitarians together. Benjamin denied this, and invited Webster to dine with him to prove it. They dined and argued, but Benjamin would not be con-

vinced, though he did not know enough about the Bible to hold his ground. Oh, to have been present at that dinner! What conversation — and what wine and cigars!

As this discussion may imply, and as abundant evidence proves, Benjamin, for all his smiles and all his optimism, was neither cold nor always perfect in command of his temper. 'He was like fire and tow,' says Mrs. Davis, perhaps exaggerating in view of an incident shortly to be mentioned, 'and sensitive about his dignity.' I do not imagine that this went very deep, but at any rate the Southern sun had touched the surface with a singular petulance and vivacity. Even in age and in London fogs the temper would fly out. As when, before the solemn gravity of the House of Lords, Benjamin was arguing a case and heard the Lord Chancellor mutter, 'Nonsense!' The barrister stopped, gathered up his papers, and abruptly departed. So high was his standing at that time that the Chancellor felt obliged to make things right by an apology.

Even more entertaining is the earlier spat between Benjamin and Davis. Senatorial tempers were high-strained in Washington in the fifties, and men sometimes fell foul of friends as well as foes. The slap-dash, boyish interchange of curt phrases, even as staled in the cold storage of the *Congressional Globe*, must have rejoiced Seward and Sumner. Its straight-from-the-shoulder quality, coming from such reverend sages, recalls the immortal dialogue which Adam Smith reports himself and Dr. Johnson as exchanging, like coal-heavers. 'What did Dr. Johnson say, sir?' — *Smith:* 'He said I was a liar.' 'And what did you say?' 'I said he was a '— never mind what. Benjamin's language is more senatorial, but not too much so. 'The Senator is mistaken and has no right to state any such thing. His manner is not agreeable at all.' — *Davis:* 'If the Senator happens to find it disagreeable, I hope he will keep it to himself.'— *Benjamin:* 'When directed to me, I will not keep it to myself; I will repel it *instanter*.' — *Davis:* 'You have got it, sir.'

And pistols for two, of course. But kind friends prevented the future secretary of state from shooting at his president. More seriously instructive and profitable is the contrast between the explanations offered by the two men in the Senate. Davis's is in his best style, nobly characteristic, as thoroughly frank as it is manly and dignified. Benjamin's is well enough, but cautious, as if he were afraid of his position and anxious not to say a word too much.

The keen sensibility, whether superficial or not, which appears in these incidents, characterized Benjamin in other ways besides temper. He liked excitement. It was the excitement of public contest that made for him, I think, the charm of his profession. After the war he was offered an excellent opening in Parisian finance, but he preferred to fight his way up in the English courts. And there is a remarkable sentence in his speech at the farewell dinner, when he mentions having been ordered by his physicians to avoid the excitement of active practice: 'I need hardly tell an audience like this that to tell me or any person of a nature like mine to abstain from all possible excitement is to tell him to cease the active exercise of the profession; for without the ardor of forensic contest what is the profession worth?'

He liked excitement in the form of games, also, liked billiards and whist. W. H. Russell even records as Washington scandal that Benjamin lost the major part of his very large income at cards. His biographer denies this, but

in rather mild fashion, asserting that he was 'not a rabid gambler'; and Benjamin himself seems less concerned at the accusation than at Russell's ingratitude in making it.

On graver points of morals I find no trace of any charge whatever against Benjamin. But, in spite of his immense capacity for work, he was generally known as a lover of ease and good living. This, assuredly no vice in itself, came almost to appear like one in those last hungry months of the Confederacy. Very characteristic of the man — more so, perhaps, than she means it to be — is Mrs. Davis's little sketch: 'He used to say that with bread made of Crenshaw's flour, spread with paste made from English walnuts from an immense tree in our grounds, and a glass of McHenry sherry, of which we had a scanty store, "a man's patriotism became rampant."' Alfriend also gives us a significant touch: 'Mr. Benjamin loved a good dinner, a good glass of wine, and revèled in the delights of fine Havana cigars. Indeed, even when Richmond was in a state of siege, he was never without them.' Immediately beside this I do not think it cruel to put his own letter in regard to soldiers who were starving on half rations and to whom a crust was luxury: 'Hardship and exposure will undoubtedly be suffered by our troops, but this is war, and *we* cannot hope to conquer our liberties or secure our rights by ease and comfort.' [Italics mine.]

On this very point of good eating, however, we must at the same time note the man's kindliness and gentle heart. What he liked, he thought others would like, and was glad to get it for them, if he could. Thus Mrs. Davis records that at a very good dinner Benjamin seemed ill at ease and confessed that he was thinking how much his brother-in-law, left alone at home, would enjoy some of the delicacies; whereupon he received a share for his companion and went away contented.

Undeniably, in the matter of relatives Benjamin appears at his best, and his affection and thought for them — thoroughly racial attributes — are pleasant to read about. With his French Catholic wife he did not, indeed, wholly agree. There was no formal separation or quarrel. But for the greater part of the time she lived in Paris and her husband in America or England. Benjamin's biographer attributes this largely to faults of her disposition. Perhaps he is right. But I would give a good deal for Mrs. Benjamin's view of her husband. So far as I know, only one recorded sentence of her writing twinkles in the memory of men. But that one is a jewel. It paints the woman; it paints the Southern Creole class, and much that is Northern and human also; it paints wide vistas of domestic infelicity; and it shows charmingly that Benjamin had found the superlative in an art in which he could furnish a good comparative himself. He writes to his wife urging economy, and she writes back: 'Do not speak to me of economy: it is so fatiguing.' Miss Austen might have invented the phrase, — she could not have bettered it.

But Benjamin afforded rather a singularity in matrimonial affairs by apparently caring much more about his wife's relatives than he did about her. And to those connected with him by blood, his daughter, sisters, nieces, and nephews, he was deeply and devotedly attached. His few extant letters to them form very attractive reading, and show a man as lovable as he was clever. They are full of a light and graceful playfulness, gossiping of trivial things in just the way that love appreciates.

Yet how infinite are the shades and

diversities of character! For all this graceful playfulness in his private letters, for all his reported wit in conversation, I do not find that Benjamin had much of that complicated characteristic which we call humor. I do not find it in many of these Southern leaders. It is as absent from the brilliant cleverness of a Dick Taylor as it is from the rhetoric of a Davis. At any rate, I miss it in Benjamin. Read in the *Congressional Globe* the secession debate in which Baker of Oregon simply demolishes Benjamin, not by argument, but by pure Lincolnian quizzing, which the Southerner cannot meet because he cannot understand it. For the height and depth of humor the man did not view life at a large enough angle. He smiled perpetually, but his smile was the pleasant smirk of social responsiveness, and took no account at all of the tragedies of existence.

And now I think we are in a position to consider what was Benjamin's real attitude toward the Confederacy. First, was he an able, selfish, scheming, unscrupulous adventurer, who played the game simply for his own personal ambition and aggrandizement; a sort of Talleyrand? This may be excluded at once. If there were no other evidence, little more would be needed than his own evidently genuine comparison of Gladstone and Disraeli, decidedly in favor of the former, who, indeed, is said to have been Benjamin's idol. Gilmore, who, with Jacquess, visited the Secretary in Richmond, gives a description which is vital on this point. 'There is something, after all, in moral power. Mr. Benjamin does not possess it, nor is he a great man. He has a keen, shrewd, ready intellect, but not the stamina to originate, or even to execute, any great good or great wickedness.'

But again, some who recognize Benjamin's honesty assert that he took up the Confederate cause as a mere law case, utterly indifferent to its wrong or right, or to any personal issue, giving it his best service as long as he could, then turning cheerfully to something else. Here also I think there is error. The man's whole heart was in the work and he felt for it as deeply as he could feel. Passage after passage in his public and private writings shows indisputably the partisan hatred and the devoted enthusiasm of the loyal citizen. 'I entertain no doubt whatever that hundreds of thousands of people at the North would be frantic with fiendish delight if informed of the universal massacre of the Southern people, including women and children, in one night.' 'No people have poured out their blood more freely in defense of their liberty and independence, nor have endured sacrifices with greater cheerfulness than have the men and women of these Confederate States. They accepted the issue which was forced on them by an arrogant and domineering race, vengeful, grasping, and ambitious. They have asked nothing, fought for nothing, but for the right of self-government, for independence.' 'How it makes one's breast swell with emotion to witness the calm, heroic, unconquerable determination to be free that fills the breast of all ages, sexes, and conditions.'

Like many other Southerners, Benjamin rather melodramatically declared that he would never be taken alive. He never was. Like many others, he declared that he would never, never submit. And he never submitted. The Jewish obstinacy would not be overcome.

No; it is utterly unjust to deny that his patriotism was genuine, or that he gave his very best sincerely, and in his way unselfishly, to what he felt to be his country. Only, with him nothing went deep. When the struggle was

over, it was over. Some measure of his sunny cheerfulness must be credited to self-control. Most of it was temperament. Lee, too, made no complaint; but the tragedy of his people was written perpetually on his face. Benjamin's face would not take impressions of that nature. Not one regret for a lost cause or a vanished country is to be found in his intimate personal letters. 'I am contented and cheerful under all reverses,' he writes. And he was.

The truth is, viewed by the permanent standards of history, he was a small man, a small man placed in a great position, and he rattled about in it. The crises of nations always exhibit such misfits, in lamentable number. But with Benjamin the impression prevails that he was a man of remarkable ability, an adventurer of genius, but of little character. This view was strong upon me when I began to study him. Now I am forced to the opposite conclusion, that his character was respectable, if not unexceptionable, but his ability mediocre. Davis damned the latter with the faintest possible praise, to a nicety: 'Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, had a very high reputation as a lawyer, and my acquaintance with him in the Senate had impressed me with the lucidity of his intellect, his systematic habits, and capacity for labor.'

In short, he was an average, honorable, and, in politics, rather ineffectual gentleman. Perhaps he would have preferred a different verdict. If so, he should not have destroyed those papers.

STUDIES IN SOLITUDE

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

I

She was never lonely, she told herself. The solitude of her old little white house, sitting retired from the village street among its lilac trees and syringas, did not frighten or depress her. She could spend a whole day of rain there, seeing no one but the grocer's boy, the big gray cat, and occasional stooped hurrying figures out in the wet street; and could come down into evening calmly, busied with her enforced or chosen duties and thoughts. A cloud seemed to wrap her round in many folds of seclusion till the common world of hurry and friction and loud or secret loves and hates was dim to her eyes and ears. Street sounds and whistles of trains at the cross-roads were muffled echoes; but the ticking of the tall clock, the throbbing of rain on a tin roof, the infrequent wind banging at a loose window, the cat's creepy tread on the stairs, grew rhythmic and insistent.

Yet she was not lonely. She never stopped to brood, listening long to perilous voices. She denied even to certain pieces of furniture, books, or ornaments, their passive right to conjure up the spectre of her solitude. If a room seemed too vibrant with unseen presences, she would enter it and drive

out the quivering mystery with some brisk petty business of sweeping, of shifting a picture, or rearranging a book-shelf. Often she whistled softly about her work, although there were moments when as if by an instinct she would stop short and glance over her shoulder, to see nothing, and after that to be still.

So the day would shift from gray dawn to gray dusk; and she had not allowed herself to think that she might have cause for loneliness, there in the quiet house behind its dripping lilac trees.

Only in the evenings did the clock and the rain become too loud and real. Then, as she sat with a pleasant book or broidery in the yellow lamplit circle of her sitting-room, warm and quaint in its accumulation of color, — old gay reds, greens, blues, tumbled together by generations of fond house-holders, and now subdued into harmony by years and the low light, — she would find herself all at once rigid as an ice-image, yet alert as a coiled serpent; listening, listening, — for what? For a quick step on the flags before the door? For a long jangling peal at the bell? For a voice in the hall, or a sick querulous summons from the downstairs chamber, or the scraping of a chair from above? No, she knew that she had no cause to wait for these things. There was only the rain, the clock, sleek Diogenes purring on the white fox-skin, the lamp-wick fretting a little to itself, and once in a while, out in the dark street, the splash and clatter of wheels, the faint wet whisper of feet that always passed her gate.

So, with a self-scorning smile and a drawing of her hand across her eyes, she would take up again the book or needle-work, and stop abruptly that rigid listening for sounds which never came. Long since, on her first solitary night in the old house, she had vowed to herself that she would not be sad, or strange, no matter what tricks her heart and mind might play her. She would not fear memory and anticipation, but would compel them to be her servants, to keep their distance. She had been young then, and had not quite believed in her solitude. Now that she knew it through and through, she was still aware that to look too far back or too far forward would equally undo her. On these rainy nights of withdrawal, her trial-times were still upon her. If she failed now, if one shudder or one tear escaped her, she was lost forever; and the white house would drive her out, into a world where she could no more choose her own way of being alone.

But she was not lonely, she repeated; and to prove it, her mind would indulge in a fantasia of loneliness. The book would slip from her hand, and she, gazing half-hypnotized into shadowy corners, visited all the solitary people over the wide world. It pleased her to imagine homesick officers in stifling Indian bungalows; young men and girls, fresh come to the City, wandering forlorn through the glare of streets, or idling under their meagre lodging-house gas-jets; light-keepers on desolate sand-dunes and rock-ledges, climbing at night twisted iron steps to tend the eternal lamp; night-watchmen pacing deserted yards and mill-corridors; sailors in the dead watch; poets and prophets trying passionately to capture the wild visions which leaped across their darkness; and most of all, many women sitting as she did in warm quaint rooms, near village streets, hearing the clock tick and the rain throb.

It pleased her, to travel so on light unhindered wing. Almost it seemed as if her soul left her body, and fared out to knock against every lonely window and to keep dumb company round

every solitary lamp. And she felt that she was one of an endless army, marching straightforwardly and silently out upon their lives, stripped of the disguises that kindred and close friendship invent, and making, in return for the silence of their hearts and the smiling of their lips, only one demand of all that encountered them.

That demand she never shaped, of her own will. But when she had sat a long time, dreaming, and had at length roused herself to make fast doors and windows, had shut the cat in the kitchen, taken her hand-lamp and gone up the broad stairs to bed, — then, in the gay chintz-hung security of her own chamber, her throat would fashion involuntarily those words that her heart and lips refused to let themselves speak.

'It is all right enough,' her throat would say for her, as she turned down the counterpane, untied her shoes, and wound her watch. 'I am quite all safe and right. But — no one must ask me — if I am lonely. No one must ever ask me that.'

II

It had appeared presently that her house was haunted, though not by ghostly terrors. For herself, she had only felt, at times, the vaguely imagined intimation of some presence other than her own in the quiet rooms. But she had no surer knowledge of her dimly harbored guests until a friend, wearied out with the love and care of over-many babies, came to her for rest; and after two days of grateful idleness in her sunny window, asked suddenly, —

'Miriam, whose are the Voices?'

'What voices?' Miriam parried; and Lucy described them: happy, laughing voices, as of young people playing and gossiping together. 'I have heard them so often when I was lying alone and you were out, or off somewhere. I almost asked a dozen times who was talking. They are always downstairs, or across the hall, or under the window; and they are such happy voices: young voices, — oh, very sweet and glad.'

Miriam smiled and stroked her friend's nervous fingers. Lucy had always heard and seen more than other people did, and now that she was so tired, no doubt her worn-out fancy befooled her lightly. They talked it over together. Lucy, smiling at herself, none the less insisted: there were Voices in the house.

'Some time you'll hear them too,' she nodded. 'They're not sad or dreadful or gloomy; oh no! They're just young and glad. I love to hear them.'

And another evening, when Miriam came into the sitting-room after an errand down the street, Lucy greeted her eagerly, saying, —

'It was music this time. Oh, I've heard such music! I almost went to see if some one was n't playing. It was like a harp, I think, with a violin and piano: it was very beautiful. I thought some one *must* be playing, until it came to me that of course it was the Young People. It was happy music, just as the Voices are so happy. Miriam, there *are* young people somehow in your house.'

It became a sort of gentle pleasant joke between them, while Lucy stayed on. 'Have you heard them to-day?' Miriam would ask; and sometimes Lucy replied, 'No; they must have gone off on a picnic; it was such a good day'; or, 'Yes; they were here while you were out this afternoon. I don't see why you don't hear them.' And Miriam would shake her head. 'I never hear and see Things, you know. They are your Voices, Lucy; they are your babies grown-up who are talking to you even here in my old-maid house.'

But Lucy denied it. 'No, Miriam, I

never heard them anywhere else. They belong to you and your house, and they mean something good, and sweet, and *coming*, not gone by. They're not ghosts.'

And when at last Miriam kissed her good-bye at the train, Lucy was saying, 'I'm glad to think of you, there in your nice sunny house, with the Voices, and the Music. Good-bye, dear.'

As Miriam sat alone that evening, she wondered about those young happy presences. She wished that she could hear them laugh and sing and play; not merely feel them blindly stirring about her. She sat, deep in reverie, smiling at Lucy's merry yet honest insistence upon her quaint little hallucination, — at herself for more than half believing it.

'It is better that I never hear them,' she concluded at last, rather soberly. 'I could n't live alone this way if I heard them. It is all well enough for Lucy, with her husband and her houseful of babies, to hear things like that; granting that she truly did, dear mysterious Lucy! — But if I heard them — if I heard them, —' she glanced about the room as if she half expected to see a gay face above the piano, a bright head bending by the lamp, — 'it would mean that I was going a little bit mad: yes, just a little bit mad, for all that they are sweet, young voices.'

She shivered, stood up quickly, and went over to the long mirror. 'Miriam,' she whispered, looking into the shadowy face that met hers, 'Lucy said those were young voices, *coming* voices, not gone by. But you know, Miriam, that if they are, they belong to some one else who may live in this house: to some one else, I tell you, not to you at all. Don't be a fool. — You've been quite sensible so far: don't spoil it all now. Do you hear? you must n't even wish to hear those Voices, or that lovely harp-music. Now you understand.'

Months later she saw her friend again. 'How are the Voices?' Lucy asked gayly, across the laughing baby who pulled at her necktie and snatched down her curls.

'I never hear them,' Miriam answered, almost shortly. 'You know, don't you, — "to him that hath shall be given"? — Please may I hold the baby?'

III

Yet often, when she had spent a part of the day or evening away from home, she had a curious expectation of returning to find her house not empty and silent, but with something alive in it to greet her. She did not think of the people who had been her own in the different days so far past, nor of her living friends, nor of the young presences whose laughter Lucy had insisted upon hearing. It seemed to her simply that there was more life and motion and personality in her waiting house, than just Diogenes crouching on the front porch, and the kettle steaming to itself on the back of the stove.

One winter evening she walked late down the village street. The moon rode high and white. Every frosty breath shone, every step creaked and crackled in the snow. Through the thin leafless maple-trunks and lilac-boughs she could see her house plainly: the snowy roof, glittering to the moon, the low eaves, ragged with silver icicles, and the four yellow windows of the hall and sitting-room, which she had lit against her late return.

She had a definite sense of expectancy. She was going back to something, to somebody, — and found herself hurrying almost joyfully. But with her hand on the gate, she stopped, and stared at the house as if it were strange to her. An icy little stream flowed suddenly round her heart. For a second, all the world — the moon,

the village, the house, and her own inner secret universe — staggered and reeled and shook. But as suddenly, everything grew calm and still again. The frightful chill melted from her blood; the moon watched her with the same high virgin regard, and the yellow windows beckoned her home.

She went slowly up the path and into the warm silent hall.

In that moment at the gate, she had realized that it was only Herself to whom she was going back. Herself, who made those windows bright, who piled the logs on the hearth that now she could light and sit by, dreaming. It was Herself, who would be running down the stairs to greet her, and fetching an apple from the pantry, and listening to her story of the evening's doings.

It seemed to her almost as if she had become two individuals. One of her went out into the village and the world. The other stayed always in the little white house. She would always be waiting to greet her home.

That was all. Now that she understood it, it did not concern her any more.

She was becoming a good hermit, she commented; but noticed, with the detachment that had grown upon her, that she was not going to remember that shuddering moment at the gate. She blew the fire high, thinking, 'After all, there is nobody but Myself who understands me much,' and was amused at her simple egotism.

IV

But secretly she knew her most perilous enemy. It was not sadness, or selfishness, or the Voices, or the odd wildness of a determined recluse. It was Eternity.

There was no telling when Eternity might claim her. Sometimes she awoke at dawn, and went down into the dewy garden to work among the roses and iris and pansy-plants, with the birds all singing and the sun dancing like a great wise morning star. The day wore on, as she digged and transplanted and clipped and watered, till, weary a little, she went into the house and took up the endless bit of sewing, or some story or poem to finish. And all at once, in spite of the sun, the earth-smell, the brisk village-sounds beyond her garden-fence, she knew that her anchor dragged, — she had slipped her moorings in the safe harbor of Time, and was drifting off, off, into Eternity.

Then she cared nothing for rose-bugs, or iris-roots, or stockings to darn, or stories to read. She thought of Love, and Sin, and Death: of nations at war and her friends' souls in joy or agony, of God Himself, — and they were all as nothing. She saw the flickering garden, she heard the song-sparrow and the clucking hen, she felt her own scrubbed and earth-stained fingers and her beating heart, but these were not necessary to her. She was terribly remote; terribly careless and still and proud; for she was in Eternity.

'What does it all matter?' she would murmur. 'What if they drink and steal and sin and die? or love and lose and win and die too? And what of me? What of me? — We are all in Eternity. God Himself is in Eternity.'

But she kept the peril close. None of the neighbors, who hailed her on the street or gossiped on the vine-hung porch, ever noticed that often, as she talked, she would clasp her hands with a sudden fierce little gesture, as if she were holding tight to some strong arm, and that in her heart she was whispering, even while the swift crooked smile danced across her lips, 'O God, make me remember! make me remember! We're in Time now: not in Eternity yet: *not in Eternity yet!*'

WILLY PITCHER

BY GEORGE STERLING

He is forgotten now,
And humble dust these thirty years and more —
He whose young eyes and beautiful wide brow
My thoughts alone restore.

Dead, and his kindred dead!
And none remembers in that quiet place
The slender form, the brown and faunlike head,
The gently wistful face.

And yet across the years
I see us roam among the apple-trees,
Telling our tale of boyish hopes and fears
Amid the hurried bees.

When I am all alone
By the eternal beauty of the sea
Or where the mountain's eastern shade is thrown,
His face comes back to me —

A memory unsought;
A ghost entreating, and I know not why, —
A presence that the restless winds of thought
Acknowledge with a sigh;

Till I am half content
Not any more the loneliness to know
Of him who died so young and innocent,
And ah! so long ago!

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XVI

BUT 'T WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY

NEXT morning at daybreak, the argonauts steamed into the harbor of Guantanamo, which they found already populous with shipping, colliers, transports, lighters, a whole fleet of little vessels of their own calibre, herded together in one place where the Milton D. Bowers herself modestly sought a berth, and half a dozen tall warships. They recognized their friend of the night before, the Inverness, now peaceably riding at anchor on the east side of the channel, close inshore and just opposite some ridges of freshly turned earth which looked like the bunkers on the golf-links at home, Van Cleve thought, but which, he was told, were the intrenchments of Camp Huntington. All around there were other earthworks and tents, white and blue and khaki-colored uniforms going to and fro, bugle-calls and the smoke of campfires, and overhead the flag spreading its brave and cheerful colors on a strong breeze. It was a stirring spectacle; and though this place is adorned with some of as noble and beautiful scenery as may be found anywhere in the world, I doubt if the travelers made much of it. They were not caring for scenery, and the sight of this armed occupation, vigilant and powerful, and the news of the past night would have distracted them from the most wonderful panorama on the face of the globe.

They landed, Schreiber insisting on going, too, although he was limping painfully, with his ankle very much swollen in a rough bandage they had contrived, and went up to a shining little sheet-iron-walled stove of a building which they had found to be the telegraph-office, at the foot of the hill under Captain McCalla's camp of marines; and here Schreiber had the luck to fall in with two other correspondents, a Mr. Hunter of the New York *Planet*, and another man whose name Van Cleve did not catch, both of them just from the front with accounts of Saturday's fighting and San Juan Hill. The army had known nothing of the navy's doings, and supposed the cannonading they had heard to be Sampson bombarding the forts at the mouth of the harbor, as he had done before! 'Pshaw, *we* knew better than that!' said Schreiber, with mock superiority.

'Well, our fellows have too many other things to think about, back there in the jungle,' Hunter said. He told them something of the fight, the other man joining in. It had n't been any such soft snap as the navy boys had, to judge by what you heard. *These* Spaniards were n't running away, nor dreaming of it; they were fighters — they could shoot, too. 'Why, it took Lawton nearly a whole day, nearly the whole of Friday, — let 's see, it *was* Friday, was n't it, Jim? — to carry that position at that little town where the church was, Caney they called it — nearly the whole day, and everybody thought it would n't be but an hour or so! Well, of course, they outnum-

bered our fellows. Oh, yes, two to one, at least. The Cubans hardly counted; *we* did the real fighting. Oh, I suppose some of the Cubans did pretty well, but I did n't see any of 'em. They were n't near so many of them wounded and killed as we had, in proportion. Did you hear about that poor fellow, Lieutenant Ord of the Sixth? Did you hear what happened to him? Why, he got to the top of the hill with the first ones when they charged it (Hey? Yes, it was the Sixth, and the Rough Riders, and the colored regiment, and parts of other regiments mixed in), and this Ord came to a Spaniard lying there badly wounded, and says, "Look out for this man, boys," or "Pick up this fellow and see he gets taken care of," or something like that. And with that the Spaniard raised up and shot him through the heart! Suppose he thought Ord was telling the men to bayonet him and finish him. Probably that's what a Spanish or Cuban officer would have done. Eh? Oh, the men killed him; about tore him to pieces, they say. They thought a great deal of Ord. Nice fellow, they say — I never happened to meet him. But that just shows you what kind these Spanish are; Uncle Sam's going to be thoroughly sick of this Cuba Libre job before long. All our fine men sacrificed. You ought to see the wounded — or rather you ought n't to see them if you can help it. My God, it's awful! Awful. War's about what Sherman said it was, I guess.'

They talked on a little excitedly at times, still under the spell of what they had witnessed. Both of them were dirty, haggard, ready to drop with fatigue; Hunter told Van he had not slept for fifteen hours, most of which had been spent on the way from the battlefield here. It was nothing but a jungle trail, almost impassable in places, and they had been obliged to tramp the most of it, their horses having given out very soon; it was next to impossible to get any kind of transportation in the country. Nevertheless, they were starting back as soon as they had had some rest; something might happen any minute, and they did n't want to miss it. Takuhira, upon this, decided to accompany them, hearing that a friend of his, Lieutenant Akiyama of the Imperial Japanese Navy, was already with the army, in observation; and Van Cleve, too, might have gone, but on hearing his errand, although neither of them, unfortunately, knew his friend Gilbert, they both assured him that Siboney would be the best place to look for him.

'Everybody's there, or has been there — or at Daiquiri. The Red Cross, and the correspondents, and the post-office people, and everybody. That's the place to look for any one. If you can't find him, you're sure to find somebody that knows him, and can put you on his trail,' they said. Van began to feel that he was getting 'hot,' as they say in the children's games, and wanted to go at once and send telegrams to Lorrie and to his family; but the gentleman in charge of the station refused, not without a smile. The government, he said politely, had raised and repaired the Haytian cable at this point for its own use, and private individuals, unless in some such capacity as Mr. Hunter's, had no status just then.

Afterwards the party all dined together on board the Milton D. Bowers, magnificently, the cook having found means to add some crabs and a basket of mangoes to their usual bill of fare, which was further enriched by a can of baked beans from some unknown source. 'I tell you, the boys at the front would like some of this! Those beans would look like the Waldorf-Astoria to them,' said one of the correspondents; 'all the time we've been

with them, nobody's had anything but bacon and hard-tack, and not too much of that, poor fellows! Well, war is war, I suppose!' With which philosophical reflection he fell to heartily.

At two o'clock the Milton D., according to arrangement, once more set sail; and Van Cleve bade good-bye to these gentlemen, none of whom, I believe, he has ever met since, except the Japanese attaché, who turned up a few days later at Siboney in company with Major Shiba, the other military envoy of his country. Santiago had surrendered; the campaign was over; the foreign officers in observation were returning to the quarters assigned them on board ship; even for Van Cleve himself, the adventure was ended.

He was very far from foreseeing all this, though, as they steamed west along the coast in a heavy sea and rising storm, with Schreiber, erelong, wretchedly ill in the cabin, as usual, and Captain Bowers taciturnly smoking a particularly rank and vicious pipe, which he seemed to enjoy most when the tug's motion was at its worst. The next morning, after a night of threshing about in the seas, Van was not much surprised to hear that it would be impossible to make a landing until the wind and swell died down somewhat. He could both see and hear the surf now, booming and breaking on the shore of the unprotected little cove, a formidable spectacle. They contemplated it all day long, the tug taking up a station a quarter of a mile out, in line with a number of transports and other vessels, like themselves afraid to risk launching a boat in such weather.

Siboney appeared from this distance to be a row of shanties, a half-constructed pier, and the broken ruins of an old one swept by waves, with a slender strip of beach in front and, grimmest sight of all, a big lighter, lying on her side, about fifty yards from shore, a castaway, with the seas pounding over her desolately.

'Them other things you kin make out closer inshore is some more boats and stuff that got stove in trying to land through the surf,' Captain Bowers said, pointing out various dark objects which had puzzled Van Cleve's inexperienced eyes. 'Ain't it a sin 'n' a shame? All that good stuff wasted!' His tone was mournful; it was the first and only time he had displayed so much feeling of any kind, but Van understood and thoroughly sympathized. The young man's own thrifty soul was outraged.

After twelve hours or so more of waiting, during which, although there was a great deal of coming and going on shore, they heard no sounds of firing, or other indications of hostilities being resumed, he and Schreiber at last got to land in a rowboat, manned by a pair of tatterdemalions, which came out to meet them finally, in answer to repeated signals, when Captain Bowers had taken the tug in as near as was prudent. Both boatmen were armed with pistols and machetes, though nowise soldierly (or indeed at all prepossessing) in appearance.

'Must be the commanding general of the Cuban armies and his chief-of-staff,' the newspaper-man suggested satirically; 'and, by George, look at the rest of the patriots getting ready to land us! Look out for your watch, Kendrick!'

In fact, there seemed to be a lively traffic of this sort among the native longshoremen, running down into the water to seize a boat by the bows, and rush it bodily through the surf, up high and dry on the sand. There was a mob of them, clamoring, villainous-faced, incredibly dirty; the beach was busy as a hive. It was littered with wreckage of lighters and launches, partly submerged, or standing up stark and stiff

when the tide was out. There were mounds of barrels and boxes covered with tarpaulin, under guard; mule-teams and wagons, their drivers cursing royally; soldiers without end; and a handful of bedraggled-looking civilians, government employees, members of the Red Cross commission, more correspondents.

The line of huts they had seen from the harbor the day before turned out to be ten or a dozen zinc-roofed, boxlike structures built originally by the Spanish-American Iron Company — which had mines somewhere in the neighborhood, as Schreiber vaguely recollected hearing — for its operatives, but now in use as hospitals; and one of them, the largest, bore a sign, 'United States Post-Office, Military Station No. 1.' Van Cleve and his companion walked up toward it. Fresh from the strong, clean sea, they had not gone a hundred steps inland when a puff of tepid, foul air, heavy with unspeakable odors of animal and vegetable decay commingled, fairly strangled them. Schreiber, who had been limping vigorously ahead, turned alarmingly pale and faint for a second; but he kept on gallantly. 'That had a kind of yellow-fever taste, did n't it?' he gasped, with unquenchable levity. 'Cheer up, the worst is yet to come! Did you see that dead mule behind one of the houses just now? He was very dead. In fact, he must have been quite entirely dead about the week before last, I should judge. *Viva Cuba Libre!*'

Military Post-Office No. 1 had a high stoop in front of it, that gave it a queer likeness to the country cross-roads store and post-office combined, in a village of the same size at home; and two or three loungers on the porch as our friends came up heightened the resemblance. 'How it reminds me of that dear Rising Sun, Indiana!' murmured Schreiber, tenderly. There were a couple of privates waiting, probably, for their regimental mail to be sorted out, and another man, not a soldier, as he was dressed in canvas trousers, boots, and a sweater, was taking a nap, in informal style, stretched out on the floor, with an arm across his face. The two orderlies glanced at the newcomers without curiosity, and went on with a desultory conversation wherein war and conquest or other trade topics were not in the least concerned. 'The first time was at a picnic given by the Eagles — Independent Order of Eagles, y' know, they're pretty strong with us — and I could n't say exactly how often since,' said one of them, finishing some statement; and the other nodded indifferently.

'That fellow there lays like he was dead — notice?' he said presently. 'Guess he's about played out. He's just as still!'

'Dead! Well, I reckon he's deader drunk than any other kind of dead,' said the other man, with a laugh. 'They don't lay that way when they're shot, though — mostly they lay all kind of crumpled-up, in *my* experience,' he added, with the air of a veteran. He was a smooth-chinned lad of twenty-three or thereabouts.

Van Cleve and Schreiber went inside. In the stifling heat, two clerks, one in pajamas and the other wearing an undershirt, blue denim overalls, and a pair of carpet-slippers on his bare feet, were sorting mail.

'Look in the rack. All you fellows' mail is together in one place — right over there. You can just look for yourself,' one of them answered the correspondent wearily, scarcely glancing up from the piles of letters he was shuffling to and fro. Van, however, was not expecting anything; nobody knew where he was. He wanted to post a letter he had written to Lorrie the night before; and that done, hastily re-

treated to the open air, wiping the perspiration from his face.

'Hot, ain't it?' said one of the soldiers, amiably.

'I don't see how those men stand it in there. Another minute of that oven would have finished me,' declared Van.

Schreiber came to the door behind him and said, not without excitement, 'Look here, Kendrick, there're two letters there for your friend. I saw them. R. D. Gilbert — that's he, is n't it? His folks must have got on to where to find him. He's probably written.'

'R. D. Gilbert?' said Van Cleve, with a start. 'Then he's *here*, to a certainty. I wonder if any of them in the post-office know him.'

He was turning to go inside again, when at the second repetition of the name, the man on the floor stirred, rolled over, sat up at last, after two or three efforts, staring around with a puffy, reddened face. 'Whazzat? What you want?' said Bob.

If this meeting had occurred on the melodramatic stage, for which, as an incident, it was well suited, Van Cleve would undoubtedly have had to exclaim, 'My God, *Bob!* You here!' clutching his temples in a frenzy of horrified astonishment. The plain fact is, he did and said, for an instant, nothing at all. It took him that time to realize that this *was* Bob — Bob at last in a worse state from drink and hardships than Van had ever seen him: gaunt, disordered, blear-eyed, almost repulsive. In another moment, he perceived that Bob, although looking straight at him, had not yet recognized him, which, to be sure, was not to be wondered at, Van quickly remembered, considering his own appearance, and that he was the last person Robert would be expecting to see.

Schreiber, who also had been staring hard, now burst out with, 'Well, I'll be — Why, *that's* Gilbert! *Is n't* it Gilbert? Why, *that's* him *now!* Well, I'll be—!' He looked all around helplessly. Bob surveyed him with blank eyes.

'Friend of yours?' said one of the soldiers, addressing Schreiber.

'No — yes — that is, *here's* his friend. *This* is his friend. Been chasing him fifteen hundred miles! Would n't that jar you, though? Fifteen hundred miles! And here he is!'

'Why, hello, Bob!' said Van Cleve, mechanically. Then he collected himself, and made another effort. 'Hello, Bob, don't you know me? It's Van Cleve Kendrick, you know — *Van Cleve*, you know!' Unconsciously he raised his harsh voice, as he repeated the name. Bob eyed him so dully and unresponsively, it made him anxious.

'No use hollerin' at him, mister. Better let him sleep it off,' observed one of the privates; 'he's pickled for fair!'

'No, he ain't, he'll know you in a minute,' said the other, with a judicial glance; 'he knew when you called his name just now. Wake up, bo!' he continued to Bob, genially; 'here's somebody come to see you!'

This experienced gentleman was right; Robert had unquestionably had some liquor, but that he was legitimately fagged-out from exertion, want of sleep, and, very likely, want of food, would have been evident, on a closer inspection, to anybody. He got upon his feet, while they were speaking, without any help; looked hard at the dirty, bearded man in front of him, and ejaculated at last in his own natural voice, but filled with bewilderment, 'Van Cleve! It's not *you*, Van?'

'See? What'd I tell you? He's got you!' said the soldier, triumphantly.

'How'd you get here?' said Bob. In the wonder and perplexity of the moment, neither of them thought of shaking hands. Van Cleve's wits, in truth,

were at a standstill; he had never speculated much as to the precise environment and conditions wherein he would find his friend, and had no plans about what he was going to say other than to tell Bob plainly and forcibly that, having betrayed a young woman, according to her own confession, he must come home and marry her. What he had not allowed for, was such a chance as this: the open beach, the crowded, noisy camp where decent privacy seemed a thing unobtainable, the sudden stumbling upon the man he sought. He was inordinately taken aback. It was only for a second, but the others looked at him curiously. Bob all at once recognized Schreiber, and spoke to him by name, and they two shook hands enthusiastically. Robert pulled out a half-empty flask from his hip-pocket, and offered it all around. 'Have a drink? It'll do you good. Got to take a little stimulant in this climate, you know. I do myself all the time,' he said frankly; 'here's how, boys! What's your regiment? Oh, *two* regiments? We'll have to have two drinks on that! What's *yours?* Third? Bully for the Third! Here, got to drink to your regiment, you know. What's *yours*, hey?'

The second young fellow said, with an uneasy grin, glancing at the others, that he belonged to the Twentieth, and he did n't want any, thanky, sir. Van Cleve interfered. 'You've had enough of that, Bob,' he said, the exertion of authority restoring him to his habitual poise on the instant; 'here, give me the bottle. You want something to eat, that's what you want. Where do you go here?'

'Aw, Van Cleve —!' Bob began pleadingly; but he surrendered his flask without more protest. No amount of drinking could overcome the poor sinner's native gentleness and tractability. 'Kind of good to see you, Van,' he said next, affectionately; 'but I must say, you took me by surprise. Don't all of us look like tramps, though!' He cast a glance of whimsical appreciation over his own figure and his friend's. 'How'd you get here?'

'Why, I — I'll tell you presently. I'd like to get something to eat, first. Where do you live? Where do you go to eat and sleep, I mean?'

Bob burst into a laugh, broken by hiccoughs. 'Where do I live? Where do any of us live? How's that, fellows? Where do we all live? Why, in Cuba, first turn to your left and keep on going!' He looked to Schreiber for sympathy. 'What's *your* address, Schreiber?'

'It's going to be Herman Schreiber, Esquire, The Front, directly,' said the war-correspondent, himself amused. 'He's about right, Kendrick, you don't live, nor eat, nor sleep anywhere — you just get along the best you can. What's doing, anyhow, Gil?'

'At the front? Nothing. No fighting I mean. I came back last night. I was all in. I've been trying to get a little rest.'

'Lying here on the ground?' Van said, thinking with a certain shock of Mrs. Gilbert and Lorrie. If they knew —! If they could see him —! But, thank Heaven, they could n't!

Bob nodded, momentarily speechless, in a fit of coughing. 'Sure! No place else to go, you know,' he said when he got his breath. 'Why not! It's what they all do — sick and wounded and all. What's good enough for our army is good enough for me, I hope.'

Van Cleve eyed him over with a good deal of secret worry. Under the mask of dirt and sunburn, and apart from the specific look of the hard drinker with the lines and hollows and unwholesome textures that Bob's face had begun to show long ago, Van Cleve thought he detected some appearances

graver still; that cough and that stoop were not due wholly to privation and too much whiskey, he said to himself. For a flash he was astounded at the alarm that gripped him. Bob was worthless; but he loved Bob. 'You have n't had anything to eat yet?' he said roughly, as usual, when he was much moved. And the other shaking his head in a renewed paroxysm of coughing, Van took him by the arm. 'Come along, we'll get something — we'll hunt it up somewhere,' he said.

They got Bob's mail — a letter from his father, and one from Lorrie with the Tampa postmark, as Van Cleve noted to his surprise — and started off, the newspaper man, who did not lack tact, bidding them good-bye pleasantly, and taking the opposite direction.

CHAPTER XVII

IN WHICH WE WITNESS A SURRENDER

'How on earth did you ever happen to hook up with *him* — Schreiber, you know? How did you happen to come down here, anyhow?' Bob wanted to know, in recurrent wonder. 'Think of my not knowing who you were at first! But, Van, I was simply stunned, I could n't *believe* it was you.' He looked into his friend's face, in sudden and affectionate anxiety. 'You don't mind, do you? My not knowing you right off, I mean? I thought you looked as if you did n't like it, for a minute. But honestly, Van Cleve, I could n't help it.'

'Oh, that's all right. I don't think anything of that. It was perfectly natural,' said Van Cleve shortly; he was unconscious of the impatient note in his voice, of the scowl between his deep-set eyes. The thing he had to do was on his mind, and it had all at once become hateful to him, utterly abhorrent. Robert looked so sick and shaken, Van Cleve wanted to take care of him, not to accuse and coerce him; moreover, face to face, Bob seemed, as he always had to his friend, intrinsically harmless; he wronged himself terribly and irretrievably, but it was hard to believe that he could wrong anybody else. 'Damn that girl!' Van thought angrily; 'if she's any too good herself, I miss my guess! It would be easy enough to lead Bob into anything, and blame any trouble that came along afterwards on him. He's a mark for any woman.'

Bob was speaking again. 'Old grouch!' he said, thumping his friend's shoulder caressingly. 'What made you come here, anyhow, Van Cleve? Did you just take a notion you'd come, or how was it?'

'Well, I — I came after you, really, Bob. The family want you to come home.'

'They know the *Record-World* fired me; I suppose that's the reason?' said Bob, with a kind of amiable annoyance.

'Why, yes — one reason.'

Bob began to explain cheerfully. 'I suppose they had to — the management, I mean. I have n't any kick to make about it. They're all pretty square men, and they did the right thing, from their standpoint, to let me out. I'd — I'd been drinking. It's hard to keep out of it; everybody drinks more or less, but most of the men get away with it somehow. They stand it better than I do; they can hold more without its affecting them. Oh, well, I never did much like the work, anyhow — running around, asking an infernal lot of questions, and prying into other people's business; it is n't much of a gentleman's job, seems to me. I was about ready to quit when they notified me. I'm even on the transaction. I've got the experience, and that's all there was in it for me; it'll be invaluable in anything else I go into,' he concluded comfortably, and dismissed the sub-

ject. 'But I don't see why you thought you had to come down here after me, Van. You did n't need to take all that trouble. Was mother worrying?'

'Well, you see they did n't know where you were or what had become of you.'

'Why, I wrote them. I told them all about it. I told them I was going on with the army. And then I wrote again from here, as soon as I found out about the postal arrangements, and told them to address me here.'

'They had n't got that letter when we left home, of course. But they must have since, for I see Lorrie 's written you from Tampa,' said Van Cleve.

Bob stared at him in stark amazement. 'Lorrie? At Tampa? What 's Lorrie doing at Tampa? They 're not all of them there?'

'No, just Lorrie. She thought you were there, and she wanted to get to you. I brought her. She *would* come,' Van said, rather defensively, as he saw the indignant surprise on the brother's face. Robert was genuinely shocked. The mere mention of Lorrie awoke all the manliness there was in him; Lorrie was his creed and his conscience.

'*Would* come? What were they thinking of — what were *you* thinking of, to let her come? That 's no place for our Lorrie. *Would* come! You talk as if Lorrie were one of these hysterical, tomfool women that have to be given in to, or they 'll go crazy. Lorrie 's got *sense*. What did she want to come after me for?' He stopped; and a new expression came over his face, a look of self-forgetful sympathy and tenderness that made it beautiful with all the grime and weariness and marks of dissipation. 'Oh, I see! It was Phil. Poor Lorrie! You can't blame her for that. She wanted to be near Phil. Poor Lorrie!' All his features quivered. 'Cort 's dead. You knew that, Van? Killed right at the first before he 'd had a chance to do anything — poor Cort! He was the *best* fellow. I know you never liked him, but you did n't know him. Cort was a splendid fellow.'

'I 'm sorry for Lorrie just the same,' said Van Cleve.

'Is she — does she know? How is she?'

Van Cleve shook his head gravely. 'Don't ask, Bob. It 's the saddest thing I ever saw. Yes, she heard it one of the first.' He described the Tampa experiences briefly. 'The uncertainty was cruelly hard on her. But, of course, that 's all over now.'

Bob said, 'Yes, it 's all over,' and passed the back of his hand across his eyes. After a moment of striving to get his voice under control, he managed to add, 'You know I saw it, Van Cleve. I saw him after he was shot.'

'You did!'

The other nodded, twisting his lips as if in bodily pain at the mere recollection. 'Yes. Oh, my God, cruel things happen in war! Yes, I saw it. I was n't up in front where he was when the fighting began. I was coming along behind, with another fellow — another newspaper man, I mean. I don't know who he was. I suppose we must have been a couple of hundred yards behind the nearest soldiers. They marched in two lots — two divisions, you know — some of them straight up this ravine (you come to the Santiago road that way directly), and Wood's men, the Rough Riders (only they did n't have any horses) went up that steep place, past the blockhouse — that one over there to your left — you 're looking in the wrong direction. I followed *them*. It was terribly hot. Sometimes when we got to one of those little narrow places, all walled in with trees and vines grown up solid on both sides, it was like being at the bottom of some kind of red-hot well; it made your head swim. Some of the men fainted. When there

began to be firing in front, the men got an order to move faster. You never would have called it a charge; it was n't anything like the things you read about in books. They — they just walked along a little faster. When we caught up with them I saw one man near me get his sleeve hooked on a thorn, and he stopped to pull it away, and scratched his finger and said, "*Damn!*" and stuck it in his mouth! All the time the firing was going on in front.'

'They said Cortwright and those other men were killed at the first fire,' Van Cleve interrupted him.

'Yes, I know. I worked off to the side somehow. You could n't see a thing, you know. The bushes were full of men spread out trying to get through. I don't believe any of them knew where they were any more than I did, after a little while. They just kept going toward where you could hear the guns. The whole thing only lasted an hour, about. Cort did n't die right off; some of them were shot dead where they stood, but he was n't. They lifted him out of the way over into some of the bushes. It was just the way you sometimes see a dead cat in an alley at home, stuck over in the gutter till the street-cleaners come and get it. They could n't stop to see about dying men; they just had to get him out of the road and keep on. Cruel things happen in war.'

Bob paused, his face working. He began again. 'I did n't know about Cortwright until I walked on to him almost. You don't know anything that's happening anywhere in a battle except right where you are. I almost walked on to him.' Bob stopped again; he swallowed and wiped the sweat from his face. 'He was lying there breathing with a — with a thick sound, and his eyes half-closed, showing the whites, and his face all gray. He used to be so good-looking and — and rather vain of his looks, too, you recollect, Van; any man would have been. And he looked so you did n't want to touch him. That's horrible, but it's so. I got over that, though, and went and raised him up. I don't know whether he knew me or not, but he looked at me. I said, "It's me; it's Bob Gilbert, Corty, don't you know me?" but he just said in a whisper, "I'm thirsty." And then I gave him a drink out of a canteen I had and he s-said, "Th-thank you!"' Bob broke down and sobbed openly. 'He was dying, Van; he was dying, and he said, "Thank you!"'

'Poor fellow!' said Van, touched. 'Was that all?'

'Yes. He died. He never said another word. I wish he had. If he'd said Lorrie's name, I'd like to have told her. But he never spoke again.'

There was a silence while Bob wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his soiled shirt, and Van Cleve stared abstractedly at the glaring beach and sea. 'Well, a man can die but once,' said the latter at last; 'I suppose getting shot's as good a way as there is, when all's said and done. It's quick, anyhow. I don't believe he could have suffered much.'

'You — you could n't let me have a drink of the whiskey now, could you, Van? I'm pretty well used-up,' said Bob, pitifully.

'Whiskey would n't do you any good,' said Van Cleve, unmoved. They had found a temporary resting-place in the lee of what looked like a heap of lumber and scrap-iron, but was in reality a collection of wagons, 'knocked down' in sections and roughly bundled together for transportation. And now a military-looking person came and ordered them away from it with few words and strong. Nevertheless, Van Cleve had the courage to inquire of him where food might be got. Robert had no money left, it appeared; he had nothing at all except the clothes on his

back, and as he pathetically stated, some few of poor Cort's things, his watch and a little bundle of letters which Bob had taken off the body to give to Lorrie. 'They buried him there close to where he was killed, like all the rest,' he sighed.

Van got out his wallet and gave him five dollars. 'Now look here, you'd better not stir around in this sun any more than you can help,' he said, with his practical kindness; 'you stay near this place, while I go and see about the stuff to eat. If anybody comes along with crackers or bananas, you might buy something without waiting for me, only you ought to be pretty careful, I think,' and went off.

Alas, when he returned in half an hour or so with his supplies, Robert was nowhere in sight; and Van Cleve, with gloomy forebodings, which should have visited him earlier, after another half hour of worried search, found the other, as he had expected, in company with a villainous-eyed Cuban, drunk and happy in a nook of sand and scrub-palms, passing a newly acquired bottle back and forth. Bob had forgotten all about 'poor Cort,' all about Lorrie, all about his own late reverses and adventures, in this stimulating companionship; he hailed Van Cleve jovially. But the Cuban, who was not at all drunk, looked upon the arrival of this bodyguard with a very darkling countenance; and as Van attempted to get Bob away, he intervened with what sounded like evil words in Spanish, and what certainly was an evil expression.

'Get out of the way, you!' says Van Cleve, pushing Bob (who, as always, was perfectly amiable and obedient) along in front of him. 'Come on, Bob. Yes, I know — it's all right, old fellow, but you want to come with *me*, you know, now. Get out, you! Huh, you would, would you? Well, I guess *not!* Not this time, anyway!'

The Cuban picked himself up, and fled with a yowl of malediction.

''S right, knock him (*hic*) down, Van!' said Bob, gravely wagging his head in approval; 'Cubans' — he flapped his hand — 'Cubans no good. Only ought be careful, Van. Ough t' have gun.'

Van Cleve clapped his hip-pocket. 'Good Lord, I forgot all about it!' he ejaculated.

The next problem was to see Bob safely bestowed somewhere, out of reach, if possible, of any more sympathetic natives or brother Americans; and in this extremity Van bethought him of the Milton D. Bowers. There she lay, two or three hundred yards out, peaceful and secure; and Captain Bowers made only one comment when the boat came alongside and they helped Robert aboard. 'Found yer friend, I see. He's got a pretty-good load,' he remarked, turned his quid reflectively, spat into the water, and inquired, 'He's the one you were figurin' on takin' back to the States, I presume likely?'

'Yes,' said Van Cleve.

'On the Milton D.?' the captain asked, stroking his chin-beard.

'That's what I intend to do,' said Van.

It is a pity that no reliable witness was at hand to report the battle of giants that ensued. Captain Bowers was a Connecticut Yankee; Van Cleve was his grandfather's grandson; it must have been a hot engagement. Van has never, naturally, been at all communicative about the episode, but one may conjecture it to have ended in a draw. 'Oh, yes, he stuck me. But he did n't stick me as much as he expected,' Mr. Kendrick has been heard to acknowledge. The Gilberts, I think, know nothing about the transaction to this day.

After all these events, and when he had left Bob stertorously sleeping in

the cabin, Van Cleve, who had vaguely looked for the sun to be setting, found to his astonishment that it was barely noon! There had been no chance to say a word about the real cause of his visit; it would have been worse than useless to attempt the subject in Bob's present condition. And, having by this time reached a more philosophical mood about it, Van decided that the miserable affair might wait till the next day, without harm. By to-morrow Bob would be at any rate sober, and fit to listen. 'His nerves can't suffer by it,' thought Van, grimly; 'they're all gone to pieces anyhow. He has n't any constitution left. He'll probably have to go to Colorado or Arizona or somewhere, to keep alive. I don't know how the family will manage. Some people certainly do have a hard time.' For his own part, he felt a sense of release, now that his errand was all but done. He wrote another note to Lorrie, briefly reciting that he had found her brother and was bringing him home; that Bob was in 'fairly good shape, though looking rather tough, like everybody else down here.' He hoped she was all right, and she must not worry, that everything was going along as smoothly as they could possibly expect; and as near as he could calculate just now, they would arrive at Tampa by Saturday or Monday at furthest; it could n't take more than a week.

He went ashore again to post this; and wandering about fell in with and followed for some distance a string of pack-mules taking supplies to the front; much of the road, it seemed, was almost impassable for wagons, although our engineers had widened and built it up in many places. It was nearly all as Bob had described it, sunken between solid walls of greenery, suffocatingly hot, and, until they began to climb the higher ground, steaming with noisome odors.

He walked along by one of the drivers, who, seeing that he was feeling the heat, offered him a drink out of his canteen, which Van accepted gratefully; he had not thought to provide himself with water. They got into talk. The teamster had been picked up by the army at Mobile, being a graduate of one of the old, well-established academies of mule-driving to be found along the levees at Memphis and New Orleans, or indeed almost anywhere throughout the Southern States; he said that he liked it 'first-rate,' and reckoned he'd stick with the job as long as Colonel Humphries had any use for him. He was, in fact, quite open and sincere in a conviction that his department was the most valuable and indispensable in the entire army, of which he considered himself and his mules as much a part as any regiment, brigade, or division; and he confided to Van Cleve that old Pete, his mainstay, that there big gray mule with that there scar on the flank, had been a little off his feed here lately; he was afraid the climate was 'getting to him'; the trip in the transport had n't done none of the mules no good. 'If Pete er me was to be laid up with th' sun er fever er anythin', I dunno what they'd do — be doggoned if I know *what* they'd do!' he said seriously. It appeared there were none too many of either mules or packers.

Van Cleve, if he was a little amused, rather liked him for this honest and simple point of view. 'That's the way men ought to feel that are trying to do a big thing together; every one as if his particular part of the job was the biggest of all,' he thought.

His new acquaintance, in a week of traversing the Daiquiri and Siboney roads, backwards and forwards, had learned the countryside by heart, and knew the location of every body of troops as well as the commanding gen-

eral himself. 'Here's whar they had the first scrimmage. You-all heerd about that, I reckon,' he said as they reached the summit of one of the ridges; and, halting to breathe the mules, he pointed out to Van Cleve the entrance of the mesa trail where Wood's men had joined the others, and a shallow depression on one hand carpeted with cartridge-shells in ominous profusion. 'They must 'a' had it hot 'n' heavy right thar,' he opined. But, for that matter, the jungle floor and pathways were now everywhere littered with grim reminders of the fight, rotting rags of bandages, bits of clothing, and wrecked stretchers. Van picked up one of the shells and put it in his pocket.

'They buried some man yonder, I see,' he said, nodding toward a long mound near-by.

'Buried a dozen or more of 'em all in th' one hole,' said the teamster. 'They did n't have time to mark their names down, mebbe they did n't even know 'em.'

Van Cleve went and looked down at the mound whereon some of the dead mens' fellows had raked together a few stones in the shape of a cross. The sight of the poor tribute moved the young man strongly; he took off his hat as he stood. Already the rank jungle was creeping upon the grave, effacing it. Van Cleve wondered if Cortwright lay there. Cruel things happen in war.

Some way farther on they came to another crest, and suddenly, for the first time, the road and surrounding country opened in front of them. Across the immediate valley was what looked like a mammoth green field, hills, a little shining patch of water, roads threading this way and that. Tents could be seen, and clusters of black dots, some of which moved apparently an inch or so while Van watched them; but mostly it was very still. It was not merely that there were no martial sights and sounds such as Van Cleve found he had been half expecting, — there was nothing; the peace of harvest-time at home was not more quiet and urbane. He could have believed the landscape motionless in an enchantment.

'That's the city over thar, cap, — Santiago, y' know,' said the driver, pointing with his whip to some faintly visible buildings, pink and dust-colored, on the farther rim of the valley, as it seemed. 'Hey? Why, about seven or eight miles, I judge. This side, kinder frontin' to you, is San Juan Hill, whar they fit the other day.'

'Do you mean that little bare spot over there? Is that a hill? I thought San Juan was a high place,' said Van Cleve, in surprise.

'It were high enough,' said the teamster, with a tinge of offense; but he relented directly, seeing that Van had had no idea of belittling the army's achievement; and showed him where to look for the earthworks and block-houses, and in what direction lay Caney, where there had been the bitter struggle last Friday. He could name some of the groups of tents and black dots. 'Gin'ral Wheeler's division is right square acrost from us — less 'n they 've moved since yestiddy morning. A division is jest one lot o' men, you know,' he explained carefully; ''t ain't all the army. Thar 's a whole passel more with Gin'ral Kent round here kinder quarterin' to yer left, and some 'way over on the other side. You can't see one or t' other of 'em from here. But headquarters is down this side tol'ble near whar we air now; if you step this way a little, you kin see th' flag.'

'It 's about ninety per cent safer than where General Wheeler is, I should say,' commented Van Cleve, having, after repeated directions, at last located the spot, a great deal closer than he had supposed. 'Is the commanding general always that handy to the rear?'

'Well, he's got ter kinder stay *put*, ye know. He's got to be alluz in th' one place so's they'll know whar to find him. And up in front, ye just nachelly *can't* stay in one place,' the muleteer suggested, making ready to move on. 'You Peet, you dig right out, now, you ol' —!' he addressed his convoy with much affectionate profanity.

As it had taken them upwards of three hours to reach this point, Van thought that he himself had better return before night caught him on the road; and two wagon-loads of sick and wounded on their way to the hospital at Siboney coming along just then, he joined them. He was keenly curious, and indeed promised himself, to view the battle-field nearer, but he did not have another chance.

It was Van's fate throughout to see the war from its reverse side, to miss all its hideous splendors, to encounter none of its heroes. In a romance of any pretensions, Mr. Kendrick would by this time have been hand-in-glove with all the celebrities on the field, and would, for his own part, have contributed dazzingly to our successes. But as a matter of fact, during the whole of his desultory adventures, and among the numerous companions whom he picked up at random for a day or an hour, Van Cleve never spoke to anybody above the rank of a private, and saw and did nothing sensational.

(To be continued.)

REASONABLE HOPES OF AMERICAN RELIGION[1]

BY GEORGE A. GORDON

I

It has been said that 'our dreams are the shadows of our hopes,' and sometimes it is doubtless the case that our hopes are the shadows of our dreams. In the vicious circles of mere subjectivity, idea, dream and hope belong in the category of the null and void. To gain and retain a sober meaning, hope must be the prophet of a reasonable human experience. Kant's three questions at once occur to one here: What can I know? What ought I to do? For what may I hope? Knowledge and moral action are the parents of legitimate hope. Our ideas of knowledge and duty may differ from those of Kant; there can be no difference among sensible persons about the conclusion that authentic hopes are the ideal completions of an imperfect but an essentially rational experience. The reasonable hopes of men are therefore like the morning fires in the East; they herald the coming of the perfect day. America is the land of hope; concerning the greatest force in its life, its religion, shall it be without great hopes?

'Keep in the middle of the stream,'

[1] Readers of Canon Barry's article, 'The Religion of America,' in the April *Atlantic* will find his arguments leading to a different conclusion. — The Editors.

is the refrain of an old Negro melody. The Negro toiling on the banks of the Mississippi had observed that in the mightiest of American rivers there were shallows, eddies, counter-currents, and all sorts of water pranks. Hence his warning to the navigator, 'Keep in the middle of the stream.' The Negro's observation became a metaphor significant for the adventure of his soul. In the religion of his country there are shallows, whirlpools, all sorts of eddies and oddities. There is, however, a vast central movement. Whoever would live religiously must remain in that great current; whoever would understand American religion must watch the middle of the stream. Otherwise, while the observer may write about the religion of America with genial humor, obvious charm, kindly sarcasm, telling epigram, and artistic ecclesiastical purpose, he must write without insight into the spiritual life of Americans, and however much he may protest against it, the picture drawn will be 'a chimera, the monster' of the writer's imagination.

The religion of Americans, like that of other peoples, utters itself in no uniform manner. Its natural idiom is now formal and again intangible, obtrusive and evasive, orderly and vagrant, superconscious and subconscious, normal and eccentric, manifesting itself here in creeds and elaborate ritual and there as pure spirit. At last, in all significant instances, it comes to something like this: Religion is the ultimate strength of man's soul gathered mediately or immediately from the Soul of the universe. Its worth lies in its relation to life as men wend their way through the wild mysteries of time; it is illumination, inspiration, sustaining might, increasing peace. Thus understood, religion carries in its heart the principle of the complete idealization of existence. The religious soul aims with Plato at becoming like God so far as that is possible for man. He directs his life toward a supreme end; with Eudemus he endeavors to behold God and to serve him. He expects, in the highest sense of the words, to fare well; with St. Paul he believes that all things work together for good to them that love God, with Socrates that in life or in death no evil can happen to a good man. His religion is his final satisfaction; he sings with Augustine, 'Thou hast made us for thyself and we are restless till we repose in thee.' He looks to the Infinite as the source of life's ideal and goal; he answers the sublime call of Jesus, 'Ye shall be perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect.' Religion is thus the ideal life of a soul conscious that it lives and moves and has its being in the Infinite soul, able to utter its experience and hope in the great confession, 'The Eternal God is thy dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms.'

It is at once admitted that nothing is satisfactory in the present conditions of the religion of America. As in every other region of our life, here too discontent and confusion reign. There is, however, one great note of prophecy ringing in the heart of religious America audible above the tumult of confused and contentious tongues. A group of serious American students, engaged in the arraignment of an unsatisfactory college preacher, were silenced by one of their number, who said, 'I plead for this preacher. He has done me a world of good. As I have watched him striving earnestly to find something and always failing to find it, I have been stimulated to hunt for that something myself. I am now engaged in the hunt, and I have already found in religion a reality and greatness beyond my utmost dream.' American churches, Protestant, Catholic and Greek Orthodox, all American religious bodies, are

more or less in the condition of that college preacher. They are unsatisfactory; they are seeking something that they have hitherto failed to find. They are however in earnest, and they are stimulating by their earnestness and failure a multitude of the elect youth of the land to undertake the search for themselves. The unattained is the glory of American religion.

The mood of content, whether with the religious insight won, the volume and quality of experience secured, the ideals formed, the fellowship established, the influence exerted, or the character achieved, is to the genuine religious American the worst of all bad signs. Men are in an infinite world; they are capable of growth indefinitely great; content with present attainments therefore means the arrest of progress, the blight of hope.

America has decreed freedom for religion in the sure foresight of the advent of the crank and the freak. These abound inside organized religion and outside. The American method of treating the normal and the abnormal in faith follows the teaching of Jesus in his Parable of the Wheat and the Tares: 'Let both grow together until the harvest.' Freedom is costly, but it is worth while. It is the great test of faith.

Can we trust truth to win in a fair fight with error? The man who says that he cannot must secretly despise the truth. Such a man might well take a lesson from the tyrant Tiberius, who refused to punish offences against religion on the ground that the gods can take care of themselves. Besides, religion can never know itself as real save in the world of freedom. No man can tell whether religion is an oasis in the desert or a mirage, who is not free to test it by every power of the mind and spirit. Further, self-reliant, responsible manhood is gained only through the solemnity of choice; as in Goethe's song, —

> But heard are the Voices, —
> Heard are the Sages,
> The Worlds and the Ages;
> Choose well; your choice is
> Brief and yet endless.

Once more, the repression of the crank by the law of uniformity means the excommunication of the prophet. The greatest words ever uttered in behalf of freedom in religion are these: 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto her! how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate.' On a level immeasurably lower let it be said that since differences abound in the minds of men it is in every way safer to provide them with freedom. Wild beasts are wild beasts in cages no less than in jungles; putting them under restraint sometimes tends to the disguise of this fact. The utmost freedom serves to disclose the utmost in man; under freedom we shall know man better and learn to act with knowledge. One may put the skin of a deer over the body of a lion; that act will not make the wearer of the new robe any the less a beast of prey. Cover all religious views with the same ecclesiastical skin, if you can, but know that not in this way are doubt, protest, heterogeneousness, distemper, ruthless passion abolished. We thus keep while we conceal these evils; we add to them a whole brood of greater evils: insincerity, the double life, and sometimes the atheism that feeds on the sacramental bread and wine.

II

The great religion is the product of the great race; when brought forth, the religion returns to exalt and perpetuate

Americans as a distinctively divine institution. It is indeed a divine institution in the sense in which all essential human institutions are divine. The family, the state, the school, the university, and the organized trade of the nation are divine institutions; that is, they are essential expressions of the life of our people. The forms of these institutions may change; the institutions themselves are permanent necessities of man's life in this world. They have been wrought out by human beings, seeking, under the guidance of the Eternal Spirit, the juster and mightier organization of existence. The church and other essential human institutions rest, therefore, on the same foundations. These institutions are like the different peaks in some great mountain range; higher and lower they are, more and less massive; one it may be towers far above all the others and fills a vaster area, but one and all rest upon the same earth, one and all rise into the same heaven. A church organized out of heaven and set apart from and above all other institutions is a fiction that has vanished from the free mind of America. It exists in certain places doubtless, with other survivals of an outgrown time; but among wise men it exists as a myth, and is so regarded. The Founder of Christianity was less of a churchman than any other religious teacher in the annals of history. He used synagogue, temple, human homes, mountain tops, desert places, the fields and the sea, as the scenes of his prophetic activity and worship. It would not be too much to say that his church was the cosmos, the lights thereof the sun, moon, and stars; the pictures on its walls the fires of morning and evening and the shadows of noon; its altar the heart of man; its music the whispering winds; its organ the universe supporting his prophetic voice.

From this, the most unecclesiastical of teachers, arose, justified by the necessities of the life of his disciples, fallen upon different times in different lands, successive forms of church organization. These were integrated finally in the church of the East and the great church of the West. Disintegration at length set in; what was built by man in obedience to the impulse of life, was taken down in reverence for the same impulse. The issue is the sense of the absolute primacy of the life of the soul; the hope is that this builder and destroyer of institutional forms will become surer of itself and continue to renew itself from the aboriginal Fountain of life.

The Christian ministry has become one vocation among many, equally sacred with other essential vocations and no more. The gain here is inexpressibly great; all mere officialism is impotent and vain; the man is a prophet or priest in virtue of his humanity exalted by the presence of the living God, or he is a chimera. No titles, no rank, no official consecrations can serve as substitutes for a gifted, disciplined, exalted human character; they may remain convenient signs of it; they do not impart the grace of the spirit, at best they only call attention to that grace; they do not create the prophet or priest; they do their utmost when they serve him. This means the exaltation of all essential human callings; it does not mean the degradation of the one sacred calling. The command has gone forth to all vocations, Come up higher. Again the outward fails us; the boat sinks and we trust ourselves to the deeps of the Eternal Spirit.

For more than a thousand years a definite system of thought ruled the minds of religious men throughout Christendom. Protestant and Catholic confessed substantially the same theology; Europe and America stood here

upon essentially the same ground. It was universally held that the truth about man's world was reflected in this system of belief. At length disintegration began here; great abiding ideas were dug out of the débris and carefully conserved; the traditional creed as a whole, however, became incredible; the eyes through which men for fifteen centuries had read the meaning of the universe became dim. The relief from this disintegration to the vexed religious soul has been like escape from Hades; the world of God now bids man welcome from the prison that he had built for himself. According to their differing temperaments, fear or audacity at first filled the minds of many persons in the presence of this stupendous event; bewilderment has encompassed a multitude of fine souls like a thick cloud; there has been much uncertainty and searching of heart; what seemed the foundations of the world have given way. What can the religious soul do in this extremity? Betake itself to God, with all its heart singing its great song, —

> Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day and cease to be:
> They are but broken lights of thee,
> And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

So it has been in ten thousand instances; our reasonable hope is that more and more it shall be thus. The call has gone forth for a profounder retreat upon the aboriginal Soul of the universe. From this great experience insight will return, insight into the innermost heart of religion and confidence in its findings. This is the issue for the religious spirit as against the man to whom life itself carries no gospel and whose home is in ruins amid floods and tempests.

The scientific intellect is at its task, dissolving all on its way to the everlasting. To the dweller in the region of the traditional this is appalling; to the soul whose one supreme passion is to see God here is another vast inspiration. Such a soul longs for the things that cannot be dissolved, to hear in the roar of this world of fateful change the song of the Time-Spirit, —

> At the whirring loom of time, unawed,
> I weave the living mantle of God.

Such in few words are some of the graver conditions of religion to-day. Under these conditions religion would seem bound to do one of these three things: to curse God and die, the blasphemy of thought found on a tragic scale inside Christian churches and beyond them; to hug the old traditions in the new environment, hoping by desperate loyalty to secure them against the fierce critical heat that encompasses them, — a faith as vain as would be the expectation of an iceberg to remain intact afloat on the South Atlantic; the cry of the mysterious Presence that wrestled with the first Israelite, 'Let me go for the day breaketh.'

We are in the dawn of a new epoch. It would seem that religious men are to be deterred by the decree of the living God from continuing the practice of jumbling together in one indistinguishable mass the precious and the worthless in human experience, the rational and the mythical, the self-attesting and the impossible, the self-sufficing reality and the superstitions that always dim the radiant soul of religion and try to replace its pure splendor with their wild fantastic shows. The mood of the time sounds a more profound retreat upon God; it spreads its table in his presence; it seeks for that table the living bread, the sustenance without which man cannot remain man. Temporal helps have been taken away, that the Eternal helper may be found; religion has been compelled, like a ship caught in a tempest in shallow water, to put out to sea.

Our ship is good but there is safety for her and her precious burden only on the deeps.

IV

American religion is seeking, and it is likely to seek more and more, a justification of its being out of the universe now. Emerson's essay, curiously referred to in a recent issue of the *Atlantic* as 'mournful,' sounds the note of a vast hope. 'The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe?' In these words Emerson is the prophet of all deep religion, of the Christian religion in its inmost spirit. Protestant and Catholic are here one. Communion of saints, fellowship with the spirits of just men made perfect, access to the soul of Jesus, admission to the immediate presence of God, is recognized by all enlightened Christians to be at the heart of the soul's life. This immediate contact with the Divine reality is primal; books, churches, prophets, priests, creeds are secondary. We press toward the light Ineffable; we are now led and again driven toward this supernal centre by the majesty of the past, by the mystery of the future, and by the present necessities of the soul. We seek with all religious human beings the immediate vision of the living God. The apocalypse for this day we crave as our daily bread. We discover that the greatest words of the past become living only in the experience of the present hour; outside of that experience they are dead.

If the religious man's soul, the souls of his fellow men, and the Soul of the universe are hidden, as may well be the case, he may borrow light from all religions to help him in his search. The point is that no religion can create the objects of religion; the chief religion comes not to create, but to reveal. At last the universe itself must justify or discredit our life in the spirit. Believers claim that it must be possible to-day, as in other days, to be profoundly religious and to justify from experience this attitude of face-to-face converse with the Eternal.

Here indeed we touch the inmost soul of the Christian faith, that which it utters in its doctrine of the Holy Spirit. Christians were never meant to rely solely upon the epic history of the Master, to go back two thousand or ten thousand years in order to find the warrant for their faith. There is the present Guide unto all truth; there is the universe to-day under the illumination of the Spirit. The record of the Master's career is inexpressibly precious; it is enriching, regulative, corrective, prophetic, dynamic; it is the sovereign, historic form of the Infinite compassion; yet its deepest promise is of the Presence that pervades and illumines the contemporary world of men, 'Lo, I am with you alway even to the end of the world.' The ultimate realities of the Christian religion are souls: the souls of men and the soul of God; the New Testament has its highest use as a guide to these ultimate realities. By the wonder of the Spirit Jesus becomes the contemporary of his latest disciples.

The great insight at work to-day in all truly religious persons that the Infinite Soul is with us lends new significance to many forms of faith that must appear to thoughtful men crude. New Thought, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Eddyism, the Healing Cult, and all kindred movements which seem trivial in the presence of the greater historic churches of Christendom, which are as it were mushroom growths compared with the religions of immemorial influence, which often appear mere amusing products of American extem-

poraneousness, become of serious importance when viewed either as man's face-to-face converse with the universe or as presenting to the Infinite in the unending process of apocalypse the open mind. The world of science would stagnate, the growth of art would come to an end, the hope of political and social betterment would die, if the elect youth in each new generation should be content with the insights and achievements of the past. The crudeness and the eccentricity of youth do not blind us to its noble dissatisfactions with the great past out of which the greater future is to come. In the same way we should regard even the crude, the eccentric, the wildly extravagant in contemporary religion. It is at all events the sign that men are living in the presence of the Infinite; that their minds are in the mood of invocation; that they believe God to be greater than man's best experience; and that they look for his mightier manifestation.

From this new and eager contact with the Divine universe, from this contemporary agitation over life's sovereign problems, from this original, immediate fellowship with the Eternal, it would be strange if there did not eventuate a vaster religious insight, a more steadfast religious character. In the case of New England transcendentalism, which continues to minister to the sense of humor of many genial souls of alien discipline, these four lines from Emerson annul the extravagance of the movement and indicate its deep prophetic note:—

> Speaks not of self that mystic tone
> But of the Overgods alone;
> It trembles to the cosmic breath —
> As it heareth so it saith.

All religion that is of substantial worth is man's response to the whispers of the Eternal in his heart. The speaking universe and the listening human soul are the great major premise of valid religion. The contemporary soul, pure through desperate need and lofty longing, responsive to the voice of God that wanders through the world to-day seeking the willing ear, whatever its immaturities and eccentricities may be, is a fountain of life in the nation's religion.

The unique Exemplar and Prophet of American religion, in all its manifold varieties, is Jesus of Nazareth. His kingdom of man stands deeper in American insight and sympathy than the programme of all other religious teachers and cults. His teaching and example have set aside Calvin and Edwards; He and no other has his hand upon the springs of religious desire; He and not the crank or freak in our caravan is the inspirer of all that is worthiest in our experience and surest in our hopes. We find that Jesus is often acknowledged by the anarchist crazed by the woe of the nations; He is not seldom close to the heart of the Socialist in his madness over the contempt of the strong for the weak; He is recognized as the supreme friend of man by many among those who see in his disciples, as organized in churches, a solidarity of selfishness hallowed under the shadow of his glorious name; He is the pillar of fire by night to many a servant of social betterment to whom the universe is an impenetrable mystery; believers in the humanity of man have seen the incomparable greatness of Jesus. Inside all communions with present power and the hope of to-morrow beating in their heart the image of the Prophet of Nazareth is sovereign. Hospitable to all promising voices, ready to entertain strangers in the hope that they prove angels in disguise, sadly disillusioned as it is about many of its guests, American religion persists in the open mind, the catholic heart, in the presence of the Infinite

possibility of to-day; at the same time the name that was to St. Paul above every name is still our sheet-anchor in the storm. Otherwise to read the signs of the times in the religious life of America is to miss the chief sign.

V

American religion, while sympathetic toward the whole higher intellectual achievement of mankind, is likely to be less disposed to ask alien philosophies to account for it or to accredit it to the world. This is the issue of the discipline in historical analysis that a generation of great scholars have imposed upon themselves. Everything that has become mixed with Christianity in the course of the centuries is not therefore an essential part of its character; additions to Christianity made since the close of the apostolic age are not necessarily alien in spirit. Historical analysis exhibits the original force and body of ideas in the Gospel of Christ; it discriminates between what is original and what is a later addition. It leaves the free mind of the world to decide the further question, How far is the historic accretion compatible with the original genius of Christianity? Historical analysis has made good the distinction between the original and the derived, the kindred and the alien, the development from within and the addition from without, the product of the Holy Spirit and the product of the Time Spirit. This distinction has been adopted by the free mind of religious America; the adoption of this distinction marks an epoch in the higher religious mind of the nation.

Christianity, the highest form of American religion and incomparably the widest and deepest in influence, has been obliged, as every one knows, to run itself into the forms of philosophies more or less alien to itself in order to shape the minds of men in certain ages of the world. Christianity has at times spoken with the great voice of Plato; it has filled with its transfiguring grace the vast impressive fog of Neo-Platonism; it has taken as an ally the mighty intellect of Aristotle; it has identified its belief with the opinions of men like Origen and Athanasius, Augustine and Aquinas, who were themselves in some degree products of many alien contemporary influences. Christianity has become Calvinistic, Arminian, Hegelian, Evolutionary, Pragmatic. As adaptations of the genius of Christianity to the mind of particular times, these forms of faith may be highly useful; they may indeed be a temporary necessity. Christianity must know the dialect and idiom of the successive ages and speak in them if it is to be widely understood. The wonder of Pentecost, at which were gathered the devout from every nation under heaven, each group hearing in its own tongue the mighty works of God, has been in a true and great way the one continuous wonder in the onward movement of Christianity.

Still it must be said that Christianity does not espouse the cause of the absolute truth of these contemporary servants. They are not bone of its bone or flesh of its flesh. Nothing is essential to Christianity as metaphysic but the reality of the souls of men and the soul of God; nothing is permanently vital to the Gospel but the fellowship of these souls in an ever-deepening moral experience and the resulting exaltation of our human world. Jesus is the permanent centre of his religion as mediating between human souls and the Eternal soul; he is essential as the Supreme prophet of a universe in which soul is the ultimate reality.

This deeper sense of its distinctive being and purpose on the part of Christianity explains much in the Christian

mind to-day. The mood of American religion is that it is unwise to identify its truth with the fortunes of even the most important contemporary movements in the world of thought; it is less unwise, but still questionable, to make too close a covenant between the Gospel of Jesus, with its austerely simple metaphysic and its sublime ethic, and the vast enduring systems of thought. Greek philosophy is great; on its human side it is in essence lasting as the mind of man. Yet it is often immature, wanting in width of sympathy; it is the product of a small although a profoundly significant world. Religion is always the product of a vast world; it is at its highest always in the sense of the Eternal, and the Eternal is in the soul of the religious man and community as creative spirit. This being its genius, religion must give an independent account of itself. As experience, it transcends in depth and character all other experiences; as empirical reality, its momentousness is self-evident; as reality, it must speak for itself, it must construe its own universe, it must be its own ultimate prophet.

VI

We come now to the highest aspect and hope of American religion. Vision is indispensable to religion, but vision is not the chief element; sentiment is essential, yet sentiment is not the main thing. The soul of American religion is action issuing from creative will. Our religion adopts Fichte's great insight that the vocation of man is to become a doer of the will of the Highest; it cries out with Emerson, —

> Unless to Thought is added Will
> Apollo is an imbecile;

it accepts with reverence and confidence the assurance of Jesus, 'If any man willeth to do his will he shall know of the teaching.' Knowledge and being by the path of rational action is our firmest possession. American religion is often unconventional in its expressions, it can at times be profane in its dialect; it cannot acquiesce in hopeless impotence. To the pious cant of the fatalist on whose soul the wrongs of suffering men sit lightly, 'Well, God mend all,' it answers in the style of a man with red blood in his veins, 'Nay, by God, we must help him to mend it.' The fighter for righteousness believes that the stars in their courses are on his side; he does his duty in the sense that the universe is the backer of the conscientious servant of man. His faith comes up out of his experience as a creative force. He is confident that in the long run humanity cannot be defeated by inhumanity; in the vivid idiom of the street, the final triumph of evil over good is as likely as the success of a celluloid dog chasing an asbestos cat through hell. Aggressive, confident, militant action is the great watchword of American faith.

The actual world is apt to be the despair of the religions of the nations. The theism of Mohammedanism is great, and by no manner of means is it ineffective. It exalts the lives of millions; it prohibits the use of alcohol, and it rescues society from the retinue of miseries that follow the use of that poison. It does indeed sanction polygamy, but it exorcises the horror of prostitution. It secures among certain races a creditable measure of honesty, a large degree of kindness and loyalty. Mohammedanism has great merits and yet it is powerless in the presence of the deeper evils of the world. The status of woman as inferior to man it has established and maintained, and this is the fountain of the gravest disorders. It has been unable to sober the fanatic, to elevate into sovereign influence the sentiment of humanity. Above all it is impotent in the presence of auto-

cratic and corrupt governments; it is without hope before the distresses that arise from disease and uncleanness; it has no inspiration for science and no appreciation of the mercies of applied science; it stands dumb as it looks upon the economic misery of its devotees; it calls for submission to present evils as to the foreordained lot of human beings; it is exhilarated by no outlook toward a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness; it is in despair as it surveys the actual world of men.

The same is true of Buddhism. The core of that mighty faith is as noble as anything in the possession of mankind; yet it is essentially the religion of despair. Resignation is its highest word; the path to extinction of being by the way of holiness is its supreme beatitude. The actual condition of man's world in time is beyond remedy except by spiritual suicide. The universe has no light or help for those who cherish the will to live. Our human world with all its relations, interests, experiences, aspirations, and ideal dreams is a mistake. Nothing can cure this mistake but the will to die in the sense of absolute extinction. This religion is the refuge for human beings in defeat, for the victims of despair and for them alone.

Much of European Christianity is in a similar state of mind. It has no word upon the economic distress of the multitude; it does not lift its voice against government as it grounds itself upon brute force; it has no vision of remedial energy equal to its vision of sin; it has no social gospel for this world; it confines its work to the alleviation of evils that it cannot hope to cure, to the discipline of men in limitation and sorrow toward blessedness in another state of existence; it has no consciousness of a creative Christianity; it throws no defiance in the face of the total evils that afflict the world; it entertains no vision of the victory of humanity over inhumanity in the course of time.

This social faith is the chief note in American religion. It lives among evils as rank and offensive as exist in any nation on the globe; it will acknowledge none of them as inevitable and final. It has crudities enough of its own; it can match at all points the weaknesses of other religions with infirmities of its own, with this vast exception, — it is determined to absorb the best in the vision, passion, and character of the past and to wield this totality of ideal power through believing souls upon the present condition of the nation. All our efforts at the betterment of the people come from essentially religious motives. Education, prison reform, sanitation, the treatment of disease, the programme against intemperance and vice, the movements against industrial iniquity, social distress, the inhumanity of man to man, come from the great basic faith that there exists no incurable evil, that the Soul of the universe is on our side while we strive for the complete reflection in our existence of the humanity of Jesus.

We Americans confess at once that in many respects we are a crude race, that we are a people in the making. We gratefully acknowledge the resources put at our disposal by the older nations; we welcome the help of the art, the wisdom, and the character of ancient races; we concede their superiority at many points, we are eager to learn from them where they seem to be wiser than we. We must, however, add to this appreciation a criticism that we think inevitable. We find in much of the Christianity of the older nations a want of energy and hope that we refuse to make our own, a timidity in the presence of immemorial wrongs that we

consider cowardly, a spirit of acquiescence with inhuman conditions of existence that we regard as equal to the denial of Christianity, a blindness to the physical and moral remedies in the order of humanity that is astounding, an infatuation with formal religion, a contentment with the pieties of a purely personal faith, and a resignation before the woe of the world that we must define as symptoms of practical atheism. Above all we miss in much of the Christianity of the old world the consciousness of the Creative Spirit, the Spirit that proclaims, 'Behold, I make all things new,' that goes against the total evil that afflicts mankind in a campaign that will end only when evil is done to death.

This is the American religious war; it includes in its grand army many dissimilar divisions, corps, battalions, and companies; it is not the assemblage of American churches merely; it is also and in a great sense the muster of the moral forces of American humanity; it is a war against evil to the knife and the knife to the hilt. Out beyond organized religion in America is the shadow of a mighty dream; the dream is of the Republic of God in the Republic of man; this dream lives and works in the souls of our greatest prophets. The shadow is the projection of this dream; that shadow claims for the complete life of our people the whole circle of essential human interests upon which it rests.

We hear, as we expected, the unbelieving response, 'This is American optimism.' To be sure it is. America, with all her sins, believes in God and the ultimate omnipotence of duty read in the light of God's eyes. 'This is the faith of a young nation,' is another exclamation from our aged and somewhat infirm neighbors. True again; and this faith of a young nation repeats itself in the successive generations of elect American youth. In this way the religious nation keeps itself young; it has in vision the spirit of the Divine youth Jesus before whom time appeared as the field of the apocalypse of his Father,—'Heaven and earth shall pass away but my words shall not pass away'; it recalls the enthusiasm of the group of dauntless youth whom Jesus commissioned to carry the news of his kingdom into all the world. America is proud of her youth, she means to renew her youth like the eagle, she is resolved to make it everlasting in the creative might of the everlasting God in whom is her trust for herself and the world.

THE ANSWERING OF ABIEL KINGSBURY'S PRAYERS

BY VIRGINIA BAKER

ABIEL KINGSBURY, leaning against the stone wall that bounded his sheep pasture, groaned aloud.

Along the narrow pathway which zigzagged across the lots separating the Graves and Kingsbury farms a woman was stepping briskly. She was a small woman, but even her gait indicated aggressiveness. As she walked, her gray homespun skirt switched the grass on either side smartly. Belated crickets fled before her approach, and dry leaves swirled behind her.

Abiel surveyed her with disconsolate eyes.

'She's jest like a king-bird and I'm jest like a crow,' he muttered. 'I dono why I feel so scart of a leetle thing like her. She's considerable younger 'n I be, too, but I'd ruther face old Moll Pitcher and her cannon any time. I don't see how she knowed I was down here. She's like an Injun for findin' a trail. I b'lieve, ef I was to make a v'yage to Cuby, she'd git a faster vessel and overtake me in the horse latitudes where I could n't git away.'

From the depths of her lilac sunbonnet, Almira Graves gazed sharply at Abiel's dejected figure. She swept up to the wall, her right hand extended. In it she held a blue dish covered with a white towel.

'We fried doughnuts to our house this mornin', 'Biel, so I brought ye some,' she said. The tones of her voice were startlingly deep as contrasted with her rather diminutive figure. 'Some on 'em's rings and some is twists,' she continued, lifting the towel, 'and there's a couple of pigs for the twins. I made 'em myself. Ain't they cute lookin'?"

Abiel made no movement to take the dish.

'You're real kind, Almiry,' he said, 'but I don't give Kellup and Jacup many doughnuts. Sech greasy victuals ain't good for leetle young ones. It gives 'em dyspepsy.'

'Fiddle-dee-dee!' said Almira, her voice booming out dominantly. 'You was brought up on doughnuts, and fried salt pork and sassige meat, too, and you hain't never had a sick day in your life. Here, take 'em, quick. I must be goin' now, for I've got the dishes to do, but I'll come over for a spell, arfter supper, and darn them stockin's you washed yistiddy.'

'Charlotte Briggs darns all —' Abiel began; but Almira, ignoring his words, thrust the dish into his reluctant hands.

'You give Kellup and Jacup them pigs jest as soon as you git home,' she commanded. She whirled about and began rapidly retracing her steps along the winding path, a bewildered toad dashing before her in a frantic effort to escape being crushed.

Abiel stood, dish in hand, blinking at the doughnuts, crisp, brown, and spicily fragrant. Suddenly he straightened his drooping shoulders.

'They shan't eat 'em!' he cried, hoarsely. 'Not a one! They shan't even taste of 'em. I'd jest as lives give 'em toadstools. I'm a-goin' to throw the hull mess on 'em to the hens, and I'll tell her I done it.'

He took down the bars and stepped out of the lot. Then he hurried up the road to his barnyard. A large flock of hens, quietly feeding there, stretched their necks and cackled loudly at sight of the dish.

'Here, biddy, biddy, biddy!' Abiel cried.

The hens came running with wings outspread. He crumbled the doughnuts and scattered the fragments on the ground. A slow smile of satisfaction lighted his face as the fowls scrambled for the feast, pushing and pecking in their greedy haste.

As he shook the last crumbs from the dish the rattle of wheels sounded in the distance, and presently a cart came jogging around a bend in the road. It was a small cart, painted blue, and filled to overflowing with a motley collection of articles. A little wizened old man was perched on the high seat. He drew rein when he saw Abiel.

'All kinds of goods specially fitted for bridegrooms' wear,' he cried. 'Neckcloths, han'kerchers, shoe-buckles, ruffles, and five different patterns of figgered velvets and satins for weskits.'

His voice was thin and piping, and his deep-set gray eyes twinkled keenly. 'Ain't ben married sence I was 'round larst time, hev ye?' he demanded.

Abiel shook his head vigorously.

'No, I ain't married nobuddy, Hez'kiah, and I ain't lottin' on marryin' nobuddy,' he replied. 'Gittin' married is the furtherest thing from my mind.'

The old man cackled shrilly.

'Lordy, 'Biel, I did n't think you'd gone and married anybuddy,' he responded. 'I thought, mebbe, somebuddy'd come and married you, though.' He cackled again. 'Better not crow tell ye're out of the woods. Almiry Graves is an almighty smart woman; though, seems to me, that most any female not half as faculized as she is could contrive to ketch a widower with five small children and all on 'em boys. I don't b'lieve she's a-goin' to ask you whether you want her or not. When she gits ready she'll jest take ye.'

Abiel's sunburned cheeks reddened.

'I know you're a skiptic, Hez'kiah,' he said, 'but I've alwuz ben a b'liever. I'm a-prayin' stiddy to the Lord to git shet of Almiry, and I've trust in his power to save them that supplicates Him with faith. I don't need no wife. When Mirandy was failin', I learnt to wash and iron and cook real good. Charlotte Briggs tends to the sewin' and knittin'. Ef twarn't for Almiry Graves a-comin' here so much, and a shoemaker not a-comin' here at all, I should n't have no troubles, whatever.'

Hezekiah raised his eyebrows.

'Jehosaphat!' he exclaimed. 'Ain't Bill Hatch ben round this way yet? Why, larst time I was here your fambly's shoes looked like the town poor.'

'Bill Hatch is awful sick with asthmy,' Abiel rejoined. 'Pelick Baxter went to Dighton the other day and see him. Said he sounded as ef he'd got the heaves. Mis' Hatch told him that, onless boots and shoes fell from the sky in this deestrict, Swansea folks'd have to look for another shoemaker. I dono what I'm a-goin' to do. I'd ruther see a shoemaker than Pres'dent Madison himself. I thought, mebbe, you'd come acrost one somewheres in your travels.'

'I was peddlin' round North Rehoboth larst week, and I did hear of a feller that hed ben workin' up that way,' Hezekiah answered, 'but he went over towards Freetown. Ef I'd known Bill Hatch was ailin', I could 'a sent him down here jest as well as not. I don't know of nary other one. Somehow shoemakers seems dretful scurce this season.'

'The ones that useter come 'round have ben a-dyin' off for the last three

years,' returned Abiel. 'I dono what I'm a-goin' to do,' he repeated, forlornly. 'I s'pose old Injun Marg'ret, that lives in the cave down to Birch Swamp, would make me some moccasins, but them ain't like shoes.'

The peddler screwed up his eyes reflectively.

'Bein' as you have so much faith in prayer, why don't you pray for a shoemaker?' he queried. 'My own belief is that the Almighty's too busy with wind and rain, and thunder and lightnin', and earthquakes, and sech things, to bother with widowers that don't want to git married, or young ones that ain't got no shoes. But you might experiment with a prayer or two.'

Abiel's disconsolate face lighted.

'Why, yes, I'll pray,' he cried eagerly; 'I'd oughter have done it long ago, but I never thought of it. I'm so pestered with Almiry that I forgit even my religious duties.'

'Hope you'll git answered prompt,' Hezekiah responded. He gathered up the reins. 'Wal, ef I can't sell ye any weddin' finery, I must be movin' on. Mebbe, when I come 'round agin, you'll be ready for a weskit spite of all your supplicatin'. Git dap, Beelzebub!'

He slapped the reins on his horse's back and the animal, lazily lifting his feet, started down the road at a slow trot. Abiel, after watching the cart disappear, stood for several moments in deep thought.

'I'll have to git Solomon to holp me out,' he murmured, at last. 'He ain't afraid of nothin'. He's got the Dikens sperit. I did n't inherit none of it. I wisht I had. I'd like to see Almiry tackle Uncle J'siah Dikens. I ruther guess she'd find she'd met her match.'

That evening, just as darkness settled down upon the earth, Abiel slipped out of his back door and stealthily sought the highway. It was half-past nine ere he returned and softly tapped on the kitchen window.

The door was opened by his oldest son, a boy of twelve.

'Is she gone, Solomon?' Abiel whispered cautiously.

'Ben gone more 'n two hours,' Solomon responded. 'Did n't take me long to shoo her home.'

His father entered the kitchen and seated himself on the wooden settle by the fireplace.

'Did you tell her that I fed them doughnuts, pigs and all, to the hens?' he inquired, eagerly.

'Course I did. Did you think I would n't?'

'Was she put out?'

'Put out!' Solomon grinned broadly. 'I guess she was. She was hornet mad. I thought she was goin' to box my ears.'

'Did she ask for the stockin's?'

'I did n't give her no chance. I up and told her that you'd taken 'em over to Charlotte's, before she could git in a word about 'em.'

'And what did she say?'

Solomon's shrewd little face grew suddenly grave. He looked keenly at his father.

'She asked me how I'd like Charlotte Briggs for a stepmother,' he responded slowly.

Abiel sat up on the settle, staring at his son with amazed eyes.

'Charlotte Briggs for a stepmother!' he repeated. 'Why she's 'leven years older than I be. 'Leven years and two weeks and three days. She told me her age to-night. What on airth did you answer?'

'I told her I liked Charlotte a good deal better than some other folks I knew, and ef I'd got to have a stepmother, I ruther have her than anybuddy. I told her Charlotte made the best doughnuts I ever tasted. I told her I did n't know as Charlotte would

have ye, for she warn't no hand to come trapin' round arfter a husband like some women. She got up, then, and started for home, and she was so mad that she put on that laylock bunnit hind-side before and never knowed it.'

Abiel surveyed his first-born with an expression of wonder, akin to awe.

'You better go to bed, now,' he said after a moment.

Solomon lighted a candle that stood in a battered candlestick on the dresser. He shuffled across the floor, the soles of his ragged shoes flapping noisily. At the door of the garret stairs he paused, his hand on the latch.

'Pa, kin I hev the black lamb all for myself?' he queried. 'I done my best to holp ye to-night.'

'Lordy!' Abiel hastily stifled the ejaculation. 'Yes,' he said weakly, 'you kin hev it, I guess.'

He gazed at the door after it closed behind Solomon.

'He's Dikens clear away through,' he muttered. 'They're all dretful forehanded. I dono as I done right puttin' of him up to sech tricks, but I was beset. Mebbe, ef I'd stayed to home, she'd 'a' nabbed me off 'n my guard. Hez'kiah Talbee says she's smart and there ain't no disputin' him. I've got to be instant in prayer, in season and out of season, ef I expect to git ahead of her.'

He slid gently to his knees on the sanded floor.

'Oh, Lord,' he murmured softly, 'I thank Thee for my deliverance this night. Continue to protect me from female's snares. And there is one more thing, Lord, that I need beside strength to resist and overcome sech. I need a shoemaker, Lord, for the children's foot-gear is nigh wore out. Do Thou, in thy goodness, send me a shoemaker as soon as conveniently may be. Amen.'

All the next day Abiel, from the wood lot where he was cutting hickory, scanned the unfrequented road eagerly. But no shoemaker, with kit and leather apron, appeared. Almira Graves did not appear, either, but, at noon-time, she sent an offering of pancakes by the hands of her young niece, 'Loizy.' Solomon, who received these eatables, promptly deposited them in the pigs' trough, returning the pewter plate which had contained them to the astonished Loizy with the remark that he 'never did see anything to beat Pa's hogs for rye and Injun victuals. They ruther have 'em than anything else, mornin,' noon, and night.'

Loizy surveyed him with round wondering eyes.

'Do you give 'em to 'em often?' she queried.

'Not so very often,' Solomon returned. 'Pa don't find time to make 'em. But you kin tell your aunt that they kin put down all she has a mind to stand up and fry.'

'I did n't pray fervent enough,' Abiel mused, as he smoked his evening pipe beside the kitchen fire, 'leastways about the shoemaker. The Lord answered me as fur as Almiry is concerned. I wisht that I'd set Solomon on her tracks long ago. But regardin' my fambly's shoes I did n't set forth my condition as fully as I should.'

After the children had retired he prayed long and earnestly.

'Send me a shoemaker, Lord,' he pleaded. 'I am in sore distress. October is a-goin' fast and winter is a-hastenin' on. There ain't a hull pair of shoes in the house but mine, and William Hatch is kep' to home by the asthmy. Send me a shoemaker termorrer, if possible, or day after termorrer at the furtherest.'

But when the morrow drew to a close, Abiel Kingsbury found his petition unanswered. So perturbed was he that

he took little heed of the fact that Almira Graves failed to pay him her accustomed daily visit. He ate his supper in brooding silence.

At half-past seven a rap at the kitchen door set his heart beating hopefully. He lifted the latch with eager hands. Charlotte Briggs stood on the broad stone doorsteps, a covered basket hanging on her arm.

'Land sakes, 'Biel,' she exclaimed, 'you look as ef I was a ghost.'

Abiel smiled feebly.

'I — I — I was kinder expectin' to see Almiry,' he faltered. 'She — she is apt to — er — drop in evenin's.'

Charlotte Briggs sniffed.

'I sh'd think she'd want to ef you 'pear as tickled as that to see her,' she responded. 'Here's your mendin' and them new stockin's you wanted knit for the boys.'

'I'll walk home with ye, Charlotte,' Abiel said. 'It's kind of pokey by them pine woods.'

'Thanks,' returned Miss Briggs, crisply, 'you need n't bother. But Solomon can go a piece down the road if he feels like it.'

'Yes, marm,' cried Solomon with alacrity, springing up from the floor where he had been playing Indians with Jacob and Caleb, the twins; 'I'd jest as lives go as not.'

When he returned to the house he found that his father had put the other children to bed.

'I guess you went way home with her,' Abiel remarked. 'You've been gone nigh an hour.'

Solomon nodded acquiescingly.

'Say, Pa,' he said confidentially, 'I guess I know what made Charlotte so kinder uppish with ye. Almiry's ben sayin' that she's tryin' to ketch ye.'

Abiel gasped.

'Did she tell ye that?' he quavered.

'Course not, but when I come back along, Mis' Deacon Morton was layin' wait for me at her gate. She seen us pass by in the moonlight. And she says, "Is yer Pa sick?" And I says, "No." And she says, "Oh, I suppose he's entertainin' his other flame! Which on 'em is a-goin' to ketch him, Almiry or Charlotte? I hear it's a race between 'em." And I says, "Is that so?" and run right past her. She hollered after me, "He'd better take Charlotte," but I did n't make no answer and kep' right on. I see that laylock bunnit goin' down the road before nine this mornin,' and it never come back till jest before twelve. I'll bet Almiry went all round jawin' about Charlotte.'

Abiel shook his head.

'Folks 'round here had oughter know Charlotte better,' he said impatiently. 'When she was young she had lots of fellers standin' 'round ready to spark her, and she give the whole mess of 'em the mitten. 'Tain't likely she wants to get married at her age, specially to a man so much younger than she is. Almiry talks like a fool and them that listens to her acts like bigger fools. I wisht that I was as sure that a shoemaker will come here to-morrer as I be that Charlotte Briggs don't want to marry me.'

Solomon made no reply. He lighted his candle and silently crept upstairs to bed. Abiel resumed his pipe with a harassed expression of countenance.

'Almiry was bad enough before,' he mused, 'but if she is jealous I dono what I be a-goin' to do. Charlotte is kinder touchy, and like as not she'll r'ar up and say she can't take care of the children's clothes any longer. I don't blame Charlotte none. Tain't none too agreeable to be pestered about somebody you hain't never thought of settin' your cap for. I dono what ever possessed 'Liphalet Burden to up and die jest a week before the day sot for his and Almiry's weddin'. Ef he'd 'a' lived I should 'a' ben onmolested.

It was an awful dark providence, his death was. But dark providences seems to shadder my path. Where be all the shoemakers? I've prayed fer one so hard that seems to me only Satan himself can be keepin' him away.'

He laid down his pipe and knelt before the settle, and, in impassioned accents, poured forth his troubles.

'Oh, Lord,' he cried, 'silence the gossip which is bein' sowed broadcast in this deestrict like grains of wheat in a ploughed field. Open the eyes of the neighbors that they may see that Charlotte Briggs ain't a-settin' her cap for me. Ef possible, perform a merricle and put some sense into Almiry Graves's head. Lead her to onderstand that I ain't no thought of marryin' her, and never shall hev.

'And, Lord, Thou knowest that I need a shoemaker; send me one. We are all of us e'enamost to the end of our tethers. The soles of Solomon's shoes flops when he walks, and Jacup and Kellup is both through at the toes. Gustavus has lost the heel off'n his left boot, and John Henry is bursted through both sides of his feet.' His voice rose to a piteous wail. 'Turn backwards the steps of that man Hez'kiah Talbee told of. Guide him from Freetown acrost Somerset to Swansea. I think there will be a frost to-night and all signs p'int to an airly winter. Send me a shoemaker, Lord, before the children git chilblains. They had a delikit mother and none on 'em is rugged.'

Abiel rose from his knees comforted. He had faith to believe that his earnest petition would be answered speedily. He slept peacefully, and arose at dawn in a calm and hopeful mood.

Directly after breakfast Caleb and Jacob were stationed at the kitchen window to watch for the expected shoemaker. Until dinner time they vainly craned their necks and strained their eyes. After dinner Gustavus relieved them. But his vigilance, also, remained unrewarded.

Late in the afternoon Beelzebub came jogging up to the barnyard gate.

'Shoemaker come yit?' Hezekiah Talbee demanded, bending from his perch to peer into the barn where Abiel was milking the cows.

Abiel flushed. 'No,' he answered.

'Did ye pray fer one?'

'Yes.'

The peddler wagged his head.

'Ye better pray to the Devil, next time,' he said. 'My experience is that them thet asks him fer assistance gin'rally gits it.'

Abiel nodded gloomily.

'Jest heerd some news about ye to the blacksmith's shop,' Mr. Talbee continued. 'Heerd ye hev two gals on yer string, one on 'em pooty nigh old enough to be yer ma, and tother one pooty nigh young enough ter be yer darter. When I was there tother day, everybuddy was shore thet Almiry Graves would fetch ye. Now they're a-sayin' thet Charlotte Briggs has ketched ye away. Better look at my weskit patterns and neckerchers.'

'It's all a mess of gossip,' cried Abiel angrily, 'Charlotte Briggs don't want me, and I don't want nobuddy.'

'Yer dretful hard to please, seems to me,' responded the peddler. 'Most men don't git a chance to make a choose. They hev to take what they kin git. But there is, and alwuz will be, some folks so graspin' thet, if they hed the airth, they'd want Nantucket Island throwed in fer a calf pasture. Git dap there, Beelzebub. We shan't sell Mr. Kingsbury no gee-gaws to-day. You try the Devil, 'Biel. He never fails them that really wants him to help 'em.'

Abiel scarcely tasted the evening meal. Solomon regarded him curiously. There was a look in his father's eyes that the boy had never seen there

before. It was the look of smouldering fire.

After the dishes were washed Abiel sat on the settle, his unlighted pipe lying beside him. As he stared into vacancy his face became rigid, and the strange glow in his eyes grew lurid. An unwonted hush fell upon the kitchen. The children, vaguely oppressed, whispered in the corner.

Solomon took them to the garret a quarter of an hour earlier than usual. He felt sure that his father desired to be alone.

When silence had settled down, Abiel stood up on the braided hearth-rug. His face was pallid, except where two red spots burned on his high cheek bones. The smouldering fire of his eyes burst into flames.

'I'm a-goin' to do it!' he whispered in hoarse, unnatural tones. 'I'm drove to it. I've stood it until I can't stan' it no longer. The Lord has forsook me!'

He clenched his knotted hands together.

'Oh, Devil,' he said, slowly and clearly, 'ef you have power to do so, send me a shoemaker within twenty-four hours.'

The morning sun rose with a burst of glory to usher in one of late October's perfect days. White clouds, like feathers, dotted the bending, deep blue sky. The boughs of sumach and maple seemed hung with rubies and topazes. Squirrels frisked on the orchard walls, and late birds twittered on swaying branches. The warm breeze scarcely rustled the brown leaves of the shocked corn.

Abiel, silent, rigid, fiery-eyed, was mending a broken harness in the barn when a shadow fell across the floor. He looked up. A stranger stood in the doorway. He was a tall, rather good-looking young man, clad in garments somewhat faded and frayed, but which yet retained a vestige of former jauntiness. A fur cap sat lightly on a mass of clustering black curls. Under one arm he carried a bundle rolled in a great piece of leather.

'Morning, sir,' he said in a crisp, clear voice. 'D' ye happen to want any shoemaking done?'

Abiel stared at him silently.

'Want any shoemaking done?' the stranger repeated.

Abiel, as if frozen to the floor, remained speechless.

'Deef as a flat-headed adder,' the young man muttered. He elevated his voice. 'How's your family off for shoes, sir? I'm looking for a job.'

Abiel took a step backward. His face assumed a blue-white hue like that of a corpse.

'Must be deef and dumb,' the stranger exclaimed. 'I'll have to talk by motions.'

He pointed to Abiel's shoes, then to the bundle he carried.

With a supreme effort Abiel moistened his parched lips.

'No,' he said huskily, 'I don't need no shoemaker. My folks is all fitted out fer the winter.'

The young man nodded and wheeled about.

'Your manners need mending if your shoes don't,' he called back as he swung jauntily across the barnyard.

Abiel, trembling as if with an ague, staggered against a grain chest, clutching at the wall for support.

'I had to lie,' he cried hoarsely. 'I did n't darst do anything else.' Great beads of sweat burst out on his forehead. 'I never believed the Devil could send him. I only prayed to him because I was in a passion fit. I am a sinful man, but I did n't think I would be took at my word like this.'

After a while he steadied himself and, with shaking hands, led General Putnam, his aged white horse, from the stall and saddled him.

Presently he mounted the animal and rode up to the house. John Henry, the youngest child, was feeding a pet rooster at the door. The other boys had gone with Solomon to look after the sheep.

'I'm goin' an arrant down Warren way,' said Abiel. 'You tell 'em to dish up dinner and not wait ef I ain't back by noon.'

It was past one o'clock when General Putnam reëntered the barnyard.

'Pa, pa,' Gustavus shrilled from the open kitchen window, 'thar's a shoemaker come! He's workin' over to Graveses. Don't you want me to go and borry him?'

Abiel dismounted.

'See here,' he said, 'here's a lot of good warm moccasins. I ben down to Birch Swamp and bought 'em off'n that old Injun squaw that lives in a cave thar. We won't need a shoemaker till these is wore out.'

To Solomon the three weeks that followed seemed like a terrible nightmare. Not once did his father's face lose its rigid and ghastly expression. He moved about like an automaton, eating little, retiring to rest late, and rising early. He grew suddenly shrunken and old-looking.

Solomon poured out his fright and grief on Charlotte Briggs's sympathetic shoulder.

'I can't git used to them moccasins,' he wailed. 'I ain't got no Injun blood in me. And I'm scairt that Pa will drownd himself or starve to death. I wisht you'd set your cap at him. He ain't but 'leven years younger than you be. 'Leven years ain't nothin'. There's a man up Ta'nton way got a wife nineteen years older'n he is.'

Charlotte pushed the boy from her lap.

'My cap's plain black lace,' she said. '"Tain't the right color to set for a man. Mebbe, ef it was laylock, I might do suthin' with it. But I ain't got no laylock cap. Not even a laylock sunbunnit.'

It was a blustering day in late November. The gray sky frowned at the brown earth, and the trees shook their bare branches disconsolately in the chill blast. Despondent crows cawed plaintively over the denuded cornfields, and cattle shivered in the sere pastures.

Abiel, worn and haggard, was rubbing down General Putnam, just returned from the grist-mill at Swansea, whither Solomon had that morning ridden him. He lifted his bowed head as Hezekiah's shrill voice penetrated the barn's dusky interior.

The peddler, who had alighted from his cart and stood in the doorway, started back at sight of Abiel's face.

'Heavens to Betsey, 'Biel! What on airth is the matter with ye?' he exclaimed. 'Be ye ailin'?'

'Ailin' in sperrit, not in body,' Abiel replied. 'Graveses' folks says I've took to drinkin' cider, but it ain't so. I'll tell ye what ails me, Hez'kiah. I done what ye advised me to. I prayed to the Devil for a shoemaker, and he sent me one. I knowed, when ye told me to do it, 't was only yer skiptic talk, but I done it. I was mad because the Lord did n't pay no heed to my supplications, and I was most wild fearin' Almiry would kitch me in spite of myself. I did n't believe the Devil would pick me up. I just done it to let off my spite. But I callated wrong. The very nex' day the Devil sent a shoemaker here to this very barn.'

'Lurdy!' ejaculated Mr. Talbee. 'What'd ye do?'

'I sent him away. I thought I sh'd drop dead when I seen him.'

'What'd he do?'

'Went over to Graveses and they hired him. He's thar yit.'

The peddler's tense features relaxed. A sudden gleam came into his keen eyes.

'He ain't thar, 'Biel,' he said slowly. 'Him and Almiry run away to Middleborough and got married yistiddy arfternoon. I come over here a-purpose to congratulate ye. Almiry sent word hum to her folks this mornin'. Ole Mis' Graves is nigh crazy.'

'Married! Almiry married to the Devil's shoemaker!' Abiel gasped.

'Sho, 'Biel! He ain't none of Satan's crew maskyradin' as a man,' answered Hezekiah. 'I know all 'bout him. He's son to Deacon Perry over to New Bedford, and a wuthless cuss. Almiry's brought her pigs to a darned pore markit. And I don't believe the Devil sent him into this v'cin'ty, nuther. I ruther guess 't was the Lord's doin's, arfter all.'

Over Abiel's face swept a sudden transformation, radiant, blissful.

'Almiry married!' he murmured. 'I ben blind, Hez'kiah. I'd ought to have suspicioned suthin' when she stopped luggin' victuals over here. And I feel that you're right about the Lord. He got belated answerin' of me, but 't was Him, and not the Devil, that fetched that Perry feller to Swansea.'

'Looks to me as ef yer prayin' to the Devil was a kind of providunce, too,' said the peddler with a dry cackle. 'Fer, ef ye had n't ben afraid of that shoemaker, ye'd of hired him and then, mebbe, he'd never 'a' gone to Graveses. Now I s'pose you and Charlotte 'll git spliced. Hey?'

Abiel blushed deeply.

'Hev ye got a skillet in yer cart?' he queried. 'I liked to hev fergot that ourn is all wore out.'

Mr. Talbee clambered into the cart and out again with surprising agility.

'Here's the skillet,' he said. 'Anything else? No? Wal, I'll be round agin in two weeks and we'll confabulate about the weddin' weskit.'

'No, 'Biel, I ain't a-goin' to marry ye,' Charlotte Briggs said firmly that evening, as she and Abiel sat on either side of the cheery fireplace in her neat kitchen. 'You don't keer fer me as a husband should. I'm too old fer ye. Yer jest askin' me because Solomon wants ye to hev me. I pity them children, but I ain't willin' to marry no man jest to be a stepmother.'

Abiel gazed at her with bewildered eyes.

'Why, Charlotte,' he remonstrated, 'what makes you talk so? Solomon ain't never asked me to spark you.'

Charlotte faced her wooer, arms akimbo.

'How on airth come you ter think of marryin' me, then?' she demanded.

'Wal,' said Abiel, softly, ''t was Almiry's talk thet fust put the idee into my head, and the more I considered it the more I liked it. I wisht you could be persuaded, Charlotte.'

At the wedding, which took place some three months later, Solomon and Mr. Talbee were the leading spirits. The entire Kingsbury flock were happily conscious that they were shod in brand-new, well-fitting shoes made by a shoemaker from Seekonk pressed into service for the occasion by the peddler. The bride, in a gown of pale blue chintz, looked ten years younger than her actual age, and Abiel was radiant in a vest of flaming crimson velvet brocade.

''Tain't the weskit I wanted him to s'lect,' Mr. Talbee confided to Solomon. 'The one I talked up to him was strip-ed, a kind of pale yaller and stun-color. But he was sot on hevin' suthin' toomultoous to express his feelin's. He's got what he wanted, sartin sure.' And to himself he added, 'Red is the Devil's own color, but I'll bet my horse and cart against nothin' that 'Biel ain't never oncet thought on't.'

A CORRESPONDENT AT ADRIANOPLE

BY CYRIL CAMPBELL

FROM the siege of Troy to March 26, 1913, is a far step. We have exchanged the spear for the Mauser, the catapult or ram for the howitzer: but human nature remains unchanged. The fortunes of an invested fortress are still followed with world-wide interest, although it is now the cable or the wireless, not a flickering line of leaping fires, that announces the fall. Already in the few years of this new century, which, according to many, is destined to see the end of war, two of the greatest sieges in the world's history have taken place; living memory can recall another three. It would be an invidious task to state in which of these the investment was most severe, or the defense most heroic: one would certainly not give the palm to Adrianople, although, technically speaking, as a military achievement the Bulgarian success on that Wednesday morning surpassed that of the conquerors of Metz or Paris, Sevastopol or Port Arthur.[1] These four surrendered, whereas Adrianople was taken at the point of the bayonet, and we have to go back a century, to the bloody assault on San Sebastian, to find another example of European troops capturing in this way a powerful fortress designed on scientific lines. In all probability it may never occur again; yet, so trivial are the things that shape our lives, a thread of mercury in a glass tube would have prevented the writer from seeing this unique spectacle, had it happened a day earlier.

War correspondents from all parts of Europe had collected in Sofia thick 'as leaves in Vallombrosa'; for these gentry, like the eagles, are never far from the carcass. The Bulgarians, however, were firm or refused to budge from their dictum, 'No journalist at the front after the armistice.' Bluff, entreaties, protestations, all alike were useless — to the ill-disguised delight of the hotel-keeper; and a goodly number of these latter-day adventurers had left in disgust some time before the fateful day. Fever, combined with a belief that the military authorities would not relent, had induced the writer to decide to follow their example at the end of the month. It was a thoughtful but peremptory telephone message which altered all plans and caused a waiter to come flying to his room.

'If you want to see the fall of Adrianople, you have to leave by special train this instant. All the correspondents are at the station already.'

Neither fire nor earthquake nor 'vis major' of any description could have acted with such effect as those last eight words. To be left at the post! Better starve or be dirty for weeks than miss the train: and as there was no time to buy anything to eat, or pack aught save a sponge, toothbrush, and pyjamas, starvation or dirt seemed inevitable. But the train was still there — indeed it remained a full twenty minutes

[1] Many will probably be surprised at the omission of Plevna, but though, strictly speaking, it was a fortress, its real strength lay in its earthworks (the two Grivitsa redoubts in particular), which were made in three days. — THE AUTHOR.

— but 'all' the correspondents had dwindled down to four, to wit: the writer who shall be known as Ananias; Sapphira, a British lady wielding both pen and cinematograph; Tartarin, a French journalist; Paillasse, an Italian ditto. The two Latins, by some occult means, must have got wind of the government's intentions regarding the press, for they were beautifully arrayed in full campaign kit. Both were prepared for all emergencies, and can have left intact few departments in the wholesale store which had guided their purchases. Ananias pointed out their readiness to Sapphira, and added that any unkind criticism could be nothing but the outcome of envy. A bulky hamper lying at their feet and contrasting painfully with Sapphira's paper bag, lent weight to his remark. He himself meanwhile had bought two bottles of dubious Chablis, brown bread, a hunk of penetrating cheese, and had 'cornered' the station chocolate.

The quartette were then ordered in, and Ananias, encouraged by the station master's assurance that they would be in the lines by midnight (or, allowing the usual latitude, 10 A.M.), proceeded to complete his interrupted nap. In the next carriage Tartarin and Paillasse could be heard selecting the Bulgarian salient.

The night must be allowed to sink into the oblivion which it failed signally to give to weary eyes and limbs. So far from being in the Bulgarian lines at midnight, or even at 10 A.M. as Ananias had charitably allowed, the quartette of sensation-seekers had not even crossed the old frontier at eleven.

Early in the morning two trainloads of wounded, the first signs of active fighting, passed at Rakoffsky. Paillasse was fired with the zeal of the novice, and throwing himself from the carriage, sprang on the footboard of the other train and questioned the men eagerly in the French of the Midi. For the most part their wounds were of a trivial nature, scalp grazes, forearms or fingers torn by barbed wire; and the men grinned, sang, wagged bloodstained bandages in front of the inquirer's face and demanded cigarettes. Of his flow of language, however, they understood not a single word. Somewhat discomfited, but unwearied, he beat up the second train and unearthed a Serb, who spoke a little halting French. The dialogue was overheard by the remaining three, who came to the conclusion that the information gathered would scarcely assist our companion's 'copy,' since it was to the effect that the Servians had done the work so far, and that the Bulgarians were useless. Paillasse nevertheless seemed pleased and filled two sheets with notes, returning to the carriage with the air of one who had 'scooped' his party. Ananias, the only one of the four who had seen campaigns before, was too seasoned a bird for these chance stories; Sapphira, though nominally of the Fourth Estate, used her pen rather as a passport for the camera than for articles; while Tartarin had confided to her that he was really a 'literary' man, and had only accepted this work as an exception and at an exceptional fee. Paillasse had the field to himself for the moment. It was a harmonious party, luckily, since each was working for the papers of a different country, and each was bound to scoop.

This feeling of exhilaration, however, was destined to receive a rude shock. The first instalment came at Harmanli, where Ananias learnt that the bridge at Marash over the Maritza had been blown up. But officialdom bade the party be of good courage, for there would be motors ready at Mustapha Pasha to convey scribblers and soldiers to the lines thirty-five kilometres away. Considering that behind

the wagon holding four such valuable lives there were at least two hundred and fifty men, Ananias thought there must be as many automobiles with the Bulgarian army as at a country election in England. Still, if all the foreign correspondents with the Turkish army had possessed motor cars and had experienced the same luck as his own colleague and the representatives of the *Telegraph* and *Chronicle*, it was quite possible. For the moment Ananias kept the evil news to himself.

At Novo Lubimitz, the next halt, the outlook seemed more cheerful. The automobiles were waiting, not at Mustapha but at Hadikevi, fifteen kilometres farther on. Even if they failed, surely it would be possible to get some conveyance, a country cart, perhaps, while if the worst came to the worst, it was not too far to walk. So argued Sapphira, who was optimistic, energetic, and young. Ananias was out of condition and fond of comfort, Tartarin had the same tastes. As a matter of fact this unalluring suggestion was never put to the test. The blow fell at Mustapha Pasha, renamed Sliven since the Bulgarian occupation.

A few wounded were lying in a temporary Red Cross depot there, and Paillasse had gone out as usual, only to return a moment later with all his fire extinguished. The authorities at Sliven had received no warning as to our arrival, and took their ground on the old regulation that no journalists were to proceed to the front. Another train with all the correspondents and military attachés would arrive next morning and we were to wait and join them. Such was the verdict.

The indignation of the travelers baffles description. To have received the peremptory command which sent them — or rather two of them — off without food or change of clothes, to have been shaken and shunted, jolted and jarred all night, to have been well-nigh starved, and to have nourished the pleasant idea of 'scoops,' only to find that they were to wait for the remainder of the correspondents plus the military attachés, who had traveled down in *wagon-lits* and divers luxuries, while the luckless four had borne the burden and heat of the day! Tartarin suddenly exclaimed that there must be some mistake and, as he rather fancied himself as a diplomat, started off to smooth things down. In a short time he returned rather ruffled, and it was decided that Sapphira should try feminine influence. Ananias left the conference meanwhile in order to commune with himself, as a result of which proceeding he wrote out two telegrams and waited the return of the lady envoy, who had done no better and had lost her temper into the bargain.

The faces of the officials fell visibly at the sight of a fourth nuisance, but finding that he merely asked to be allowed to wire the King and the Premier, they relaxed, and so two cables, the wording of which had a vague and distant resemblance to the Habeas Corpus Act, were dispatched. But a great surprise was in store for Ananias on his return. Tartarin and Paillasse had disappeared!

Sapphira said that she had gone for a short stroll and on reaching the carriage saw that the next compartment was empty. The hamper had vanished with them, and as they can hardly have eaten its contents in one night, it looked as if they must have driven. Sliven station, however, is five kilometres from the village, a carriage could not be had either for love or money, and on making inquiries it was found that not a soul had seen them leave. All around save the one dusty winding road was flat open plain with only a shepherd in sight. If the earth had swallowed them, they could not have vanished

more completely. At this point they also vanish from the narrative, and since no news was heard of them again, it was pleasant ten days later to read their messages and know that, though somewhat late, they reached their objective.

About dinner time the telegram releasing Ananias and Sapphira was handed in. The pair were to be hurried on, and an extra order was attached which will explain how a trainload of agitated correspondents and military attachés were detained for thirty-six hours at an uninteresting spot called Harmanli.

A light engine lost little time in depositing the two Anglo-Saxons close to the lines, and a staff officer was waiting to conduct them to a tent, where a cold and appetizing supper proved a pleasant prelude to slumber.

Next morning, Tuesday, March 25, Ananias was aroused at 3 A.M. by heavy firing. To the trained ear it was plain that this was no ordinary bombardment, but a fierce and concentrated fire to cover an assault. Hastily dressing he went to the next tent, where he found his officer-guide buckling on his sword, and the pair ran round to the batteries.

Most impressive was the scene. The dawn had not yet fully broken, but the ghostly pallor which heralds the dawn just showed the dim outline of the Turkish ridge. A grayish mist swathed slopes and interlying valley in one vast shroud, — grim augury of coming death, — and though the ceaseless concussion and bursting shells ever and anon tore great rents and fissures, the fabric was repaired next moment as if invisible hands were at work. The earth around was all a-quake with the thud and roar of the steel monsters, while overhead could be heard the shrill scream of shrapnel that racks the inexperienced nerves. A hundred paces from the battery a Turkish shell had gouged out a monstrous hole, but otherwise their fire was concentrated on the left. Gradually the mist shredded away and the sun rose on an eventful day, tinging the giant balls of cottonwool — for no other words can describe shrapnel exploding in mid air — with exquisite hues, of rose and saffron. The cannonade increased in intensity. The '12 cms.' belched forth incessant *rafales*, a practice almost unique, the dream of every gunner.

The novice would have thought that not a soul could live in the hell of steam and flame and lead upon that ridge, but ever came the responsive crash, and with increasing accuracy the shells fell thicker on the Creusot batteries, throwing up solid masses of dirt and stones which bruised the men from head to foot. Slowly but surely, however, the Turkish fire grew less, and it was evident that the storm of projectiles which had swept their position in the rear, had prevented fresh supplies of ammunition from coming up. This had been the object of a cannonade which surpassed even the inferno on 303 Metre Hill, and a broad grin relaxed the strained countenances of battery commanders. It was not known till later how much a Turkish contractor's idea of serviceable casements had assisted the Bulgarians.

Suddenly the crackle of musketry was heard below, and the dull uniforms of infantry were seen in the valley. The sun had now fully risen and far to the left, whence came a sullen roar like the beat of billows on a shore, its rays flickered on shining bayonets. A flanking party was charging with the cry, 'Na Prod, na nosht!': 'On, on, to the knife!'

The Bulgars took those words literally. Through his glasses Ananias saw them leap into a line of trenches, and so vivid was the picture that he felt he could almost hear the shock of contact,

the sickening soft noise of steel thrust home, the final gasp, could almost see the blood spurt out, the reddened blade snatched out as the quivering mass of flesh was flung aside. The rifles ceased and the centre line surged on, swarmed the first gentle slope and burst in among another set of entrenchments. The fight was short and sharp: a few minutes and a broken scattered mob, their heads twisted back to see if they outstripped their dread pursuers, stumbled on in terror. Willing hands brought up the tiny quickfirers, the pets of the Bulgarian infantry, and switched their deadly hail on those panic-stricken fugitives. And ever without pause thundered the heavy guns. So passed the Tuesday.

At nightfall Ananias was presented to General Ivanoff, destined to win undying fame fourteen hours later. There was nothing of the iron commander in his aspect. Short and stoutish in appearance, with a kindly face, broad forehead and merry twinkling eyes, he radiated pleasantness. Very quiet and slow-spoken, choosing his words carefully, he talked as if he were accomplishing an everyday bit of business, though with regard to his men, he expressed the hope that Ananias would have a higher opinion than some other journalist who, without seeing them, had said a month before that they were merely third rate. He advised an early bed for it would be necessary to rise betimes. A glass of wine was ordered and while the toasts were being drunk, the cannonade abruptly ceased. Words fail to describe the effect. We seemed to have been hurled into a world of dead: voices sounded as the faint squeak of ghosts such as Odysseus met beyond the Styx.

The Bulgarians, who had snatched but little sleep since Monday dawn, spent the night in entrenching themselves in their new positions and bringing up the field guns on Mezartepe. On the right the main objective was Aivas Bebe, on the left Kavkas: they also pushed forward their salient on Ayi Yolu.

At 2.50 A.M. the bombardment was renewed, the '15 cms.' in Kavkas fort receiving special attention. The advance trenches were rushed and the 10th and 23d regiments prepared to assault the glacis by Aivas, which should have been impregnable. The whoop of exultant ferocity — a cry which would have put to shame a baseball yell — was unforgettable. The men of the 10th outran the sappers who had been detailed to cut the entanglements, and threw themselves at what was a miniature Gibraltar. It is incredible, yet true, that the Turks had placed no searchlights to play on an enemy advancing on barbed wire. Nothing is so devilish, so mockingly demoralizing, as that dazzling, blinding fugitive glare when clothes and flesh are being rent and torn and ripped while the smack of lead on bodies can be heard around. Without it, barbed wire loses half its value; yet the dreaded flash never came. The 10th swarmed up, and enfiladed the defenders as the 23d swung in upon the centre. Panic did the rest. Much the same happened at Kavkas, save that the defense was fiercer, and when Ananias rode round that evening the wire entanglements were a ghastly sight: it seemed as if some giant shrike had fitted up his larder, for mangled corpses, fragments of flesh, or mutilated limbs hung on those horrid spikes. The enclosure within was a shambles.

By 6 o'clock the troops posted in the centre, who up to then had acted as a screen, had advanced upon the heights, and fighting was general along the line. From this point it is regrettable to state that words cannot describe the cowardice of the defenders. Whether there

is some sinister story, apart from the disgusting behavior of the Young Turks to Shukri Pasha, in the background, it is impossible to say, but certainly the Aivas glacis should never have been taken, while it is strange that the most stalwart troops were concentrated on the W which the Bulgarians had abandoned as an objective a week before. Moreover with a spark of that gallant Plevna spirit, the Turks would have contested every inch of the ground in falling back, and it should have taken forty-eight hours for the Bulgarians to enter the town. Yet at 8 o'clock the troops were breaking their rifles before the famous mosque of Sultan Selim.

The Bulgars raced into the town, the Shipka men (the 23d) winning by a short head, for at 9.30 they were on the Arrnautkeui road and had entered the suburbs. The white flag was run up on the fire-station tower at 9.35, and at 9.45 the allied cavalry galloped into the town and took Shukri prisoner in his headquarters at Haiderlir fort. The Vali, Ismail Pasha, tried to parley and obtain conditions, but was told that a captured town cannot make terms. There remained nothing but the whipping in of the 20,000 missing prisoners which entailed the house-to-house search that Ivanoff so dreaded. Fortunately in only three or four cases did fanatics, harbored by friends in the low quarters, attempt street fighting, or kill the searchers. A couple ensconced in a mosque accounted for fourteen Bulgarians.

Adrianople had fallen. Fourteen other generals, in past times, had entered her gates victorious.

The tale of the siege from within lacks the romance which surrounded Paris, but it is full of quaint details, and a full account from the pen of a Western resident will, it is hoped, appear. Few places can boast a more useless or unreliable civil population. Low-class Greeks, cringing and treacherous Armenians, usurious, unwarlike Spanish Jews, the sweepings of the Levant, — where could one look for a spark of patriotism, the makings of a single volunteer? One fact alone was a certainty: it would be necessary to use force to extract the truth as to hidden resources in case of need.

Sublime over-confidence reigned from the outset, and the citizens were ordered to provision themselves for two months only. Grain was even turned away from the gates.

The first shrapnel was a grievous experience for Levant nerves, and for two days all shops were closed and the streets deserted save for foreigners. Even quite late, no matter in what quarter of the town there fell a shell, up went the shutters and away went the people, and the philosophic calm of the Oriental must have been a most valuable asset in those days. Matters were not improved by the existence of a feud between Shukri and Ismail, so that the civil and military authorities were in constant collision.

Important news was rigorously withheld from the garrison, so that for some weeks it was firmly believed in the town that the Turkish army was smashing the allies all along the line. To prevent complete absence of information from arousing suspicions, occasional bulletins detailing skirmishes and outpost affairs were distributed, and at other times general notices remarkable merely for the platitudinous nature of their contents, were issued. One posted on the wall of the Konak on November 21 contained the following paragraph:

'IV. The death foreordained by God is impossible to avoid.'

One wonders what comfort or encouragement a soldier could extract from that! Its efficacy was soon to be tested anyhow, for that very evening the first

regular bombardment, extending over thirteen days, was opened. An awful panic at once seized the foreign colony, and the consuls were obliged to hold a consultation and decide where their timid flock could be bestowed in safety —a difficulty finally solved by sending them to the school of the Sœurs d'Agram.

The first hint of Ottoman disaster was conveyed in a notice, printed in French and Turkish, which was dropped from an aeroplane on November 24. This was easily countered by an official denial, telling the soldiers to place no confidence in the Bulgarian version, and all went well until the armistice. The soldiers had been assured that this had been expressly desired by the Bulgarians, and naturally accepted this as confirmation of Turkish successes. Their disgust can therefore be imagined when they saw the trains running down to Tchataldja and picked up the European papers with details of Lule Burgas and Kumanovo which the Bulgarians studiously dropped from the window. To the majority of the garrison and civilians, this period was intensely dull and trying, though the Turkish and Servian outposts were on friendly terms.

Curiously enough, toward the end a great activity was noticeable among the Young Turk officers, whom Shukri had hitherto checked. In ones and twos they were closeted with Ismail, and the news of the *coup d'état* and Nazim's death surprised no one in Adrianople. Though the majority of officers of either party were glad that the fortress was not to be surrendered without striking a blow, the place was doomed. Shukri was no longer master[1]; for a Young Turk officer told a foreign consul that if he did not do what they said, he would be killed like Nazim. The great error of not taking all the mills and grain under military control had been committed, and it was now plain that the bread-supply could not last long. A victualling commission was formed to requisition eatables, draw up a fixed tariff, and decide on the daily quantity, but it was not a success. First, one of the principal members was found concealing grain in his own cellars, and after obeying the regulations for a day or two, the Greeks and Jews found it more profitable to say that their stock was exhausted, and then sell the goods privately at a high price, if a rich man entered the premises.

Meanwhile the renewal of the bombardment on February 3 had caused a fresh outbreak of panic, especially as a number of shells fell in the new quarter where the better-class residents had their quarters. A small hospital of fifty beds which the British and American colony, nine strong, had founded had to be moved farther out, while the French and Italian citizens took refuge in the cellars of the Resurrectionist Fathers. The conduct of the Sœurs d'Agram at this period was wonderful. They remained at their posts, tending the sick and wounded, a smile of encouragement ever on their lips, although their hospital was in an exposed place and shells were falling all around. They put the men to shame.

Early in March the pinch was sorely felt. Grease and butter had given out completely; petroleum was $8 a tin, sugar and salt $2 a pound, charcoal and coal unobtainable, also dry wood, for the Turks had deforested the slopes around the town, giving it a desolate, woebegone appearance, especially as all the fine villas on the outskirts were heaps of ruins. Fodder was finished, and the oxen were pitifully thin, while a heavy fall of snow just as the sheep were lambing threatened them with annihilation, until luckily a thaw set

[1] He was compelled by the Young Turks to order the disastrous sortie of February 9.

in and freed the green shoots which had been forced on by the snow. Tobacco of an inferior quality was plentiful, but cigarette papers could not be purchased for gold, and the Jews, mindful of their forefathers' skill in making bricks without straw, came to the rescue with fragments of schoolboys' copybooks, with 'Balbus built a wall' and the 'Pons Asinorum' still legible. These masterpieces cost 2 and 3 piastres (10 and 15 cents) a packet of 20. Bread, however, was the greatest need. The last sacks of grain were kept for the garrison, and when that was exhausted, a horrid mess of bran, barley husks, broomseed or canary seed, of hideous hue, with red and yellow patches, and of revolting texture, was served out at fifty cents a loaf. Yet, as is always the case in places that have gone through a siege, Ananias was given a better meal on the Wednesday night at the consulate than he had eaten for six weeks. It was just the same at Ladysmith and Port Arthur.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE POETRY OF SYNDICALISM

THE rhapsody in this issue of *The Atlantic*, entitled 'The Cage,' will not pass without challenge. A rebel wrote it, and thought and form alike proclaim rebellion. There will be a few to sympathize and many to contemn, while to some it will seem clear that if there is a poetry of anarchy, this is it. 'The Cage' will call out plenty of literary criticism, plenty of expressions of social sympathy or lack of it, but the simple point which needs emphasis is that whether the poem repels or attracts the reader, he will find in it, if he cares to look, more of the heart and soul of the Syndicalist movement than all the papers of all the economists can teach him. It is ever wise to listen to the serious voices of mankind, and the sinister mutterings of our own day make the farsighted pause to think. Some details concerning author and poem will give point to these remarks.

Arturo M. Giovannitti was born in the Abruzzi, Italy, in 1883. His father was a physician and chemist, and he himself received the fundamentals of a literary education in the public schools. At eighteen Giovannitti emigrated to America, and, after encountering many varied experiences of an immigrant in search of a livelihood, he entered the Union Theological Seminary in New York, with the purpose of becoming a minister of the Presbyterian Church. Although he never graduated, Giovannitti saw actual service in conducting Presbyterian missions in more than one city, and interested himself in the work of the Church, until socialism came to impersonate religion in his life and led him through the vanishing stages of unbelief into atheism.

During the Lawrence strike, Giovannitti preached with missionary intensity the doctrine of Syndicalism. On June 20, on the charge of inciting a riot, which resulted in the death of a woman, he was arrested with Joseph Ettor and another leader, and held without bail for trial under a statute which had not been invoked since the

conscription riots of the Civil War. Through the unreadiness or policy of their lawyers the prisoners spent nearly seven months in jail. Then came the trial which dragged on for nearly two months longer. During this period of enforced idleness, Giovannitti had access to a library. Before his imprisonment he had written poems for the Italian papers; now English poetry was revealed to him. He read it with insatiate eagerness and found in Byron and Shelley the heady wine which his rebellious nature craved. It was during the trial that W. D. Haywood, the notorious Syndicalist, asked Giovannitti to write something about 'Sixteenth-Century courts trying to solve Twentieth-Century problems.' 'The Cage' was the result. It was written one evening while Giovannitti was still greatly moved by news of the protest strike in Lawrence, and by messages of sympathy from his fellow citizens, who in three separate districts of Italy had nominated him for the Chamber of Deputies.

We are not prepared to debate the question whether Syndicalism has a soul, but if it has, 'The Cage' gives a picture of it. The philosophy of the poem sounds harshly materialistic, yet we must not forget that to the very poor, bread, bed, and sunshine may suggest something very different from materialism. They are helps — almost essential helps — to spiritual freedom. Moreover, many readers will discern some vague outline of a spiritual principle in 'the fatherly justice of the sun.' But even if the poem offers no suggestion of some evolution toward an idealism still to come, if sunshine and a chance to feel its warmth are really all these revolutionists desire, then to be shut away from it is to them at least an utter calamity.

It was the law which freed Giovannitti. This law, read by 'dead men' out of 'dead books,' had in it the spark of the eternal life of justice. The logic of facts is against the poet's repudiation of the past. So thinks the conservative, and rightly. Even the radical may maintain that evolution itself is against him. His 'singing cage' is a part of the past continuing into the present. It is not yet retransformed and remade into the 'sword of justice' of the future, but in the fullness of time that new sword of justice will be made out of the old cage. This is not death. This is transfiguration.

Thus the radical. But most of us commonplace folk, after pondering the matter, will remark with Mr. Asquith in his discussion of Parliamentary manners, 'We are getting on!'

THE PUBLISHER AND THE BOOK

A LONG row of tall, soot-belching smoke-stacks along the river front; trainloads of manufactured goods leaving the busy railroad yards almost every day; a very efficient street railway and interurban system; an up-to-date, recently rehabilitated telephone service; an adequate pure-water supply; an auto-equipped fire department; a half-million-dollar hotel; a commission form of government; a small Carnegie library, and one lone bookstore: such is the prosaic picture of our hustling and bustling western city of 30,000 inhabitants.

This complex aggregate of material push and intellectual stagnation may perhaps explain to a certain extent the publisher's complaint in the April *Atlantic*, that the distribution of books of real merit is a difficult and thus far unsolved problem. 'The publisher and the bookseller alike must confess that the lack of sales of works of literature is primarily due to the inadequacy of present methods of distribution.' And then 'the indifference of the public to

the new books of the day is commonly blamed for the change in publishing methods.'

Sweet consolation indeed!

Our lone bookshop makes a specialty of office fixtures, from fancy waste-baskets up to expensive mahogany desks and approved filing devices; it frames pictures, retails typewriters and supplies, sporting goods of all kinds, cameras and photographic sundries. Whatever space is left after room has been made for innumerable view-cards of our proud and booming burg, for the inanities of humorous-postal-card designers, for fountain pens, calendars, magnifying glasses and some fifty-seven varieties of popular magazines, is eagerly filled in with glaring posters in multi-colored dress, lavishly forwarded by the publisher to advertise to the blasé public his latest best seller, a few copies of which are usually kept on hand.

But generally the up-to-date reader has long since made the acquaintance of the fearless hero and the self-sacrificing heroine between the covers of the popular magazine; he has no time or inclination to pore over their stirring adventures afresh at the cost of $1.50; he has passed on to the next serial with its breathless situations and melodramatic episodes.

Or if perchance this great boon have not fallen to his lot, there is the little Carnegie bookshelf, which he helps to support, and where the latest effusions of the inexhaustible novel-writer appear as early and as regularly as in our lone bookstore. Several copies are on hand, free for the asking. Why invest the good coin of the Republic in an article whose vogue is more ephemeral than that of the proverbial insect?

For a work of general literature there is of course no room in our busy bookstore, — and no demand that would justify the investment on the proprietor's part. Now it happens that I am in favor of 'keeping trade at home,' and when I want some such work, I carefully write out the title, together with the author's and publisher's names, and take it to the bookstore, with instructions to order the work for me. For I have long since got over the habit of inquiring first whether they have the book in stock: I believe in the conservation of natural resources, personal as well as national.

The order having been given, I wait quietly and patiently, — in the sweet anticipation of spending a few delightful hours in the company of some select mind, — until the volume is sent up, which is usually from four to eight weeks later. A mild complaint, now no longer ventured upon, brings the answer that the order has been duly forwarded to their 'jobbers in Chicago'; I have never succeeded in tracing it any farther. 'At any rate, the book may be here now almost any day.' I am sorry to confess that at times I have cast my principles of 'keeping trade at home' to the winds!

This is an honest recital of twentieth-century conditions in a wide-awake American city, with — considering its size — a not inconsiderable number of millionaires.

Why has not some aggressive book-dealer set up a rival establishment, provoked competition, and stimulated the book trade? Most probably because it would not pay. You see, we are too much absorbed in industry and manufacture, city improvements and political quarrels, building projects and corporation baiting, to have any time left for deep cultural reading; and this notwithstanding all the ennobling influences which our elaborate and expensive public-school system is supposed to exert in that direction.

Indeed, our well-meaning publishers, to whom 'the publication of a worthy

and distinguished book is a matter of high satisfaction,' are facing a bigger task than they are perhaps themselves aware of.

ON THE GENTLE ART OF LETTER-READING

From time to time, one of my associates in the Select Order of Old Fogies launches an essay on the decay of letter-writing as an art. He bemoans the disappearance of the letter that rambled for twenty pages through lush meadows of gossip, leaving a trail of epigrammatic philosophy to mark its course, and was good enough for the writer's posterity to print in a gift book. Of course, his lamentation is directed really against the telephone and the typewriter, stenographers and phonographs, cheap travel and cheaper lettergrams and cheapest newspapers, or, rather, the era of activity of which these are fruits and symbols. To write the old sort of letters required a degree of leisure and an absolution from petty desires and sordid cares which are hardly conceivable under present conditions of commerce and the cost of living. Our ancestors put into their letters what we now put into monographs and essays and ten-minute chats with the Contributors' Club. All that is left for a letter nowadays is the remnant that can't be said face-to-face at the cost of a short trip by steam or electricity, or 'hello'-ed over a wire. It's a waste of time to spend it on composing such a trifle; so you tell your amanuensis what to say, and your signature does the rest.

Although, having a livelihood to earn, I cannot sympathize with the sentiment which would set the Clock of Progress back a hundred years or so, I have a complaint of my own to register against the modern correspondent: he does n't half read what the other fellow writes to him. If he did, his letters would make up in substance for what they lack in style. I dare say this fault, too, will be charged to the atmosphere of hurry which envelops the present generation; but that excuse is insufficient to meet his case. Nine times out of ten, his so-called answer is not an answer at all, but means one or more additional letters or no results; therefore economy would lie in doing the thing properly at the outset. From my folio of specimens I choose a brace so typical that everyone will recognize them at sight.

To the proprietor of a summer hotel I write: 'I want two connecting rooms with bath between, with outlook on the water, and not above the fourth floor, with two single beds in each room, for the whole month of August. If you will be able to accommodate me, please let me know size and location of rooms, and terms for the month, with full board, for party consisting of two adults and two children ten and twelve years of age.' Neither Addisonian in elegance nor Lamblike in geniality, perhaps, but surely simple enough for comprehension by the most commonplace mind. Back comes Mine Host's answer: —

'Our rooms, single and in suite, command beautiful views of the ocean on one side of the house, or of the mountains on the other. Rates, according to location and number of persons occupying, from $20 per week upward. Shall be pleased to furnish you with any information desired.'

Then, for goodness' sake, why has he not furnished the information I not only 'desired,' but specifically asked for? It would have required no greater effort to say: 'We can give your party the accommodations mentioned in your letter of June 16, for the month of August, for $400. This offer will remain open for receipt of your acceptance by

mail or wire till midnight of June 22.' There we should have had the whole bargain in a nutshell, to take or leave as I saw fit, with no need of further long-distance wrestling over facts and terms.

Of a seedsman I inquire, in a letter very brief, absolutely to the point, and enclosing postage for reply, which of two flowering plants whose bulbs I have bought of him grows the taller. It is already time to set out the bulbs, but I want to put them into next summer's bed in the order of their height. In response I get a most polite note from him, assuring me that he takes great pleasure in mailing, under another cover, an illustrated catalogue of all the garden supplies he keeps for sale, and will take further pleasure in filling promptly any order with which I may favor him, express prepaid on orders exceeding $2.00 to one address, unless sent C. O. D., and so forth and so forth. As the illustrated catalogue travels by third-class mail, I lose two days in waiting for it. When it arrives, I find it a rather bulky pamphlet, with an index obviously not compiled by an expert, by the aid of which I succeed, after an hour's digging, in bringing to light some descriptive text about my two plants. It shows that they average the same height of growth!

It would have cost that man, at the most, the labor of putting together one sentence of five or six words, to answer the question I propounded, and spare me the infliction of a pageful of phrases which gave me no fact I had asked for, and none I did not already know from the advertisements he had been bombarding me with for the last dozen years.

In spite of all the talk about the modern disregard of manners, both seedsman and landlord were courtesy itself so far as externals go; yet neither carried the spirit so far as to do for me the little service requested. The seedsman did better in this respect than the landlord; but why should we be reduced to such a choice between evils? A like criticism will apply to half the personal and intimate letters I receive from friends. One or two even ignore the address plainly given in my dateline, and persist in sending their answers to non-existing numbers or undiscoverable streets.

My dear old grandfather, who wrote all his own letters in a hand which, down to the day of his death, was almost plain enough for a blind man to read, taught me never to attempt to answer a letter without placing it before me and reviewing it scrupulously, paragraph by paragraph. Hundreds of times have I devoutly blessed his memory for that lesson in the commonsense of correspondence. Whenever, lured by the pell-mell spirit of the age, I stray from his precepts, I rue it; and I can feel the flush of shame overspread my face as I follow a first letter of response with a second, rendered necessary by the belated discovery of a point left uncovered. The old copy-book legend, 'Haste breeds carelessness,' is as true as it was in the days when good penmanship and good morals went hand-in-hand in the training of youth. If slam-bang and hurly-burly have given its *coup de grâce* to the once gentle art of writing letters, is not that all the more reason why, before it is too late, we should rescue the half-dead art of reading them?

ST. DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Much has appeared this spring in righteous appreciation of David Livingstone. Many of us have been renewing the days, and the reading, and the pictures of our youth when 'Livingstone — Stanley — Africa' were magic words. Did not every good American

family have those volumes on *How I Found Livingstone:* books filled with pictures which terrified and fascinated us? But now as we read Livingstone we are most impressed with his 'gracious words' and 'mighty deeds.'

It calls to my mind a famous story of Cardinal Manning. That belligerent ecclesiastic, dressed in a violet gown, and wearing around his neck a massive gold chain, used to say, with a melancholy smile, 'No saints have walked in England since the Reformation.'

And while he was musing, the fire burned; while he was speaking, Livingstone was walking across a continent.

I don't know how many miles a man must walk in order to be canonized, but 29,000 seem enough to silence any 'advocatus diaboli.' And could any candidate for the highest hagiology exhibit a nobler courage or a finer faith than Livingstone made manifest in that grim crisis on the Loangwa? And surely if 'irresistible grace' be the mark of the saint, how irresistible was that grace so visibly manifest in his life and so quietly in his words, which opened for him pathways in deserts and in forests, which won for him the hearts of black folks, which went out from him as virtue to Stanley at Ujiji, and which after his death led Susi, Chumah, and a nameless company of devoted men, to carry his body to the sea, and England. And what sacerdotalist of the strictest and straitest sect, if called upon to imagine a fitting departure for his saint, could ask for a translation so eloquent, so impressive, so glorious, as that of the silent man, kneeling in prayer, beside his bed, in a hut built by Africans in the heart of Africa? And could any pious monk, or golden legend, devise a more appropriate sepulchre than that which loyalty and love gave to David Livingstone? For his heart was buried in the heart of the continent to which he gave heart, and his bones in the great abbey of the land which gave him birth. And to complete the requirements of hagiology, what pious puns the gentle monks could have made on living stones, and what scriptures they could have found in Holy Writ for this modern David fighting his Goliath, the slave trade!

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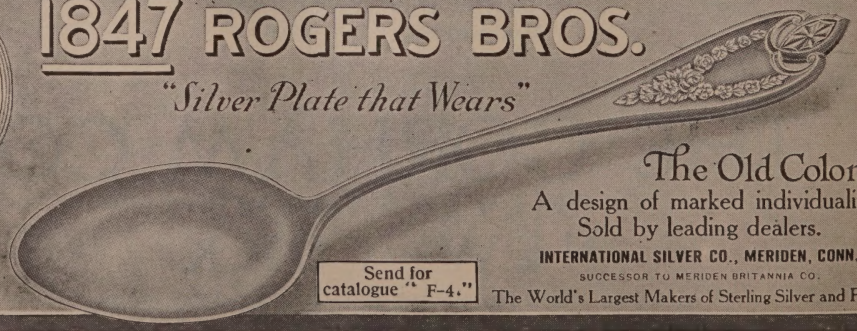

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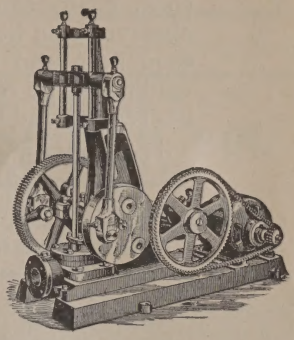

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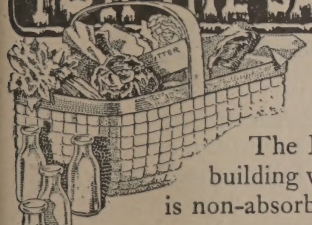

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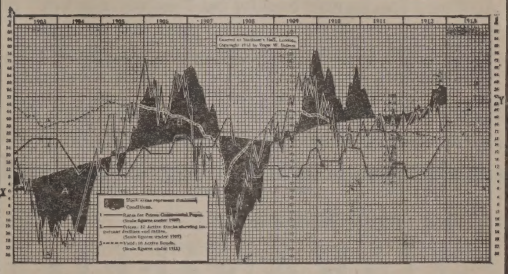

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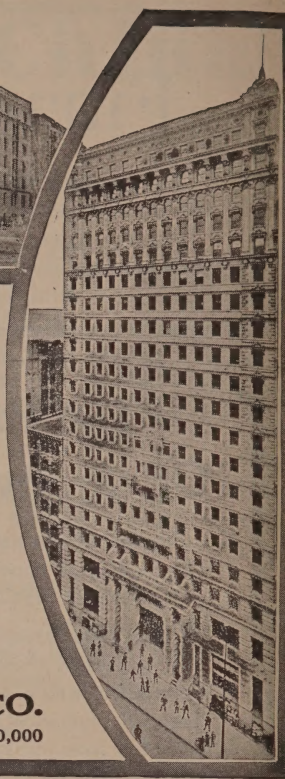

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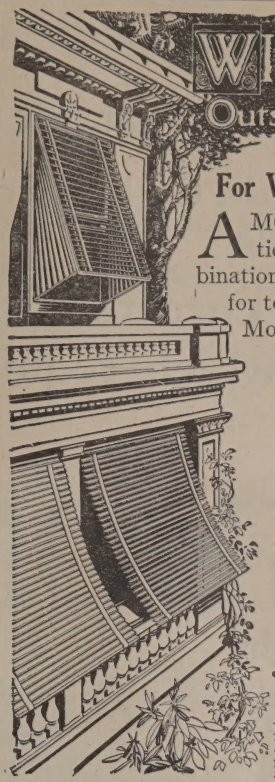

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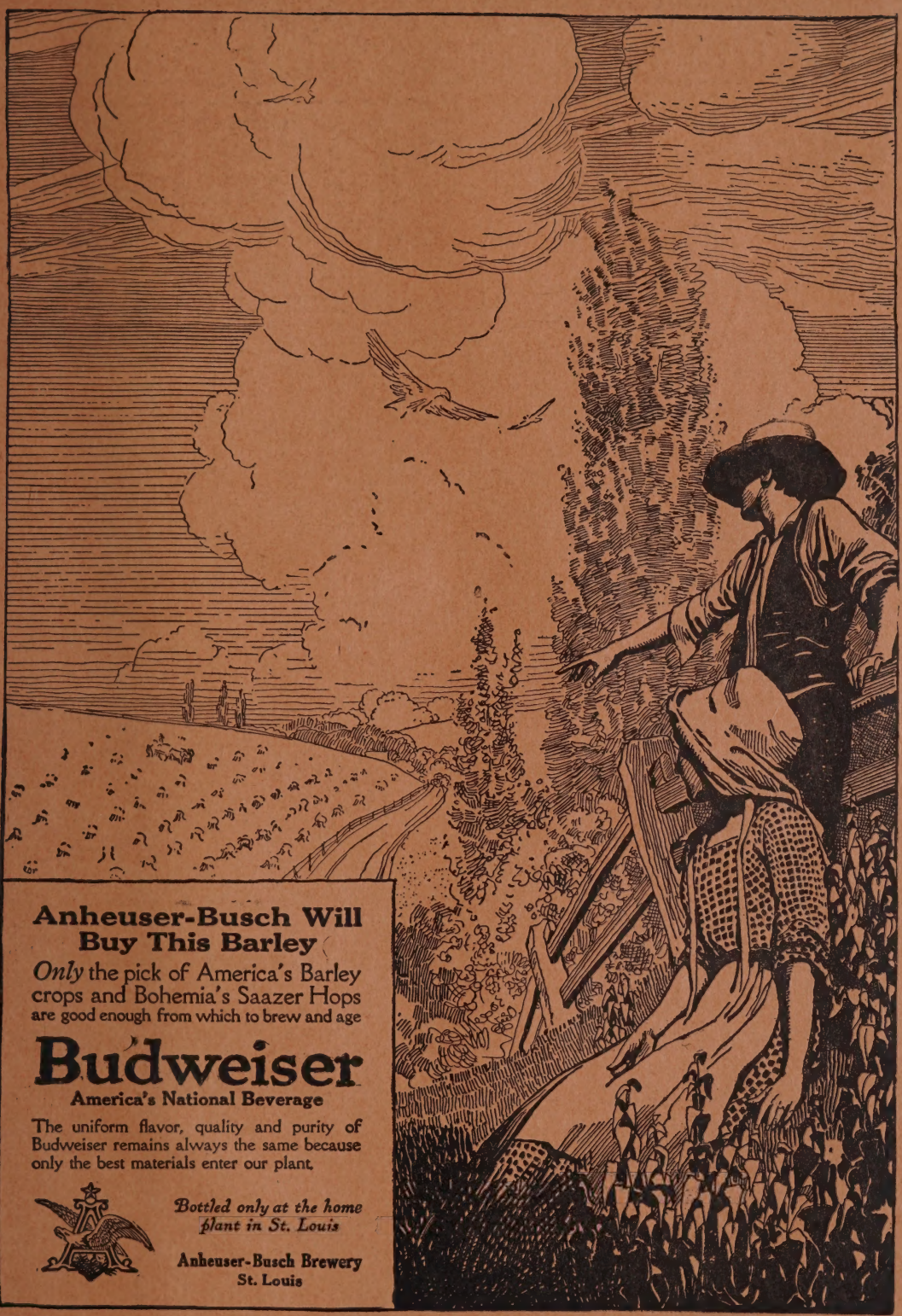

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